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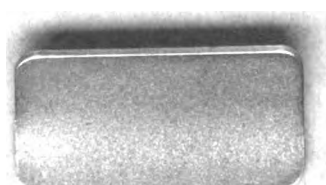
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AMERICAN
MASONICK RECORD

AND

ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

BEING

A PERIODICAL JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO MASONRY, ARTS AND SCIENCES, BIOGRAPHY, SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,
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VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1829.

NO. 1.

MASONICK RECORD.

CONSTITUTION

And Regulations of the **GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER** of the State of New-York, adopted at the city of Albany, on the 7th day of February, 1805.

We, the several Chapters of Royal Arch Masons, created and established by the authority of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of New-York, and being within the jurisdiction thereof, duly represented by our respective High Priests, Kings and Scribes, or their Proxies, fully empowered, in Grand Chapter, at the city of Albany, duly convened on the seventh day of February, one thousand eight hundred and five, pursuant to the powers vested in us by the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America, for the purpose of ensuring good order, promoting harmony and supporting brotherly union, advancing the interest of pure ancient Masonry, perpetuating and handing down to posterity its beneficial principles, for diffusing Masonick instruction, and inculcating good morals among the Craftsmen; and regulating their labours by one uniform standard, **DO ORDAIN** and **DECLARE** the following Articles to be the Constitution of this Grand Chapter, subject to no alteration or amendment, unless altered and amended as herein after described.

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. This Grand Royal Arch Chapter shall consist of a *Grand High Priest*, a *Deputy Grand High Priest*, a *Grand King*, a *Grand Scribe*, a *Grand Secretary*, a *Grand Treasurer*, a *Grand Chaplain* and *Marshal*, and the *Past Grand High Priests*, *Past Deputy Grand High Priests*, *Past Grand Kings*, and *Past Grand Scribes*, together with the *High Priests*, *Kings* and *Scribes* for the time being, of all subordinate Chapters under the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, or their Proxies duly empowered, who shall be the only members and voters in this Grand Chapter.

Section 2. All Masters and Wardens of Mark Master's Lodges, or their Proxies, within this jurisdiction, and holding warrants under this Grand Chapter, shall be entitled to a seat, and be lawful voters in the same, at all times when opened in the Mark Master's degree, and there to represent their respective Lodges, and to transact any business in their behalf, as fully as the members in the first section hereof named are entitled in any degree, any thing above mentioned notwithstanding.

Section 3. The Grand officers aforesaid shall be annually elected by ballot, in open Chapter, and the Companion having the greatest number of votes for any of the offices aforesaid, shall be declared duly elected. The said ballots are to be canvassed by the Secretary and Treasurer, in the presence of the Chapter.

Section 4. Each subordinate Chapter shall be entitled to three votes on all questions, and no more, whether represented by one or more companions; each permanent or standing member hereof shall have one vote, and the Grand High Priest two votes, when the number of votes happen to be equal, or otherwise he shall have but one vote; and no Companion or Brother can represent more than one Chapter or Lodge at the same time.

Section 5. Every Companion who shall offer himself as a Proxy for any High Priest, King, or

Scribe, of any Chapter, or any Brother who shall offer himself as a Proxy for any Master or Warden of any Mark Master's Lodge, under the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, before he or they shall be permitted to take a seat as such, shall produce to the Grand Secretary a warrant in the following form:—

I, *A. B.*, High Priest of _____ Royal Arch Chapter; No. _____ holden in the _____ of _____ county of _____ do, by these presents, constitute and appoint my beloved companion, *W. S.* my Proxy, to represent me and the Chapter aforesaid, in the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of New-York, at their next meeting in the city of Albany, hereby conferring on my said Proxy all the powers vested in me, by virtue of my said office. Given under my hand, and the seal of the said Chapter, this _____ day of _____ 58 *A. B.*

Which said warrant shall be sealed with the seal of the Chapter or Lodge whereof the Companion or Brother making the same shall be an officer, and attested by the Secretary of the Chapter or Lodge, in the margin, or on the back of the said warrant, in the form following:—

I certify the seal hereunto affixed to have been made after the name of *A. B.* was subscribed to this warrant. *Z. S., Sec'y.*

Section 6. In case of the death or absence of any of the said officers, the Chapter or Lodge whereof he was an officer may authorize any Companion or Brother in regular standing, in any Chapter or Lodge within the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, to represent them as aforesaid, as fully as such deceased or absent officer might have done were he alive or present, by a resolution of said Chapter or Lodge; which shall be certified by the Secretary thereof, and exemplified with the seal of the same; and he shall also certify the death or absence of such officer upon the back or margin of the same resolution.

Section 7. Every Companion or Brother offering himself as a representative of any Chapter or Lodge, as Proxy, or otherwise, before he shall be permitted to act as such, shall produce to the Grand Secretary a certificate of the Secretary of such Chapter or Lodge, in the following form:—

I certify that *A. B.* was, on the _____ day of _____ last, duly elected High Priest, *C. D.* King, and *E. F.* Scribe, of _____ Chapter, No. _____ (or Master and Wardens, as the case may be.) In testimony whereof, I have hereunto annexed the seal of the said Chapter (or Lodge) and subscribed my name officially thereto. *J. K. Sec'y.*

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. The Grand Chapter shall be holden at the city of Albany, in the state of New-York, on the first Tuesday in February, annually, for the purpose of transacting business; and the Grand High Priest or his Deputy shall have power to convene the members thereof, whenever either of them shall, for any special purpose, deem it necessary, by giving sufficient notice thereof to the Grand Secretary, in writing, whose duty it shall be to give immediate information to all the subordinate Chapters and private members under the jurisdiction thereof, by mail or otherwise, as he may think most sure of giving timely notice.

Section 2. It shall be the duty of the Grand Secretary to determine the qualifications of each person presenting credentials for a seat, claiming the right of membership, before the same shall be opened; and if he entertains any doubt, in respect to the propriety or validity of any such document, or if any dispute shall arise between him and any

such person touching the same, it shall be the duty of such Secretary to refer the same to the three first officers present, whose determination shall be final, unless the person shall feel himself aggrieved, and petition, either in writing or by some member, for a hearing before this Grand Chapter, who shall, in such case, have power to confirm or reverse the decision aforesaid, or make such order on the subject as they may think proper.

Section 3. As the institution of Masonry acknowledges revealed religion, and inculcates the devout worship of the Supreme High Priest, whose creatures we are, and by whose bounty we subsist, and on whose mercy we ought always to depend for present prosperity and future happiness; and being thus dependent, it well becomes us to acknowledge our obligations for his beneficence, to confess our sins, to invoke his blessing, and return our thanks with heartfelt gratitude, in all humility for favours received; therefore, after the opening of this Grand Chapter, and before any business shall be proceeded upon, a suitable address may be made to the Deity by the Grand Chaplain, (if present,) and the same be followed by an appropriate address to the members present, unless dispensed with by order of the Chapter.

Section 4. This Grand Chapter shall not have power to proceed to the election of officers, or any other business, on the first day of the session, unless to open and adjourn, except there shall be present the representatives of three regular Chapters, which shall be a sufficient number at all times to form a Grand Chapter: But if that number shall not appear on the second day of the session, within one hour after the time appointed for meeting, those present may proceed to any business as though the whole was represented.

Section 5. For the convenience of Mark Master's Lodges, this Grand Chapter shall be opened on the second day of the session, at the meeting thereof, in the Mark degree, and continue open until the whole of the business of that degree shall be completed for that session, unless the election, in case of a deficiency of numbers on the first day, may interfere—in such case the business of the Marks shall immediately follow the elections and installations. All the proceedings in the Mark degree shall be ratified by the Grand Chapter, when opened in the Royal Arch degree, before they shall be considered binding.

Section 7. The monies paid into the funds of the Grand Chapter, being to defray the necessary expenses in the administration of its government, and to support the dignity and respectability thereof and also for charitable purposes, it is therefore declared, that no disbursements shall be made unless by a vote of the Grand Chapter. And it is further declared, that each member of this Grand Chapter shall be entitled to receive from the funds thereof, two dollars per day for his travel in going to and returning from the Grand Chapter, computing forty* miles travel per day, and one* dollar per day for his actual attendance: *Provided nevertheless*, That each Chapter shall receive pay for the travel and attendance of one member only; and every permanent member shall be entitled to receive the like sum as aforesaid. *And provided also*, That each member attending from a Chapter over

Amendments, Adopted February, 1825.

* That the word *forty*, in the 14th line of the 6th section of the 5d article of the Constitution be stricken out, and the word *thirty* inserted; and that the word *one*, in the same line, be also stricken out, and the word *two* inserted.

twenty, and under forty miles from the place of meeting of this Grand Chapter, shall be entitled to the like compensation.*

*II. At the close of the 6th section, 2d article, add, *Provided also*, that no standing member, who shall also represent a Chapter, shall receive pay for travel and attendance as such representative.
(To be continued.)

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Officers of *Skaneateles Royal Arch Chapter*, in the village of Skaneateles, in the county of Onondaga:—

James M. Allen, High Priest; Samuel Porter, King; Noadiah Kellogg, Scribe; William Gibbs, Secretary.

Regular communications, first Monday in every month.

At the annual communication of *Hudson Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 6, held at St. John's Hall, in the city of Hudson, Columbia county, December 9, 1828, the following companions were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

E. C. Thurston, High Priest; R. Carrique, King; Isaiah Griffin, Scribe; Lionel U. Lawrence, Captain of the Host; Cyrus Curtiss, Principal Sojourner; S. B. Jordan, Royal Arch Captain; J. W. Edmonds, John Hunt, and E. Bushnell, Masters of Vails; Elihu Gifford, Treasurer; Charles Gardner, Secretary; Lionel U. Lawrence, Cyrus Curtiss, and Charles Gardner, Charitable Committee; Solomon Shattuck, Sentinel.

Officers of *Catskill Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 90, in the village of Catskill, Greene county, elected December 18, 1828:—

Ira Du Bois, High Priest; Francis N. Wilson, King; Egbert Bogardus, Scribe; Hiram Comfort, Captain of the Host; John Adams, Principal Sojourner; Julius Austin, Royal Arch Captain; Zeno W. Weed, Aaron Shepherd, and James Davids, Masters of Vails; Benjamin Sherman, Treasurer; Samuel Du Bois, Secretary; Elisha Meiggs, John V. Decker, Stewards; John E. David, Tyler.

Officers of *Newry Lodge*, No. 438, in the town of Greenville, Greene co., for the ensuing year:—

David Wooster, Master; Richard H. Dawson, Senior Warden; John Foot, Junior Warden; Edward H. Miller, Treasurer; John Smith, Secretary; Sylvester Guild, Senior Deacon; Andrew Lake, Junior Deacon; Ezra Healy, and Darius Allen, Stewards; Reuben Wooster, Tyler.

At the annual meeting of *Hudson Lodge*, No. 15, held in the city of Hudson, in the county of Columbia, December 1st, 1828, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Cyrus Curtiss, Master; Samuel Taylor, Senior Warden; S. A. Coffin, Junior Warden; D. S. Colver, Senior Deacon; S. B. Jordan, Junior Deacon; Charles Gardner, Secretary; Elihu Gifford, Treasurer; J. W. Edmonds, Master of Ceremonies; J. W. Jenkins, and J. B. Gage, Stewards; Philip White, J. W. Jenkins, and Charles Gardner, Charitable Committee; Solomon Shattuck, Tyler.

STATE OF OHIO.

The *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of Ohio*, closed its annual session in Worthington, on the 7th of January, 1828. The following are the officers elected for the present year:—

A. I. McDowell, Grand High Priest; Stephen Fales, Deputy Grand High Priest; R. Puncheon, Grand King; James Gates, Grand Scribe; L. Goodale, Grand Treasurer; B. Latham, Grand Secretary; Joseph Grubb, Grand Marshal; Rev. H. Hulburd, Grand Chaplain.

The *Grand Lodge of the state of Ohio* closed its annual session in Worthington, on the 6th of January, 1829. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:—

John Snow, Grand Master; Timothy Baker, Deputy Grand Master; John H. James, Grand Senior Warden; Hosmer Curtis, Grand Junior Warden; L. Goodale, Grand Treasurer; B. Latham, Grand Secretary; Stephen Fales, Grand Orator; Rev. P. Thurman, Grand Chaplain; J. T. Fracker, Grand Marshal; David S. Davis, Grand Senior Deacon; William B. Thrall, Grand Deacon; William Fielding, Grand Lecturer; William John Grand Tyler.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

GARDENING, &c.

The celebrated WILLIAM CORBETT published a month or two since, in England, a very useful and practical little volume, under the title of the *English Gardener*. We give a few extracts below, and recommend them to the attention of our agricultural friends. There is no science, the practice of which is at once more favourable to health, pleasure, and interest, than agriculture; and there is none beyond the suburbs of the city, so poor that he may not till a spot of earth according to his pleasure. We shall, from time to time publish such extracts from new works that may come within our knowledge, as shall appear to us calculated to extend the sphere of agricultural science; and we shall be obliged to those of our friends who are acquainted with the subject, if they will occasionally inform us of the result of their investigations.

SEEDS.

I incline to the opinion, that we should try seeds as our ancestors tried witches; not by fire, but by water; and that, following up their practice, we should reprobate and destroy all that do not readily sink.

MELONS.

It is a received opinion, a thing taken for granted, an axiom in horticulture, that melon seed is the better for being old. Mr. Marshall says that it ought to be "about four years old, though some prefer it much older." And he afterwards observes, that if "new seed only can be had, it ought to be carried a week or two in the breeches pocket, to dry away some of the more watery particles!" If age be a recommendation in rules as well as in melon-seed, this rule has it; for English authors published it, and French authors laughed at it, more than a century past!

SOWING SEEDS.

I do hope that it is unnecessary for me to say, that sowing according to the moon is wholly absurd and ridiculous; and that it arose solely out of the circumstance, that our forefathers, who could not read, had neither almanack nor calendar to guide them, and who counted by moons and festivals, instead of by months, and days of months.

EATING MUSHROOMS.

I once ate about three spoonfuls at table at Mr. Timothy Brown's, at Peckham, which had been cooked, I suppose, in the usual way; but I had not long eaten them, before my whole body, face, hands, and all, was covered with red spots or pimples, and to such a degree, and coming on so fast, that the doctor who attended the family was sent for. He thought nothing of it, gave me a little draught of some sort, and the pimples went away; but I attributed it then to the mushrooms. The next year, I had mushrooms in my own garden at Botley, and I determined to try the experiment whether they would have the same effect again; but not liking to run any risk, I took only a tea-spoonful, or rather a French coffee spoonful, which is larger than a common tea spoon. They had just the same effect, both as to sensation and outward appearance! From that day to this, I have never touched mushrooms, for I conclude that there must be something poisonous in that which will so quickly produce the effects that I have described, and on a healthy and hale body like mine; and, therefore, I do not advise any one to cultivate these things.

PEAS.

The late king, George the Third, reigned so long that his birth-day formed a sort of season with gardeners; and, ever since I became a man, I can recollect that it was always deemed rather a sign of bad gardening if there were not green peas in the garden fit to gather on the fourth of June. It is curious that green peas are to be had as early in Long Island, and in the sea-board part of the state of New-Jersey, as in England, though not sowed there, observe, until very late in April, while ours, to be very early, must be sowed in the month of December or January. It is still more curious, that such is the effect of habit and tradition, that,

even when I was last in America, (1819) people talked just as familiarly as in England, about having green peas on the *king's birth-day*, and were just as ambitious for accomplishing the object; and I remember a gentleman who had been a republican officer during the revolutionary war, who told me that he always got in his garden green peas fit to eat on old *Uncle George's birth-day*.

THE EFFECTS OF LIGHT

UPON ANIMALS, VEGETABLES, AND MINERALS.

The physical properties of light are extremely curious, as is well known to all those skilled in Opticks; its chymical effects upon most parts of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, are not less worthy of observation. Vegetables, flowers, plants, &c. are principally indebted to light, not only for their colour, but also for their taste and fragrance. Many of them seem to follow the course of the sun; and it is remarkable, that plants which are usually kept in the house, appear as it were, solicitous to get at the light; those, again, which are placed entirely in the shade are pale and colourless, and hence some gardeners avail themselves of this fact to render vegetables white and tender. The more plants are exposed to the light, the more brilliant their colours. From this cause, we find that hot climates are the native countries of perfumes, odoriferous fruits, aromatick spices, &c.

The action of light upon the organs of vegetables, causes them to throw out streams of pure air, while they are exposed to the sun; but when, on the contrary, they have been long in the shade, air of a noxious quality is emitted.

Animals who are deprived of light for a long period, generally droop, become sickly, lose the brightness of colour which their coats had previously possessed, and ultimately die. Nor can it be questioned that light is of the utmost importance to the health of human beings. Birds that inhabit the southern, or tropical climates, have a much greater brilliancy of plumage than those of the northern; and the same is equally true with regard to insects.

Another strong proof that light conduces much towards the colours of substances, may be seen in fishes; for we find that those parts of fish which are exposed to the light (such as the back, fins, &c.) are invariably coloured; whereas the belly, which is deprived of light, is white in all of them.

All metallick oxydes, but especially those of mercury, bismuth, lead, silver, and gold, acquire a deeper colour by exposure to the rays of the sun; some of them become perfectly revived, others only partially. The yellow oxyde of Tungsten, if exposed to the light, loses in weight, and turns blue. Again, the green precipitate of iron, when exposed to the solar light, becomes also blue.

Light has likewise a very considerable influence upon the crystallization of salts. Indeed some of them will not crystallize at all, except they be exposed to the light. Camphor, kept in glass bottles, usually crystallizes in symmetrical figures, upon that side of the phial which has been so exposed.

There are certain bodies which, after exposure to the light, appear to combine therewith, and afterwards to emit it when put in the dark. Several substances of this nature have been prepared by chymists, as the phosphorus of Canton, Baldwin, Homberg, and the Bolognian phosphorus.

Various animals and vegetables appear to have this phosphorick property; among others, the glow-worm is a remarkable instance. Dead fish, rotten sea-weed, putrid bodies, and a vast number of insects, appear to possess this property in greater or less degrees.

FABRICATION OF THE DIAMOND.

The mania of the "Philosopher's Stone" having disappeared, a new sort of fever is beginning to disturb the pulses of the French Savans. It is agreed that one cannot manufacture gold out of lead or copper; but M. Gannal, of the French Academy of Sciences, has discovered a process by which crystals may be obtained of pure carbon, possessing all the properties of the diamond, and in particular that of scratching the hardest bodies.

His method is to separate the sulphur from the carbonate of sulphur, by means of phosphorus, and the pure carbon thus obtained presents itself in a crystalized form. Twenty of the crystals at his last experiment, were large enough to be lifted on the point of a knife; and three were of the size of millet seed. These three were submitted to the inspection of M. Champigny, manager of the jewellery warehouse of M. Petito, and pronounced by him to be real diamonds. Another scientific adventurer has addressed himself to the French Academy of Sciences on this subject. This is M. Cagnart-Delatour, whose process (altogether different from that of M. Gannal,) is in the meantime a secret. His memoir was accompanied with some tubes filled with diamond dust—that is to say, with crystallizations of carbon; one of the particles of which was perfectly diaphanous, and evidently of a pyramidal form. These, however, were only the produce of his first attempts; and he is since experimentalizing on a greater scale, in the hope of being able to exhibit, very speedily, diamonds of much larger dimensions. There is a third gentleman also, as M. Arago, of the French Institute, has communicated, employed on the same pursuit. His method of decomposing the carbonate of sulphur is by means of the Voltaick pile. The importance of this affair, even supposing the success of the experiments to come up to the wildest imaginations of men, is of course greatly exaggerated. We question whether diamonds could not in the meantime be bought much cheaper than manufactured; but even should the improvements of chemistry facilitate their production to an unlimited extent, this would only have the effect of depriving them of the conventional value they at present possess, and of removing the brilliant necklace from the throat of a duchess, to glitter on the plebeian skin of her waiting woman. At the same time, from the nature of the diamond, and in particular its effect on hard bodies, the subject is by no means destitute of interest and importance. It is, at all events sufficiently curious to tempt us to watch the progress of this discovery, and, from time to time, lay the results before our readers.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

The first of the following sketches is from Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*; and the second from a very amusing and instructive English work, entitled *Annual Biography and Obituary*, for 1828.

CAMPBELL THE POET.

They who know Mr. Campbell only as the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "The Pleasures of Hope," would not suspect him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and any thing but fastidious. These Scotch poets have always something in reserve. It is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. The mistaken character which the lady formed of Thomson from his "Seasons," is well known. He let part of the secret out in his "Castle of Indolence;" and the more he let out, the more honour it did to the simplicity and cordiality of the poet's nature, though not always to the elegance of it. Allan Ramsay knew his friends Gay and Somerville as well in their writings, as he did when he came to be personally acquainted with them; but Allan who had bustled up from a barber's shop into a bookseller's, was "a cunning shaver," and nobody would have guessed the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" to be penurious. Let none suppose that any insinuation to that effect is intended against Mr. Campbell. He is one of the few men whom I could at any time walk half-a-dozen miles through the snow to spend an afternoon with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man, than I could with a sulky one. I know of but one fault he has, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings; and that one is national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal, not the less interesting for occasionally an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man, I should guess,

feels more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or takes less credit for it. When he indulges in doubt and sarcasm, and speaks contemptuously of things in general, he does it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspects, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive; which is a blind that the best men very commonly practise. Mr. Campbell professes to be hopeless and sarcastic, and takes pains all the while to set up an university.

MR. CANNING AND HIS SERVANT.

When at college, he was attended by a very faithful servant, who, like all surrounding his patron, became much attached to him. Francis, for such was his name, was always distinguished for his blunt honesty, and his familiarity with his master. During Mr. Canning's early political career, Francis continued to live with him. Mr. Canning, whose love of fun was innate, used sometimes to play off his servants bluntness upon his right honourable friends. One of these, whose honours did not sit so easily upon him as upon the late premier, had forgotten Francis, though often indebted to his kind offices at Oxford. Francis complained to Mr. Canning that Mr. W. did not speak to him. "Pooh," said Mr. Canning, "it is all your fault; you should speak first; he thinks you proud. He dines here to-day—go up to him in the drawing-room, and congratulate him upon the post he has just got." Francis was obedient. Surrounded by a splendid ministerial circle, Francis advanced to the astonished statesman, with "How d'ye do, Mr. W. I hope you're very well—I wish you joy of your luck, and hope your place will turn out a good thing." The roar was of course universal. The same Francis afterwards obtained a comfortable birth in the customs through his kind master's interest. He was a staunch Tory. During the queen's trial he met Mr. Canning in the street. "Well, Francis, how are you?" said the statesman, who had just resigned his office, holding out his hand. "It is not well, Mr. Canning," replied Francis, refusing the pledge of friendship; "it is not well, Mr. Canning, that you should say anything in favour of that —." "But, Francis, political differences should not separate old friends—give me your hand." The sturdy politician at length consented to honour the ex-minister with a shake of forgiveness. It is said that Mr. Canning did not forget Francis when he returned to power.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT ROUEN.

The chapter of Rouen, (which consists of the archbishop, a dean, fifty canons, and ten perpendaries,) have, ever since the year 1156, enjoyed the annual privilege of pardoning, on Ascension day, some individual confined within the jurisdiction of the city for murder.

On the morning of the Ascension-day, the chapter having heard many examinations and confessions read, proceed to the election of the criminal who is to be pardoned; and, the choice being made, his name is transmitted in writing to the parliament, which assemble on that day at the palace. The parliament then walk in procession to the great chamber, where the prisoner is brought before them in irons, and placed on a stool; he is informed that the choice has fallen upon him, and that he is entitled to the privilege of St. Romain. After this form, he is delivered into the hands of the chaplain, who, accompanied by fifty armed men, conveys him to a chamber, where the chains are taken from his legs and bound about his arms; and in this condition he is conducted to a place named the Old Tower, where he awaits the coming of the procession. After some little time has elapsed, the procession sets out from the cathedral; two of the canons bear the shrine in which the relics of St. Romain are presumed to be preserved. When they have arrived at the Old Tower, the shrine is placed in the chapel, opposite to the criminal, who appears kneeling, with the chains on his arms. Then one of the canons, having made him repeat the confession, says the prayers usual at the time of giving absolution; after which service, the pri-

soner kneeling still, lifts up the shrine three times, amid the acclamations of the people assembled to behold the ceremony. The procession then returns to the cathedral; followed by the criminal, wearing a chaplet of flowers on his head, and carrying the shrine of the saint. After mass has been performed he has a very serious exhortation addressed to him by a monk; and, lastly, he is conducted to an apartment near the cathedral, and is supplied with refreshments and a bed for that night. In the morning he is dismissed.

THE TRAVELLER.

LEOPARD-HUNTING

The leopard of Southern Africa is known among the Cape colonists by the name of Tiger; but is, in fact, the real leopard, the *Felis jubata* of naturalists, well known for the beauty of its shape and spotted skin, and the treachery and fierceness of its disposition. The animal called leopard (*luipaard*) by the Cape Dutch boors, is a species of the panther, and is inferior to the real leopard in size and beauty. Both of them are dreaded in the mountainous districts on account of the ravages which they occasionally commit among the flocks, and on the young cattle and horses in the breeding season.

The South African panther is a cowardly animal, and, like the hyena, flies from the face of man. The leopard also, though his low, half-smothered growl is frequently heard by night, as he prowls like an evil spirit around the cottage or the kraal, will seldom or never attack mankind, (children excepted,) unless previously assailed or exasperated. When hunted, as he usually is with dogs, he instinctively betakes himself to a tree, when he falls an easy prey to the shot of the huntsmen. The leopard, however, though far inferior in strength and intrepidity to the lion, is yet an exceedingly active and furious animal; and when driven to extremity, proves himself occasionally an antagonist not to be trifled with. The colonists relate many instances of arduous and even fatal encounters with the hunted leopard. The following is one of these adventures, which occurred in a frontier district in 1822, as described by one of the two individuals so perilously engaged in it.

Two boors returning from hunting the Hartebeest, (*antelope bubalis*) fell in with a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to him. The animal at first endeavoured to escape by clambering up a precipice; but being hotly pressed, and slightly wounded by a musket-ball, he turned upon his pursuers with that frantic ferocity which on such emergencies he frequently displays, and springing upon the man who had fired at him, tore him from his horse to the ground, biting him at the same time very severely in the shoulder, and tearing his face and arms with his talons. The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, (he was, if I mistake not, his brother,) sprung from his horse, and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, or the fear of wounding his friend, or the sudden motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed.

The leopard abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted with redoubled fury upon this second antagonist; and so fierce and sudden was his onset, that before the boor could stab him with his hunting-knife, he had struck him in the eyes with his claws and torn the scalp over his forehead. In this frightful condition the hunter grappled with the raging beast, and struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this passed so rapidly, that the other boor had scarcely time to recover from the confusion in which his feline foe had left him, to seize his gun, and rush forward to aid his comrade, when he beheld them rolling together down the steep bank in mortal conflict. In a few moments he was at the bottom with them, but too late to save the life of his friend. The leopard had torn open the jugular vein, and so dreadfully mangled the throat of the unfortunate man, that his death was inevitable; and his comrade had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, already exhausted with several deep wounds in the breast from the desperate knife of the expiring huntsman.

THE LEGENDARY.

We extract the following legend from a late *London Weekly Review*, our regular files of which, to a late date, were brought by the Napoleon packet ship, which arrived at New-York on Monday evening last. We shall continue to receive regularly several of the most excellent European publications; and by this means, and a liberal attention to American productions, we shall be able to give this department of our journal both *novelty and interest*.

THE SPRING-ROOT.

A LEGEND OF RUBEZAHIL.

Rubezahl has his own vegetable garden in the mountain; it is shown upon the declivity of the Aupengrund. The mountain is rich in excellent herbs, which have been employed, from very ancient times, in the preparation of costly essences. Even at this day the inhabitants of Krumhubel gain their livelihood by the preparation of those essences from the herbs which grow in those parts—an art that they may probably have derived from the pupils of the once-celebrated school of Paracelsus at Prague, who were driven by the wars of the Hussites into the more secluded parts of the country; whence it is possible the people of Krumhubel may yet be in possession of many curious and valuable traditions. Among these herbs there is one which has become peculiarly celebrated in legendary lore; it is called the *Spring-root*, and is found only in Rubezahl's garden. This root is of the most costly species, and possesses virtues to heal the most obstinate and inveterate diseases. But it serves besides as a nourishment to the spirits themselves, and Rubezahl allows none but his particular favourites to gather it.

A lady of high birth once lay dangerously ill at Liegnitz, and promised a peasant from the high mountain a great reward if he could procure her the *Spring-root* from Rubezahl's garden. Allured by her tempting promises he undertook the task. When he reached the lonely desert country where the garden lies, he seized his spade, and began to dig up the *Spring-root*, which was not unknown to him. Whilst he was yet stooping at his labour the wind began to howl from one quarter, and he heard loud thundering words which he could not understand. He started up in alarm, in order to satisfy himself whence it came, but he was not able to stand upright against the rush of the wind. He perceived, however, upon the extreme edge of a projecting cliff, a tall gigantic form; a long beard descended over his breast, and a large crooked nose disfigured his countenance. The figure looked upon him with fearfully glowing eyes; his streaming locks, and a large white cloak which he wore, waved in the storm, and in his hand he bore a large knotted club. "What are you doing there?" screamed the apparition to him, and the rough voice was scarcely distinguishable from the howling of the storm. The peasant though a very bold man, was overcome by the terror which now seized him, and replied: "I am seeking the *Spring-root* for a sick lady, who has promised to pay me well for it." "What you have got you may keep; but return again, and"—screamed the figure; and brandishing his club with threatening gestures, he vanished.

The peasant went down from the mountain, lost in deep thought, and the lady at Liegnitz considered herself extremely fortunate in getting the possession of the potent root to soothe her pains. Her illness visibly diminished, and as she could only expect her complete recovery from the continued use of the root, she desired that the peasant might be again brought into her presence. "Would you venture once more to fetch me the *Spring-root*?" inquired the lady. "My good lady," answered the peasant, "the first time the Lord of the mountain appeared to me in fearful form, and threatened me so seriously that I dare not venture a second time." But the lady conquered his fear by dint of liberal promises: she offered him a much larger sum than the first time; and the peasant no longer able to withstand the temptation, ventured once again to take a solitary journey into the most inmost recesses of the mountain.

As soon as he began to dig the root there arose a fearful storm in the same quarter as before, and

when he looked towards it he beheld the same figure menacing him in a still more threatening posture; the long hair and wide mantle of the spirit seemed to stream on the wind towards him—fire shone in his eyes—the frightful voice, which again screamed "what are you doing!" re-echoed from the barren rocks, and seemed to be shouted with redoubled violence from the hidden abyss. When the peasant again answered: "I seek the *spring-root*; a sick lady has promised to reward me well for it,"—the wrathful spirit roared out: "Have I not warned you, you madman! And you dare to come back again? But you have it already; so save yourself if you can!" The lightnings of his eyes seemed to strike upon the fainting peasant, and to scorch his countenance;—his mighty club whirled through the air and sunk close beside him deep into a solid rock—the ground trembled—a loud thunder-clap benumbed his senses and he sank down unconscious upon the turf. On recovering from his trance, he felt as if every bone in his body was broken: the club had disappeared, thunder rolled in the distance, and he thought that he could distinguish the threatening voice amid its roar; but the *Spring-root* remained in his hand, and so he crept about drenched by the rain, surrounded by the thick fog, attacked by flitting spirits hither and thither, the whole night and the following day, without knowing where he was; till a charcoal-burner found him half-starved, and took him to his hut. Here he recovered, and then hastened to Liegnitz.

The lady was delighted when he again stood before her with the *Spring-root*, and gave him so great a reward that he forgot all his misfortunes and joyfully hastened home. Some time elapsed and the lady seemed almost well, but still she had not thoroughly recovered: "If I could get the *Spring-root* once more, I feel I could be quite well," she said. So she sent again to the peasant, who refused to go to her; but it was as if he was urged by an evil spirit against his will, and he at last yielded. "Here I am again, lady," said the peasant, "what do you wish of me? I hope it is not to go again for the *Spring-root*? heaven preserve me from that! The last time I scarcely escaped with my life. I yet shudder when I think of it." Here the lady began to embrace him, and promised him a whole rich farm and great treasures with it, and so dazzled the poor man's imagination, that he resolved to brave all danger and endeavour to steal a third time the *Spring-root* from the enchanted garden, though he should perish in the attempt. "Hitherto," said the peasant, "the Lord of the mountain has only threatened me; and this shall be the last time, for then I am a rich man and can spend my life in glory and joy."

The peasant dared not go alone this time to the mountain. "Dear boy," said he to his eldest son, who was now beyond childhood, "we shall go to the chapel upon the mountain: you shall accompany me. They proceeded together till the ravines became more and more narrow, and the rocks more rugged and barren. As they passed along the margin of the lakes eternally overshadowed by the steep rocks, the father became silent and thoughtful, and deep horror fell upon his inmost soul; his eyes gleamed so wildly that his son shuddered to look upon them. "What ails you, father?" said he at last; but the father did not answer him, and gazed in silence on the ground. Then they ascended higher and higher up the mountain, till they drew near the garden, when the father thus addressed his son: "Evil spirits have beguiled thy father from his earliest years. I have cared only for riches, and have remained a stranger to the fear of God and of religion. I have led a wild and couchless life, and never set before you a good example. Now Hell calls me, and I must purloin the *Spring-root* from the Lord of the mountain, for which he will tear me to pieces." At this the son wept sore, and said: "Father, leave it, and turn back with me; heaven is merciful." But in the distraction of despair, the father had already seized the spade and begun to dig. Then arose a fearful hurricane,—a water-spout rushed down and flooded all the brooks into wild torrents—a moaning, heart-wringing lament seemed to rise up from the roots of the garden—all the elements mingled wildly with one another—yawning cliffs opened

around, and from above a huge figure, itself like a mountain, descended with a gigantic club, seized the peasant, and flew up with him to the height; then a large rock fell down and shivered into a thousand pieces. The son heard the moaning of his father, farther and still farther in the distance, and for a long time lay on the ground in deep stupor; at last the hurricane ceased to war, the sky cleared up, and the forsaken son, full of terror, sought the mountain-chapel to recommend himself to God's mercy and protection. At the same hour the lady at Liegnitz, who seemed almost recovered, died suddenly.

BIOGRAPHY.

The following biographical sketch of Kotzebue is from the *Washington City Chronicle*. It was translated from the French by a young lady, the same who produced the sketch of the life of Sand, and some other biographical notices, extracted from the *Chronicle* and published in the last volume of the *Record*.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF KOTZEBUE.

Augustus Frederick Ferdinand Von Kotzebue, was born on the 3d of May, in the year 1761, at Weimer, where his father was Counsellor of Legation. His poetical disposition was manifested at the age of six years. He commenced his education at the Gymnasium of his native city, which he completed in the academies of Duisbourg and Gena. He was particularly distinguished in the study of law, and it was believed he would make choice of that profession; but it proved otherwise. Kotzebue was a man of letters—he wished to be a man of universal literature; and there was not a branch of knowledge in which he did not make some proficiency. He was twenty years of age when the Count de Goertz, a friend of his father's, and then Minister of Prussia, called him to St. Petersburg. Kotzebue went to this capital, in the capacity of secretary of Gen. M. de Bauer, a man of genius. This General recommended his secretary to the Empress, who eagerly accomplished the last wish of an officer who had served her so faithfully. She appointed Kotzebue Titular Counsellor, and placed him in the administration of Revel, where he became, in 1783, Assessor to the First Tribunal, and afterwards President of the Government, a place which he occupied for ten years, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Having received his dismissal he retired, in the year 1795, to a little estate which he possessed, about 48 miles from Narva, and which belonged to his wife, (he married in Russia.) In this retreat he devoted himself entirely to dramatick literature, and it was to that that he particularly owed his reputation. In finishing his studies at Gena, he composed, for a society, a piece which obtained great success. From that time he felt his vocation, and he had represented at St. Petersburg several dramatick pieces, which contributed to procure him the kindness of the Empress. Being called, in 1792, to the management of the Theatre of Vienna, Kotzebue quitted Russia, for that city; but he very soon resigned the place, and returned to Weimer. He remained three years in his country, when, strongly solicited by his wife to return to Russia, he yielded to her entreaties, and departed for St. Petersburg, where he had left his two sons, who had been elevated to the corps of the Russian Cadets. Scarcely had he arrived upon the frontiers of the empire when he was arrested, by order of Paul 1st, who suspected him of being the author of some revolutionary pamphlets in which he was personally attacked. Kotzebue was banished to Kurgan, in Siberia. In his work entitled "*The Most Remarkable Year of my Life*," he gives an account of his journey, of the cruelty of the officers who conducted him to the place of his exile, of the vain attempts which he made to escape, of the numerous dangers which he encountered, and of the various kinds of privations which he had to suffer. It is thought that the active imagination of the dramatist has added much to the real events which he relates. Whatever it may be, one can not resist the interest which it contains. He also relates that Paul 1st, having recalled him, received him very kindly, and made many excuses for his

conduct, and conferred upon him the management of the Theatre of St. Petersburg, an employment which he shortly resigned. The desire of again seeing his family and country induced him to ask his dismission, which was not accepted until after the death of Paul 1st. On the 29th April, 1801, Kotzebue departed from St. Petersburg, and arrived very soon after at Weimer. Having had in this city some quarrels with Goethe and the brothers, Schlegel, he went to Paris, where the most distinguished literary men, and the best societies, eagerly received him. He returned their kindness by a base ingratitude. In his work published under the title of "*My Recollections of Paris*,"—a work filled with false sentences and bold anecdotes he outraged and calumniated the men who had opened their doors to him and admitted him to their friendship. The injustice with which he treated the Italians, in his *Recollections of Rome* and of Naples, is not less revolting. Towards the end of the year 1803, Kotzebue undertook, in concert with M. Merkel, a Journal entitled *The Sincere*, (*Der Freymuthige*), in which Napoleon was attacked with great virulence. Until the year 1813, Kotzebue consecrated by turns his time to literary and political matters; and they attribute to him a number of proclamations and diplomatic pieces which smacked of the cabinet of St. Petersburg. He followed the Czar in the campaign of 1813, as the political writer of the army; was afterwards appointed Consul General of Russia, at Koenigsberg, and called to St. Petersburg in 1816, to be attached to Foreign Affairs. In 1817 the Emperor authorized him to return to his country, and appointed him his literary correspondent in Germany, with a salary of 15,000 rubles, and charged him to render an account of the public spirit of that country. The correspondence of Kotzebue was but a tissue of calumnies and defamations against the Germans who professed liberal ideas, and who were the most illustrious writers of Germany. He tried to disguise their doctrines and to pervert their ideas. Chance having exposed to the publick these bulletins, a general outcry was raised against the insidious servilities of their author. The students of the universities, who had combatted with such noble devotion foreign oppression, were, above all, grossly insulted in these reports of the German writer, now become the enemy of national glory. One of them went to Mannheim, the city in which Kotzebue lived for some time, asked to speak with him, and having been introduced into his cabinet, struck him three blows with his poignard. (*See the Biography of Sand*.) Kotzebue died immediately, and was interred the next day. He left fourteen children, one of whom was a captain of a vessel in the service of Russia, and enjoyed an honourable reputation. As a dramatick author, Kotzebue has some imagination, and a great knowledge of stage effect; he disposes his situations with art, and knows how to obtain happy results, which spring principally from the opposition of characters. He has given nearly 3000 pieces to the theatre; but all was not the fruit of his invention. It is known that he borrowed a great part of them from the students, and only re-touched them. Besides, Kotzebue, who has sometimes been translated, has often translated from others. Among his pieces there are many which are imitated from the French authors; such, among others, as *The Man of Forty Years*, a title under which he disguised the *Pupil of Fagan*; and the *Little City of Germany*, taken from the *Little City of M. Picard*. His greatest works are his own. Gustavus Vasa, The Hussites, Octavia, The Priestess of the Sun, the Spaniards in Peru, Hugo Grotius, in all propriety belong to him, as well as the Two Brothers, and Misanthropy and Repentance, dramas, both of which have been naturalized upon our stage. Kotzebue did not devote himself entirely to dramatick literature; he has composed many romances, among others, that entitled "*The Misfortunes of the Family of Orthenberg*." He wished also to be an historian, and published the *History of Ancient Prussia*, and the *History of the German Empire*; but these two works which he impressed with the most revolting partiality, have fallen into discredit. His judgments upon works of art were often as false as those which he made upon men. The character of Kotzebue is stained with many capital faults, as

presumption, envy, and cupidity; and these, unfortunately for him, too much influenced his writings. Kotzebue was, above all, a libeller. He made, under an anonymous mask, a war against the most distinguished literary men of Germany. Goethe, whose superiority vexed him, was the object of his bitterest criticism. In spite of the sharpness and injustice of the judgments with which they were filled, the journals which he directed did not become fashionable, and received nothing but dishonour. The prejudices against Kotzebue became so strong in time, that men attributed mean and improper motives to his most honourable actions. Thus, when he wrote in the *Bee*, and the *Journal of the People*, in favour of the independence of his country—when he excited the people of Germany to throw off the yoke which France had imposed upon them, they accused him of writing for the interest of the princes who employed and paid him. He was unceasingly in opposition to his own principles. In preaching up independence and equality at the theatre, he wrote secretly in favour of tyranny and servitude. The kings were not ungrateful to this writer. The indignation produced by the perfidious apostacy of Kotzebue, was, in most minds, turned into contempt, but in that of Sand it became fury, and his baseness was punished with assassination.

MISCELLANY.

The following article from *The Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette*, of last week, should, perhaps, be styled a criticism, though it be not excessively ill-natured. The author will not lack occupation if he render equal justice to all modern jokes and sentiment. As somebody has observed, in substance, a very good memory is a dangerous article.

JOE-JOE-JOE.

One would suppose Joe Miller to be the text book of a great majority of our newspaper-makers. Every day in the year, if you read much, you will meet with some forty-thousand-times repeated, and as many times altered, and newly located joke of poor Joe Miller—a man, by the way, who never made a joke in his life, and who for that very reason—(as the best of all possible jokes) was pitched upon to father a volume or two as ancient as our earth, at a time when he lived at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard, looked as if he had been hereditary grave digger for nobody knows how many ages, and was notorious for never having either uttered or understood a thing to be laughed at, in all his life.

Every body has heard of the *slapsm slingum* story about a country squire; of poor Goldsmith's miscarriage about green peas; and peradventure of that—the best of all, where a man with the same view, wishing to serve up an old joke for a new one, put his foot in it, as we say here, by mistaking nevertheless for notwithstanding—that was all. They who have watched this old story through all its countless varieties, are ready to enjoy the following, extracted from a late newspaper, and they who have not, may abide a moment while I seek to preface them with a preliminary hint or two.

The *slapsm slingum* story was the original. A footman entering a room with a plate, on which was laid a bullock's tongue tripped and fell forward in such a way that the tongue slipped off the plate upon the floor. Being sharply reproved, he begged pardon—saying, it was no error of the mind, but a mere *lapsus lingue*—(a slip o' the tongue). A boisterous laugh succeeded, in which a country squire, who understood nothing of the cause, beyond what he saw—the slipping of the meat on the floor—joined with all his might and main. Afterwards, being about to have a large company at his own house, he determined to play off the same joke as a part of the entertainment, and did so, after all, in such a way, that the footman, who had been rehearsing for a week, brought into the room instead of a tongue, a joint of meat, and when he was reproved by the squire, who was ready to burst with laughter, begged pardon, saying, it was not an error of the mind, but a mere *slapsm slingum*.

This, to be sure, was a good story: but then, as

it was not generally known, there was no great danger in playing it off anew. And so, certain of the waggish fellows who associated with Oliver Goldsmith, gave it a new shape, "a local habitation and a name," and fathered it upon him, with such gravity, that, up to this hour, it passes for an historical truth. Such was the *green pea* story alluded to above. It ran thus: Poor Goldsmith was represented at a table where green peas were served. They were somewhat yellow. Why do you not send them to Kensington? said a neighbour. And why to Kensington? said the host. Why—that's the way to Turnham-green, (Turn'em green) was the reply. Goldsmith, who never saw a joke in all his life—almost wept with vexation* when this was explained to him, and saying that he would give the world to have been the author of it, persuaded his friends to assist him in letting it off at his own table, for a pop of his own. They did their best, to be sure—but when it came to poor Goldsmith's turn to play into the catastrophe, instead of saying, why that's the way to Turnham-green, he cried out—why that's the way to Brentford! and then fell back into his chair convulsed with laughter.

But such a story was too good to stop here. Version after version succeeded—page after page of authentick narrative was loaded with it—and at last we had it in the following shape. A man going home late, saw somebody lying in the gutter. He went up to him. How came you here, said he. The poor wretch opened his eyes with a hiccup—leered at the other for a moment, and replied, *not-with-standing*. Whereat the other, being delighted with the drollery of the idea, determined to do it for himself on the first fair opportunity. Not long after, he supped out—retired early, and watching the moment when his companions drew near, lay down in the gutter, and when they lifted him up, and said to him—How came you here? answered—*never-the-less!*

There—that is enough to show how a story will shift character as it journeys about our earth. A hundred, yea, ten thousand others might be given; but seldom or never do you meet with one, where a good thing is so utterly and irretrievably ruined by the transmutation, as the following. It has travelled the rounds of our newspapers.

ANECDOTE.

The Devil outwitted. A person, we are told, lately went to a dealer in wool to purchase about twenty pounds of that article, carrying, as is usual, a sack to put it in. When the sack was filled, the steel-yards were not at hand to weigh it. The dealer immediately went in pursuit of them. While he was gone, his customer looked with an evil eye upon a lot of fine cheese in the same room with the wool, and hastily put one of the finest, weighing nearly twenty pounds, in his sack, mixing it up with the wool, as the expression was, supposing he had obtained a valuable prize. On his return, the dealer quickly perceived by the weight of the sack that his *honest* friend had put a cheese there. He said nothing, but quietly weighed it. His customer said nothing, and as quietly paid him fifty cents a pound for his cheese, under the denomination of wool.

A much better heading for the above story would be, *How to spoil a Joke*. Where is the pith of it? Would any thief be such a fool as to put the cheese into the bag *before it was weighed*—while the shopkeeper was gone for the steel-yards? In Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, they tell the story, and in this way, of a Mr. Sheafe.

A man had bought a quantity of wool of Mr. S. at a time when it was very high. It had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. S. had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass that hung so as to protect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened,

*You remember—I hope you do, reader—the story about Goldsmith's envy of the ape, and about his tumbling over the chairs and tables, in the spirit of sheer rivalry, on hearing the ape over-praised for similar feats.

and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on a horse for him, took hold of it; on doing so, it appeared heavier than he expected, and so—said he, why bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong. Oh, no, said the other—Oh no; you may be sure o' that, for I counted them with you. Well, well; we won't dispute about the matter—it's easily trying; and so he put the bag into the scale again. There! said he, I told you so!—knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole, you needn't have it: I'll take a part of it out. No, no, said the other—staying Mr. S. on his way to the strings of the bag. No, no, I rather guess I'll take the whole. And this he did, paying for skim milk cheese, or trap-rock at the price of wool. So much for that story. Now for another, which is going the rounds of all our papers, and which has been told of a score of individuals by name, within the last five or six years. The other day it was Lord Palmerston—a little before it was a member of parliament who had retired from service abroad. Edmund Burke was the sufferer when the story was new—then Edmund Burke—now Mr. O'Connell.

O'Connell. Lord B. who sports a ferocious pair of whiskers, meeting Mr. O'Connell in Dublin, the latter said, "When do you mean to place your whiskers on the *peace establishment*?" "When you place your tongue on the *civil list*:" was the witty rejoinder.

On the whole, that is one of the oldest *Joos* extant. You will find it in the first edition, page 4—1693. JOHN NEAL.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1829.

✂—The paper upon which the Record is printed this week is of a browner colour and a coarser quality than we intended to use. We were not able to procure a better kind for the present number, but have hopes that we shall receive a supply in season for our next.

OURSELVES. To-day we enter upon the duties of another year. It is not necessary that we should renew the explanations heretofore given, of the course intended to be pursued. Our readers are acquainted with us, and we do not like to ask for an increase of their good will towards us, upon the credit of promises. Our general plan will be continued, though we have deemed it best to attempt improvement in some particulars. It will be our aim to combine instruction with amusement; and as we have not thus far been unsuccessful, we doubt not that our future course will be worthy of a fair support.

With respect to certain events growing out of what is commonly called the *Morgan Affair*, we do not anticipate a year of peace. Prudence has seemed to dictate hitherto, that the subterfuge and calumnies of our enemies should take their course and wreak their pitiful vengeance un molested. But forbearance is no longer a virtue; and however reluctant we may be to contend with men who are destitute of every fair and honourable feeling—with those who make patriotism a jest, religion a by-word, and honesty the butt of ridicule—it has become our duty, as we love truth and respect justice, to speak plainly and fearlessly.

We have made a trifling alteration in our terms. Those who were subscribers for the Record last year, shall receive the paper at the former prices. The terms to others will be, if they receive their papers by the mails, \$2.50 in advance, or \$3, payable ninety days after the commencement of the volume. To city subscribers, \$3 a year. All subscriptions for less than a year must be paid for in advance.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO. A revolt has taken place in the city of Mexico, which has succeeded so far as to displace Pedrazza, the president recently elected, and it is said, by the people, and place general Guerrero in the executive chair. This is what was predicted before the result of the election was known in this country, and the accounts of the affair leave us little room to believe it will end here. It is

impossible to judge whether the revolt will in the end be favourable to the cause of liberty. Pedrazza is said to be the candidate of the old Spanish party; Guerrero is quite popular; and the papers style him "the immortal Guerrero," "the hero of the south," &c. The following particulars of the event are from the Baltimore American; they are contained in a letter from the city of Mexico:

"On the 30th of November, at night, a *grito* for the usual pretext of expulsion of Spaniards was given, and the regiment of artillery and one or two regiments of militia soldiers. On the first of December an action began in the suburbs, between the revolted and government troops, and night only put a stop to the firing. On the second day, at day break, the fight was renewed, and, after some hot work, the rebels advanced a few squares. All the convent tops were occupied by government. On the third, the rebels lost three or four guns, and were forced back to their old posts. The loss on both sides was about equal—perhaps one or two hundred killed each day. Both sides fought with desperate valour, the action being carried on with cannon in the streets, and with musketry from the convents and house-tops. On the 4th of December, the day was opened by an interchange of messages, and as nothing could be effected by these means, the fighting was renewed with greater violence. At noon, one convent surrendered, through a forged order, purporting to come from the president; (Pedrazza) and the bells being immediately rung, a panic was immediately spread through the government troops. In three hours, the victors (rebels) were in possession of the palace and all the convents, and then the canaille of the town with the victorious soldiers, rushed to the Parian and Portales, and a few other shops, and in two hours, cleared out a property estimated at from three to five millions, and making no distinction between Spaniard and Mexican. The leaders of the insurgents were Garcia, who died of his wounds; Sorata; the three Tolas; two Frenchmen; and another.

Guerrero arrived the third day with fresh troops, and gave an impulse to the action which soon decided the contest. On the fourth and fifth, Guerrero and Zavala took summary measures to stop the pillage, by shooting and cutting down the thieves, and they have since collected much of the property, except what the officers kept for themselves, which would be the chief part. They profess to return the goods to the owners, but as this is impossible, it will go to the officers and troops. They are acting most wisely, and trying to make up the administration nearly as it was before. It consists of the same president and ministers, except Pedrazza; but they cannot get the congress or senate to meet, and the whole affair is still in a state of uncertainty. Their energy and activity, however, can accomplish much. Pedrazza and Filizola, the commander in chief, have left the city with some hundred horse and many officers, and are collecting forces in Puebla. They expect to be joined by Rincon, Calderon, Cortes, Parres, and Maizquiz, who can bring into the field probably 10,000 veterans; and the new government has only two regiments of practiced or disciplined troops. At first was certainly expected an immediate re-action, which would quash the new party, but they seem to be acting with so much prudence and wisdom, that it begins to look doubtful. No doubt some of the states will resist most resolutely, and the country will be divided for a long time; but the usurpers must keep their post in the city and state of Mexico. The *conducta* is at present safe at Puebla, under Maizquiz, and we believe it will get down safe."

FROM EUROPE. By the ships John Jay and Napoleon, arrived at New-York during the present week, London papers to the 23d, and Liverpool to the 24th have been received. The war in the East is the principal subject of interest. Affairs in that quarter are assuming a character more favourable to the Turks, who have determined to regain Varna, let it cost what it may. The Russians had withdrawn the principal part of their army to the left bank of the Danube. This, [says Bell's Weekly Messenger,] is a woeful termination of the campaign, and an indelible stain upon the reputation of the Russian Generals. The abandonment of Silistria, by a sure consequence, raises the siege of Shumla. The whole province of Bulgaria is thus evacuated, and the Turks are reinstated in their old position in this exhausted district. The Russians, it is said, are not desirous to carry on a winter campaign; but the Turks seem to entertain different sentiments, and snatching under the loss of Varna, are resolved to pursue their late successes to the utmost. Some accounts describe the retreat from Silistria as resembling the retreat of the French from Moscow. Detachments arrive at Jassy in the most forlorn condition, without ammunition, and without baggage.

FRANCE. Accounts had been received of an order of the

French government to prohibit the exportation of corn; but it is not known whether the order refers to the whole kingdom, or only to one of those districts into which France is divided for agricultural and commercial purposes. If it should include the whole kingdom, it is evidently a strong indication of alarm concerning the deficiency of the stock of grain. In Paris the price of bread had attained a very high price, namely, a franc, or 10d. sterling, for the 4 lb. loaf; and the government had in consequence brought into consumption a supply of corn from the public granaries, so as to reduce the 4 lb. loaf to 8d. for the poor. About 70,000 individuals, or one-tenth of the population of the capital, were receiving the benefit of this charitable reduction.

PORTUGAL. It is stated in a letter from Lisbon, that nineteen ladies of the nobility have been sent to convents because they were suspected of entertaining sentiment favourable to the Constitutionalists.

ENGLAND. The earl of Liverpool died on the 4th inst. The Liverpool Advertiser states that lord Strangford, who went to Rio Janeiro on a special mission, met with the coldest reception from Don Pedro, who would scarcely see him at all, having previously learned that his object was to prevail on the emperor to resign the crown of Portugal to the usurper Don Miguel. It is said that Don Pedro feels the utmost resentment against his brother.

MORGAN IN SMYRNA. There is more reason to believe than there is to doubt, that the sainted hero of the west, is now snugly quartered in Smyrna—smiling at the gullibility of the good people of the state of New-York. Morgan's arrival in Boston was reported soon after his disappearance from the western part of this state; and it is a fact no longer susceptible of doubt, that there is a person of the name of Morgan, in Smyrna, who arrived at that place from Boston. Whether he arrived at Smyrna two, three, or five years ago, is cavilled at, as a matter of doubt; but his being there is admitted. We have no feeling, nor interest which would induce us to misrepresent any knowledge on this subject which may come into our possession; but it is our firm and honest conviction, that Morgan is still alive, and that those who are goading on "the young lion of the west" are aware of the fact. Their existence as a faction depends upon a denial of it, and upon the encouragement of a belief to the contrary; and they will oppose every attempt to ferret out the villainy which gives them their ephemeral importance. It is a matter of indifference to us whether Morgan be, or be not in Smyrna; if he be not there, he is somewhere among the living, and we shall not easily be cajoled out of our reason so much as to entertain a contrary opinion, until it has something like proof to support it.

The article which appeared in our last from the Boston Courier, has called forth an explanation in the New-York Morning Courier, from which the following paragraph is taken. The writer signs himself an "Officer in the U. S. Navy."

"I was on the station in the early part of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, and was there well acquainted with the said person—he told me that he was a native of Boston, and had been an inhabitant of Smyrna for nearly five years, which, from Mr. Olney, the American Consul, I found to be true. He came there for the purpose of doing business, but, in consequence of some improper conduct, his property was confiscated: he is now a Renegade, and is supported by the Pacha. That his name is Morgan is true; but that he is the Morgan in question is incorrect."

VERY IMPORTANT!!

The reader is informed that the following is the most particularly important document which has reached us since the arrival of the last *Ontario Phenix*.

From the New-England Galaxy.

GREAT ANTI-MOUSENICK MEETING,
Held on the Cats-kill Mountains, at the sign of the Mousetrap and Ratsbane.

At a pretty considerable convocation of the most respectable Cats, from the most capacious kitchens, inhabited by more than the most conscientious Cooks in the United States, the following proceedings took place.

Thomas Cat, Esquire, in the chair, who opened the meeting with the following pathetic appeal, (after taking a cup of catnip tea,) which was received with a *clap*.

"Most magnani-Mouse Mousers! Toms and Tabbies! Cats and Kittens! I will not say ladies and gentlemen—they are titles of canting courtesy, therefore we will not be ladies and gentlemen—I think it proper to inform you of things which you all know. There has existed, there does

exist, and will continue to exist, an existing evil in spite of our teeth, unless they deprive it of existence, an infamously society, composed of Rats and Mice, who lurk in holes and corners—holding secret meetings, in granaries and garrets—to the infamy of many a meritorious Miller, and benevolent biscuit-baker. Each member of this farinaceous fraternity makes his Meal of Flour in the darkness of night, unless the moon happens to shine. The feelings of the sensitive and tender farmer are harrowed up by the dreadful, destructive, devastating depravity of these rogues-in-grain. Many a young and parentless Mite beholds his morsel, perhaps his last, of cheese, torn from his tortuous possession; many a pale and innocently wicked candle-end has been dragged away, never to know the light again. Reflect upon this—if we permit these here wretches to proceed to them—there extremities, there will be a Cat-astrophe! My feline friends, therefore, pause upon it. I see here some patriotically-perfidious and faithfully-traitorous-seceding Rats, who have deserted the ship, which Rat-ifies our notions of its rottenness. The Mouseonick Varment have long been nibbling in their private lodgings; do they want to know my sentiment? We have long since smelt a rat, and I here express the scent-i-meant. If any cat in the presidential contest, has voted for any Rat, that Cat that voted for that Rat shall be considered a Pole-Cat, and deserving of a Cat o' nine tails. A very popular author, whose name I have forgotten, in a celebrated book, which I don't exactly remember, mentions in words which I can't call to mind, an anecdote, which I shall not take up your time by repeating—but we must Mew up this ever-as-long-as-Cats-lap-cream-to-be-execrated, and never-enough while rats-wear-tails-to-be-execrated association—to which end we must devote our talons and our Jaw, for

"Rats and mice and such small gear,
Have been Tom's food for many a year."

Resolved, that we look with superlative, supercilious, and superfluous horror on all secret societies and nightly meetings, however necessary, and with whatever privileges; and consider them offensive nuisances, and injurious to the Constitution.

Resolved, that we consider rat-traps and mouse-traps, whether of wire or wood, to be a violation of our rights, and any recanting Rat, that has been unwarily caught in their toils, we recommend to absolve himself from all connexion with them—and beware of the Abbey of La Trappe.

Resolved, that as the Mouseonicks have let the Cat out of the bag, and their crafty gripes and sighs are now known, we will disinterestedly offer up eight of our nine lives to—share their secret treasures.

Resolved, that all titles are all fudges; we will have no designation but *Squire*, and no degree but A. S. S.

Resolved, that as we suspect it has been suggested, in a complication of conjectures, that the ~~surmised~~ intentions of such institutions, are evidently enveloped in revealed secrecy, imperceptible palpability, and taciturn loquacity; Therefore, our decision is to hesitate, whether the Cat's-kill mountain will bring forth more than a Mouse.

Resolved, that all our anticipations shall be for the future, and our retrospections for the past; and that we have no doubt but that redoubtable Rat, Corporal Rat-tan, has been hanged, drawn, and quartered, devoured and digested by a conclave

"Of the cannibals, who each other eat."

Resolved, that, as each Rat is a resolver, we resolutely resolve to fix our resolution not to render inseparable resolves resolvable by common sense.

THOMAS CAT, ESQUIRE, Chairman.

PUSY PURBLIND,
KIT TORTOISESHELL, } *Scratchetaries.*
GRIZZY GRIMALKIN. }

ITEMS. On Tuesday, Silas Wright, jr. of St. Lawrence county, one of the representatives in congress from the 30th district, was chosen by the legislature, comptroller of this state, in the place of William L. Marcy, appointed judge of the supreme court. At the same time, Greene C. Bronson, of Oneida county, was chosen attorney-general of this state, in the place of S. A. Talcott, resigned.—An Alabama editor begs Pennsylvania to spare one of her thirty candidates for Governor to the state of Alabama. Why did he not apply to New-York? We had a couple that we did not use. Suppose we send Solomon Southwick? The *Genesee Register*, in allusion to the 16 or 17 anti-masonick voters for the Speaker, calls them their "little Spartan band." Of course, Thurlow Weed's whiskers will be the pass of Thermopylae.—*Noah.*—Not so fast, Major.—Thurlow does not wear whiskers—he shaves 'em.—A country editor says, "Do, for heaven's sake, divide the state of New-York, and call the west part the *State of Morgan*." "Call it," says the *Ithaca Journal*, "the *State of Sin and Misery*." "No," said a crusty old bachelor, "call it the *State of Matrimony*, and that includes sin, misery and

Morganism." Such a barbarian as this bachelor ought to be driven out of all society.—*Noah.*—"The Sun," an anti-masonick paper in Salem, Washington county, has sunk below the political horizon—has set.

Contents of the *Western Monthly Review* No. 7, for December:—Thoughts on the Establishment of a National University (continued); Life. REVIEW of Sismondi's Political Economy (concluded); Chapman's Sermons on the Church; Wood on Intellectual and Moral Culture; Bascom's Inaugural Address; Brazel's Sermon on Christian Unity. Notice of Transylvania Journal of Medicine; Florida Lexingtonensis. Southern Review, No IV.—Aboriginal Americans; American Naval History; Life of Ledyard; Views of Nature; Novels.

Contents of the *Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*, No. 9, for December:—*Essays and Cases*—A History of the Malignant Intermittent Billious Fever, which prevailed in and about Indianapolis, the capital of the state of Indiana, in the summer and autumn of 1821; By Dr. Samuel Grant Mitchell. A fatal case of rupture of the bladder, from Urinary Calculi, in an Ox; By Dr. John Cook Bennett. An account of the production of Epilepsy from protracted bathing in a pond; By H. George Doyle, M. D. Remarks by the editor. REVIEWS. Lectures on Anatomy, Surgery, and Pathology; including observations on the nature and treatment of Local Diseases; delivered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; By John Abernethy, F. R. S.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH. The number of Ministers in the Episcopal Church in the United States is 508, viz: in Maine 5. New Hampshire 8, Massachusetts 29, Vermont 7, Rhode Island 7, Connecticut 56, New-York 122, New Jersey 16, Pennsylvania 70, Delaware 6, Maryland 55, Virginia 47, North Carolina 10, South Carolina 35, Georgia 3, Ohio 14, Mississippi 5, Kentucky 3, Tennessee 2, Missouri, &c. 6.

There are thirteen Diocese and ten Bishops, and one vacancy in the Diocese of Maryland. The Right Rev. and venerable William White, D. D. of Pennsylvania, is President of the House of Bishops, and was consecrated Feb. 4, 1787, in England, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Nearly one hundred candidates are about to be admitted to Holy Orders. Beside the numerous Missions in progress in the United States, the American Episcopal Church has recently sent one Missionary to Africa, and one to Greece. *N. E. Palladium.*

VARIETIES.

From Foreign Journals, received at this office.

Diamond of the Mountain. On the Wangleon mountain there is an old tree called the "Diamond of the Mountain," which is really a jewel to the traveller of those wild districts. It is torn up from its root, and the hollow trunk is always found filled with water. As soon as it is emptied, it gradually fills again, to the quantity of about half a hog-head. A traveller conjectures that this phenomenon may be caused by the dripping of water from the trees.

Chinese Epicurism. Dogs are fatted and eaten in China, as a delicious food, and are always found at the tables of the great. A Chinese author relates the following as an instance of prejudice:—"A man by night is helped to the flesh of an ape, and being told it is the flesh of a dog, thinks it good; next morning he is informed what he hath eaten, and falls a vomiting."

Attic Stories.—The Chinese have an abhorrence of lofty houses. Some of the Missionaries, on showing the model of an European house, several stories high, to the Emperor Kang-hi, were asked by that prince, whether in Europe they were straitened for room below, that they were forced thus to take up their lodgings in the air. In the elegiac verses addressed to the Emperor Tai-kang, by his five brothers, upon his being dethroned for his vices, they reproach him among other crimes, with the erection of lofty houses. The date of these verses, according to Chinese chronology, must have been 2159 years before the Christian era, or 288 years before the call of Abraham.

Beards.—Among the Romans, visits of ceremony were made, when a young man first applied the razor to his beard and the precious produce of the operation was usually enclosed in a small gold or silver box, and dedicated to some divinity, but above all to Jupiter Capitolinus.—The Romans did not commence shaving till the year of the city 454, when P. Tecunius imported a cargo of barbers from Sicily. Scipio Africanus first introduced the practice of shaving daily.

Persons who have once become hypochondriacal from the effects of malaria at Rome, experience the greatest aversion

for most kinds of perfume. A nosegay of roses or jasmynes introduced into a room of persons so affected, would throw half the party into fits, and put the remainder to flight; while the smell of very rank plants would be perfectly agreeable. From the extreme fondness of the ancient Romans for delicate perfumes and flowers, we may infer with certainty that the "eternal city" was not, in former times, afflicted with malaria.

ANTI-MASONICK.—Notices are published in the anti-masonic papers for a State Convention, to be held in Albany, on the 19th February next, to be composed of as many delegates from the several counties as they are entitled to Members in the House of Assembly. What is the object of this convention? Is it to devise ways and means to ferret out the murderers of Morgan, and bring them to the punishment they so justly deserve?—No. Is it to procure means to assist the poor widow and orphan children of the murdered Morgan? No. What then? Why, to carry the excitement to the east for political purposes, the better to ensure the future success of your *Southwicks*, your *Weeds*, your *Millers*, and your *Fairchilds*, who are so nobly fighting this political battle, as Southwick says, "under the banner of JESUS CHRIST, and the TESTAMENT of the ETERNAL GOD!" A religious party in politics we have much to fear, and if Governor Southwick is considered same, we say the above sentence from his pen savors strongly of the intent of anti-masons to form such a party.—*Morrisville Observer.*

MASONICK CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany, at the Masonick Hall.]

Temple Encampment, 2d Friday in each month.
Temple Chapter, 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month.
Temple Lodge, 1st and 2d Tuesday in each month.
Mount Vernon Lodge, 1st and 3d Thursday in each month.
Masters Lodge, 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

ODD FELLOWS' CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany.]

Hope Lodge, Monday evening in each week, at Montgomery Hall.
Philanthropic Lodge, Wednesday evening in each week, corner of Lodge and State-streets, over Osborn and Gray's.
Clinton Lodge, Friday evening in each week, Masonick Hall.

DIED.

At New Haven, Conn. on Monday evening of the present week, Dr. NATHAN SMITH, Professor in the Medical Institution of Yale College, and one of the most learned and distinguished physicians in the United States.

We announce with feelings of deep regret, the death of Mrs. HELEN MARIA, wife of JOHN KEYES PAIGE, esq. of this city, and daughter of the Hon. Joseph C. Yates. Mrs. P. expired on Sunday afternoon, after a short illness, aged 31 years. Possessing and exercising all the excellent qualities of her sex, greatly endeared to her family, and adorning the society or which she was a valued member, her loss will be widely and severely felt. To her family and connexions it will be irreparable: To her friends and acquaintance, a source of common regret and sorrow. *[Argus.]*

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD,
At the Corner of North Market and Steuben streets,
Albany, N. Y.

TERMS.—To subscribers out of the city, \$2.50 in advance, or \$3, otherwise, a year.
To city subscribers, \$3 a year.



Nov. 8, 1838.

REMOVAL.—ALLISON & WHEEL have removed from No. 4 Green-st. to 471 South Market-street, opposite James Gould's Coach Maker's shop, where they intend to carry on the SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK making business, in all its various branches. Military Caps and Horse Equipments made according to order, and on the shortest notice. All orders from the country, thankfully received and promptly attended to. Thankful for past favours, they hope to merit a continuance of the same. 41st

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1838. JOHN P. PORTER.

POETRY.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

A poem of great beauty was delivered last week by Mr. P. Benjamin, before the Washington College Parthenon, a Society, of which we learn that we are an honorary member. We have begged the following extract.

MUSING HOURS.

How like a bright and living thing,
Shadowed by Twilight's pensive wing,
Yon lone star gleams! Each crimson fold
Of rich sunset, melts away,
And skies of blue and seas of gold
Are flooded with the glorious ray!
But see! now softly falls the shade,
O'er bower and pleasant glade,
And the sweet lake, that sleeps so still,
Mirrors the brow of yonder hill,
O'er which that star with beaming smile,
Seems fairer, as the requ'em sound
Comes through the greenwood's leafy aisle,
While every fairy spot around,
And every vale and forest dim
Are sending forth their Evening hymn.

Of have I gazed in boyhood's spring
On this loved scene—the same lone star
In that lake oft its glance would fling,
As if from its blue home afar,
Beneath the clear and flashing waves,
'Twere searching out the coral caves,
To know if gems or ruby's light,
As its own smile were half as bright,
And oft 'twould turn away, and then,
Come sweetly peering forth again.

Star of the Evening! I have seen
Thy beauty with a burning thrill
Of wondrous Love, and I have been
All calm and motionless and still,
While thou wast there in Heaven, so mild,
So beautiful—Oh! man should weep,
To think that e'en a sinless child,
Whose pulses move in breathing sleep,
Ere flies the hour that gives it birth:—
The purest thing that lives on earth,
Is not as pure, as fair as thou,
Celestial gem! that on the brow
Of that uplifted mount will gleam,
Till the lost Pleiad smiles once more.
And, picturing in the starless stream,
Glow's holier, brighter than before.

Oh! there—
That bloom awhile, then droop and die;
But the left seeds will oftentimes start
Up into form again, and try,
If gentler breezes waft their balm,
Now that the storm hath sunk to rest,
And rainbow hues with soothing calm,
Are bending o'er the untroubled breast;—
If sorrow's tread hath passed away,
Like footsteps from the vernal snow,
When in the gush of rosy day,
Bright, living streams of glory flow.
Aye—youth hath grief, and tears must hide
Our diamonds' light, though fancies glide
On stary pinions through the air,
That floats around Day's orient, yet,
The o'erhanging clouds will curtain there,
All darkly as at Life's sunset.

Thou blessed scene! thy look of love,
From the sealed fountains of the soul,
Calls sweetest springs:—Like the pure Dove,
Joyless I've wandered, where the roll
Of waves was heard, but from yon sky,
Glancing beneath the lake's blue eye
So blissfully, thou seem'st to be,
Bright thing! an olive branch for me!

From the New-York Morning Courier.

TURKISH ODE.

OF MESIMI.

Hark! from her rosy shrine
I hear the Bulbul pour her melting note,
And where the almond boughs their blossoms twine,
Wild voices float.
Gather, oh man! the musick of thy heart,
Too soon will life's young loveliness depart.

The grove, the hill,
The bright Sultana of the garden bowers,
And bending there to kiss the crystal rill,
Wild forest flowers;

Paraphrased from a prose translation by Sir W. Jones.

Their gloom may gladden o'er thy cold decline,
Laugh in a loveliness less frail than thine.

A dew drop, bright
As sun-light flashing o'er the scymetar,
Sleeps on the balmy breast of lily light,
A mimic star.
Catch the pure night gem ere it melts away,
Too soon will life's young loveliness decay.

And from the rose,
Bright as on maiden's cheek the crimson bloom,
And from the love that in its freshness flows
But to the tomb—
Gather—oh, gather to thy soul the glee,
Ere its cold nothingness is breathed to thee.

Now, like the lance
That drinks the life-blood from the foeman's heart,
O'er wood and vale the burning sunbeams glance,
And flowrets start.
Quick—to the noontide's golden sojourn,
Laugh, for their loveliness but fades from thee.

And now—no more
The grove is gathered in its icy gloom,
Spring breezes wake along the balmy shore,
And pierce the tomb.
Soft in each passionate breath, young Hours sigh,
Sip the deep murmur ere its odours die.

And when the gay
Fling to the golden dome the shout again,
When merry wine-cups steal the soul away,
Oh, turn thee then—
Turn to the bright spring of thy spirit's faith,
Soon life's young loveliness is cold in death.

Heard ye the war,
When winter flung her terrors to the strife?
Then came a mighty monarch from afar,
His step was life.
He robed the red rose in its matin mirth;
Laugh, ere young loveliness has passed from earth.

And oft this strain,
That pours its wild gush from thy summer bower,
Will wake in maiden's memory again,
At such sweet hour.
Then fling the light winged laughter round thy heart,
Too soon must life's young loveliness depart.

NORNA.

A work entitled *Literary Remains of Henry Neele*, consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and other Miscellaneous Pieces in prose and verse, has been published in England. Most of the miscellaneous articles it contains have had a free circulation, and some of our readers, perhaps, have seen the pieces which follow. We have extracted them in memory of their author, whose melancholy fate has been lamented by every one who has a tear for another's sorrow.

THE CRUSADERS' SONG.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Remember the Holy Sepulchre."

Forget the land which gave ye birth;
Forget the womb that bore ye;
Forget each much-loved spot of earth;
Forget each dream of glory;
Forget the friends that by your side,
Stood firm as rocks unbroken;
Forget the late affianced bride,
And every dear love token;
Forget the hope that in each breast
Glowed like a smouldering ember;
But still, the Holy Sepulchre,
Remember! Oh, remember!

Remember all the vows ye've sworn
At holy Becket's Altar;
Remember all the ills ye've borne,
And scorned to shrink or falter;
Remember every laurelled field,
Which saw the Crescent waving;
Remember when compelled to yield,
Uncounted numbers braving;
Remember these, remember too
The cause ye strive for, ever;
The Cross! the Holy Sepulchre!
Forget,—forget them never!

By Him who in that Sepulchre
Was laid in Death's cold keeping;
By Her who bore, who reared Him, Her
Who by that Cross sat weeping;

By those, whose blood so oft has cried
Revenge for souls unshriven!
By those, whose sacred precepts guide
The path to yonder Heaven!
From youth to age, from morn to eve,
From Spring-tide to December;
The Holy Sepulchre of Christ,
Remember! Oh, remember!

STANZAS.

BY HENRY NEELE

Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that Winter's storms subdue,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is Ocean's lot;
But Man lies down and rises not:
Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay!

Vessels but to havens steer;
Paths denote a resting near;
Rivers flow into the main;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;
The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone:
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their boundaries burst,
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;
Dew, descending on the hills,
Life in nature's veins instils;
Showers, that on the parched meads fall,
Their faded loveliness recall;
Man alone sheds tears of pain,
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!

The Jung Frau and The Butterfly are from foreign journals received at this office.

THE JUNG FRAU.

BY HENRY MEREDITH PARKER, ESQ.

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains."
But the Jung Frau shares his sway;
If he be the King, then she is the queen—
And their subjects—where are they?
The Farca wild and the Grimsel hoar,
The Righi berg, and a thousand more.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
But the Jung Frau holds him near;
With the Seilver-berg for her stainless shield,
And the Shriek Horn for her spear;
And thus she stands, as a war queen should,
Looking o'er mountain, and lake, and wood.

And rich, and fair, and beautiful,
Are the Ceintures round her waist;
When the Grindenwald, and the Lanterbrun,
Are as a war-belt braced:
Glad, and golden, and shining free,
With the brightness of Peace and Liberty.

Long may they shine so;—and oh! that she,
Their queen, could guard them, as well
From the spoiler's foot, as she doth her snows.
The Inaccessible.
Or that she had the power to launch
On such her mightiest Avalanche.

THE BUTTERFLY.

The Butterfly was a gentleman,
Of no very good repute;
And he roved in the sunshine all day long,
In his scarlet and purple suit:
And he left his lady-wife at home
In her own secluded tower;
Whilst he, like a bachelor flirted about
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,
And seldom from home she'd stir;
She loved him better than all the world,
Though little he cared for her.
Unheeded she passed the day—she knew
Her lord was a rover then;
But, when night came on, she lighted her lamp
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray:
Some wild-bird saw the neglected one,
And flew with her far away.
Then beware, ye Butterflies all, beware
If to you such a time should come:
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish
You had cherished the lamp at home.



AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1829.

NO. 2.

MASONICK RECORD.

CONSTITUTION

And Regulations of the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER of the State of New-York, adopted at the city of Albany, on the 7th day of February, 1805.

(Continued.)

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. This Grand Chapter being the highest source of legitimate masonick authority, and only subject to the obligations contained in the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America, can, and of right ought to have the government and superintendence of all Chapters and Mark Master's Lodges within its jurisdiction: it therefore may grant warrants and dispensations for constituting Royal Arch Chapters, Lodges of Most Excellent Masters, Past Masters, and Mark Masters; and when expedient, revoke and annul the same: it may make laws, pass regulations, and at pleasure repeal, amend, or alter the same: it may censure, suspend, or expel Chapters, Lodges, or members, for violation or disobedience of its laws, regulations or rules.

Sect. 2. All Royal Arch Chapters, or Lodges of Most Excellent Masters, Past Masters, or Mark Master Masons, within the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, which have not already acknowledged the authority thereof, and subscribed to its government, shall do the same within two years, or be considered by this Grand Chapter, and all subordinate Chapters and Lodges, as acting contrary to the true principles of Masonry, and working without constitutional authority, & be deprived of all benefit of Masonick intercourse with either this Grand Chapter or any Chapter or Lodge under its jurisdiction, or with individual members of the same; and to carry the same into effect, all Chapters and Lodges as before mentioned, and under this jurisdiction, as well as all members thereof, are hereby strictly charged and forbidden holding any Masonick intercourse with any such offending Chapters, Lodges or members, after the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seven, under the penalty of forfeiting the rights and privileges of Masonry under this Grand Chapter.

Sect. 3. No warrant shall be granted by the Grand Chapter for the creation of any Royal Arch Chapter, unless upon the petition of at least nine regular Royal Arch Masons, directed to this Grand Chapter, praying that a warrant may issue to authorize the creating a new Chapter, which said petition shall be recommended by the Chapter nearest to the place where the same new Chapter is to be erected, and which said recommendation shall vouch that the petitioners are all Royal Arch Masons, in good standing as such, and that they are men of good morals, and of fair reputations. And the petitioners shall pay, upon the granting of the said warrant, the sum of sixty dollars* for a warrant for the degree of Royal Arch, Most Excellent Masters, Past Masters, and Mark Master Masons.

Sect. 4. No warrant shall issue for the purpose of erecting a Mark Master's Lodge, unless upon the petition of at least five respectable Mark Master Masons, recommended as in the section last

aforesaid; and also upon the payment of the sum of fifteen Dollars.

Sect. 5. The Grand High Priest, and Deputy Grand High Priest, during the recess of this Grand Chapter, shall have power and authority to grant dispensations for holding Chapters of Royal Arch Masons, Lodges of Most Excellent Masters, Past Masters and Mark Masters, on a regular application to either of them for that purpose, accompanied with the same number of petitioners and recommended in all cases as would be necessary to obtain a warrant for either of those purposes, and on paying the same sum or sums of money therefor; such dispensation, when thus granted, shall be as valid as a warrant could be, until the next meeting of the Grand Chapter—at which time it shall be the duty of the officer granting the same, to make report, in writing, to the Grand Chapter, of his doing thereon, pay over the money received by him for said dispensation, into the hands of the Secretary, and produce the petition and other documents accompanying the same—whereupon it shall be the duty of the Grand Chapter to confirm the power and authority of such Chapter or Lodge, by granting them a warrant, or annul the same by their special act, in which last case, the said petitioners shall receive back such sum or sums of money which they have heretofore paid, after deducting the sum of five dollars for the expense of granting the dispensation.

For the Government of subordinate Chapters and Lodges under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of New-York.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1. A Royal Arch Chapter shall consist of a High Priest, a King, and Scribe, Captain of the Host, a Principal Sojourner, Royal Arch Captain, Three Grand Masters, a Secretary and Treasurer, and as many members as shall be found convenient, not less than nine regular Royal Arch Masons, including the officers; and no Chapter shall be opened in the degree of Royal Arch, without that number, and every Mark Master's Lodge shall consist of a Master, a Senior and Junior Warden, a Secretary and Treasurer, and shall never be opened without the number of five regular Mark Master Masons present; and no Chapter or Lodge can be held under this jurisdiction without a warrant from this Grand Chapter.

Sect. 2. That the election of officers in all Chapters or Lodges under this jurisdiction, shall take place on the regular meeting of such Chapter or Lodge next preceding the festival of St. John the Evangelist, in each year, and be installed in their respective offices at the same meeting, before any other business can take place; to be determined by ballot in manner and form as laid down in article the first, section the third.

Sect. 3. Every Chapter of Royal Arch Masons holding under this Grand Chapter, shall pay into the funds thereof the following sums, viz: for the exaltation of every Companion to the degree of Royal Arch Mason, the sum of two dollars, and for every member thereof the annual sum of fifty cents; and every Mark Master's Lodge shall also pay into the funds of this Grand Chapter, for every Brother advanced to the degree of Mark Master Mason, the sum of fifty cents, and for every member thereof the annual sum of twenty-five cents; which said several sums shall be punctually paid during the session of this Grand Chapter at their next regular annual meeting; and every Chapter

or Lodge which shall neglect or refuse to pay the said sums at the times aforesaid, and continue so to refuse or neglect, without good reason shown to the satisfaction of a majority of the members present of this Grand Chapter, until the next regular session thereof, shall be deemed the violators of this Constitution, and unwholesome members of this Grand Body, and shall therefore be punished by forfeiture of their warrant and expulsion from this Grand Chapter, and only restored by paying up all dues, and a sufficient and satisfactory apology for the breach of good rules.*

Sect. 4. And for the better carrying the preceding section into effect, the Grand Secretary shall, on the last day of the session of this Grand Chapter, inform the same what Chapters or Lodges are deficient, and how long they have been so, in the payment of their dues aforesaid, that the Grand Chapter may make such order thereon as the members thereof shall deem right.

Sect. 5. No one can be exalted to the degree of Royal Arch Mason in any Chapter under this jurisdiction, without being regularly proposed in open Chapter, by petition, (which petition shall lie over at least one meeting, that the character of the candidate may be fairly investigated by the members) and paying not less than sixteen dollars into the treasury thereof; and for the degree of Mark Master, whether in a Chapter or a Lodge, not less than four dollars, to be paid into the treasury thereof, and having his character investigated as above.

Sect. 6. Every Chapter and Lodge holden under this Grand Chapter shall have a seal, the device thereof to be made at the pleasure of the persons for whom it shall be made, and shall be engraved, with the name of the Chapter or Lodge aforesaid, and the number thereof in figures or numeral letters; an impression of which said seal shall be deposited with the Grand Secretary, and the device of the same described in writing, in a book to be kept by him for that purpose; and no papers or documents presented to this Grand Chapter, as credentials or evidences from any such Chapter or Lodge, shall be received as such, unless there is a sufficient similarity between the impression thereon and the one deposited as aforesaid, to be determined by the Grand Secretary, or in case of doubt or controversy on the subject, to be determined as is heretofore pointed out for the admission of members, in article second and section second.

Sect. 7. It being the duty of every Chapter and Mark Master's Lodge belonging to this Grand Body, to be represented at an early period of each session thereof, in order to support its respectability, and to become informed of all proceedings and doings, and to aid by their wisdom in the deliberations and counsels, that the general interest may be advanced, good order prevail, and the true state of every branch of this Grand Chapter well understood: it is therefore hereby declared, that an omission of a duty so important to the well being of this institution deserves severe censure; it is therefore hereby strongly enjoined on all such persons to

Amendment, adopted February, 1825.

* At the close of the third section of the fourth article, add—And every member of a subordinate Chapter who shall refuse or neglect to pay his quarterly dues for more than one year, and continue so to neglect or refuse without good reason shown to the satisfaction of a majority of the members of such subordinate Chapter, shall be deemed an unwholesome member, and be punished by suspension or expulsion from such Chapter, and be restored by payment of all his back dues, and that such delinquent member shall be prohibited from voting in such Chapter during his delinquency.

Amendment, adopted February, 1828.

* Strike out the word *sixty* in the fourteenth line of the third section of the third article, and insert the words *one hundred*.

be prompt in the performance of the duties aforesaid; to be early at the said sessions, with their returns of the officers, members, and dues, of the respective Chapters and Lodges aforesaid.

Sect. 8. If any Companion or Brother of any Chapter or Lodge under this jurisdiction shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, by breaking the rules and regulations thereof, or by betraying the trust reposed in him, the Chapter or Lodge to which such offender may belong (but in case he belong to no Chapter or Lodge, he may be called on by the nearest Chapter or Lodge having cognizance thereof,) shall have full power of punishing the same by reprimand, suspension, or expulsion, as they may deem proper. But if by expulsion, the nature of the offence, with a copy of the proceedings thereon, shall be transmitted to the Grand Secretary without delay, who shall lay the same before the Grand Chapter at their next meeting, who shall ratify or annul the same: *Provided always*, the person so offending, and being expelled, feeling himself aggrieved thereby, shall have the privilege of an appeal to this Grand Chapter, if in session, and during the recess, to the Grand High Priest or his Deputy, who shall appoint a committee to investigate the facts in the proceedings, and make report at the next meeting thereof; which shall have the power of restoring him to the general privileges of Masonry, but not to membership within the body from which he has been expelled, without their own consent, nor can there be a dispensation in this case; for every Masonick body ought to have the power of determining its own members, for the better maintenance of harmony and good order therein.

(To be continued.)

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Officers of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of New-York*, for the ensuing year, elected at the annual meeting in the city of Albany, which began on Tuesday, and closed on Wednesday of the present week:—

M. E. Richard Pennell, of New-York, Grand High Priest.

M. E. Ezra S. Cozier, of Utica, Deputy Grand High Priest.

E. Benjamin Enos, of Cortland county, Grand King.

E. Jacob T. B. Van Vechten, of Albany, Grand Scribe.

E. and Rev. Joseph Prentiss, of Catskill, Grand Chaplain.

E. John O. Cole, of Albany, Grand Secretary.

E. Gerrit L. Dox, of Albany, Grand Treasurer.

Officers of *Fidelity Royal Arch Chapter, No. 77*, in Trumansburg, Tompkins county, for the ensuing year:—

Lyman Strobridge, High Priest; Nathaniel Ayers, King; James M'Lallen, Scribe; Elias J. Ayers, Captain of the Host; Uriel Turner, Principal Sojourner; Abraham G. Updike, Royal Arch Captain; Ephraim Lockhart, Isaac W. Hart, and Samuel Burlew, Masters of Vails; Henry Taylor, Secretary; John Creque, Treasurer; Robert M. Petton and Philemon H. Thompson, Stewards; James Rhodes, Tyler.

Officers of *Fidelity Lodge, No. 309*, in Ulysses, Tompkins county, for 5829:—

Nicoll Halsey, Master; Elias J. Ayers, Senior Warden; Abraham G. Updike, Junior Warden; James M'Lallen, Secretary; John Creque, Treasurer; Philemon H. Thompson, Senior Deacon; John M'Lallen, 2d, Junior Deacon; Uriel Turner and Isaac W. Hart, Stewards; James Rhodes, Tyler.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

ELECTION.

Philanthropic Lodge, No. 5 of Independent Odd Fellows, in the city of Albany, installed the following brethren into office, on Wednesday, the 5th instant:—David Bruce, jr., as M. N. G.; Amos Adams, as V. G.; Lawrence Connor, as Secretary; and William Lelashere, as Treasurer.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

COBBETT ON GARDENING, &c.

HORSE RADISH.

After horse radish has borne seed once or twice, its root becomes hard, brown on the outside, not juicy when it is scraped, and eats more like the little chips than like a garden vegetable; so that at taverns and eating houses, there frequently seems to be a rivalry on the point of toughness between the horse radish and the beef steak; and it would be well if this inconvenient rivalry never discovered itself any where else.

CIDER.

Mr. Platt had a curious mode of making strong cider in America. In the month of January or February, he placed a number of hogsheads of cider upon stands out of doors. The frost turned to ice the upper part of the contents of the hogshead, and a tap drew off from the part which was not frozen. This was the spirituous part, and was as strong as the very strongest of beer that can be made. The frost had no power over this part; but the lighter part which was at the top it froze into ice. This, when thawed, was weak cider. This method of getting strong cider would not do in a country like this, [England,] where the frosts are never sufficiently severe.

KEEPING APPLES.

When there is frost, all that you have to do, is to keep the apples in a state of total darkness until some days after a complete thaw has come. In America they are frequently frozen as hard as stones; but if they thaw in the light, they rot; but if they thaw in darkness, they not only do not rot, but lose very little of their original flavour. This may be new to the English reader; but he may depend upon it that the statement is correct.

TO KEEP CHESTNUTS.

To preserve chestnuts, so as to have them to sow in the spring, or to eat through the winter, you must make them perfectly dry after they come out of their green husk; then put them into a box or barrel mixed with, and covered over by, fine and dry sand, three gallons of sand to one gallon of chestnuts. If there be maggots in any of the chestnuts, they will come out of the chestnuts and work up through the sand to get to the air; and thus you have your chestnuts sweet and sound and fresh.

PLUMS.

The *Magnum Bonum* are fit for nothing but tarts and sweetmeats. *Magnum* is right enough; but as to *bonum*, the word has seldom been so completely misapplied.

BRITISH WINES.

That which we call currant wine, is neither more nor less than red-looking, weak rum, the strength coming from the sugar; and gooseberry wine is a thing of the same character, and, if the fruit were of no other use than this, one might wish them to be extirpated. People deceive themselves. The thing is called wine, but it is rum; that is to say, an extract from sugar.

BIRDS.

The wild pigeons in America live, for about a month, entirely upon the buds of the sugar-maple, and are killed by hundreds of thousands, by persons who erect bough-houses, and remain in a maple wood with guns and powder and shot for that purpose. If we open the craw of one of these little birds, we find in it green stuff of various descriptions, and, generally, more or less of grass, and, therefore, it is a little too much to believe, that, in taking away our buds, they merely relieve us from the insects that would, in time, eat us up. Birds are exceedingly cunning in their generation; but, luckily for us gardeners, they do not know how to distinguish between the report of a gun loaded with powder and shot, and one that is only loaded with powder. Very frequent firing with powder will alarm them so that they will quit the spot, or, at least, be so timid as to become comparatively little mischievous.

WINE MADE FROM SAW-DUST.

A correspondent writes us as follows:—An ingenious engineer at Chenies, Bucks, whose head is ever at work for useful discovery, and to whom many are indebted for his able performances in his own profession, whilst superintending his sawyers cutting up some Quebec fir timber, was forcibly struck with the sweet odour from the fresh saw-dust, and resolved to try whether he could not make an wholesome extract from it, as well as he had from many other ingredients, and as it is extracted from the birch tree, to form a basis for a good homemade wine. After some small difficulty, adopting nearly the usual process of making other wines with the aid of moist sugar, he formed an extract, which, though raw in the first place, was not very unpalatable. He put it by in a stone jar, gently corked down, and by some accident the whole affair slipped the memory of him and his household for two years, when, on recently looking to his other wines and stock of beer, he discovered the long-forgotten bottle, and on tasting it, he was most agreeably surprised at finding it excellent; and putting to defiance the best judges of most wines to guess what it was made from. Even his "gude wife" thought it was raisin wine of her own making, while others thought it tasted like Madeira; and a medical gentleman considered it superiour to mead wine. It was bottled off, and in each bottle was put one glass of brandy. The writer of this has tasted it, and had he not been told, could never have discovered the ingredients from which it was made. It has a slight and rather pleasing taste of the turpentine, and by some who drank it it operated as a gentle diarectic; which induces a belief that whilst it was pleasant to drink it would be beneficial in gravelly complaints. This ingenious engineer is making a more correct and scientific experiment of the same ingredients, and should it answer his expectations he will make it publick. The ingredient is easy to be procured, and cheap, and with sugar and brandy will not reach the retail price of ale. [Canada Herald.]

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

We found the following sketches in the *Washington City Chronicle*, which says they are extracted from a work which appeared in that city about a year ago, under the title of the *Wanderer in Washington*. They were evidently written by one who was politically friendly to the persons whose characters he attempts to delineate. Of their truth we cannot judge; but we are sure that they are written in a spirit of friendliness which every American should admire, and we therefore publish them.

MR. CLAY.

A tall, thin, but dignified looking man now approached, to whom Marion introduced me. The conversation we had, though brief, enabled me to perceive that I was in the company of no ordinary individual. I remarked that his observations possessed much originality, and depth of thought, and were made in a spirit of freedom and fearlessness that pleased me, because I had not expected it. There was more of dignity than grace in his manner; it wanted that polish and ease which I had often witnessed in European courts; but it was precisely such as I should not only look for, but desire, in a man holding a high office under a republic.

He is just the man I should select to exhibit to the European world, as a fine specimen of the American character—bold, enterprising, independent and persevering; with a genius that shrinks at no impediment, and a mind that quails at the aspect of no danger; emerging from obscurity and indigence, and rising by rapid gradations, to the rank of an orator, legislator, minister, and statesman; the same in all, and in all displaying that versatility and power which are the characteristics of genius. Buffon, I think, has said that genius is observation: but it requires genius to observe. The Secretary of—has been a close and accurate observer of men and things, and has suffered nothing to escape him which could add to the unfailing resources of the mind. His know-

ledge of men has not been derived from books, but from a long intercourse with the living world, in which he has mingled as much from necessity as choice. The various scenes through which he has passed has enabled him to see and study the diversified character of his species, and to comprehend the influence under which they act, and the motives and principles by which they are governed. Like other men, he has his weaknesses, and may have his follies; but there is generally discoverable in whatever he does a great deal of good sense, sagacity and shrewdness. He is, I admit, actuated to a certain degree by ambition, "that last infirmity of noble minds;" but his ambition has never interfered with his patriotism, or caused him to diverge from his career of usefulness. It has been correctly remarked by a warm friend of his, "that the spread of universal freedom is the first and strongest wish of his heart, and whether she flapped her wings over the Cordilleras of America, or reposed on the classic plains or delicious valleys of Greece, she was sure to meet in him a friend that no casualty could alter, and no personal interest could change." As an orator the Secretary of — stands high in the estimation of his countrymen. His mind, voice, figure, and attitudes, gives to what he says a splendour and power which all admire and which no one can listen to without conviction or delight.

He wielded an almost magic power over a legislative body, and seems to exercise nearly the same fascination over those who come within the range of its influence. It is the ascendancy of genius—the sway of mind, which, like the rarified air, will rise above the denser atmosphere that surrounds it. There are, too, in his manners, so total an absence of all hauteur, so much apparent candour, and such an evidence of openheartedness, that no one can refuse him his confidence and attachment, when he once becomes acquainted with him. He has nothing of aristocracy lurking in his heart, and nothing of that contemptible pride which will not stoop to notice the lowly and the humble, though meritorious and worthy, because they are not surrounded by the trappings of power or the glitter of wealth. He has been placed on "the vantage ground" of politics, and aims at a more elevated point, which, should he attain it, will, I am sure, produce no change in the nature of his feelings or the character of his mind.

MR. RUSH.

Our host, the Secretary of the —, with whom you have expressed yourself so much pleased, is a gentleman of great suavity of manners, and amiableness of disposition; polite, affable, and courteous to all—paying the same attention and manifesting the same respect to a subordinate clerk that he would to the highest officer of government. His countenance, you observe, is mild, and prepossessing, and strongly indicative of the gentle and benevolent qualities of his heart. He is a man of fine taste and cultivated mind, but is perhaps somewhat deficient in firmness and energy of character. To that simplicity which ought always, in my opinion, to characterise a republican, he adds all the ease and urbanity of a gentleman accustomed to the most refined and polished society. He has been abroad, and though he has freely mingled in the most polished circles, he remains still the same, and has neither acquired additional grace, nor lost those traits of republicanism by which he was always distinguished. He is like the Secretary of —, a good speaker, and once filled the first law office under the government.

"The law," said I, "seems to be a favourite profession in this country."

"It is so," replied Marion. "The law, from the nature of our institutions, and the character of our government, opens an almost certain road to distinction in the United States. The man who has acquired the talent of extemporaneous speaking, and possesses a mind of ordinary powers, is almost sure to rise in wealth, or political importance. All the members of the present cabinet have been lawyers, and have distinguished themselves more or less at the bar. The Secretary of the — speaks and writes with great neatness, and sometimes elegance. His official papers, or communications, discover an intimate acquaintance with the subjects on which

he treats, and they are composed in a style of great clearness and precision. His mind is, I think, more elegant than solid; more acute than comprehensive, almost always rising above mediocrity, and seldom, if ever, below it. He has filled several important offices under government, and filled them all with credit to himself, and advantage to the nation.

MR. SOUTHARD.

He said he was, like two of the other members of the cabinet, the fabricator of his own fortune; that he had realized the allegory of Appelles, and had risen almost without effort to the rank he now holds. He has received, said Marion, a classical education, and passed through the usual course of collegiate studies with credit, if not with distinction. He was once, I understand, a teacher in a private family, afterwards studied the law, was considered as a man of talents while at the bar, and was finally brought, like most of our countrymen, into political life. He first became a Senator, and subsequently the Secretary of —, during part of two administrations. His present situation is not calculated to develop the talents he possesses, and though he may be respected, and esteemed, I do not think he can be distinguished while he remains where he is. The business of his office is not, certainly, suited to the nature of his former pursuits, studies, or habits; it is a new sphere, to which he must, in a great degree, be a stranger, and in which he cannot revolve with much ease or splendour. He is, moreover, hampered by the peculiar organization of his Department, and must sometimes come in contact with other bodies rolling in the same orb, which he cannot avoid, and with which it would be difficult to unite. There is, however, a good deal of the *fortiter in re* mixed up with the *suaviter in modo*, in his composition. His manners are quite republican, and his disposition amiable. We cannot judge of him as a statesman, because he has not yet exhibited anything on which we can predicate a correct opinion. It is said that his speeches evinced talent, and that his political views were generally right, if they were not always the most lucid or extensive. There is nothing, I think, very characteristic about Mr. —; no prominent features or striking traits of mind or disposition are displayed, by which we can distinguish him from other men of talent. In conversation he does not rise above mediocrity, and in his official character there is nothing remarkable or peculiar.

THE GATHERER.

MAXIMS TO LIVE BY.

To have too much forethought is the part of a wretch; to have too little is the part of a fool.

Self-will is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

Remember always to mix good sense with good things, or they will become disgusting.

Irritability urges us to take a step as much too soon, as sloth does too late.

Say the strongest things you can with candour and kindness to a man's face, and make the best excuse you can for him with truth and justice, behind his back.

Men are to be estimated as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. Some men's characters are excellent, yet not without alloy. Others base, yet tend to great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone; the world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.

Some evils are irremediable, they are best neither seen nor heard; by seeing and hearing things that you cannot remove, you will create implacable adversaries; who being guilty aggressors, never forgive.

MAXIMS.

From the second edition of Pelham.

Do not require your dress so much to fit, as to adorn you. Nature is not to be copied, but to be exalted by art. Apelles blamed Protogenes for being too natural.

Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things, genius; in small things, folly.

Remember, that none but those whose courage is unquestionable, can venture to be effeminate. It was only in the field that the Lacedemonians were accustomed to use perfumes and curl their hair.

Never let the finery of chains and rings seem your own choice; that which naturally belongs to women, should appear only worn for their sake. We dignify foppery, when we invest it with a sentiment.

To win the affection of your mistress, appear negligent in your costume—to preserve it, assiduous: the first is a sign of the passion of love; the second, of its respect.

The most graceful principle of dress is neatness; the most vulgar is preciseness.

Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and publick. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

Dress so that it may never be said of you "What a well-dressed man!"—but, "What a gentleman-like man!"

Nothing is superficial to a deep observer! It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. "In what part of that letter," said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, "did you discover irresolution?" "In its *ns* and *ys*!" was the answer.

There is an indifference to please in a stocking down at heel—but there may be a malevolence in a diamond ring.

He who esteems trifles for themselves, is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher.

QUID PRO QUO.

A canon of the cathedral of Seville, who was very affected in his dress, and particular in his shoes, could not in whole city find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes which did not please his taste, the canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows on the head, that the poor shoemaker fell dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son of fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year*.

The young shoemaker; having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession at the door of the Cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge, and after learning particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and after asking the young man of what profession he was, "If forbid you," said he, "to make shoes for a year to come."

Diogenes once said to Aristippus, "If you could eat cabbages, you would not have to pay your court to the great;" to which Aristippus replied, "If you could pay your court to the great, you would not have to eat cabbages."

THE LEGENDARY.

THE SURVIVOR OF RONCESVALLES.

"Let me die, Sancho, if any thing lucky will befall us to-night," said the renowned Don Quixote, when, on the occasion of his visit to the city of Toboco in quest of the peerless Dulcinea, he met a labourer in the morning, trudging along to the measure of the ballad of Roncesvalles. "Do n't you hear what that peasant is singing?" Sancho, however, was more philosophical in his feelings, and apprehended as little danger from what the peasant was singing, as from any other ballad, "with regard to their good or evil fortunes." There were many Spanish versions of the ballad of the battle of Roncesvalles; and that to which it is supposed Don Quixote alluded begins, according to a very homely translation by Mr. Rodd, lamenting the fate of the twelve French peers who lost their lives in that celebrated battle, thus:

All you fared at Roncesvalles,
Frenchmen, fate your glory crossed;
There your peers in battle perished,
There your king his honour lost.

The remainder of the ballad is confined to the adventures of the celebrated and gallant Guarinos, admiral of France; and being rendered into English prose, runs as follows:

The fight of Roncesvalles—that fatal battle, in which Charlemagne lost the high renown which a series of victories and deeds of noble daring had gained him, and in which his peers lost their lives—was over. The richest trophy which the Moors had won was the person of the gallant Guarinos, the admiral of France, whom they carried away with them as their captive. He had been found on the field, faint with his exertions and the loss of blood; and discovering that he lived only by convulsive breathing, which at intervals broke from his mangled breast. As soon as he was restored to life by the care of the Moorish physicians, the victorious chieftains who had been engaged in the battle begun to prefer each their claim to the possession of the noble prisoner. So loud and various were their claims, that it was soon found to be impossible either to adjust or to satisfy them, and it was at length decided by the king that the claimants should cast lots for the prize which each of them desired to win. The impartiality of this method recommended it to the warriors, and chance gave the custody of the Admiral Guarinos to the Prince Marlot, who immediately began to exercise the rights of a master over the warrior, whom chance had placed in his power.

The prowess and military skill of the admiral had been so often and so dearly felt by the Moors, that Marlot knew it was of the highest importance to the success of the cause in which he was engaged, to secure the aid of so potent and influential an agent. With a view, therefore, to conciliate him, as the first step towards gaining him over, the Moorish chieftain changed his captivity, and took him from the miserable place in which he had been kept since the battle, into his own palace. Kindness and courtesy, and all the blandishments of a refined and studied politeness, were put in practice to overcome the stubborn virtue of Guarinos, who, although he felt grateful for the ease he enjoyed did not yet value it so highly as to barter for it his Christian faith and his knightly honour. In vain did Marlot offer him his two daughters in marriage, with a large train of male and female slaves, a palace, and revenues, which far surpassed the wealth he had possessed in his own land. In vain did he represent to him that power almost unlimited should be placed within his reach if he would renounce the faith of Christ and embrace that of Mahomet. At first a short and earnest, but at the same time courteous, refusal of the honour which the Moor offered, by giving his daughters to be the captive's wives, was the only reply which the Christian warrior gave. When, however, Marlot pressed his request still further, and his entreaties and arguments began to assume the form of commands and threats, Guarinos indignantly rebuked him for having put upon him the affront of believing for a moment that he would so far degrade himself as to renounce his religion. The Moor left his prisoner in such a mood as convinced the

latter he had nothing further to hope from his clemency, but every thing to fear from his revenge.

A very short time sufficed to convince Guarinos that his fears were too well founded. Some of the soldiers of Marlot appeared in his chamber, and loading him with manacles, dragged him to the common jail of the city, where he was left in a close and solitary prison. Weeks, months, and years, rolled on without bringing any mitigation of his sufferings; and yet hope and Christian fortitude enabled him to bear up against the evils with which fate had afflicted him. Many a sigh, and sometimes a groan, would escape him, as he looked up through the bars of his miserable dungeon window, and saw the clear blue sky, and thought of the sunny fields of France, and of the companions of his warlike deeds—the glorious twelve, who had fallen through the treachery of the felon Ganelon, in the bloody fight of Roncesvalles. Bitter and burning thoughts flew through his brain, as he contrasted his present forlorn and helpless condition with his former noble state; and his nerves thrilled, and his bosom swelled as though it would burst the ignoble bonds which held him. But patience—that stern virtue, which prisoners learn perforce to practice—calmed, if it could not console him.

The great Moorish festival of the Beiram had arrived, and all the inhabitants of the city were joyously availing themselves of the license which this occasion afforded them to revel and enjoy their sports. Even the Christians and the Jews, who dwelt within the town, although they did not regard the Beiram as a religious ceremony, were not less willing to observe it as an occasion of rejoicing than the Islamites themselves; and the whole city was like one large fair, in which all classes of the people were assembled and engaged in diverting themselves. The shouts of mirth and revelry fell on the ear of Guarinos, as he lay in his lone captivity, and his gall rose at the thought that the cruel paynim who kept him wasting his manhood in so base a bondage were themselves full of mirth and in freedom.

Among the sports of the day was one which was a great favourite with the Moorish people. A giant figure was built up of wood, and made so strong that it required great force and dexterity to throw it down. Against this the Moorish horsemen ran with their lances, and although the most distinguished among them essayed their prowess against the *tablados*, as it was called, it resisted all their efforts. The laughter and jeers of the common people who had assembled to witness this trial of the warriors' skill, rose up in a tumult of derision at each successive failure. Marlot, who had expected that this would be the most effective of the triumphs of the day; and who had been most particularly desirous that the general populace of his city should see, that they might respect, the force of his warriors, was enraged beyond measure at their repeated failures. His anger transported him beyond the bounds of common prudence, and he swore that the jousts should be continued, that none of the cavaliers, nor even of the spectators, should depart from the spot, and that no food should be brought to them. As he had power enough to enforce so senseless an edict, his slavish subjects were compelled to obey; and a strong cordon of his guards was instantly ranged round the lists.

The jocund shouts were now changed to wailing and complaint. The women loudly uttered their anger and discontent, and the men less vehemently swore dark and bitter oaths against the tyrant whom they feared too much openly to rebel against. With a feeling of desperation they prepared to renew their efforts, but either they had exhausted their strength, or the angry emotions to which Marlot's edict gave rise, baffled their attempts. They tried in vain; the *tablados* seemed to be like a rock, and defied all their efforts. At every failure the people set up a shout of derision and anger against the cavalier who had been unsuccessful, so that at length few persons could be found to try.

Guarino's prison was near the city wall, just beyond which the list had been placed. As he meditated upon his evil destiny, the various shouts of the people had reached him. The changes in their

expression latterly had roused his curiosity; he thought that something was going wrong, and although their joy was to him nothing, the disappointment of his enemies excited his desire to know what had caused it. He called to the jailer, who was on the battlement above his cell, to know the reason of the mournful shouts. A long acquaintance with him had softened the heart of this man, who was not the worst of his race, and he told the captive shortly of Marlot's edict, and the despair of the jousts.

"Mother of Heaven!" cried Guarinos, "had I but the steel and the weapons that were mine when treachery delivered me into the paynim's hands, I would beat down this *tablados* at one blow."

The jailer laughed aloud. "Braggarts you Christians are ever," he cried; "and neither pain, nor prison, nor stripes, nor starvations, can drive the practice of boasting out of you. Here have you been lying for seven years in this jail, with no other exercise for your arms than to brush away the summer flies that disturb your *siesta*, and yet you persuade yourself that you can do that which the nervous and well trained strength of our best chieftains can not."

"Put me to the proof," exclaimed Guarinos, "and if I fail deal me the doom of a vain coward." "Nay, an it rested with me thou shouldst try—an it were only to cure thee of vaunting," said the jailer.

"Why, then," rejoined Guarinos, "for the love of Heaven—or, if that moves thee not, by your hopes of Alla's blessing, and your Prophet's intercession—bear me a message to your Lord Marlot. Say to him thus—"Guarinos, France's admiral, greets you as he may, and craves you will let be given to him the armour, and the lance, and the axe, he wore on the day he first became your prisoner. Order that his steed shall once more be his, and he engages to throw down at one blow the *tablados*, which scorn the prowess of your Moorish warrior. If he shall fail, he is willing at once to devote himself to death, and to acquit his captors of all stain in dooming him."

"By the Prophet's tomb, then," cried the jailer, "thou shalt have thy way; for though I hate thee not, I am heartily tired of thy vain swaggering."

The jailer hastened to the place in which Marlot was, and told his errand to one of the nobles in attendance on his person. It immediately occurred to this satrap that an opportunity now offered of diverting the king's rage, and of giving him an object with which he might glut it. He instantly admitted the jailer, and bade him do his errand.

Marlot heard it, and his fury was excited tenfold. Almost choking with passion, he ordered the horse and armour to be brought, and Guarinos to be brought before him. The armour was soon found, for it had been laid up in the public arsenal, where it was exhibited as a sort of trophy; but as it had been untouched during the whole period of Guarinos' captivity, it was covered with the rust and dirt it had collected during so many years. The horse was discovered with greater difficulty. When first taken it had been intended to make him useful as a war-horse; but every attempt to mount him was made in vain. He plunged, kicked, and bit at every one who approached him; and after all efforts had been made to tame him, he was sent to draw a lime cart in the fortification. This drudgery he submitted to, but never from the moment of his entering the Moorish city had any human being been able to mount him. Now, however, he was released from his laborious work, and was brought into the court-yard of the palace. At the same time Guarinos was led from his prison before the king.

The iron hand of captivity had wrought strange changes in the person of the noble paladin. His uncombed hair hung in matted locks over his forehead; his beard, grizzled and untrimmed, stood out from his chin, with each particular hair curling with ire. His face pale with the long absence he had endured from the wholesome light of day, and his eyes lighted up with a lustre that had as much of wildness as of fire—his limbs were thin, and spare diet had reduced some of the roundness of his muscular form—and yet, as he strode into Marlot's presence, with firm gate and erect head,

there was a nobleness in his appearance which bespoke his conscious superiority over the crouching slaves by whom he was surrounded. Marlotès felt the influence of his presence, but veiling, under an affected scorn, the fear and hatred which he experienced at the sight of his ill-used captive, he repeated to him the message which the jailer had delivered, and asked Guarinos if he was content to abide by the proposition which had been made in his name.

"I have said it," replied Guarinos, who was determined to give no outward indication but by his silence, of the contempt in which he beheld the Moors.

Marlotès then bidding the headsman prepare his axe and block for the execution of Guarinos, which he took to be certain, he bade the guards lead him forth to the court-yard, where his steed and his armour awaited him.

When Guarinos saw the noble animal who had so often borne him in the chase and in the battle, and whose courage and strength had never failed, now standing before him lean and jaded, his ribs standing out, and the marks of stripes on his hide, he felt an emotion which his own sufferings had seldom been able to excite. The tears started to his eyes, but with an instant exertion they were dried away. He called to the horse, and at his well-known voice the beast neighed, pricked up his ears, and came towards him delightedly. The change in the animal's appearance was instantaneous. His head was raised, his eyes lively, his nostrils dilated, and his bound firm and light as an antelope's. Guarinos motioned for his armour, which, being brought, he put on—not however without some difficulty, from the rivets being rusted, and the straps having stiffened with long disuse. At length he mounted; and, with his lance in his hand, his good axe at his saddle bow, and with the helm from which his faded plume streamed to the wind on his head, turned towards the city gate. He was followed by an immense crowd of people. Marlotès and his court rode slowly after; and the public executioner, with his assistants, closed the rear.

Arrived at the ground, the lists were cleared, and the Moorish herald made proclamation of the terms on which the trial had been granted to Guarinos. A shout of derision was set up by the spectators at the sight of the paladin and his miserable equipage; and yet the more experienced soldiers whispered to each other that he held his lance and sate his steed like a man who knew the usages of war. The *tablados* was then pointed out to him, the distance of the course marked out, and the trumpets sounded for the charge. Guarinos crossed himself devoutly like a Christian knight; and, uttering a short prayer to the Virgin, he gave his charger the reins and the spurs; at the same moment grasping firmly his lance, he directed his whole force against the Moorish trophy. The noise of the blow sounded like the discharge of a culverin; the lance broke into uncountable shivers; but the *tablados*, rocking upon its base, fell, and in its fall crushed several of the Moors, who had impudently stationed themselves behind it, in the firm conviction that the Christian's charge must be in vain.

A murmur of anger and surprise burst from the crowd. Marlotès raised himself in his stirrups to give command to his guard to seize upon Guarinos; but, ere he could utter the words, one bound of his noble steed had brought the paladin before him. Guarinos' uplifted axe descended on his turban, and the Saracen's cleft head was immediately afterwards rolling on the ground. Before the multitude had recovered from the astonishment which this exploit begat, the paladin rode at the nearest entrance to the lists, smiting the guards who pressed around him, and dealing death and destruction wherever his blows lighted. In an incredibly short space of time he had passed the bounds; the river was before him, and, without pause, his steed dashed into the waters, and had reached the opposite side before his pursuers could come up to the brink. The river was more than a bowshot over, and Guarinos stood, for a moment, to cast defiance to the teeth of the Moors. For a minute he alighted; and, after girthing his horse tighter, he again vaulted into the saddle, and was in a few moments out of sight.

He rode without stint or stay until he reached the French territories. Having taken the necessary repose for himself and his charger, he proceeded more gently, but still rapidly, to the French king's court, where he presented himself in the same garb as he had worn in his captivity, and covered with his rusty armour, as the SURVIVOR OF RONCESVALLES.

MISCELLANY.

NANCY'S HILL.

A few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, now celebrated by the painter and the poet, in the bosom of the valley through which the Saco winds, rises a little eminence, which was pointed out to me as Nancy's Hill. Nash was a celebrated hunter; the storms of winter, terrible as they were amid the desert of mountains which was his home, and the tempests of the sultry summer, equally terrible and more appalling, were alike indifferent to him. In one of his numerous excursions, he did more for the benefit of the country than all the philosophers before or since his time—for he first explored the wonderful passage, which opened an easy intercourse between the inhabitants east and west of the Gap. Yet he wrote no book on the subject, and never claimed the honour of the discovery. Many people thought he loved hunting merely for the hardships he encountered; for he never grew rich, and often gave away what he had gained by weeks of toil; but he had only himself to provide for, and without a wife or children, and with no object of peculiar interest to engage his attention, he cared little whether he spent the night on the highest peak of Mount Washington, or in one of the valleys, seven or eight thousand feet below it. There was nobody to be anxious about him, or to count the live long hours while he was away, and he often boasted that his home was *every where*.

But this could not last always—for Nash was yet but a stripling, and it was not surprising that among his wanderings he should find a girl pretty enough to think it were well for a hunter to have a home. He told strange stories to Nancy, (for that was her name) of what dreadful precipices he had scaled, what chasms he had leaped, what fierce and blood thirsty animals he had encountered, and she listened, till, like Desdemona, she lost her heart.

She was the gentlest of human beings, and though only a domestic, had a heart as tender, and a complexion as fair, as any born gentlewoman. It almost overwhelmed her to think of the hardships poor Nash endured, while she enjoyed the comforts of an old fashioned kitchen corner, with a forest of logs blazing in the chimney, and the privilege of sitting at the table with the conscientious Puritan family, who would have thought it a sin to make a difference on earth, when the Supreme Being made none in heaven. It is not wonderful that when Nash proposed marrying Nancy, and promised to run no more "hair breath 'scapes," she should listen to him and consent to become his lawful wife. But it was necessary that he should make another hunting excursion before they were married—he said he must go once more through his favourite gap of the mountains, and bring back subsistence for the winter. It was in vain that Nancy assured him she would want nothing—Nash knew better, and after many a kind embrace set off, promising to be back in a very short time. Nancy's idea of time and his did not agree—weeks passed away, and the winter came on with its usual threatening aspect—at length she heard accidentally, that the hunter was about forty miles distant. The strange idea entered her head to go to him—it was wonderful that such a timid, gentle being should have thought of such a thing—but she knew that next to herself, Nash loved the chase, and she feared that perhaps he might content himself with hunting bears and wolves all winter. The family tried hard to dissuade her from the wild scheme, but she determined to go—and as poor Nancy belonged to nobody, nobody had a right to controul her. She wrapped herself in her cloak, and set off to follow her lover through the gap.

The snow was already deep, and there was not a house for many a long mile. Storm after storm came on—the family with which she had lived became anxious about her; they said, "it was distraction in her to go; it was tempting of Providence, and she must take the consequences." In the mean time, Nash was unusually successful, and began his course homeward, laden with riches. It was just one week after Nancy's departure that he reached the little hill before mentioned. It was late at night; the whole earth was covered with crusted snow—you might walk on the hill tops without making any impression. The trees were hung with icicles, and glittered in the moonlight like diamonds. Nash ascended the little hill, when he came into the valley through which the Saco runs,—he loved such scenes and such evenings; he thought of Nancy, and wished she was there—he knew he could wrap her in his large moose-skin and keep her warm. He was not apt to be imaginative, and yet all at once he thought he perceived his mistress standing opposite to him and leaning her head against a tree. He strained his eye-balls to look at the object. "Moonlight," said he, "makes strange work of things—my head is always full of her," and he looked another way—but when he turned she still stood there. He approached nearer; the moon never shone brighter, and not an object intercepted its beams—they fell upon the pale unearthly countenance of the maiden—her eyes were closed as if asleep—he took her hand; it was cold and hard like marble. Weary and benumbed, she had reclined against the tree—it was sweet to rest there and dream of her lover! She slept, and awoke no more! Her form was slightly inclined forward, and the glittering branches bent over her, and her winding sheet was a robe of ice! Such is the tradition of Nancy's Hill.

POLITENESS.

"I'm glad to see you,"—Mr. Editor—Never was language employed in telling a lie, more than as expressed in the little words above. You espied at a distance one approaching you, who you knew had in his pocket a demand against you—let me turn about said you, and having traversed full two squares upon turning the corner near your house, behold! your creditor had changed his mind and changed his course, and here you are full butt—then "how d'ye do" say you; "I'm glad to see you."—Oh! what a whapper.

The mistress is in the back room seeing to the cutting up of pork, with greasy apron—Lady Somebody and daughters call with Mr. —, the door is open and they walk in—"O, how d'ye do? I'm glad to see you." There is another whapper!

Miss —, is sitting on the sofa in *tete a tete* with her intended lord. A rap is heard, the servant says "Miss Curious has called"—"confound Miss Curious, I wish she'd quit coming here." Enter Miss Curious, "O, how d'ye do? I'm glad to see you." Oh! what a whapper this.

Madam has pickles or sausages to make, and is up to her ears in pots and kettles, when Mrs. Somebody enters with her six little ones, all dressed off as neat as if they'd just been freed from six months imprisonment in a bandbox. "Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you!" It's a thumper; it's a downright lie; in her heart she wishes her and all her brood to —. I'd liked to have said it.

When I hear a person say—"do call again and see me," it sounds very much like "John, show the gentleman out."

If I hear a man say he is *sorry* for the losses of his dear friend, I generally translate it, "hold fast is a good maxim."

There is no such thing, as sincere politeness; to be what the fashionable world terms polite, we must, necessarily, be hypocritical. The list of lies that have been couched in the words, "I'm glad to see you," would swell a volume. But as it is late, I must close and go to bed, and to-morrow, if you, Mr. Editor, can spare time, I shall be "glad to see you."

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

THE TRAVELLER.

SLAUGHTER OF SWANS.

Extract from "a Journey up the Mississippi," by J. J. Audubon, author of "The Birds of America."

On the second morning after our arrival, I heard a movement in the Indian camp, and having hastily risen and dressed myself, I discovered that a canoe containing half a dozen squaws and as many hunters, was about to leave the Illinois for the Tennessee side of the river. I learned also that their object was to proceed to a large lake opposite, to which immense flocks of swans resorted every morning. These flocks are so numerous and strong, that it is, however incredible it may at first seem, a well known fact, that they keep the lakes which they frequent free from ice, merely by swimming upon them night and day. Having obtained permission to join the party, I seated myself in the canoe, well supplied with ammunition and a bottle of whiskey—in a few moments the paddles were at work, and we swiftly crossed to the opposite shore. I was not much astonished, during our passage, to see all the labour of paddling performed by the squaws; for this feature of Indian manners was not new to me; but I was surprised to see that upon entering the canoe, the hunters laid down, and positively slept during the whole passage. On landing, the squaws, after securing the boat, proceeded to search for nuts, whilst the gentlemen hunters made the best of their way, through the "thick and thin," to the lake.

Those who have never seen any thing of what I call "thick and thin," may perhaps think I allude to something like the furze which cover some of the moors of Scotland—but they must imagine the shores of the Ohio, at its junction with the great muddy river called the Mississippi, to be fairly overgrown with a kind of thick-set cotton-trees, that rise as closely from the muddy soil of the bank as can well be conceived—they are not to be beaten down; you must slide yourself between them—and in summer you have a pretty task to keep off the musquitos that abound amongst them. After these thickets there are small nasty lagoons, which you must either swim across, jump over, or leap into and be drowned, according to your taste or capability; but when the task of reaching the lake is accomplished—what a feast for a sportsman! There they lie, by hundreds, of a white or rich cream colour—either dipping their black bills in the water, or leaning backwards, and gently resting with one leg expanded, floating along and basking in the sunshine. The moment that these beautiful birds saw our videttes, they started up in immediate apprehension; but the plan of our Indians drove the poor swans the nearer to their fate, the farther they retreated from either shore. Men were placed behind the trees, who knew how to take a dead aim, and every shot told. Being divided, three on one side, and four on the other, the moment that one party had driven the swans towards the other, the former hid themselves; and when the birds flew from the fire of the latter, they alighted within good distance of those who had first alarmed them. What would those English sportsmen—who, after walking a whole day, and exploding a pound of powder, march home in great glee, holding a partridge by the legs, with a smile on their lips and a very empty stomach—say to this day's devastation among the swans! I saw these beautiful birds floating on the water their backs downwards, their heads under the surface, and their legs in the air, struggling in the last agonies of life, to the number of 50—their beautiful skins all intended for the ladies of Europe.

The sport was now over—the sun was nearly even with the tops of the trees; a conch was sounded, and after a while the squaws appeared, dragging the canoe and moving about in quest of the dead game. It was at last all transported to the river's edge, and we landed on the Illinois bank again before dark. The fires were lighted—each man eat his mess of pecan nuts and bear's fat, and then stretched himself out, with his feet close to the small heap of coal intended for the night. The females then began their work; it was their duty to skin the birds. I observed them for some time,

and then retired to rest; very well satisfied with the sports of this day—the 25th of December.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1839.

GIDDINS' TESTIMONY. The reader will find in another column an article from the Ontario Messenger, in which the propriety of admitting the testimony of Giddins on the late trials at Canandaigua, is treated in a manner calculated to settle all doubts on the subject. The argument is so plain and conclusive, that we think any one who reads it, will, if he be honest, acquiesce in the decision of the court.

ALBANY IRISH ASSOCIATION. The spirited address of the friends of Ireland in this city, which we publish to-day, is worthy the serious attention of the reader. It develops a loftiness of sentiment and independence of feeling which do great honour to its authors. It is natural for Americans to sympathize with the oppressed: they have tasted of liberty and know its worth: and they will not, surely, permit an appeal to their love of justice and their benevolent feelings to go unanswered. Associations, auxiliary to one in Dublin, are formed in Boston, New-York, and other cities to the south; and among their members are to be found some of the first men in the country. The long suffering of Ireland has aroused the indignant feelings of her friends, and they are slowly but surely promoting her emancipation.

SUNDAY MAILS. We did intend to publish this week the report of the committee of the senate of the United States, on the petitions presented to congress for a discontinuance of the transportation of the mails on Sunday, but its length has compelled us to postpone it another week. Our readers would see it, perhaps, if we should not publish it. But it is a document which should be read by every man, woman, and child in the country, and read in such a manner that it will be remembered. Many honest men have lent their influence to promote the object of the petitioners; but we think they will change their views upon a perusal of the report. A connexion with politics cannot benefit religion; and we are confident that the true friends of Christianity will depend rather upon an active exercise of the virtues which their profession inculcates, than upon any temporary influence which the perverted authority of public men may at any time bestow upon them.

ANTI-MASONICK NEWSPAPERS. One of the most powerful proofs yet discovered in favour of the excessive patriotism of the anti-masonicks, is the great desire they manifest to create avenues through which they may pour forth their disinterested libations. The little squad of Morganites in Boston have a very excellent way of gratifying any desires of this kind which they may be so full of "divine horror" [vide patriot Phelps] as to entertain. With the labour which is ordinarily bestowed upon a single sheet of less than common pretensions, they have the faculty of producing half a dozen bantlings. First, there is the "Free Press" which will never be accused of a slavish devotion to any commendable principle; then there is the *Anti-Masonick Christian Herald*, printed with the same type and containing the same matter as the Free Press, and it is just as much like a christian publication as a beetle is like a hand saw; then there is the *Baptist Herald*, another emblem of piety and christian forbearance, manufactured in the same way; then there is a 7 by 9 adventurer, got up in the same disinterested manner (by making use of the types set up for the Free Press,) and y'cleped *The Anti-Freemason*. Now, reader, have you the hardihood to think that any of the patriotick souls who are engaged in fanning the embers of antimasonry wish to put money in their purses? Oh, no. The anti-masons are all pure and holy men, from Hascall, Miller, and Weed, down to the dregs of the land of steady habits.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS. They have a curious and arbitrary method of making soldiers in the Russian military colonies. In each house is placed a soldier of the line with authority to dispose its male inmates so as to prepare them for the field of battle. About 12,000 men, of all classes, are in this way taught the mysteries of military discipline, and made to undergo the most rigorous cruelty. It appears, from a work by M. Niellon Giblert, recently published in Paris, that the Russian troops of the line amount to 384,000; to which may be added the imperial guard, amounting to 90,000; colonized troops, 120,000; garrison regiments, 60,000; irregular cavalry, 50,000; and the Polish army, 60,000; making a force of 764,000, either in actual service, or liable to be called out at a short notice. M. Gilbert states that upwards of 300,000 men were ready to pass the Pruth at the commencement of the present campaign; and a perfect understanding having been effected between the Russian and Prussian courts, there is no longer any necessity for a Russian force on the frontiers of the latter kingdom; and hence an army of more than 100,000 men, which was stationed there, is placed at the emperor's disposal.

GREEK SCHOOLS. A commission appointed by M. Capo d'Istria, (president of the government) to enquire into the state of education in the Greek Isles, has reported, (after having examined seventeen of them) that on the 1st of May last, those seventeen islands possessed ninety-two schools, comprehending 2,333 scholars, from five to thirty years of age. Twenty-three schools, containing 969 scholars, followed the Lancasterian method of teaching. Thirteen of the ninety-two schools were established under the dominion of the Turks. Reading, writing, ancient and modern Greek, arithmetick, geography, and the ancient history of Greece, are taught in all the schools. French, Italian, and English are taught in some; and Latin and geometry in a few others. Theology, metaphysics, natural philosophy, and chymistry are taught in a great number.

GERMAN BEDS. The Germans consider it not healthy to lie warm at night, and consequently their beds are constructed upon a plan not much admired by travellers. A Mr. Best, an English scribbler, has published a volume of memoirs, in which he complains bitterly of having to lie with his feet bare, of having no covering to "tuck under," and of being compelled to practice the stillness of the grave to prevent the pique from tumblinn off. Mr. Best did not much approve of this usage, so he damned them for being protestants, and went his way.

FRENCH MINERAL SPRINGS. The French government has appointed a distinguished chymist to make an analysis on the spot of the different mineral springs of France. The mineral waters in the southern departments are said to possess extraordinary powers. Even the mud near the town of Dax is of such efficacy, that the soldiers who are quartered there, when afflicted with rheumatism, find a speedy relief by covering the part affected with mud, which they remove when dry.

THE IRISH SHIELD and Monthly Milesian, is a Historical, Literary, and Dramatic journal, edited by George Pepper, and published in the city of New-York. We have little knowledge of Mr. Pepper as a writer, but judging from such of his productions as we have read, we should say that he is capable of conducting *The Irish Shield* in such a manner as not only to interest his readers, but likewise to do essential service to the interests of his native country. A friendly feeling towards Ireland is awakening throughout this country, and associations for the relief of her suffering inhabitants are forming in the principal cities of the union. The Irish Shield is intended to be such an advocate of her character and rights as the state of affairs calls for, and as such we would recommend it to the attention of the publick. It is published by Caleb Bartlett, at No. 76, Bowery, New-York, at \$3.50 per annum, in advance. The following is the table of contents of the January number—Address to the Publick: Introduction to the History of Ireland; Ancient Mode of celebrating

Christmas in Ireland; Irish Vindicator: Baltimore Republican; New Year's Day; Grecian Females; Literary and Biographical Notices of Irish Authors and Artists, No. IV.; The Pleasures of Home; Brian Boroihme's Harp; Desultory Thoughts on Poetry, Music, and Eloquence, No. I.; Irish Topography; Descriptive Sketches of the Ecclesiastical Edifices of Dublin; The Ruined Castle of Dalky; Kathleen O'Neil, a Play; Original Patch Work; Selected Shreds; Questions arising from the Drama; The Drama; Occasional Prologue, for Mr. Pepper's historical Irish Drama of Ireland Redeemed.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF ALBANY, AND ITS VICINITY. The Friends of Ireland, in the city of Albany, feeling a deep sympathy for the oppressions of their fellow men, and desirous to promote the cause of "universal emancipation," are induced to appeal to the liberality and patriotism of an independent publick, in behalf of *seven millions of Irishmen*, who are now labouring under the most severe disqualifications on account of their religious tenets. They hope that a free community will come forward to aid the Society now organized in this city, the object of which is to act in concert with similar associations formed in many parts of this Union and in Canada. These different Societies are composed of the liberal of every nation and of every creed, and are influenced by the sole motive of cheering and adding energy to the successful efforts, which this oppressed people are making to extricate themselves from the persecutions of an aristocratical ascendancy, which, to secure to its hirelings all places of profit and honour, has recourse to those intolerant and degrading measures, by which Irishmen are deprived of their freedom of conscience, and that participation of equal rights, the benign influence of which is happily experienced, in an eminent degree, by every American citizen.

No country has suffered so much on account of religion as Ireland; for no country would have endured such indignities. Seven millions of her inhabitants are disqualified for office, they have no voice in the councils of the nation; they take no part in framing those laws which govern them, but are compelled to support, in extravagant affluence, a set of men of another creed, who are chiefly instrumental in excluding from civil and military honours, this vast majority of the nation. No matter how distinguished their talents may be, they remain unpatronised, or are forced to emigrate to a foreign country, where, by a free concession, they may enjoy those privileges denied them in the land of their nativity.

It would be intruding on the intelligence of Americans, to give even a brief sketch of the sanguinary code, which has long distracted the peace of Ireland, or to detail the restrictions which government has placed on the industry and commerce of that fertile country—A country abounding in all that could make a nation happy, were her sons encouraged by the Republican motto, "that all men are born free and equal."

The Association in Dublin, to which the one in this is an auxiliary, only claims, in a constitutional manner, the repeal of those odious laws which have given to a few nobles the power to lord it over their fellow men. It does not intend that Ireland should be separated from England; but it demands an equal share in the privileges of the British Constitution. To obtain this, it is necessary that Ireland should be fairly represented in parliament—that the feelings and interests of the representative should be closely identified with those of his constituents, and that the freeholder should have the unrestrained privilege of going to the polls to vote for the man of his choice, and not to be led like the victim to the altar, there to sacrifice his birth-right, and the freedom of his native home.

Most of the freeholders, on account of their indigent and dependent situation, are entirely under the controul of the rich land holders, and the contributions now making in Ireland, and in this country, are intended to indemnify the independent voter for the manly stand he takes against the overbearing landlord, who would urge him to enslave his beloved country.

The influence of the Association in Ireland has been advantageously felt over the whole kingdom. It has awakened the powerful spirit of the nation to assert her rights, and it has instructed Irishmen how to combine in harmony, without regard to sectarian feeling, and to exercise for the benefit of the entire nation, those energies, which in the cabinet and in the field have added laurels to the brow of an ungrateful monarch. Even the Association has, within the past year, exerted its salutary influence, to repeal the "TAX ACT," by which the dissenter is exonerated from his former grievances; and through its agency men have already been elected to Parliament, who pledge themselves to advocate the just rights of the Irish nation.

The friends of Ireland in this city, then appeal to Americans to countenance this struggle for the rights of man.—They have a just and lively sense of their own inestimable privileges, and it is confidently hoped, that men who are themselves free, will cheerfully lend their support in procuring the civil and religious liberty of a nation, whose sons have fought and bled in the glorious contest for American freedom.

The sum limited for membership in the Society, is One Dollar; which may be handed to the Treasurer (Mr. John Duffau). The publick may rest assured, that all the moneys which may be collected, will be gratefully acknowledged, and in due time shall be transmitted to the Association in Dublin, there to be devoted to the cause of humanity—the *Emancipation of Ireland*.

JOHN CASSIDY,
JAMES MAHER,
M. MALONE,
MICH'L CAGGER,
WM. O'DONNELL, } Committee.

THE MORGAN AFFAIR—TESTIMONY OF GIDDINS.—The exclusion of this individual from testifying in the case of Eli Bruce and others, has been a subject of much animadversion by the anti-masonick papers throughout the state. The decision of the court has been boldly arraigned and suspicion attempted to be cast upon its purity and impartiality. To men of intelligence, and who are acquainted with the character of the very respectable members of our common pleas bench, and especially of the learned judge, who for so many years, and with such distinguished ability, uprightness, and impartiality, has presided over that court, an attempt to vindicate the correctness of that decision, and repel the imputations cast upon the character of the Court, may appear gratuitous and unnecessary; but the prevalence of a belief among a portion of the community, that the decision in the question was in violation of the law and of the constitution of the state, requires that an effort be made to disabuse them of their erroneous, though honest prejudices on this subject.

In order to exhibit the *reason* of the exclusion of Giddins' testimony, it will be proper to advert for a moment to the *nature of an oath*. An oath is an appeal to God, as the moral Governor of the world, to witness the sincerity of what is about to be testified, and an imprecation of his vengeance upon the witness, if he does not testify truly. If therefore, the witness denies the existence of the Supreme Being, or does not believe that He will punish perjury, he cannot with any propriety be sworn. As an appeal to Heaven, an oath, in the case of the individual supposed, is but solemn mockery; the Being whose notice of the act is invoked and whose vengeance upon perjury is imprecated, either does not exist, or is indifferent to the truth or falsity of what is to be testified. Whether under this view of the subject, Mr. Giddins should have been sworn, will appear from the testimony produced on the trial. As here we shall pass over that portion of it which was verbal, and direct the attention of the reader to the higher, and more satisfactory evidence furnished by Giddins himself, in a written declaration of his opinions, deliberately penned in the confidence of a private correspondence with an intimate friend. In a letter to David Morrison, dated the 10th of April, 1827, of great length, and as its whole scope and tenor indicates, written for the express purpose of giving a formal statement of the writer's religious creed, are the following, among many other coincident passages: "God has the same care of man as of an insect, of an insect as of a tree, of a tree as of a stone: With him there can be no difference or distinction between beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, perfection and imperfection. Prayers are but mockery to His name, and ought not to be encouraged." "All men can do can not change Him; He is not susceptible of persuasion, and as relates to man, he is incapable of love or hatred." "This is my notion of virtue and vice; that they do not refer to any future time, but relate altogether to man in his present state." "My views are not in accordance with the Bible, for that book represents the Deity as vindictive, revengeful, and inconsistent."

Such were the views of Mr. Giddins but a few months previous to the abduction of William Morgan. By the testimony of Mr. Griffin and Mr. Weed, a declaration of his last May, was proved, that "his religious opinions were fixed, and that he had not changed them for years." It was upon the evidence of this letter, that the court came to the unanimous decision, not to admit Mr. Giddins to his oath. Now if the competency of a witness requires a belief of the Divine cognizance of the acts of his creatures, and that he will punish false swearing, (a point which we suppose established, by unnumbered decisions, and the uniform and immemorial practice of courts in every civilised country,) then there can be no question but Edward Giddins was properly and legally rejected. The only question for the court to decide was, what is the law of the state as applicable to that case; with the policy or impolicy, the propriety or impropriety of the laws, they had nothing to do. If the principle, in any of its tendencies or applications, should be found prejudicial to individual rights, or subversive of the ends of justice, then it is incumbent on the legislature to provide a remedy. It is the province of courts of justice, not to enact or change laws, but to declare and execute them as they actually exist. It is, however, deserving of serious consideration, whether the abrogation of this rule and the indiscriminate admission of witnesses denying moral responsibility, and insensible of the religious sanction of an oath, would not lead to consequences more dangerous than any which can result from the operations of

the law as it now stands. It is only a sense of moral obligation and future retribution, which can make an oath what it has been fitly termed, "*the adamantine chain which binds the soul of man to the throne of eternal justice*."

But it is said that by the rejection of this witness, the perpetrators of a flagrant outrage are to escape the punishment due to their crime. So, too, it might happen that an individual convicted on record of larceny or perjury, might be the sole witness of a robbery or murder, and that if admitted to his oath, he would testify truly; and yet as the law disallows the testimony of such a person, the highway robber or murderer must in that case go unpunished.

Many encomiums have been lavished upon the character of Mr. Giddins, who is held up to the publick as a paragon of integrity and moral worth. But what, upon his own showing, are his claims to such a distinction? He has proclaimed to the world the fact, that he was concerned in one of the most nefarious outrages that was ever perpetrated in a civilized community. The liberty and life of an injured fellow being were placed in his hands. Day after day he held the ill-fated Morgan confined in a dreary prison house, and heard unmoved the supplicating cries of his prisoner, for sympathy and deliverance. By simply turning a key he might have sent him forth to liberty and life. He might have had recourse to the civil authority, but he did not do it; the murderous tragedy is consummated, and long afterwards, when an outraged community come to make inquiry for the blood of their fellow, and an honest indignation is enkindled against the atrocious transaction, then, forsooth, this Mr. Giddins becomes the champion of a virtuous excitement! Instead of humbling himself "in sackcloth and ashes" before that community whose most sacred rights he had outraged, he sets up for the leader of a party, and does not hesitate even to trumpet through almanacks and newspapers, the story of his own infamy, that he may speculate upon publick curiosity and excitement. The impropriety and injustice of thus giving publicity to the particulars of a transaction in reference to which he then expected to be a witness against his associates in a crime, thereby inflaming the feelings of the publick against the accused, and leading them to prejudice the cause upon *ex parte* statements, must be obvious to every one, and the conduct of Mr. Giddins, whether considered in reference to the sordid motives which actuate it, or the relation in which he stands to all the parties, deserves unmixed and most decided reprobation. [Ont. Messenger.]

The venerable Col. PICKERING died at Salem, Mass. on the 29th ult. aged 84 years. The following brief sketch of his character and life, is from the Boston Patriot.

He was born in Salem in 1746; was graduated at Harvard University in 1763; in 1774 he wrote the celebrated address to Gov. Gage, on the subject of the Boston port bill; in 1776, in common with the other distinguished patriots of those days, he took up arms in defence of his country's rights; in the same year he was appointed a judge of the court of common pleas for Essex, and sole judge of the maritime court, for the middle district, including Boston, Salem, and other parts of Essex, which offices he held till he was appointed in 1776 to the command of a regiment of 700 men from Essex, in the continental army; in 1777, he was appointed by Washington Adjutant General of the army; in 1780, he was elected by congress Quartermaster General during the rest of the war. From 1790 to 1794, Col. Pickering was charged by Washington with negotiations with the Indians. In 1791, he was appointed Postmaster General; in 1794, Secretary of War; and in 1796, Secretary of State, which office he filled till 1800, when he was removed by the late President Adams. In 1803, he was appointed by the legislature of Massachusetts a senator in congress, where he remained till 1811. In 1814, he was elected a representative in congress, and held his seat till 1817. From that period he lived a private life, enjoying the society of his friends, and devoting a large portion of his attention to his favourite agricultural pursuits. All who came in contact with him, as a citizen and member of society, could not hesitate to admire his many sterling excellencies of character. Even when compelled to dissent from his opinions, it was impossible to refrain from respecting the purity of his motives. His age and his great experience in the publick service always commanded, as they merited, the respect of his opponents. To the following concluding remarks of an obituary of Colonel Pickering, in the Salem Gazette, from which the foregoing facts are condensed, we readily yield our concurrence.

"Of his private virtues there is no difference of opinion. All men of all parties speak of them with rapture and acknowledge them with admiration. This voluntary homage has been paid to his character amid all the vicissitudes of party. In all the private relations of life he was honest, faithful and humane. No man ever impeached his integrity with any colour of justice. Love of truth, and integrity that could not be shaken, were his characteristics. "Where truth led the way, he did not fear to follow." His manners were plain and simple; his morals pure and unblemished; and his belief and profession of the christian religion through a long life, accompanied with practice and conduct in accordance with its divine precepts."

POETRY.

If we judge rightly, the following lines are from the pen of J. G. WHITTIER, a young and elegant writer, into whose hands the *American Manufacturer*, a Boston hebdomadal, has recently passed. They are taken from the *Manufacturer* of last week, and are "founded on a tradition that exists among the natives of an island in the Pacifick, that a crew of white men were once cast upon their shores, and that some of them lived to a great age."

THE SURVIVOR.

I am the last—I am the last—
A lone forgotten wanderer now.
Yon tree, which groans to every blast
With bending trunk and leafless bough,
Alone, where once a forest threw
Its gorgeous colourings to the day,
Surviving all that round it grew,
Is but the type of my decay.

I am the last—I am the last—
My kindred and my race are gone;
These old and withered hands have cast
The earth upon them one by one—
I loved them all—and I have wept
Full sadly at their memory's shrine—
But years have passed—long years, since crept
A tear adown these cheeks of mine.

Ah! once I wept—my heart was not
So desolate—so seared as now:
And I could weep, till I had sought
In vain for one familiar brow,
All—all were gone—the hunter stood
Alone before me, dark and grim,
My heart had not his savage mood—
It had no fellowship with him.

His gloomy spirit ne'er had known
The linkings of affection's chain—
He cursed my grief, he mocked my groan,
Till madness rushed on heart and brain.
I could not weep—I could not weep—
The fountain of my heart was dry—
'T was seared when in his last, long sleep
I saw my latest kinsman lie.

I watched beside the sufferer's bed
At dead of night—the torch was dim,
And blended with the moonbeams, shed
A faint and ghastly light on him.
I watched the pale and changeable glow,
Along his moveless features flit
And wiped the damps from off his brow
Where death his fearful seal had set.

The grey morn broke, and still I gazed
On the wan features of the dead,
The morning passed and noontide blazed
Its searching radiance round my head.
A weary day!—and yet I kept
My watchings where the sleeper lay,
Till night with wing of darkness swept
The lingering western light away.

Ah! why should memory conjure up
Those visions of departed things!
A thousand times I've drained that cup
Of wild and dark remembrings.
That dreary night, his grave I made,
Yon lone and blighted tree beneath,
I smoothed the green turf o'er his head,
And left him to the calm of death.

Our native land! our own loved shore!
Oh, none to thee our fate shall tell,
For memory wakens there no more,
Our last and sorrowful farewell.
The hands we clasped in friendship true,
The hearts that throbbed with ours are still,
And all who waved the long adieu
Are silent as the graves they fill.

Yes, all are gone—but tears were shed
When the cold earth was o'er them pressed,
And love and friendship softly tread
Around their hallowed place of rest.
But who, when nature's strife is passed,
Shall watch beside my dying bed—
Shall close my beamless eyes, and cast
Earth's mantle o'er my sleeping head!

Father and God! I murmur not
Against thy high and holy will,
Though lonely—by the world forgot,
Thine eye is on thy creature still.
And though no earthly friend be nigh,
When fades the light which now is dim,
Thy presence shall the void supply,
And smooth the bed of death for him!

From the Boston Statesman.

THE LUNATICK.

She leaned from the balcony then, and sung
With a sweet and lute-like tone,
And the gentle wind her black tresses flung,
As she lingered there alone;
And her pensive song—'twas of early love,
A crystal from memory's stream;
And she turned her eyes to the stars above
And watched their varying gleam.

Her song was hushed for a moment then,
Whilst the musick of stirring leaves
Came faintly up from the elmy glen.
And she looked as one that grieves;
Sung she—oh, where is my dark-haired boy,
That went to the heaving sea,
That went away as a sweet-toned wind
From his pleasant home and me?

Have I not sought him in the vale
In the depths of the shadowy glen,
And over the waves where the sea-birds wail
And out in the midst of men?
I have sought him out in the midst of men,
My love of the haughty brow—
He went away—but he told me then
He would be with me but now.

He is not come! I have watched the sun
A thousand times arise,
And a thousand times, when his work was done,
I have seen him leave the skies;
I have looked away to the ragged hill
That over-frowns the sea,
And called to the wave his name—but still
He comes not home to me.

Will I not go from my prison walls,
And look on the holy sun,
And gather the crimson coronals,
On the rock where the sea-waves run?
Sweetly the waters dwell this eve,
Along in their sunlit caves;
Why should my love so lonely grieve?—
And she fell beneath the waves.

The Nightingale Flower is from *A New Year's Eve, and other Poems*, by Bernard Barton, published in England at the close of the last year. The work is distinguished for the same pure and lofty feeling which characterises all the productions of its author.

THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

Fair flower of silent night!
Unto thy bard an emblem thou shouldst be:
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,
Silence and solitude its depths unseal:
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
Their life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
To give imagination holier scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray:—

So in life's dark decline,
When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hopes may, like thy blossoms shine
Bright at the last;

And as the grateful scent
Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name!
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flowret, brave
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh,
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay.

CHANGE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

The wind is sweeping o'er the hill;
It hath a mournful sound,
As if it felt the difference
Its weary wing hath found.

A little while that wandering wind
Swept over life and flower;
For there was green on every tree,
And bloom for every hour.

It wandered through the pleasant wood,
And caught the dove's lone song;
And by the garden bed, and bore
The rose's breath along.
But hoarse and sullenly it sweeps;
No rose is opening now—
No musick, for the wood-dove's nest
Is vacant on the bough.

Oh, human heart and wandering wind,
Go look upon the past;
The likeness is the same with each—
Their summer did not last.
Each mourns above the things it loved—
One o'er a flower and leaf;
The other over hopes and joys,
Whose beauty was as brief.

We hope the reader will be pleased with the following lines, as every lover of theatrical fun has reason to admire their author.

From the Providence Evening Gazette.

SERENADE.

BY G. F. HYATT, OF THE TREMONT THEATRE.

The moon is up—her radiant beam
Is dancing in the woodland stream;
Up, lady, up! to the blissful bower,
While heavenly brightness lights the hour;
Then come with me, yon gallant steed,
Shall bear us safely o'er the mead;
Where by my sword and buckler true,
I'll live for love, or die for you—
Away, away, away!

The moon is up, and o'er the brake—
The queen of night is on the lake—
Each limpid ripple sparkles anew,
And heav'n smiles on the glittering dew;
Then come my dear, the night creeps on,
Come, my love, ere the moon is gone;
On Zephyr's wings we'll speed away,
To Cupid's bower, by break of day—
Away, away, away!

The moon is up—above yon hill—
The moon is in each bubbling rill—
No more delay, while youth and bliss
Invite thee forth in a night like this;
Then come, ere Phoebus decks the lawn—
Come, come away, ere peep of dawn—
Hymen and Cupid choose the hour,
Then let's away to the moonlit bower.
Away, away, away!!!

We take the following pretty song from an English paper. It is said to be quite popular in the London theatres.

LOVE CALLED ON ME ONE MORNING.

BY RICHARD RYAN.

Love called on me one morning,
And sought my smile to win;
But forward boys then scorning,
I would not let him in:
I thought that Love would weep
To be by me forsaken,
But I took but one shy peep,
And found myself mistaken.

I'll search through all the city,
And hunt the field and grove,
And ask the young and pretty
If they have seen young Love.
Love flies fast as the wind,
For wings he has about him,
And to my cost I find
I cannot live without him.

Says Tom "Your lass looked like a winters day,
When last I saw her with the Misses Flirty."
"Indeed, you're merry; but tell me, pray?"
"Why then," quoth Tom, "she was both short and dirty."

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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NO. 3

MASONICK RECORD.

CONSTITUTION

And Regulations of the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER of the State of New-York, adopted at the city of Albany, on the 7th day of February, 1805.

(Continued.)

Sect. 9. That no candidate residing in or near any city or town where a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons or Mark Master Masons is holden under this jurisdiction shall be exalted or advanced in any Chapter or Lodge in any other place, without a recommendation from the Chapter or Lodge nearest the place where said candidate may reside.

Sect. 10. That no candidate whose application may be rejected in any Chapter or Lodge under this jurisdiction, shall be exalted or advanced in any other Chapter or Lodge which shall have received official notice of such rejection, without an appeal to the Grand Chapter.

Sect. 11. That no Royal Arch Mason shall be admitted as a member or visitor, in any Royal Arch Chapter under this jurisdiction, unless he shall have regularly received the several degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason, Mark Master Mason, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and Royal Arch Mason.

Sect. 12. That whenever a warrant shall be issued to authorize the holding a Chapter, and in the same to hold a Lodge of Most Excellent Masters, Past Masters, and Mark Master Masons, the High Priest, King and Scribe of such Chapter shall *ex-officio*, be the Master and Wardens of said Lodge.

Sect. 13. It shall be the duty of the Grand Secretary, at the expense of this Grand Chapter, to cause to be printed a sufficient number of blank warrants and certificates, agreeable to the form in this constitution, and also devise a suitable form for annual returns; cause blanks to be printed, and from time to time, as need may be, to transmit them to the several Chapters and Lodges belonging to this Grand Body.

Sect. 14. The Grand High Priest, or his Deputy, may annually appoint one or more discreet and well informed Royal Arch Masons, Grand Visitors, whose duty it shall be, if required by any Chapter or Lodge belonging to this Grand Body, to visit such Chapter or Lodge, and instruct them in the lectures of the degrees which they have taken, and the mode of work; and such Chapter or Lodge shall pay such visitor a reasonable compensation for the same.

Sect. 15. No Chapter shall be removed without the knowledge of the High Priest, nor any motion made for that purpose in his absence; but if the High Priest be present, and a motion is made and seconded for removing the Chapter to some more convenient place, (within the limits prescribed in the warrant) the High Priest shall immediately cause notifications to be issued to all the members, informing them of the motion of removal, and the time and place when the question is to be determined, which shall be issued at least ten days previous to the appointed meeting; but if the High Priest, after motion duly made as aforesaid, should refuse or neglect to cause the notices to be issued as aforesaid, the officer next in rank who may be present at the next regular meeting following, upon a motion duly made for that purpose, may in like manner issue the said notice.

Sect. 16. All Mark Master's Lodges, in case of

removal, shall be governed by the same rules as prescribed in the foregoing section.

Sect. 17. Whenever a warrant shall issue to authorize the holding a new Chapter, the same shall be installed by the Grand High Priest, or the Deputy Grand High Priest, unless where the distance is such that they, or either of them, cannot conveniently attend; in which case, they, or either of them, may appoint some capable High Priest or Past High Priest of a Chapter, by a dispensation under their hands and seals, or the hand and seal of either of them, to perform the services aforesaid; and the installation of Mark Master Lodges shall be done in the same manner, excepting a dispensation may be granted to any Master or Past Master of a Mark Lodge, although a High Priest or Past High Priest is to be preferred; and the form of installation in those cases shall be agreeable to that directed by the General Grand Constitution.

Sect. 18. No person shall be permitted to sit in this Grand Chapter as a visitor, without the unanimous consent of all the members present.

Sect. 19. Every Chapter or Lodge under this jurisdiction ought to assemble at least once in three months, for the purpose of perfecting themselves in working in their respective degrees; and such as shall not meet for the space of one year, shall forfeit all their privileges under this Grand Chapter, and the name of their warrant shall be struck from the record of the same, unless some sufficient reason be offered to induce a forbearance.

Sect. 20. Whenever it shall be deemed necessary to alter or amend this Constitution, the same shall be done in the manner following. The Grand Chapter in session may propose any alterations or amendments, reduce them to form, the consideration of which shall lie over until the next session of the Grand Chapter, and if then voted by two-thirds of the members present, they shall become a part of this Constitution.

RULES OF ORDER.

1. Every member of this Grand Chapter must, previous to taking his seat as such at the communications, clothe himself with the badges appertaining to his situation.

2. No member shall speak more than twice upon one subject, without permission from the presiding officer for the time being.

3. The mode of appointing committees shall be as follows, viz: in case of a committee of three, the presiding officer for the time being shall have the sole appointment, but larger committees shall be appointed by the Grand Chapter; and it is hereby made the duty of the Grand Secretary to furnish a correct list of the members of this Grand Chapter for the benefit of the same.

4. All resolutions shall be reduced to writing, the member making the same shall read it in his place, and present it to the presiding officer.

5. In case of the expulsion of any member of this Grand Chapter, or any Chapter or Lodge under this jurisdiction, it shall require two thirds of the members present.

6. No member shall interrupt the presiding officer, or any other member, while speaking.

7. Every member shall stand when he speaks, and shall at all times address himself to the presiding officer for the time being.

8. No member or visitor shall retire during the communication of the Chapter without permission of the presiding officer.

9. If any member of this Grand Royal Arch

Chapter shall be guilty of disorderly behaviour, he shall, for the first offence, be called to order; for the second, reprimanded by the presiding officer, and for the third, he shall be suspended from a seat in this Grand Chapter during the pleasure of the same; and all questions of order are to be decided by the presiding Grand Officers.

10. Whereas it is of essential importance that the mode of working in the several Chapters and Lodges under this jurisdiction should be uniformly the same; therefore, the better to accomplish this desirable object, it shall be the duty of the Grand High Priest, or presiding officer for the time being, to give, or cause to be given, the Royal Arch and Mark Master's lectures at least once at every general communication of this Grand Chapter, so that the officers of the several Chapters and Lodges may become acquainted with the same, and disperse a knowledge of them in a uniform and regular manner in their several Chapters and Lodges.

OF CONSTITUTING NEW CHAPTERS,

As prescribed in the Fourth Article of the Constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America.

"Sect. I. When a warrant of Constitution is granted by either of the Grand Chapters, for constituting a new Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, agreeable to the 9th section, 2d article of this Constitution, the Grand or Deputy Grand High Priest, shall appoint a day and hour for constituting the same, and installing the new Officers: On the day and hour appointed, the Grand or D. G. High Priest, with his Officers, meet in a convenient room, near to the place where the new Chapter is to be constituted. The Officers of the new Chapter are to be examined by the Deputy Grand High Priest, or some Companion appointed for that purpose; after they are approved, they are to return to the Hall, and prepare for the reception of the Grand Chapter. When notice is given by the Grand Marshal, that they are prepared, the Grand Chapter walks in procession to the Hall, when the Officers appointed for the new Chapter, resign their seats to the Grand Officers, and take their several stations on the left; the necessary cautions are then given from the chair, and the ceremony commences by performing an Anthem or Ode, adapted to the occasion. The Officers and Members of the new Chapter then form in front of the Grand High Priest.

"The Deputy Grand High Priest then informs the Grand High Priest, that 'A number of Companions duly instructed in the sublime mysteries, being desirous of promoting the honour of the Art, have applied to the Grand Chapter for a warrant to constitute a new Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, which having obtained, they are now assembled for the purpose of being constituted, and having their Officers installed in due and ancient form.'

"The Grand High Priest then directs the Grand Secretary to read the warrant, which being done, he asks the members of the new Chapter if they still approve of the Officers nominated therein; this being signified accordingly, the Grand High Priest rises and says,

"By virtue of the high powers in me vested, I do form you, my worthy Companions, into a regular Chapter of Royal Arch Masons; from henceforth you are authorised and empowered to open and hold a Lodge of Mark Masters, Past Masters and Most Excellent Masters, and a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons; and to do and perform all such things

as thereunto appertain; conforming in all your doings to the Constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, and the general regulations of the State Grand Chapter; and may the God of your fathers be with you, guide and direct you, in all your doings."

"Grand Honors.—The furniture, jewels, implements, utensils, &c. belonging to the Chapter (having previously been placed in due form, covered, in the centre) are then uncovered, and the new Chapter is dedicated, in ancient manner and form, as is well described in the Most Excellent Master's degree. The Deputy Grand High Priest then presents the first Officer of the new Chapter to the Grand High Priest, saying,

"Most Excellent Grand High Priest,—I present you my worthy Companion _____, nominated in the warrant, to be installed High Priest of this new Chapter; I find him to be skilful in the Royal Art, and attentive to the moral precepts of our forefathers, and have therefore no doubt but he will discharge the duties of his Office with fidelity."

"The Grand High Priest then addresses him as follows:

"Most Excellent Companion,—I feel much satisfaction in performing my duty on the present occasion, by installing you into the Office of High Priest of this new Chapter. It is an Office highly honourable to all those who diligently perform the important duties annexed to it; your reputed Masonick knowledge, however, precludes the necessity of a particular enumeration of those duties; I shall therefore only observe, that by a frequent recurrence to the Constitution, and general regulations, and a constant practice of the several sublime lectures and charges, you will be best able to fulfil them; and I am confident, that the Companions who are chosen to preside with you, will give strength to your endeavours, and support your exertions. I shall now propose certain questions to you, relative to the duties of your Office, and to which I must request your unequivocal answer.

"1. Do you solemnly promise that you will redouble your endeavours to correct the vices, refine the morals, and promote the happiness of those of your Brethren who have attained this sublime degree.

"2. That you will never suffer your Chapter to be opened, unless there be present nine regular Royal Arch Masons.

"3. That you will never suffer either more or less than three Brethren to be exalted in your Chapter at one and the same time.

"4. That you will not exalt any one to this degree, who has not shown a charitable and humane disposition; or who has not made a considerable proficiency in the foregoing degrees.

"5. That you will promote the general good of our order, and on all proper occasions be ready to give and receive instructions, and particularly from the General and State Grand Officers.

"6. That to the utmost of your power you will preserve the solemnities of our ceremonies, and behave in open Chapter, with the most profound respect and reverence, as an example to your Companions.

"7. That you will not acknowledge or have intercourse with any Chapter that does not work under a Constitutional warrant or dispensation.

"8. That you will not admit any visiter into your Chapter who has not been exalted in a Chapter legally constituted, without being first formally healed.

"9. That you will observe and support such By-laws as may be made by your Chapter, in conformity to the Constitution and general regulations of the Grand Chapter.

"10. That you will pay due respect and obedience to the instructions of the General and State Grand Officers, particularly relating to the several lectures and charges, and will resign the chair to them, severally, when they may visit your Chapter.

"11. That you will support and observe the Royal Arch Constitution, and the general regulations of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter under whose authority you act.

"Do you submit to all these things, and do you promise to observe and practise them faithfully?"

"These questions being answered in the affirmative, the Companions all kneel in due form, and the Grand High Priest or Grand Chaplain repeats the following, or some other suitable prayer.

"Most Holy and Glorious Lord God, the Great High Priest of Heaven and Earth.

"We approach thee with reverence, and implore thy blessing on the Companion appointed to preside over this new assembly, and now prostrate before thee; fill his heart with thy fear, that his tongue and actions may pronounce thy glory. Make him steadfast in thy service; give him firmness of mind; animate his heart, and strengthen his endeavours; may he teach thy judgements and thy laws; and may the incense he shall put before thee, upon thine altar, prove an acceptable sacrifice unto thee. Bless him, O Lord, and bless the work of his hands. Accept us in mercy; hear thou from Heaven, thy dwelling place, and forgive our transgressions.

"Glory be to God the Father; as it was in the beginning," &c. Response, "so mote it be."

"All the Companions, except High Priests and Past High Priests, are then desired to withdraw, while the new High Priest is solemnly bound to the performance of his duties; and after the performance of other necessary ceremonies, not proper to be written, they are permitted to return.

"The Grand High Priest then addresses the new High Priest as follows:

"Most Excellent Companion,—In consequence of your cheerful acquiescence with the charges and regulations just recited, I now declare you duly installed and anointed High Priest of this new Chapter; not doubting your determination to support the reputation and honour of our sublime Order. I now cheerfully deliver unto you the Warrant under which you are to work; and I doubt not you will govern with such good order and regularity, as will convince your Companions that their partiality has not been improperly placed."

"The Grand High Priest then clothes and invests the new High Priest with the various implements and insignia of the Order, with suitable charges to each of them.

"The Grand High Priest then installs the several subordinate Officers in turn; and points out to them the duties appertaining to their respective offices; after which he pronounces a suitable address to the new Chapter, and closes the ceremony with the following benediction:

"The Lord be with you all; let brotherly love continue; be not forgetful to entertain strangers—Now the God of peace, our supreme High Priest, making you perfect to do his will.

"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, and good will to all men. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," &c.

SECT. 2. At the institution of all Lodges of Mark Master Masons, under this jurisdiction, the same ceremonies as are prescribed in the foregoing section, are to be observed, as far as they will apply to that degree.

SECT. 3. Whenever it shall be inconvenient for the Grand or Deputy Grand High Priests, respectively, to attend in person, to constitute a new Chapter or Lodge, and install the Officers, they shall severally have power and authority to appoint some worthy High Priest, or Past High Priest, to perform the necessary ceremonies.

We, the Officers and Members of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of New-York, do certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of the Constitution and Regulations of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the said State, as revised, amended and ratified at a meeting of the Grand Chapter, holden at Albany, in the aforesaid State, on the Seventh day of February, A. D. 1809—A. L. 5809.

A gentleman seeing a miserable looking beggar sitting on a step, tying his ragged clothes together, and commiserating his situation, gave him some money, the same time telling him he was sorry to see him so poor. "Poor!" cried the fellow, affecting a look of surprise: "don't you see I am collecting my rents?"

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

LEVEL OF THE SEA.

There is, perhaps, nothing which illustrates in a more striking manner the exact accordance of nature's phenomenon with the few general expressions or laws which describe them all, than the perfect level of the ocean as a qualified surface. The sea never rises or falls in any place, even one inch, but in obedience to fixed laws, and, therefore, changes may be generally foreseen and allowed for. For instance, the eastern trade winds and other causes force the water of the ocean towards the African coast, so as to keep the Red Sea about twenty feet above the general ocean level; and the Mediterranean Sea is a little below the level, because the evaporation from it is greater than the supply of its rivers—causing it to receive an additional supply by the Strait of Gibraltar; but in all such cases the effect is as constant as the disturbing cause, and, therefore, can be calculated upon with confidence. Were it not for this perfect exactness, in what a precarious state would the inhabitants exist on the seashore, and the banks of low rivers!

Few of the inhabitants of London, perhaps, reflect, when standing close by the side of their noble river, and gazing on the rapid flood tide pouring inland through the bridges, that, although sixty miles from the sea, they are placed as low as persons sailing upon its face, where, perhaps, there may be tossing waves, covered with wrecks and the drowning. In Holland, which is a low flat, formed chiefly by the mud and sand brought down by the Rhine and neighbouring rivers, much of the country is really below the level of the common spring-tides, and is only protected from daily inundations by artificial dykes or ramparts, of great strength.

What awful uncertainty would hang over the Dutch, if the level of the sea were subject to change; for while we know the water of the ocean to be seventeen miles higher at the equator than at the Poles, owing to the centrifugal force of the earth's rotation; where the level is now established, from any cause to be suddenly changed but ten feet, millions of human beings would be the victims. [Edinburg Scoteman.]

NEW METHOD OF MAKING GLASS.

It is a little singular that we are indebted to some of the most trivial circumstances in life, for inventions of the greatest importance and value. Newton was indebted to the fall of an apple for his theory of gravity, and George to a dream for his celebrated mode of making superior shot.

An occurrence, perhaps equally fortuitous, has happened in this city within a few weeks. Mr. Abraham Collins was warming some ointment one evening, and his servant accidentally threw some sand upon the fire: part of it fell into the vessel containing the unction, and when Mr. C. went to make use of it, he found that the medicinal properties had disappeared, and that by the amalgamation of the two substances, combined with caloric, glass had been formed, precisely as if produced by a crucible. The thoughts of Mr. C. having been directed to the circumstance, he went through a series of experiments, and has at length, after a considerable labour, ingenuity, and expense, succeeded in producing glass of a superior quality. We were yesterday enabled to view the specimens which have been manufactured, and are certainly disposed to admit its excellence, as clear, free from spots, and of peculiar brightness.

[N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]

THE REPOSITORY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GHOST STORY.

There is in the *Keepsake*, a story of supernatural terror, under the title of the "Tapestried Chamber," which the author of *Waverley* relates on the authority of the late Miss Seward, who told it to him herself, he says, and always affirmed that she derived her information from an authentick source. Here is a sketch of it:—An English Officer of rank, called General Brown, had just returned from the revolutionary war in America. In a beautiful part

of the West of England he met with an old friend and school fellow Lord Woodville, (the names alone are given as fictitious,) who resided in a castle as old as the wars of York and Lancaster. The General was invited to stay a week or two with the associate of his youth. He readily consented; and on the first night was shown in due time to a comfortable but old fashioned and gloomy tapestried chamber, in which he went to bed in good health and spirits. In the morning, being asked how he slept; General Brown related the following tale of horror:—"I undressed and went to bed; but the wood in the chimney, which nearly fronted my bed, blazed brightly and cheerfully, and aided by a hundred exciting recollections of my childhood and youth, which had been recalled by the unexpected pleasure of meeting your Lordship, prevented me from falling immediately asleep. While such pleasing reflections were stealing over my mind, and gradually lulling me to slumber, I was suddenly aroused by a sound like that of the rustling of a silk gown and the tapping of a high-heeled pair of shoes, as if a woman were walking in the apartment. Ere I could draw the curtain to see what the matter was, the figure of a little woman passed between the bed and the fire. The back of this form was turned to me, and I could observe from the shoulders and neck, it was that of an old woman whose dress was an old fashioned gown, which I think ladies call a sacque—that is a robe completely loose in the body, but gathered into broad plaits upon the neck and shoulder, which fall down to the ground, and terminate in a species of train. I thought the intrusion singular enough, but never harboured for a moment the idea that what I saw was any thing more than the mortal form of some old woman about the establishment, who had a fancy to dress like her grandmother, and who, having perhaps been dislodged from her chamber for my accommodation, had forgotten the circumstance, and returned by twelve to her old haunt. Under this persuasion I moved myself in bed and coughed a little, to make the intruder sensible of my being in possession of the premises. She turned slowly round; but gracious heaven! my Lord, what a countenance did she display to me! There was no longer any question what she was, or any thought of her being a living being. Upon a face which wore the fixed features of a corpse were imprinted the traces of the vilest and most hideous passions which had animated her while she lived. The body of some atrocious criminal seemed to have been given up from the grave, and the soul restored from the penal fire, in order to form, for a space, an union with the ancient accomplice of its guilt. I started up in bed, and sat upright, supporting myself on my palms, as I gazed on this horrid spectre. The hag made, as it seemed, a single swift stride to the bed where I lay, and squatted herself down upon it, in precisely the same attitude which I had assumed in the extremity of my horror, advancing her diabolical countenance within half a yard of mine, with a grin which seemed to intimate the malice and the derision of an incarnate fiend. In these horrible circumstances, under the eyes, and, as it seemed, almost under the grasp, of an incarnation of an evil spirit, all firmness forsook me, all manhood melted from me like wax in the furnace, and I felt my hairs individually bristle.—The current of my life-blood ceased to flow, and I sank back in a swoon, as very a victim to panick terror as ever was a village girl or a child ten years of age."

The gallant general then goes on to describe the hot and cold fever fits which tormented him during the rest of the night, for he was afraid to move till day-break, when he arose and got out into the open air to refresh his jaded spirits, determining, however, to leave the castle without delay, and ordering his horses for that purpose. His host in vain attempted to prevail upon him to remain—all he effected was, to induce him to prolong his stay for half an hour, during which time they walked together into the picture gallery. "Presently," says the narrator, "Lord Woodville beheld General Brown suddenly start, and assume an attitude of the utmost surprise, not unmixed with fear, as his eyes were caught and suddenly rivetted by a portrait of an old lady in a sacque, the fashionable dress of the end of the seventeenth

century. 'There she is!' he exclaimed, 'there she is, in form and features, though inferior in demoniac expression to the accursed hag who visited me last night!'—'If that be the case,' said the young nobleman, 'there can remain no longer any doubt of the horrible reality of your apparition. That is the picture of a wretched ancestress of mine, of whose crimes a black & fearful catalogue is recorded in a family history in my charter chest. The recital of them would be too horrible; it is enough to say, that in your fatal apartment incest and unnatural murder was committed.'" * * * Lord Woodville (adds Sir Walter) never once asked the general if he was sure he did not dream of apparition, or suggested any of the possibilities by which it is fashionable to explain apparitions—wild vagaries of the fancy, or deception of the optick nerves.

ABOLITION IN THE SENSES.

Instance of gradual abolition in all the Senses in succession, the intellectual faculties remaining entire. By M. DE FERMON.—M. C. J. Corsican, allied to the family of Napoleon, of a nervous temperament, rich, a wit, a lover of the fine arts, and a devotee of pleasure, which had been indulged in to excess, was attacked with difficulty of vision, which soon terminated in complete amaurosis. Having suffered in his youth from syphilis, he was put on a course of mercury, without any benefit. Afterwards he tried numerous remedies under the best physicians in France, but to no purpose. Notwithstanding this blindness, he continued to fulfil his functions as financier, and acquired such a tact that he could distinguish engravings on copper from wood-cuts, lithographs, &c. by the finger alone. In short he enjoyed society as nearly as much as ever, and hardly felt the loss of sight.—But in a few years he began to grow deaf of one ear—then of the other, and in a short time, he had to add the total loss of hearing to that of sight!—By means of large moveable types or letters, which his family put together, he was soon able to read with his fingers whatever was wished to be communicated, and by this contrivance he still held free intercourse with the external world. All his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired, and his memory was extremely tenacious. But new misfortunes were in store. Muscular motion and sensibility began to fail, and in a short time, they were completely extinct! He was now, as it were, exiled from the earth, in the midst of his family and friends! He could speak, but no answer, no sign, no impression could be received through any channel of sense! In this deplorable condition, it was accidentally discovered that a small portion of one of his cheeks retained its sensibility, and the active imagination of the sufferer soon took advantage of the discovery. He caused one of his sons to trace letters on his cheeks as he dictated them, and by constant repetition he was soon able to recognise these letters as traced on the sensible part. He made such progress, that, in a few days, his son wrote on his father's cheek the speech of the king of France, on his return in 1815, the whole of which was completely understood! With this sole solace of a dreary death in life, he dragged out some time in a state of the greatest misery that can well be imagined—his intellectual faculties not appearing to suffer the slightest degree of decay. At length the unfortunate patient became enfeebled, the fecal matters escaped involuntarily, and after many years of suffering he succumbed.—No autopsic examination was made.—*Bulletin des Sciences Medicales, January, 1828.*

THE TRAVELLER.

TRAVELLING IN LAPLAND.

Being desirous of continuing our journey, we begged our host to lend us some reindeer to carry us farther up the country, to which he readily consented; and taking down a horn which hung up in the cottage, went out and blew it. Upon which fourteen or fifteen of those animals came running towards the hut, six of which he immediately yoked to six sledges. In one of them we put our merchandise and provisions; another was assigned to one of our guides who understood the language

of the Muscovite Laplanders, and that of the Kilops, dismissing the two other inhabitants of Varanger, after having first paid them in tobacco for their trouble. We then put on our Lapland clothes, and each of us lying down in his sledge, was covered with bear's skin. At the back of the sledge were two girths made of reindeer skin leather, in which we thrust our arms up to the shoulders, to keep ourselves steady; and we had each a stick with a strong ferrule, in order to support the sledge, if it should be in danger of overturning against the stumps of trees, or stones lying in the way.

We were no sooner ready to set out, than our host muttered some words in the ears of the reindeer; and when I afterwards inquired of the guide what he meant by it, he gravely replied, with the utmost simplicity; that it was to tell them whither they should carry us. Custom, however, had made this muttering so familiar to them, that when our host had gone to all the six, they set off with amazing swiftness, and continued their pace over hills and dales without keeping any beaten path, till seven o'clock in the evening, when they brought us to a large village situated between two mountains, on the borders of a great lake. Stopping at the fourth house in the place, and beating the ground with their feet, the master of the house came with some of his servants to take us out of the sledges, and unharness our cattle, one of them bringing out a little juniper can filled with brandy, of which he gave each of us a brimmer out of a large vessel that was also made of juniper wood. This it seems was to revive our spirits, our guide having informed him, that we were frightened at our being drawn so swiftly by these animals, having never been used to that way of travelling.

The reindeer is the colour of the stag, and is not much bigger. The horns of this animal are somewhat higher than those of the stag, but more crooked, hairy, and not so well furnished with branches. Of the milk of the females they make good butter and cheese. These animals, indeed, constitute the greatest, and almost the only riches of the Fin Laplanders. In Finmark, there are vast numbers of them, both wild and tame, and many a man there, has from six or eight hundred to a thousand of these useful creatures, which never come under cover. They follow him wherever he is pleased to ramble, and when they are put to a sledge, transport his goods from one place to another. They provide for themselves, and live chiefly on moss, and on the buds and leaves of trees. They support themselves on very little nourishment, and are neat, clean, and entertaining creatures.

It is remarkable, that when the reindeer sheds his horns, and others rise in their stead, they appear at first covered with a skin; and till they are of a finger's length, are so soft that they may be cut with a knife like a sausage, and are delicate eating, even raw; therefore the huntsmen, when far out in the country, and pinched for want of food, eat them, and find that they satisfy both their hunger and their thirst. When the horn grows bigger, there breeds within the skin a worm which eats away the root. The reindeer has over his eyelids a kind of skin, through which he peeps, when otherwise, in the hard snows, he would be obliged to shut his eyes entirely; a singular instance of the benevolence of the great Creator, in providing for the wants of each creature, according to its destined manner of living.

When we got out of our sledges, our host conducted us into his hut, which, like the rest of the cottages in the place, was very little, low, and covered with the bark of trees, the light entering in at a hole at the top. The people here were clothed much like those of Varanger, their apparel being of the materials and make, but longer. The women were also dressed in the reindeer skins, with the hair outwards.

We gave our host a piece of our roll tobacco, about two inches long, with which he was highly pleased, and in the most hearty manner returned us his thanks. We also gave a piece, not quite so long, to each of the inhabitants of the place, to make them our friends, and the better to secure ourselves against their attempts; for they seemed more uncivilized than those we last dealt with.

[*Travels through Lapland.*

THE LEGENDARY.

STORY OF A PIRATE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The chief of the clan, MacLean of Dhart, in the Isle of Mull, had an intrigue with a beautiful young woman of his own clan, who bore a son to him. In consequence of the child's being, by some accident, born in a barn, he received the name of Allan-a-Sop, or Allan of the Straw, by which he was distinguished from others of his clan. As his father and mother were not married, Allan was of course a bastard or natural son, and had no inheritance to look for, save that which he might win for himself.

But the beauty of the boy's mother having captivated a man of rank in the clan, called MacLean of Torloisk, he married her, and took her to reside with him in the castle of Torloisk, situated on the shores of the Sound, or small strait of the sea, which divides the smaller island of Ulva from that of Mull. Allan-a-Sop paid his mother frequent visits at her new residence, and she was naturally glad to see the poor boy, both from affection, and on account of his personal strength and beauty, which distinguished him above other youths of his age. But she was obliged to confer marks of her attachment on him as privately as she could, for Allan's visits were by no means so acceptable to her husband as to herself. Indeed, Torloisk liked so little to see the lad, that he determined to put some affront on him, which should prevent his returning to the castle for some time. An opportunity for executing his purpose soon occurred.

The lady one morning, looking from the window, saw her son coming wandering down the hill, and hastened to put a girdle cake upon the fire, that he might have hot bread to his breakfast.—Something called her out of the apartment after making this preparation, and her husband entering at the same time, saw at once what she had been about, and determined to give the boy such a reception as should distrust him for the future. He snatched the cake from the girdle, thrust it into his step-son's hands, which he forcibly closed on the scalding bread, saying, "Here, Allan—here is a cake which your mother has got ready for your breakfast." Allan's hands were severely burnt; and, being a sharp-witted and proud boy, he resented this mark of his step-father's ill-will, and came not again to Torloisk.

At this time the western seas were covered with the vessels of pirates, who, not unlike the Sea-kings of Denmark at an early period, sometimes settled and made conquests on the islands. Allan-a-Sop was young, strong, and brave to desperation. He entered as a mariner on board of one of these ships, and in process of time obtained the command, first of one galley, then of a small flotilla, with which he sailed round the seas and collected considerable plunder, until his name became both feared and famous. At length he proposed to himself to pay a visit to his mother, whom he had not seen for many years; and setting sail for this purpose, he anchored one morning in the Sound of Ulva, and in front of the house of Torloisk. His mother was dead, but his step-father, to whom he was now an object of fear as he had been formerly of aversion, hastened to the shore to receive his formidable son-in-law, with great affection of kindness and interest in his prosperity; while Allan-a-Sop, who, though very rough and hasty, does not appear to have been sullen or vindictive, seemed to take his kind reception in good part.

The crafty old man succeeded so well, as he thought, in securing Allan's friendship, and obliterating all recollections of the former affront put on him, that he began to think it possible to employ him in executing his private revenge upon MacKinnon of Ulva, with whom, as was usual between such neighbours, he had some feud. With this purpose, he offered what he called the following good advice to his son-in-law: "My dear Allan, you have now wandered over the seas long enough; it is time you should have some footing upon land, a castle to protect yourself in winter, a village and cattle for your men, and a harbour to lay up your galleys. Now, here is the island of

Ulva, near at hand, which lies ready for your occupation, and it will cost you no trouble, save that of putting to death the present proprietor, the Laird of MacKinnon, a useless old carle, who has cumbered the world long enough."

Allan-a-Sop thanked his stepfather for so happy a suggestion, which he declared he would put in execution forthwith. Accordingly, setting sail the next morning, he appeared before MacKinnon's house an hour before noon. The old chief of Ulva was much alarmed at the menacing apparition of so many galleys, and his anxiety was not lessened by the news, that they were commanded by the redoubtable Allan-a-Sop. Having no effectual means of resistance, MacKinnon, who was a man of shrewd sense, saw no alternative save that of receiving the invaders, whatever might be their purpose, with all outward demonstrations of joy and satisfaction. He caused immediate preparations to be made for a banquet as splendid as circumstances admitted, hastened down to the shore to meet the rover, and welcomed him to Ulva with such an appearance of sincerity, that the pirate found it impossible to pick any quarrel which might afford a pretence for executing the violent purpose which he had been led to meditate.

They feasted together the whole day; and in the evening, as Allan-a-Sop was about to retire to his ships, he thanked the Laird of MacKinnon for his entertainment, but remarked, with a sigh, that it had cost him very dear. "How can that be," said MacKinnon, "when I bestowed this entertainment upon you in free good will?" "It is true, my friend," replied the pirate, "but then it has quite disconcerted the purpose for which I came hither; which was to put you to death, my good friend, and seize upon your house and island, and so settle myself in the world. It would have been very convenient, this island, but your friendly reception has rendered it impossible for me to execute my purpose; so that I must be a wanderer on the seas for some time longer." Whatever MacKinnon felt at hearing he had been so near to destruction, he took care to show no emotion, save surprise, and replied to his visitor—"My dear Allan, who was it that put into your mind so unkind a purpose towards your old friend; for I am sure it never arose from your own generous nature? It must have been your father-in-law, old Torloisk, who made such an indifferent husband to your mother, and such an unfriendly step-father to you when you were a helpless boy; but now, when he sees you a bold and powerful leader, he desires to make a quarrel betwixt you and those who were the friends of your youth. If you consider this matter rightly, Allan, you will see that the estate and harbour of Torloisk lie as conveniently for you as those of Ulva, and that, if you are to make a settlement by force, it is much better it should be at the expense of the old churl, who never showed you kindness or countenance, than at that of a friend like me, who always loved and honoured you."

Allan-a-Sop was struck with the justice of this reasoning; and the old offence of his scalded fingers was suddenly recalled to his mind. "It is very true what you say, MacKinnon," he replied, "and besides, I have not forgotten what a hot breakfast my father-in-law treated me to one morning. Farewell for the present; you shall soon hear news of me from the other side of the sound." Having said thus much, the pirate got on board, and commanding his men to unmoor the galleys, sailed back to Torloisk, and prepared to land in arms. His father-in-law hastened to meet him, in expectation to hear of the death of his enemy, MacKinnon. But Allan greeted him in a very different manner from what he expected. "You hoary old traitor," he said, "you instigated my simple good nature to murder a better man than yourself. But have you forgotten how you scorched my fingers twenty years ago, with a burning cake? The day is come that that breakfast must be paid for." So saying, he dashed out his father-in-law's brains with a battle-axe, took possession of his castle and property, and established there a distinguished branch of the clan of MacLean.

He who doth not love tea, says a Chinese proverb, covets wine.

MISCELLANY.

HISTORY OF SEA-SERPENTISM.

BY DR. SAMUEL L. MITCHELL.

The history of sea-serpentism, is a very memorable part of the sayings and doings in this enlightened age and country. For the benefit of the present generation and of posterity, it ought to be written. In proceeding to pen a short sketch of it, I must premise, that I am one of the last persons in existence who would presume to put a limit to creative power. I admit that the Almighty Being could make a watersnake as easily as a fish; and that such an animal might be as big as a *Kraken*, as easily as of the diminutive size of the *Stick-bach*. Yet, on reviewing these legends of the times, there is found such a propensity towards the strange and the marvellous, that the men of the present day show a credulity very much resembling that of the remote ages, when the terraqueous globe was peopled with gorgons, mermaids, chimeras, hydras, dragons, and all the monsters of fabulous zoology.

The first tale I remember to have considered seriously, relative to it, was this: it had been determined, they said, to put a steam boat in operation at Boston to coast along the shore and to convey passengers. It was foreseen that such a vessel would traverse the current and pass among the islands with an ease and speed unknown to boats moved by oars and sails; and of course, much of the business of transporting passengers would be taken away from the small craft heretofore employed. The large boat would thus destroy the small ones, or, as it was expressed by another word, devour them. Under these forebodings, the steam vessel made a trip with favorable auspices. Some wag, the account proceeds, wrote for one of the *Gazettes*, an allegorical description of a sea-serpent, that had been described off Nahant and Gloucester, and had probably come there to consume all the small fish in the place. The narrative, given with such grave diction and imposing seriousness, was received by many as an actual and literal occurrence, and credited accordingly.

Long Island Sound puts in a claim for a sea-serpent. On this fiction I am well satisfied of the particulars that follow. An active young fellow, who had been weary of ploughing the land, bought a little sloop of about thirteen tons, which I remember to have seen, and resolved to try his luck by ploughing the waves. He named his vessel the *Sea-Serpent*. She was mostly employed in carrying country produce to the New-York market, and in bringing manure back, with the advantage of passengers when any offered. This boat was on her way from Mamaroneck harbour or there about towards the city, and was met by a sloop from that place a short distance from City Island. The captain of the latter on arrival at home, was eagerly interrogated by a quidnunc for news; and being a man of some humour and fancy, told his neighbour, the quicrest, he had just seen the sea-serpent. He then described how (alluding to the barrels on deck) he had seen the bunches on his back, how high the head (meaning the bowsprit) was out of water; how the white and black colours (meaning the painted waisi) were variegated; how he saw the lashing of the tail, (meaning the motion of the boom in jibing as she was going along before a fair easterly wind); that the sea-serpent was proceeding with a speed equalling, at least, from five to six knots an hour, which made all white before him, (meaning the foam at the bows.) The good man took the joke in real earnest, went away and told it to a sensible acquaintance. This latter wrote a formal and sensible account of it; which travelling an extensive round in the sheets of intelligence, was finally embodied in the aforesaid book, where it is registered as a part of the evidence.

It was about the period of these transactions that I received from Boston, an ichthyological production, enclosed in a letter, respectfully written, and with postage paid, submitting to me whether that article was not a piece of the sea-serpent's hide! It had been found on the shore of the region which the alarming visiter frequented; and was supposed to have been separated from his body by one of the musket balls which had been fired at him, and wash-

ed ashore. To this serious communication I returned for answer, that it was simply a portion of skin, with closely adhering scales, belonging to the boney-scaled pike, (*Esox asseus*), an inhabitant of the Atlantick Ocean.

So much curiosity and excitement were now raised about the sea-serpent, that he was a prominent topic of conversation. The feeling was more intense, inasmuch as it was confidently declared he had been frequently observed near boats and vessels. It was at length concluded to fit out an expedition, expressly for the purpose of catching him, with a select crew, under the command of Captain Rich. Day after day he cruised over tracts, where the sea-serpent had, according to information, been observed, without discovering any thing like him. At length, a creature was descried, which some of the men on board said they had seen before, and that it was the sea-serpent. The captain pursued the game a considerable time longer, with much vigilance and patience, until it was at a distance near enough to be harpooned. He was taken on board, and found to be a fish of the Mackerel family. I saw the preparation of it in the Greenwood Museum, and satisfied myself that it was an individual of a well known species called *Tunny* in the Mediterranean, and *Atlicore* in the Atlantick sea.

After the capture of the fish, the persons who, when they saw him in the water, declared positively that he was a sea-serpent, now changed their minds, and swore that he was not.

At length, the man of successful exertion arrived with his prize, and unexpectedly and unfortunately drew upon him the displeasure of his employers, for attempting to impose upon them a *Horse Mackerel* (as they called it) for a *Sea-Serpent*! He told me the story himself.

In this fervor of opinion, it was supposed for a time, that a sea-serpent existed in Lake Ontario. A coasting navigator, somewhere between Kingston and York, had several times during his trips observed among the islands and rocks, something that appeared to be a long animal with vertical flexures of the back, resembling lumps or humps, of variegated black and white hues. He told some of his acquaintances what peculiar appearances had presented themselves to his view; and that he intended the next opportunity to take a more close and correct survey. He did so, shortly after, when the phenomenon ascended into the air! It turned out to be a speckled mother duck, with a numerous brood of young ones. They swam in a line with the parent bird at the head. As they rose and descended on the undulations, gave an appearance so like that ascribed to the sea-serpent, that the captain, though a wary man, would have solemnly declared, until he was undeceived, his belief in the existence of a sea-serpent there.

Lake Erie brought forward pretensions too for a sea-serpent. One of the coasting vessels, navigated by three men, as she was steering eastward from Detroit, discovered something afloat on the hither side of the island called "The Sisters," which, when she arrived at the place of her destination on the southern shore, was reported by the men at the tavern and the printing office, to be the very creature. Mr. Printer wrote a paragraph on the subject, and inserted it in his paper, in which it travelled far and wide. It may be relied on that this alleged inhabitant of that inland sea, has been reduced to genus and species, by a distinguished naturalist, and registered very orderly in zoology. Now let us find what the production really turned out to be. The Sheriff of the county, a sensible man, heard the marvel, and conceiving that he knew as much about the lake as any person whatever, went on board, full of curiosity, to make inquiries about it. He found but one of the people on board, whom he interrogated closely concerning the wonderful sight, with which he and his associates had entertained the neighbourhood. The sailor was soon implicated in contradictions. The querist, aware of the fellow's confusion, asked him if he was not ashamed to propagate such falsehoods! He then said if the sheriff would not be affronted, he would relate the whole story just as it was. At the place aforesaid, they passed a dry tree afloat; and concluding that the butt or root would do for a head: some knots on the trunk for

knobs or bunches; and the top for a tail; they would have a little pastime by telling a story of a sea-serpent, which they thought their lake was as much entitled to as any other water. The whole three had agreed to tell the same tale and support it!

When the skin, &c. of the huge basking shark, that had straggled from the Northern Ocean, and had been killed in Raritan Bay, (*Squalus Maximus*), was exhibited in New-York city, the inhabitants were openly and earnestly invited by words at length displayed in front of the house, to enter and behold the sea-serpent. The conceit took very well.

Now, after all these mistakes, deceptions, and wilful perversions on the subject, every person of consideration may admit that the gambols of porpoises, the slow motions of basking sharks, and the yet different appearance of bale nptorous whales, all of which have fins on their backs, may have given rise to those parts of the narration not already herein commented upon.

We have often had reason to admire the originality of Dr. GREENE, [of the Berkshire American,] who is one of the best humoured utilitarians in the country. The following is an item of his proceedings against some of the popular notions which too many are fond of calling petty, and considering harmless. The doctor is quite skilful in breaking a lance with the old ladies of his imagination; we should not, however, like to answer for his courage, had he to contend with the substance, instead of the shadow.

CURING A COLD.

"Stuff a cold, and starve a fever."—*Old Saying.*

As much as we venerate the time honoured sayings and the wise saws of the olden times, we must beg leave to call in question the first clause of the above. It has no more foundation in truth than the divine right of kings. Stuff a cold! and starve a fever—as if a cold was not likewise a fever!

But absurd as the first part of this saying is, it has governed the multitude for ages. When they feel the slightest advances of a cold, they incontinently begin to stuff. The cold, thus fed and encouraged, acquires a strength and decision not its own, pushes on with vigour, blockades the nose, the throat, the lungs, and nearly cuts off all communication with the vital air. But the more the patient is stuffed with the cold, the more he stuffs himself with food. One would suppose they were stuffing on a wager—the cold stuffs up the breathing apparatus, the patient stuffs the alimentary canal! Only imagine for a moment what a war of stuffing! But it so happens, that the stuffing of the stomach only increases the stuffing of the lungs, until the stuffed patient, wheezing and barking, can just speak in a hoarse whisper, and deems it a matter of prudence to call a physician.

The doctor comes. "How do you do, Mr. Pheezer?"

Patient. Ugh! ugh! ugh! I dont know, Doc—ugh! ugh! ugh!—Doctor, I've got a terrible—ugh! ugh! ugh!—a terrible cold.

[Enter Wife.] Dont try to talk, Mr. Pheezer, you're so stopped up. I'll tell you how 'tis, Doctor, Mr. Pheezer put on a damp shirt t'other day, and took cold, and though I've done my best to cure him, he's grown worse and worse, till now, poor man, he can hardly speak above his breath.

Doctor. What have you done for him?

Mrs. Pheezer. Why, besides giving him a sight of yarb drinks, and bathing his feet in warm water, I made him eat as much good victuals as he could any ways stuff down. I han't starved him, depend upon it, Doctor. I've have had a good dozen of turkeys cooked, since he was unwell, poor man—which is only a week come to-morrow—besides three spare ribs and a goose—and as sure as I'm a living sinner, Doctor, he's eat the bigger part on 'em.

Doctor. And he's alive yet!

Mrs. Pheezer. Yes—I desire to be thankful he is; though I think he would'nt ha' lived but a very leetle while, if I had'nt ha' done what I have, dont you, Doctor!

Doctor. No, good woman, I think if you had

starved instead of stuffing his cold, he would have been well before now.

Mrs. Pheezer. Lord ha' massy on ye, Doctor! Starve a cold! why I never heerd of sich a thing in all my born days.

Doctor. May be not, Mrs. Pheezer, but I assure you it is the right way to manage a cold, if you mean to get rid of it. For instance, let the patient take a little tea, coffee, or a glass of water, with half a cracker, three times a day—or a little water gruel, if more convenient or agreeable to the taste. By this management a cold may ordinarily be cured in two or three days, while by the stuffing process it would probably be prolonged as many months, unless death should intervene and put an end to the cold and the patient together.

Mrs. Pheezer. Why, Doctor, I'm astonished at ye. I used ter think you knowed something; but now I'm convinced all your skill an't worth the snap o' my thumb. You need'nt come any more, Doctor. [Exit Physician.] Starve a cold! Well, of all the strange doctrine I ever heard of, this is the cap chief. Among all my sins, Lord help me, I hav'nt got this to answer for.

So Mrs. Pheezer pursued her stuffing regimen, her husband's cold became an inflammation of the lungs, and in a week after, Mrs. Pheezer followed him to the grave, consoling herself in the midst of her affliction, that he had not been guilty of the sin of starving his cold.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1829.

DR. BECK'S ADDRESS. Though we are not a doctor, we have perused the address delivered before the medical society of this state by the president, T. Romeyn Beck, with much pleasure. It is a production valuable to the general reader as well as to the lover of scientific investigation. The rare intimacy with science, for which Dr. Beck is distinguished, always renders his productions peculiarly perspicuous, and plain to the attainments of all. The address before us is free from professional technicalities; and we shall therefore present our readers with a few extracts, which will give them a better idea of its merits than any opinion of ours probably would. Dr. Beck commences his address with a notice of the death, within the past year, of an early president of the society; and after also briefly alluding to the sudden removal of the late governor Clinton, he proceeds:

"It is a 'taming thought to human pride,' that although death destroys those whose existence is deemed most necessary to the common welfare, yet the train of events proceeds on with a steady march. It is no less evident that in the present era of advancement in knowledge, no minor obstacle can be found which will permanently impede its course. In all the schemes for the melioration of the condition of man,—for his growth in science—his progress in morality and religion, the loss of one master spirit is early compensated by the acquisition of many ardent votaries. We feel this in our own profession. The general diffusion of information brings numerous labourers into the common harvest—and emulation is excited as well by the examples of the present day, as by a retrospect of the past. There is no branch of medicine—either strictly belonging to its numerous departments, or ministering collaterally to their improvement, which is not industriously and sedulously cultivated."

Dr. Beck surveys the efforts of improvement in medical science with pleasure, and expresses a wish that their value may be generally understood. He apprehends that "the indifference or ignorance manifested by the greater part of mankind" towards this subject, is mainly owing to the negligence of the members of the medical profession; and thinks that "all proper occasions should be embraced to manifest to the community, what is doing to remove the charge of uncertainty in medicine, and to illustrate the discoveries which the talent of the present age is bringing forward." He regards as a great improvement in medicine, "the distrust which is obtaining against general theories." The influence of great names is passing away; "like material monuments, they have slowly crumbled, or been

* Hon. William Wilson, M. D. of Columbia county, President of the State Medical Society during the year 1813.

violently overthrown, and we search among the ruins for some precious relic that may have been forgotten in the destruction. Such they all contain. There is no theory ever yet promulgated, which is not based on some portion of positive truth."

The doctor proceeds with some general observations on theories. Though the basis of inquiry has not been, as some are fond of asserting, imaginary, it has frequently been contracted by a natural devotion to a favourite opinion. The promulgation of these theories has been of important advantage. The attacks of opponents, and the enthusiasm of disciples have originated new argument, or detected fallacious objections. "A mass of knowledge has thus been rapidly accumulated, for which otherwise, years of desultory effort would have been necessary." Other sciences have shared this benefit. "In geology, in particular, the promulgation of various theories, and the ardour with which they have been impugned or defended, certainly are among the principal causes of the numerous and most interesting data, of which it now boasts."

The doctor next takes up the subject of fevers; but our limits compel us to pass over this portion of the Address. He enters upon the subject of pathological research with a notice of the illustrious BICHAT, and after briefly enumerating the principal labours of his short but valuable life, he proceeds to urge and explain the importance of pathological anatomy, with his usual clearness and candour. In illustration, he refers to the death of the "beloved and lamented WASHINGTON," which it is supposed was owing to "the disease now styled *laryngitis*," with the nature of which practitioners were until lately unacquainted. It was not until several years after the death of Washington, that the sudden decease, from the same cause, "of two distinguished physicians in London, led to pathological examination;" the result was, the nature of the disease became evident—"its mortality was rendered less certain—and dangerous as it must ever prove, instances are even multiplying of recovery from its effects." "This disease must have occurred centuries ago, and who can tell how many lives might have been prolonged, had its character been thus specially marked and investigated at an earlier period."

The importance of dissection is naturally brought under notice, and after a few observations on the prejudices "that must be encountered in discussing its necessity," the Address proceeds:

"That an intimate knowledge of the condition of the human system, both in health and in disease, is indispensable to the judicious application of curative means, would seem to be an axiom that requires only to be stated, in order to meet with universal credence. It is no less certain that the community must suffer from consequences of ignorance. The truth of these remarks appears most strikingly in the department of surgery, although they will be no less conspicuous to him who will investigate, in that of medicine. In the language of the report made last summer to the English house of Commons, by a committee of its members not professional (a paper which should be in the hands of every intelligent citizen in our country) 'as the science of anatomy has improved, many operations formerly thought necessary have been altogether dispensed with; most of those retained, have been rendered more simple, and many new ones have been performed, to the saving of the lives of patients, which were formerly thought impossible. To neglect the practice of dissection would lead to the greatest aggravation of human misery; since anatomy, if not learned by that practice, must be learned by mangling the living. Though all classes are deeply interested in affording protection to the study of anatomy, yet the poor and middle classes are most so; they will be the most benefited by promoting it, and the principal sufferers by discouraging it. The rich, when they require professional assistance, can afford to employ those who have acquired the reputation of practising successfully. It is on the poor that the inexperienced commence their practice.'

"But it is not the poor only that are thus to be benefitted by the pursuit of anatomy. There is another class of the community whose condition must excite all the best feelings of our nature—the victims of the elements—at a distance from their home—deprived of the blessings of domestic life, and yet proudly maintaining the honour and glory of their native land. Our gallant soldiers and sailors, in time of war, have no solace when the hour of danger approaches—no hope amidst the storm of battle, that they shall escape from the consequences of dangerous wounds, except in the skill of their medical attendants. The records of the armies and navies of foreign countries, and particularly of Eng-

land, where the materials for comparison are most copious, attest how much of human life has been thus preserved, and how great has been the diminution of mortality when compared with former years.

"A word or two is necessary in defence of those who pursue these studies. All will grant that they would not have been selected, except from a high sense of duty. It requires some lofty incitement—some moral courage to be thus employed. The mysterious change which death induces, is alone sufficient to startle the most buoyant spirit; but with this, the pathologist must familiarize himself. He proceeds to his high office at the risk of health—often indeed, of existence. I appeal to your reading, in confirmation of the truth of my assertion, that for several years, scarcely a medical journal has been received from abroad, which does not contain an account of some individual, who has either met with irreparable injury to his constitution, or has lost his life from accidents occurring during dissection."

We are obliged to postpone a further notice of this interesting pamphlet until next week, when we shall take pleasure in presenting our readers with Mr. Beck's observations on the nature of vegetable panaceas.

COBB'S ABRIDGEMENT OF WALKER'S DICTIONARY. There is not in the country a more industrious, persevering, and withal capable reformer of orthographical and orthoepical abuses of the English language, than Lyman Cobb, of Ithaca; and we always look with a superiour degree of pleasure upon every extension of his efforts, and consequently, of his influence and usefulness. It has too frequently been the case, that those who have attempted to facilitate education or reform popular methods, have been possessed more of a desire to benefit their personal interests, than of ability to be of any essential service to the publick. Mr. Cobb has made the English language the subject of serious investigation; and he has arrived at his present knowledge of the principles upon which it is founded, after years of arduous devotion to philological inquiry. His abridgement of Walker, which is just published, is certainly the best thing of the kind that has yet appeared; and if its merits shall be properly attended to, it can not fail to take precedence of every other dictionary for the use of schools and families. It is carefully compiled from the London quarto editions of the parent work (published under the inspection of the author) and strictly follows Mr. Walker's principles of orthography and pronunciation. In addition to other improvements, Mr. Cobb has systematically divided each word, and introduced the plurals of nouns, the present tense and preterit of verbs, the participles, and variable adjectives: an appendix contains a numerous class of words "which are in common use in this country, and not found in Walker's Dictionary;" and a character is introduced into the work to direct the application of the secondary accent; which, though the necessity and importance of it has been acknowledged, by all our lexicographers, and even largely written upon, has never before been properly noted. It is published from stereotype plates, the proof sheets of which were carefully examined by the author.

Every one knows that analyzing horn-books and lexicons is not the most pleasant business in the world; and it requires more than common courage and industry to do it honestly. An uncompromising love of truth and learning is all that can induce a man to dwell for years upon the arbitrary meaning of words and the mechanical uses of accents. An author so indefatigable as Mr. Cobb is worthy of every encouragement from parents and guardians.

REVOLUTION IN BUENOS AYRES. By the arrival at Baltimore, of the brig *Celeno*, after a passage of fifty-one days, Buenos Ayres papers to the 13th December, inclusive, have been received. They contain the particulars of a revolutionary movement which took place on the 1st of December, and resulted in displacing Dorrego (the governor) and his friends. The governor received information of the intended revolt, on the night of the 30th of November, and fled. In the morning General Juan Lavalle, commander of the revolutionists, issued a proclamation, desiring the people to meet in the church of San Roque, to deliberate upon the affairs of the province and appoint officers to direct them. The people met peaceably, and by a unanimous vote elected General Lavalle president. The government now being in the hands of the new authorities, General Lavalle appointed admiral William Brown to the command of

the civil and military government of the province, during his (Lavalle's) absence, and went in search of Dorrego, who had collected a force in the country. Lavalle, after an ineffectual attempt to negotiate with Dorrego, attacked him and routed him. Dorrego subsequently fell into Lavalle's power, but no further mention is made of his fate. There was no blood shed except in the battle with Dorrego.

The old government was very unpopular. It is accused of muzzling the press; of devoting the resources of the province to private uses; of violating the charter of the National Bank, and thereby bringing the circulating medium into discredit; in short, of being so utterly regardless of the publick interests, as to neglect every measure of general utility, and make the power, the credit, and the wealth of the province answerable, only to personal caprice and interest. It is even charged with having made use of the dagger to prevent an expose of its conduct.

The revolutionists made use of no unnecessary violence; but expressed a determination to be governed by the will of the people in every vicissitude; and as soon as that will was known they surrendered all power to the legally constituted authorities. It must be confessed that the military eruptions which seem to have become fashionable in the young republics at the south, are in their nature hostile to liberty. If, however, the accounts which have reached this country of the recent one in Buenos Ayres be correct, there can be no doubt that it will have a tendency to reform abuses and purify the institutions of the province.

✂ We publish to-day the report made to the senate of the United States on the subject of Sunday mails. Its length excludes the variety usually given in the space it occupies; but we think the ability displayed in it, and the truths it inculcates, will make the reader ample amends. Since our last paper was published we have seen a letter from the post-master general to a committee of the house of representatives on the same subject, and the report of that committee. The letter of the post-master general is calculated to settle the question, as far as utility with regard to business, and separate from religion, is concerned. By suspending the travel of the mail on the Sabbath, every mail which proceeds from Washington to New-Orleans would be delayed in its passage three days; and the mails in other directions would be delayed in like manner, in proportion to the distance they had to travel. The mails which would be most retarded are those which are of the greatest importance to commercial men. Their detention would create a necessity for private expresses, which would give speculators an unfair advantage over such as should wait the regular course of the mail, and occasion a loss to the government of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars annually. The P. M. G. is of opinion that the mails could not safely be stopped on the Sabbath, unless all travelling were prohibited; and he closes with suggesting the propriety of repealing that portion of the post-office law which requires a delivery of letters on seven days in the week. The report of the committee of the house is a go-between document, and makes a recommendation of the suggestion of the P. M. G. A motion to print 6000 extra copies met with opposition, and was finally laid on the table, on the ground that if the mails were not to be opened on Sunday, there would exist the same temptation to resort to private expresses as would arise from stopping the mail. "In addition to which, great abuses might take place in consequence of an understanding between post-masters and their particular friends, who might thus be put in possession of important commercial or political intelligence, whilst it was withheld from the rest of the community."

✂ The article respecting the testimony of Giddins, which we republished last week, should have been credited to the *Ontario Repository*, and not to the *Messenger*.

In the Senate of the United States, on the 19th ult. Mr. JOHNSON, of Ky. made the following report:

The committee to whom was referred the several petitions on the subject of mails on the sabbath, or 1st day of the week, report:

That some respite is required from the ordinary vocations of life, is an established principle, sanctioned by the usages of all nations, whether Christian or Pagan. One day in

seven has also been determined upon as the proportion of time; and in conformity with the wishes of the great majority of citizens of this country, the 1st day of the week, commonly called Sunday, has been set apart for that object. The principle has received the sanction of the national legislature, so far as to admit a suspension of all public business on that day, except in cases of absolute necessity, or of great public utility. This principle, the committee would not wish to disturb. If kept within its legitimate sphere of action, no injury can result from its observance. It should, however be kept in mind, that the project of government is, to protect all persons in the enjoyment of their religious, as well as civil rights; and not to determine for any, whether they shall esteem one day above another, or esteem all days alike holy.

We are aware that a variety of sentiment exists among the good citizens of this nation, on the subject of the sabbath day; and our government is designed for the one, as much as for another. The Jews who, in this country are as free as Christians, and entitled to the same protection from the laws, derive their obligations to keep the sabbath day from the 4th commandment of their decalogue, and in conformity with that injunction, pay religious homage to the seventh day of the week, which we call Saturday. One denomination of Christians among us, justly celebrated for their piety, and certainly as good citizens as any other class, agree with the Jews in the moral obligation of the Sabbath, and observe the same day. There are also many Christians among us, who derive not their obligation to observe the Sabbath from the decalogues, but regard the Jewish Sabbath as abrogated. From the example of the apostles of Christ, they have chosen the first day of the week, instead of that day set apart in the decalogue, for their religious devotions. These have generally regarded the observance of the day as a devotional exercise, and would not more readily enforce it upon others, than they would enforce secret prayer or devout meditations. Urging the fact that neither the Lord nor his disciples, though often censured by their accusers, for a violation of the Sabbath, ever enjoined its observance, they regard it as a subject on which every person should be fully persuaded in his own mind, and not coerce others to act upon his persuasion. Many Christians again differ from these, professing to derive their obligation to observe the Sabbath from the fourth commandment of the Jewish decalogue, and bring the example of the apostles, who appear to have held their public meetings for worship on the first day of the week, as authority for so far changing the decalogue, as to substitute that day for the seventh. The Jewish government was a theocracy, which enforced religious observances: and though the committee would hope that no portion of the citizens of our country could willingly introduce a system of religious coercion in our civil institutions, the example of other nations should admonish us to watch carefully against its earliest indication.

With these different religious views, the committee are of opinion that congress cannot interfere. It is not the legitimate province of the legislature to determine what religion is true, or what false. Our government is a civil and not a religious institution. Our constitution recognizes in every person, the right to choose his own religion, and to enjoy it freely, without molestation. Whatever may be the religious sentiments of citizens, and however variant, they are alike entitled to protection from the government, so long as they do not invade the rights of others.

The transportation of the mail on the first day of the week, it is believed, does not interfere with the rights of conscience. The petitioners for its discontinuance appear to be actuated from a religious zeal, which may be commendable if confined to its proper sphere; but they assume a position better suited to an ecclesiastical than to a civil institution. They appear, in many instances, to lay it down as an axiom, that the practice is a violation of the law of God. Should congress, in their legislative capacity, adopt the sentiment, it would establish the principle, that the legislature is a proper tribunal to determine what are the laws of God. It would involve a legislative decision in a religious controversy; and on a point in which good citizens may honestly differ in opinion, without disturbing the peace of society, or endangering its liberties. If this principle is once introduced, it will be impossible to define its bounds. Among all the religious persecutions with which almost every page of modern history is stained, no victim ever suffered, but for the violation of what government denominated the law of God. To prevent a similar train of evils in this country, the constitution has wisely withheld from our government the power of defining the divine law. It is a right reserved to each citizen, and while he respects the equal rights of others, he cannot be held amenable to any human tribunal for his conclusions.

Extensive religious combinations, to effect a political object, are, in the opinion of the committee, always dangerous. This first effort of the kind calls for the establishment of a principle, which, in the opinion of the committee, would lay the foundation for dangerous innovations upon the spirit of the constitution, and upon the religious rights of the citizens. If admitted, it may be justly apprehended, that the future measures of government will be strongly marked, if not eventually controlled, by the same influence. All reli-

gious despotism commences by combination and influence; and when that influence begins to operate upon the political institutions of a country, the civil power soon bends under it; and the catastrophe of other nations furnishes an awful warning of the consequence.

Under the present regulations of the post office department, the rights of conscience are not invaded. Every agent enters voluntarily, and it is presumed conscientiously, into the discharge of his duties, without intermeddling with the conscience of another. Post offices are so regulated, as that but a small portion of the first day of the week is required to be occupied in official business. In the transportation of the mail on that day, no one agent is employed many hours. Religious persons enter into the business without violating their own consciences, or imposing any restraints upon others. Passengers in the mail stages are free to rest during the first day of the week, or to pursue their journeys at their own pleasure. While the mail is transported on Saturday, the Jew and the sabbatarian may abstain from any agency it carrying it, from conscientious scruples. While it is transported on the first day of the week, another class may abstain from the same religious scruples. The obligation of government is the same to both of these classes; and the committee can discover no principle upon which the claims of one should be more respected than those of the other, unless it should be admitted that the consciences of the minority are less sacred than those of the majority.

It is the opinion of the committee, that the subject should be regarded simply as a question of expediency, irrespective of its religious bearing. In this light it has hitherto been considered. Congress have never legislated upon the subject. It rests, as it ever has done, in the legal discretion of the postmaster general, under the repeated refusals of congress to discontinue the sabbath mails. His knowledge and judgment in all the concerns of that department, will not be questioned. His intense labours and assiduity have resulted in the highest improvement of every branch of his department. It is practised only on the great leading mail routes, and such others as are necessary to maintain their connexions. To prevent this, would, in the opinion of the committee, be productive of immense injury, both in its commercial, political, and in its moral bearings.

The various departments of government require, frequently in peace, always in war, the speediest intercourse with the remotest parts of the country; and one important object of the mail establishment is, to furnish the greatest and the most economical facilities for such intercourse. The delay of the mails one day in seven, would require the employment of special express, at great expense, and sometimes with great uncertainty.

The commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests of our country are so intimately connected, as to require a constant and the most expeditious correspondence betwixt all our sea-ports, and betwixt them and the most interior settlements. The delay of the mails during the sabbath, would give occasion to the employment of private express, to such an amount, that probably ten riders would be employed where one mail stage is now running on that day; thus diverting the revenue of that department into another channel, and sinking the establishment into a state of pusillanimity incompatible with the dignity of the government of which it is a department.

Passengers in the mail stages, if the mails are not permitted to proceed on Sunday, will be expected to spend that day at a tavern upon the road, generally under circumstances not friendly to devotion, and at an expense which many are but poorly able to encounter. To obviate these difficulties, many will employ extra carriages for their conveyance, and become the bearers of correspondence, as more expeditious than the mail. The stage proprietors will themselves often furnish the travellers with those means of conveyance; so that the effect will ultimately be only to stop the mail, while the vehicle which conveys it will continue, and its passengers become the special messengers for conveying a considerable proportion of what would otherwise constitute the contents of the mail.

Nor can the committee discover where the system could consistently end. If the observance of a holy day becomes incorporated in our institutions, shall we not forbid the movement of an army; prohibit an assault in time of war; and lay an injunction upon our naval officers to lie in the wind while upon the ocean on that day? Consistency would seem to require it. Nor is it certain that we should stop here. If the principle is once established, that religion, or religious observances, shall be interwoven with our legislative acts, we must pursue it to its ultimatum. We shall, if consistent, provide for the erection of edifices for the worship of the Creator, and for the support of Christian ministers, if we believe such measures will promote the interest of Christianity. It is the settled conviction of the committee, that the only method of avoiding these consequences, with their attendant train of evils, is to adhere strictly to the spirit of the Constitution, which regards the general government in no other light than that of a civil institution, wholly destitute of religious authority.

What other nations call religious toleration, we call religious rights. They are not exercised in virtue of governmental indulgence, but as rights, of which government can not deprive any portion of citizens, however small. Despotick power may invade those rights, but justice still confirms them. Let the national legislature once perform an

act which involves the decision of religious controversy, and it will have passed its legitimate bounds. The precedent will then be established, and the foundation laid for that usurpation of the Divine prerogative in this country, which has been the desolating scourge to the fairest portions of the world. Our constitution recognises no other power than that of persuasion, for enforcing religious observances. Let the professors of christianity recommend their religion by deeds of benevolence—by christian meekness—by lives of temperance and holiness. Let them combine their efforts to instruct the ignorant—to relieve the widow and the orphan—to promulgate to the world the gospel of their Saviour, recommending its precepts by their habitual example: government will find its legitimate object in protecting them. It cannot oppose them, and they will not need its aid. Their moral influence will do infinitely more to advance the true interest of religion, than any measures which they may call on Congress to enact.

The petitioners do not complain of any infringement upon their own rights. They enjoy all that Christians ought to ask at the hand of any government—protection from all molestation in the exercise of their religious sentiments.

Resolved, That the committee be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

MASONICK CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany. at the Masonick Hall.]

Temple Encampment, 2d Friday in each month.

Temple Chapter, 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month.

Temple Lodge, 1st and 2d Tuesday in each month.

Mount Vernon Lodge, 1st and 3d Thursday in each month.

Masters Lodge, 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

ODD FELLOWS' CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany.]

Hope Lodge, Monday evening in each week, at Montgomery Hall.

Philanthropic Lodge, Wednesday evening in each week, corner of Lodge and State-streets, over Osborn and Gray's.

Clinton Lodge, Friday evening in each week, Masonick Hall.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3 Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829

31f.

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super-extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 29 1/2 cents a volume. Feb. 14, 1829

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PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY. The proprietors of this Foundry, offer on liberal terms, the following articles, viz:—

Roman and Italic. Fourteen, Twelve, Ten, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, and Four Lines Pica, plain, Canon, Meridian, Double Great Primer, Double English, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, English, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Two Line Letter. Minion, and all larger, Nonpareil, Pearl. Full Face. English and Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion.

Borders and Florures of every kind.

Antiques. Ten and Six Lines, Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, English and Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil.

Blacks. Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, English and Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer.

Open Blacks. Great Primer, Double Great Primer, and Four Lines Pica.

Italians. Seven Lines Pica, Five Lines Pica.

Tuscan. Eight Lines Pica, Four Lines Pica.

Shaded Letter. Eight Lines Pica, Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, Two Lines Brevier, Two Lines Nonpareil, Eight Lines Pica, Ornamented, Six Lines Pica, Ornamented.

Leads. Six to pica and thicker, Seven to pica, Eight to pica.

Quotations; Space Rules, from one to eight ems, Long Primer; *Astronomical*, and other signs; Spanish and French Accents; *Fractions*; Composing Sticks, from twenty to four inches in length; Cases; Chases; Slits, Brass, and common Galleys; Iron and Mahogany Furniture; Fount's ink; Skins; parchment; points. Premises also furnished.

Several new founts of letter have been cut; and it has been the aim of the proprietors to combine the beauty of the modern, with the clearness and durability of the ancient style of typography, and to produce types at once handsome, legible, and useful. Specimens of these will be sent to printers. The greatest care has been taken in the composition of the metal with which all their founts of letter are cast.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their *Counting Room*, No. 41, State-street, or at their Foundry, Eagle-street, south of State-street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & Co. Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

3f

POETRY.

We found the epistle of Mr. Brotherton, and its accompaniment, in the keyhole of our office, the other day. We can not say that we much admire the *poetical* portion of the poetry.

Albany, February 10, 1829.

MR. EDITOR—In looking over the papers of Adrian Kissam, late of the town of Bethlehem, deceased, formerly of the city of New-York, I found the following lines, written by him on a young lady who had been long ill, but was again restored to health. I give it merely as a specimen of his genius, which was obscured from the world by his modesty. If you will give publicity to them, it may assist in eradicating from the mind of the publick the idea that he was an infidel, which impression many have and do entertain, but erroneous. Respectfully yours,

JOHN BROTHERTON.

Thy sickness, dear girl, may teach thee to know
That health far exceeds every blessing below.
Adore then the Source from whence it doth spring,
And morning and evening thy praise to Him sing,
Who so kindly indulgent restores thee again,
And relieves thy body from tormenting pain.

The prayer of thy friend shall incessantly rise,
And crowd in thick clusters at the doors of the skies,
That thy life, unimpaired by disease, may go,
And quietly pass through this valley of wo,
Until life, worn out by incessant decay,
Thy soul, pure and spotless, may then wing its way
To those joys which we are told and believe
It ne'er entered the heart of man to conceive.

THE FANCY BALL.

"A vizor for a vizor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities." [Shakspeare.]

You used to talk, said Miss Mac Call,
Of flowers, and flames, and Cupid;
But now you never talk at all,
You're getting vastly stupid.
You'd better burn your Blackstone, sir,
You never will get through it;
There's a Fancy Ball at Winchester,
Do let us take you to it.

I made that night a solemn vow,
To startle all beholders;
I wore white muslin on my brow,
Green velvet on my shoulders;
My trowsers were supremely wide,
I learned to swear "by Allah,"
I stuck a poignard by my side,
And called myself "Abdallah."

O, a Fancy Ball's a strange affair,
Made up of silks and leathers,
Light heads, light heels, false hearts, false hair,
Pins, paint, and Ostrich feathers:
The dullest Duke in all the town,
To-night may shine a droll one;
And rakes who have not half a crown,
Look royal with a whole one.

Hail, blest confusion! here are met
All tongues, and times, and faces,
The Lancers flirt with Juliet,
The Brahmin talks of races;
And where's your genius, bright Corinne?
And where your brogue, Sir Lucius?
And Chinca Ti, you have not seen
One chapter of Confucius.

Lo! dandies from Kamschatka flirt
With beauties from the Wrekin;
And belles from Ben look very pert
On Mandarins from Pekin;
The Cardinal is here from Rome,
The Commandant from Seville:
And Hamlet's father from the tomb,
And Faustus from the Devil.

What mean those laughing Nuns, I pray,
What mean they, Nun or Fairy?
I guess they told no beads to-day,
And sung no Ave Mary;
From Mass and Matins, Priest and Pix,
Barred door, and window grated,
I wish all pretty Catholics
Were thus emancipated.

Four seasons came to dance quadrilles,
With four well seasoned sailors
And Raleigh talks of rail-road bills,
With Timon, prince of railers;
I find Sir Charles of Aubyn Park
Equipped for a walk to Mecca,
And I run away from Joan of Arc
To romp with sad Rebecca.

Fair Cleopatra's very plain,
Puck halts, and Ariel swaggers,
And Caesar's murdered o'er again,
Though not by Roman daggers:
Great Charlemagne is four feet high,
Sad stuff has Bacon spoken;
Queen Mary's waist is all awry,
And Psyche's nose is broken.

Our happiest bride, how very odd!
Is the mourning Isabella,
And the heaviest foot that ever trod
Is the foot of Cinderella;
Here sad Calista laughs outright,
There Yorick looks most grave sir,
And a Templar waves the cross to-night,
Who never crossed the wave, sir.

And what a Babel is the talk!
"The Giraffe"—"plays the fiddle"
"Macadam's roads"—"I hate this chalk"
"Sweet girl"—"a charming riddle"
"I'm nearly drunk with"—"Epsom salts"
"Yes, separate beds"—"such cronies!"
"Good heaven! who taught that man to valtz?"
"A pair of Shetland ponies."

"Lord D——"—"an enchanting shape"
"Will move for"—"Marachino"
"Pray Julia, how's your mother's ape?"
"He died at Navarino!"
"The gout, by Jove, is—apple-pie"
"Don Miguel"—"Tom the Tinker"
"His Lordship's pedigree's as high
As"—"Whipcord, dam by Clinker."

"Love's shafts are weak"—"my chestnut kicks"
"Heart broken"—"broke the traces"
"What say you now of politics?"
"Change sides, and to your places."
"A five barred gate"—"a precious pearl"
"Grave things may all be punned on!"
"The Whigs, thank God, are"—"out of curl",
"Her age is"—"four by London!"

Thus run the giddy hours away,
Till morning's light is beaming,
And we must go to dream by day
All we to-night are dreaming;
To smile and sigh, to love and change;
Oh! in our heart's recesses,
We dress in fancies quite as strange
As these our fancy dresses.

From the Talisman.

TO THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain;
And fetters sure and fast
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone,
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age, that draws us towards the ground,
And last—Man's life on earth
Glide to thy dim dominions and are bound.

Thou hast my better years:
Thou hast my early friends—the good—the kind—
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense;
And struggles hard to bring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea

Labours of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith—

Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they;—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last.
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy chains shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb, from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices, once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back—each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold,
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung;
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

THE "RED BIRD,"

Chief of the Winnebagoes—he died in Prison, in 1828.

Sleep was on the warrior's eye,
Stilly laid his fettered hand,
And his spirit, free to fly,
Sought again his native land.
Skies were bright, and breezes came,
Sweet as on the mountain borne,
Swept they o'er his wearied frame,
With a voice of things by-gone.
Half his fettered hand did raise
To the vision o'er him smiling,
Half the lights of other days
Brightened, once again beguiling—
Why that spirit beauty broken—
Why that shadowy bliss forego?
Dark reality has spoken,
And the warrior wakes to wo.

'I hear—I hear wild voices flit
From the shadowy halls where my fathers sit:
They link my name with a kingly band,
And bid me hail to the spirit land.
I come at your bidding, bright shades of the slain,
That met ye by mountain, and forest, and plain,
We mingled in battle, and banquet, and chase,
And I poured to your death-dirge the pride of my race.

Oh, son of the eagle! thy spirit is gone,
The plume of thy war-crest is sullied and torn:
I feel the proud burst of my spirit is vain,
And the white craven laughs as he rivets the chain.
Oh, never the halo of ages gone by
Will return like yon day-beam to gladden the sky.
The soul of the 'Red Bird' is cold in its gloom,
And the home of his hope is the breast of the tomb.

My eye was the brightest—my arrow was true—
And fresh from the pine top it drank the young dew.
Speed! to the deer through the dark forest flying,
But mine was the step to his fleetness replying,
I trod the wild rock where the torrent lies buried,
Fierce o'er my pathway the angry blast hurried,
I heard in the thunder the storm spirit's sigh,
And I loved the red banner he waved in the sky.

I fling to revenge the cold fetter it gave,
And I rush to the dream of the glorious brave.
The torches are flashing, and proud is the call
That beckons me far, to the shadowy hall,
In vain is the shackle—I spring to my home!
Roll on the dark musick! I come! I come!
My fetters are broken, my spirit is free,
And shades of the mighty, I mingle with ye.'

NORNA.

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1829. NO. 4.

MASONICK RECORD.

CONSTITUTION,

Regulations, &c. of the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER of the state of New-York, adopted at the city of Albany, on the 7th day of February, 1805.

(Concluded.)

The following Resolution was adopted by the Grand Chapter, at its annual meeting in February, 5819.

Resolved, that M. E. Ezra Ames, Jonathan Eights and Ebenezer Wadsworth, be a committee to cause to be re-printed one thousand copies of the Constitution of this Grand Chapter; and also to digest and annex thereto such of the resolutions on record as are necessary for the instruction and government of subordinate Chapters and Mark Lodges, together with the act of the legislature incorporating the Grand Chapter; and that the Grand Secretary distribute three copies thereof to each subordinate Chapter and Mark Lodge under the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter.

Agreeably to the preceding resolution, the committee have thought proper to annex to the Constitution the following Resolutions, as necessary for the instruction and government of the Chapters and Mark Lodges under the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, viz:

February 2, 5802.—Resolved, that every Chapter and Mark Lodge under the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, shall, within one year hereafter, provide itself with a seal, and that such Chapter or Mark Lodge send an impression thereof to the Grand Secretary, in order that whenever thereafter they shall send credentials to this Grand Chapter, the seal that shall be affixed thereto shall compare with the impression deposited with the Grand Secretary.

February 8, 5804.—Resolved, that it shall be the duty of the Grand Secretary hereafter, on the first day of the session of this Grand Chapter, to present to the same an account or statement of the items of all receipts and disbursements at the preceding Chapter, or in the subsequent vacation, from whom received, and for what purpose disbursed, and the balance remaining in fund; and it shall also be the duty of the Grand Treasurer to present his account or statement in like manner, and at the same time, that the members may be enabled to judge of the finances of the said Grand Chapter, which said statements shall be kept by the Grand High Priest for the time being, and by him delivered over to his successor in office.

Resolved, that no member of this Grand Chapter shall receive his compensation for attending the same until such time as the dues of the Chapter or Lodge he represents are fully paid up.

February 2, 5808.—Resolved, that the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer be, and they are hereby directed to receive hereafter no bank bills for dues to this Grand Chapter, except such as will pass current in the banks of this city.

February 7, 5809.—Resolved, that a Proxy for any Chapter, or for any High Priest, King, or Scribe of any Chapter, shall only be entitled to travelling fees from his actual place of residence, provided the same shall not be at a greater distance from the place of meeting of this Grand Chapter than the Chapter from which he shall derive his appointment; in such case his travelling fees shall be computed from the Chapter he represents.

February 6, 5810.—Resolved, that any Proxy for a standing member of this Grand Chapter shall not hereafter be entitled to receive pay for travel and attendance.

Resolved, that it shall be the duty of the Grand-Visitors to attend the regular meetings of the Grand Chapter, and that they shall receive the like pay for travel and attendance that the members are entitled to receive, provided such Grand Visitor shall not receive pay, as such, if a member of the Grand Chapter for the time being.

February 4, 5812.—Resolved, that the Grand Chapter do recommend, that no dispensation for holding Mark Lodges be granted in future during the recess of this Grand Chapter.

February 7, 5815.—Resolved, that in all cases where the expulsion, suspension, or rejection of a member or candidate shall be approved by this Grand Chapter, that the Grand Secretary shall give notice of the same to each of the subordinate Chapters or Mark Lodges under this jurisdiction, that they may govern themselves accordingly.

February 6, 5816.—Resolved, that whenever any Mark Lodge or Chapter shall cease to work, and constitutionally forfeit their warrants, their funds shall be, and are hereby declared to be the property of this Grand Chapter, and shall be paid and delivered to them accordingly: Provided nevertheless, that whenever a Mark warrant is surrendered, and a Chapter established in its place, that the funds and jewels shall be the property of the said Chapter.

February 6, 5824.—Whereas it is represented to this Grand Chapter, that some subordinate Chapters are in the habit of occasionally holding convocations for labour, and also informal meetings for lecturing, on the Sabbath: And whereas the Supreme Architect of the Universe, after having completed the wonderful work of creation, not only rested from his labour on the seventh day, but afterwards issued his divine injunction, commanding that it should forever hereafter be hallowed as a day of rest: And whereas the Holy Bible is the universal standard for the rule and guide of the conduct and faith of all Chapters of Royal Arch Masons: And whereas the practice above set forth is an infringement of the principles and spirit of the Masonick institution, and has a tendency to injure and degrade it in the eyes of the religious community: Therefore,

Resolved, that no subordinate Chapters under the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, be hereafter allowed to hold communications on the Sabbath, either for actual labour or for the purpose of lecturing on any of the degrees.

February 10, 5826.—Whereas, in proceedings against Companions and Brothers charged with offences, it is proper and necessary to adopt a uniform practice, to enable the Grand Chapter to pronounce a final decision thereon: Therefore,

Resolved, that if any Companion or Brother shall be charged with any misdemeanour he shall be summoned to appear before the Chapter or Mark Master's Lodge to which he belongs, or a committee appointed for the purpose of investigating the same: or if he belongs to no Chapter or Mark Lodge within this state, then he shall be summoned to appear before the nearest Chapter to his residence: such summons shall be in writing, designating the time when, and the place where, such Chapter, Lodge, or Committee shall assemble, and, together with a copy of the charges and

specifications preferred against him, and the names of the complainants, shall be served personally if the accused can be found, and if not found, shall be left at his last place of residence. All of which shall be duly attested by the Secretary of such Chapter or Lodge—and he shall have reasonable time to prepare for his defence: if he do not appear to the summons, the plea of not guilty shall be made for him by the Secretary, and trial had thereon: otherwise all proceedings upon such charges and specifications shall be deemed irregular and void.

AN ACT

To incorporate the Grand Chapter of the state of New York, passed March 31, 1818.

Whereas, it is represented to the legislature by the Grand Chapter of Freemasons of the state of New-York, that they experience great difficulties in vesting and securing their funds, which are chiefly intended for charitable purposes, and that they wish to purchase and hold a lot of ground for the purpose of erecting thereon a Masonick Hall: Therefore,

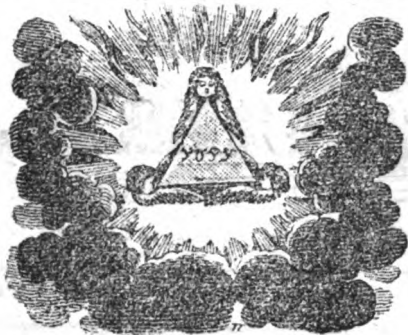
I. *Be it enacted by the People of the State of New-York, represented in Senate and Assembly,* that Ezra Ames, Richard Hatfield, Joseph Enos, junr., John Brush, Ebenezer Wadsworth, and Isaac Hempsted, and their associates, be, and they are hereby declared a body politick and corporate, in fact and in name, by the name of the "Grand Chapter of the State of New-York;" and that by that name they and their successors shall and may have succession, and be capable of suing and being sued, pleading and being impleaded, defending and being defended, in all courts and places whatsoever, in all manner of actions, suits, complaints, matters and causes whatsoever, and that they may have a common seal, and alter the same at pleasure.

II. *And be it further enacted,* that their elections of officers shall be made annually, at such time and place, and subject to such rules and regulations as the said Grand Chapter shall from time to time direct; and that the four first officers, together with the secretary and treasurer for the time being, shall always be the trustees, and have the management of the concerns of the said Grand Chapter: *Provided always,* that all appropriations of the funds of the said Chapter shall be made by the trustees aforesaid, by and with the consent of a majority of the members thereof, present at their annual meetings.

III. *And be it further enacted,* that the trustees aforesaid, and their successors, by the name aforesaid, shall be in law capable of purchasing, holding, selling and conveying any estate, real and personal, for the use and benefit of the said Chapter, not exceeding fifty thousand dollars in value: *Provided,* that no real estate or lot of ground shall be purchased or held by the said trustees, except for the purpose of building and erecting a Masonick Hall thereon: and that the powers of the said trustees in relation to their personal estate, shall be confined to the vesting and securing of their funds, and the transfer and distribution thereof, for the ordinary and usual purposes of the said Chapter: *And provided also,* that this act shall in no wise affect any other or subordinate Chapter in this state.

IV. *And be it further enacted,* that this act shall be taken and deemed to be a publick act, and that it shall and may be lawful for the legislature, at any time hereafter, to alter or repeal the same.

Universi Terrarum Orbis Architectonis per Gloriam Ingentis.



ORDO AB CHAO.

VIRTUS JUNKIT, MORS NON SEPARABIT.

The GRAND COUNCIL OF PRINCES OF JERUSALEM commenced its annual session the 30th day of Sebat, 5587, (2d February, 1829) at the Masonick Hall in this city. All the Grand Lodges of Perfection under the jurisdiction of this Grand Council (except three) were duly represented by their officers and proxies.

The following Princes were unanimously elected to the offices set opposite to their respective names for the ensuing year, to wit:—

James M. Allen, M. D., of Skaneateles, Onondaga county, M. Eq. G. Sovereign.

Hon. Eli Savage, of Oneida county, E. S. G. Sovereign.

John G. Van Deusen, of Palatine, Montgomery county, G. Warden.

Dwight F. Lawton, of Oswego, G. Counsellor.

Giles F. Yates, A. M., of Schenectady, G. Chancellor.

Rev. James Selkrigg, of Amber, Onondaga county, G. Priest.

David S. Van Rensselaer, esq. of Amber, Onondaga county, G. Recorder.

Nathaniel Calkins, of New-Hartford, Oneida county, G. M. of Finances.

Almos Matthews, of Mayfield, Montgomery county, G. M. of Ceremonies.

Daniel D. Benedict, of Saratoga Springs, G. Herald.

Collins Odell, esq. of Mayfield, Montgomery county, G. Guard.

Calendars will soon be prepared and forwarded to all concerned.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a stated meeting of *Washington Lodge, No. 5*, holden in Charleston, South Carolina, on Thursday, October 16, 1829, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted by the lodge:

"Whereas, it is a useful custom among all civilized communities, whenever they meet with bereavements in their valuable members or their officers, to express publicly their sorrows for such misfortunes, and to hold up a recollection of their useful example for the imitation and improvement of their successors—and whereas, we, in common with our fellow citizens of every class, have suffered a serious bereavement in the latter, by the death of our beloved, respected, and worthy brother, the lamented Worshipsful Master of this lodge, *RUFUS SOUTHWORTH, esq.*, in whose decease on the 9th inst. when he had hardly attained his thirty-fourth year,—this lodge has lost an amiable member, and society at large a valuable citizen.

"Be it, therefore, resolved, that as a token of our sincere respect and esteem for the memory of our departed brother, the members of *Washington Lodge, No. 5*, do wear crape upon the left arm for thirty days—and that the lodge be clothed in mourning until St. John's day next,—27th of December.

"Resolved, that we do sincerely and deeply sympathize with our brother *EDWARD SOUTHWORTH*, in the heavy loss he has sustained in this dispensation of Divine Providence, and that a copy of these resolutions be left with him.

"Resolved, that we who have been so long and intimately acquainted with him can really sympathize with his distant and aged parents and family, and trusting that it may prove a mournful gratification to them to learn that through his long de-

cline of health and final sickness—although far removed from his native hills, his memory is warmly cherished and his loss deeply lamented—and he was loved, esteemed, and respected, by all who knew him. A true copy from the record,

"M. HOLBROOK, P. M. and Sec'y. p. t

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE TURKS.

The Turks have a manly and prepossessing demeanour; being generally of a good stature, and remarkably well formed in their limbs. The men shave their heads, but wear long beards, and are extremely proud of their mustaches, which are usually turned downwards, and which give the other features of the face a cast of peculiar perverseness. They wear turbans, sometimes white, of an enormous size on their heads, and never remove them but when they go to repose. Their breeches, or drawers, are united with their stockings, and they have slippers, which they never put off but when they enter a mosque, or the house of a great man. Large shirts are worn, and over them is a vest tied with a sash; the outer garment being a sort of loose gown. Every man, in whatever station he is, carries a dagger in his sash. The women's attire much resembles that of the other sex, only they have a cap on their heads, something like a bishop's mitre, instead of a turban. Their hair is beautiful and long, mostly black, but their faces, which are remarkably handsome, are so covered when they walk out, that nothing is to be seen but their eyes. The ladies of the sultan's harem are lovely virgins, either captives taken during war, or presents from the governors of provinces. They are never allowed to stir abroad except when the grand signior removes; and then they are put into close chariots, signals being made at certain distances that no man may approach the road through which the ladies pass, on pain of death. There are a great number of female slaves in the sultan's harem, whose task it is to wait on the ladies, who have, besides, a black eunuch for their superintendent.

There are three colleges in Turkey where the children of distinguished men are educated and fitted for state employments. The children are first approved by the grand signior before they are allowed to enter these seminaries; and none dare come into his majesty's presence who are not handsome and well-made. Silence is first taught them, and a becoming behaviour to their superiors; then they are instructed in the Mahometan faith, the Turkish and Persian languages, and afterwards in the Arabic. At the age of twenty-one they are taught all manner of manly exercises, and above all, the use of arms. As they advance to proficiency in these, and other useful arts, and as government places become vacant, they are preferred; but it is to be observed, that they generally attain the age of forty before they are thought capable of being entrusted with important state affairs.

Those who hold any office under the grand signior are called his slaves; the term slave, in Turkey, signifying the most honourable title a subject can bear. The grand signior is commonly supposed among his own people, to be something more than human; for he is not bound by any laws except that of professing and maintaining the Mahometan religion. A stranger desiring to be admitted into his majesty's presence, is first examined by proper persons, and his arms taken from him; he is then ushered before the royal personage between two strong supporters, but is not even then permitted to approach near enough to kiss the sultan's foot. This custom, which is observed by every sultan, originated in the following manner;—Amurath I. having obtained a great victory over the Christians, was on the field of battle with his officers viewing the dead, when a wounded Christian soldier, rising from among the slain, came staggering towards him. The king, supposing the man intended to beg for his life, ordered the guards to make way for him; but drawing near, he drew a dagger from under his coat, and plunged it into the heart of the great king, who instantly died.

* The ceremony of kissing the foot, as well as the hand, of a sovereign, is yet observed in the east.

In Turkey, no man marries a deformed wife for the sake of a fortune, as with us; beauty and good sense, to their credit be it spoken, are the only inducements to matrimony among the Turks. But they are an indolent people, and are much averse to improving their country by commerce, planting, or building; appearing to take delight in letting their property run to ruin. Alexandria, Tyre, and Sidon, which once commanded the navigation and trade of the whole world, are at present in the Turks' possession, but are only very inconsiderable places. Indeed, observes a judicious author, it is well for us that the Turks are such an indolent people, for their situation and vast extent of empire, would enable them to monopolize the trade of the world if they attended to it. They appear to possess very little genius or inclination for the improvement of arts and sciences, although they live in countries which were once in the possession of the classic Greeks; but seem to prefer a slothful mode of life to an active one, continually sauntering away their time, either among women, or in taking coffee and smoking. Being men of great taciturnity, they very seldom disturb a stranger with questions; and a person may live in their country a dozen years, without having twenty words addressed to him, except on important business. They seldom travel, and have very little wish to be informed of the state of their own, or any other country; when a minister of state is turned out of his place, or strangled, (which is a frequent custom,) they coldly observe that there will be a new one, without inquiring into the reason of the disgrace of the former. The doctrine of predestination prevails, and they therefore think it wicked to endeavour to avoid their fate; frequently entering houses where they know the plague is raging.

All religions are tolerated in Turkey, though none are encouraged but the Mahometan faith.—The Christians have churches, which the Turks not unfrequently convert into mosques for their own use; nor will they suffer any new churches, or temples, to be built, without extorting an exorbitant fine from the poor Christians. The high-priest of the Mahometan Religion is called the *muf-ti*; he is invested with great power, and his seal is necessary to the passing of all acts of state. But any individual, who pleases to take habit, may be priest, and may leave the office when he is weary of it; for there is nothing like ordination among them.

MISCELLANY.

From the New-England Galaxy.

FIRST OF THE INCURABLES.

Non tibi equidem invideo, sed mirror magis.—Virgil

There is not one subject in the crowded vocabulary which the imagination presents, that so completely defies attack as what, for want of a better word, I must denominate Courtship. Talk to one who is but a novice in the business, and who has never been initiated into its mysteries, and you waste words upon him, for before you have finished, his eyes are wandering about in search of some idol before whom he may unveil himself in adoration. Address yourself to one who has taken its several degrees, and has become something of an adept in its ceremonies—he will lend you an attentive ear, promise to leave the shrine where his worship has been unworthily bestowed, and when you are almost sure of your point, and thanking heaven that you have gained a proselyte—you hear through a third person that your expected proselyte has been courting more than a year, and that since your conversation with him, he has engaged himself. This is a sad blow. Turn your speech to a third, to one who, you know, has been courting a long time, and who, you think, judging from yourself, must be sick of it ere this. In him you have a ready listener, he agrees with you that it is all folly to be in love so long a time, and swears by all that is honorable that his courtship shall come to a termination to-morrow night. You of course thank God that you have at last succeeded, and are sure that will be a bold champion in your cause—when, lo! his courtship does indeed end—in marriage! Thus you stand at a distance,

and see the dame making its way among the most beautiful of God's creatures, though like old Achilles watching the burning walls of Troy in his ship, you do not fear its approach to you.

But there is yet another class whose monosyllables and iambs almost touch your very heart's blood. These are Enthusiasts in love. Talk to them of the miseries of love, and they will paint woman to you as an angel, they will speak of her languishing, melting eye, her carnation cheeks, and her rosy lips, the sweet, passionate language of her tongue, the beautiful expression of her face, the glorious symmetry and proportion of her limbs, and the godlike something in her presence. They will tell you Plato was a fool, that women are the poetry, and men the prose of earth, and that the page is most splendid in the great book of nature, when the prose and poetry are beautifully mingled together. These are enthusiasts in love. These are the men, who, if you speak against courtship in their presence, will tell you that you know nothing about it, that you cannot judge, but from experience. This answer effectually stops the mouths of many, who constantly go about the business themselves by way of trial; and they, poor fellows, reason in the same way, and go down the current with thousands more, utterly unable to turn and buffet the waves, and thus reach the bourne from which few return. This accounts for the fact, that many daily leave the ranks of those who live in single blessedness. But still there are some who can speak from experience, and I, thanks to my better judgment, can call myself one of these.

I had my Dulcinea once, as well as the best of them. I used to pass my three evenings a week with her, and oh! the preparation necessary for my visits. There was brushing of clothes, suiting of dicky, folding of cravat—the buttoning just so, and the tying just so, and the thousand things just so—combing hair—polishing boots, greasing whisks, sprinkling cologne—hat to put on and hat to put off when put on, turning fifty times to the glass before you can suit yourself, and then thinking of some pretty things to say, and a thousand other little things, in mentioning which, one might with his tongue, give a pretty fair illustration of perpetual motion. Then you must walk two or three miles through mud and mire, go north-east first, then north, then east, and then you feel so cheap knocking at the door, especially if it rains, and you have forgotten your umbrella, the rain meanwhile finding its way between your neck and dicky, while you are endeavoring to recollect an appropriate and set speech, which you were to remember, but cannot for the life of you. Or if it should chance to be a moon-light eve, you are stopping at every mud puddle in the street to adjust your cravat a little, and see how you look, thereby making a perfect mirror of it. When you enter the room you find the sofa occupied by three or four 'young fellows and girls,' who have 'just happened in,' to make a social visit, (and perhaps you think it most too social) and you cannot have a word of private talk with the only one you care much about in the room. After a long conversation, in which you take no interest, some of them retire, and others, knowing not why you are there, determine to stay as long as you do, and so make a joke of it, (which you think a cursed poor one by the way) and you are determined to stay them out, as you have a 'prior right.' Finally, at about twelve, more out of mercy to the eyes than to you, they 'give up the ship,' though not without telling you that they will have a peep into the window, unless you extinguish your 'nocturnal luminary.' After about three hours of private conversation, you take your leave for the night, though not without standing on the door-step half an hour or so, to look at the moon. At last you leave your Dulcinea with many a sigh, and many a hard-drawn breath, so that, after going west and south, you reach home at about three in the morning. I can assure those who are unacquainted with these matters that this is an accurate statement of facts.

This was pretty much my mode of courtship, and no reasonable being will wonder at my growing sick of it: and I did grow thoroughly sick of it.—I became less attentive each week. Instead of going three times, I went but once, and then staid only two or three hours. I was, on the point of ask-

ing for a discharge (would to God I had!) when I received one without any solicitation. My Dulcinea, seeing that I was inattentive, and fearing perhaps that I had some one else in my eye, forbade my ever writing again in any other capacity than that of a friend. I accordingly left her, without much ado. I think it my duty, however, to state, that, when I found myself so suddenly deserted, I shed an abundance of tears; so great indeed was the flow of them, that I have not actually shed any since, unless my chimney smoked, and actually forced them out. I then, of course, made a virtue of necessity, and gave way to the impulses of my nature.

The whole course of my courtship embraced one year. After I had received my discharge, and well recovered myself, I thought for the benefit of others, I would make a calculation of the time I had lost in courting. I went, as I said before, regularly three times a week, which, allowing upon an average five hours each night, would make fifteen hours a week, or seven hundred and eighty hours a year—I ought perhaps to have observed before, that Sunday nights are not, as in other matters, to be thrown out of the calculation; they afford no rest to lovers. Now a person can certainly read 30 pages an hour, and do this for five hours together in an evening, especially if he is a studious person, so that he would read 23400 pages a year, making about 78 octavo volumes of 300 pages each. Thus you see what an amount of labor is actually lost by such persons as 'go a courting.' Remember that I do not take into the account here the time spent in thinking about your Dulcinea, and the many sighs that must follow, which draw one's mind from whatever it would fix upon. Neither do I reckon the want of sleep, the pale faces, hollow eyes, and the distracting head-aches that must render both parties more or less miserable, nor the time you must devote to riding and visiting friends, and the oh! dears! and oh! every thing else;—should I take these in, and moralize upon the condition of the parties, they would swell the amount, and make the courting and the courted the means of doing much injury on God's earth.

I think, Messrs Editors, you can bear me out in the conclusion that courting is a very bad, not to say a very injurious piece of business, and that no one should betake himself to it if he can find any thing else to employ himself about; and I sincerely hope our state legislature will not pass a law for taxing bachelors, after the example of our sister state, Ohio; for I fear they would desert our standard, and flock to that of Hymen, rather than have so loud a call made upon their purses. I, for one, will not marry, unless it can be done without courtship. If I should alter my mind, you will probably hear from me.

RIP SNEEZER.

"CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET."

"Dorothy," said Ichabod, pale and trembling, to his wife, "Dorothy, I have a secret, and if I thought you would keep it inviolable, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; But oh, Dorothy, woman!"

"Why, Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of great importance, for you are in a woful agitation. You know, husband, you can place implicit confidence in your wife. Have I ever given you occasion to doubt my fidelity?"

"Never, never, Dorothy; but the secret I have to communicate is one that requires more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it. Oh dear! I shudder when I think on it!"

"Why, husband, do you know how your lips tremble, and your eyes roll!—What is the matter? Ichabod!—you surely can not mistrust the confidence of one who vowed at the altar to be faithful to you. Come, unbosom yourself."

"May I rely on your fidelity?"

"Ichabod, you know you may."

"Well then,—we are both to be ruined!—undone!—I have committed murder!"

"Murder!"

"Yes, murder!—and have buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!"

"Oh! awful! Ichabod. Committed murder! Then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us!"

Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to her neighbour's. Mrs. Prattle observed a great change in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general appearance; so great as to cause her to inquire into the cause of it.

"Oh! Mrs. Prattle," said Dorothy, "I am the most miserable of women!—I am ruined for ever!"

"Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy you look!—What has turned up to make you look so dejected? Why how you sigh! woman. Tell me the cause."

"I wish I might, Mrs. Prattle; but the occasion of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not permitted to divulge."

"Oh! you may tell me, Dorothy—I shall never speak of it again."

"Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?"

"You know, Dorothy, I never tell secrets."

"Well Mrs. Prattle—I scarcely dare say it—my husband has committed murder, and buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!—he told me of it, himself. For Heaven's sake don't name it to any one!"

"Murder!—your husband committed murder!—indeed, indeed, Dorothy, you have reason to think yourself ruined!—Poor thing! I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her hands; and Mrs. Prattle, leaving her dough half kneaded, and her infant crying in the cradle, hastened to hold a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Tellall. Soon after this last confab was ended, the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against him by a magistrate, before whom, and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation.

"My object," said Ichabod, "in the course I have pursued, was to test my wife's capability of keeping a secret—I have committed murder in as much as I killed a toad, and buried it at the foot of a tree in my own orchard. How far my wife is capable of keeping a secret, has been sufficiently proved;—and with respect to the murder, those who feel an interest in it, are at liberty to inspect the body."

[Pittsburg Hesperus.]

THE IRISH BAR.

There was a curious character, a Sergeant Kelly, at the Irish bar. He was, in his day, a man celebrity. Curran gave us some odd sketches of him. The most whimsical peculiarity, however, of this gentleman, and which, as Curran described it, excited a general grin, was an inveterate habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises. He had acquired the name of Counselor Therefore. Curran said that he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran one Sunday near St. Patrick's, he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; therefore, I shall make a point of being at the Four Courts to-morrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street, "What a delightful morning this is for walking!" he finished his remark on the weather, by saying, "therefore, I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day."

His speeches in Court were interminable, and his *therefores* kept him going on, though every one thought that he had done. The whole Court was in a titter when the Sergeant came out with them, whilst he himself was quite unconscious of the cause of it.

"This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute; therefore, I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Into such absurdities did his favourite "therefore" betray him

[Clubs of London.]

Pleasures, while they flatter a man, sting him to death. Dancing and drinking have killed many a lad, and many a lass. Plutarch says, the Egyptians, at their feasts frolics, to prevent excesses, set a skeleton before their guests, with this motto—"remember ye must shortly be such."

THE LEGENDARY.

THE HAUNTED SHIPS.

Though my mind's not
Hoodwink'd with rustic marvels, I do think
There are more things in the grove, the air, the flood,
Yea, and the charnel'd earth, than what wise men,
Who walk as proud as if his form alone
Fill'd the wide temple of the universe,
Will let a frail maid say. I'd write it the creed
Of the sagest head alive, that fearful fable,
Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels:
That shapes, too horrid for our gaze, stand o'er
The murderer's dust, and for revenge, glare up,
Even till the stars weep fire for very pity.

Along the coast of Solway, there still linger many traditional stories of a maritime nature, most of them connected with superstitions singularly wild and unusual. To the curious these tales afford a rich fund of entertainment, from the many diversities of the same story; some dry and barren, and stripped of all the embellishments of poetry; others dressed out in all the riches of a superstitious belief and haunted imagination. Something like a rude prosaic outline of several of the most noted of the northern ballads, the adventures and depredations of the old ocean kings, still lends life to the evening tale; and, among others, the story of the Haunted Ships is still popular among the maritime peasantry.

One fine harvest evening I went on board the shallop of Richard Faulder, of Allanbay; and, committing ourselves to the waters, we allowed a gentle wind from the east to waft us at its pleasure towards the Scottish coast. We passed the sharp promontory of Siddick; and skirting the land within a stone cast, glided along the shore till we came within sight of the ruined Abbey of Sweetheart. The green mountain of Crieffell ascended beside us; and the bleat of the flocks from its summit, together with the winding of the evening horn of the reapers, came softened into something like musick over land and sea. We pushed our shallop into a deep and wooded bay, and set silently looking on the serene beauty of the place. The moon glimmered in her rising through the tall shafts of the pines of Caerlaverock, and the sky, with scarce a cloud, showered down on wood, and headland, and bay, the twinkling beams of a thousand stars, rendering every object visible. The tide too was coming with that swift and silent swell observable when the wind is gentle; the woody curves along the land were filling with the flood till it touched the green branches of the drooping trees; while in the centre current the roll and the plunge of a thousand pollocks told to the experienced fishermen that salmon were abundant. As we looked, we saw an old man emerging from a path that winded to the shore through a grove of dodered hazel; he carried a halve-net on his back, while behind him came a girl, bearing a small harpoon, with which the fishers were remarkably dexterous in striking their prey. The senior seated himself on a large gray stone which overlooked the bay, laid aside his bonnet, and submitted his bosom and neck to the refreshing sea breeze; and taking his harpoon from his attendant, sat with the gravity and composure of a spirit of the flood, with his ministering nymph behind him. We pushed our shallop to the shore, and soon stood at their side. "This is old Mark Macmoran, the mariner, with his grand daughter Barbara," said Richard Faulder, in a whisper that had something of fear in it; "he knows every creek, and cavern, and quicksand in Solway,—has seen the spectre hound that haunts the Isle of Man; has heard him bark, and at every bark has seen a ship sink; and he has seen, too, the haunted ships in full sail; and, if all tales be true, he has sailed in them himself;—he's an awful person." Though I perceived in the communication of my friend something of the superstition of the sailor, I could not help thinking that common rumour had made a happy choice in singling out old Mark to maintain her intercourse with the invisible world. His hair, which seemed to have refused all intercourse with the comb, hung matted upon his shoulders; a kind of mantle, or rather blanket, pinned with a wooden skewer round his neck, fell mid-leg down, concealing all his nether garments as far as a pair of hose, darned with yarn of all conceivable colours, and a pair of shoes, patched and repaired till nothing of the original structure remained, and clasped on his

feet with two massy silver buckles. If the dress of the old man was rude and sordid, that of his grand-daughter was gay, and even rich. She wore a bodice of fine wool, wrought round the bosom with alternate leaf and lily, and a kirtle of the same fabric, which, almost touching her white and delicate ankle, showed her snowy feet so fairy-light and round that they scarcely seemed to touch the grass where she stood. Her hair, a natural ornament which woman seeks much to improve, was a bright glossy brown, and encumbered rather than adorned with a snood, set thick with marine productions, among which the small clear pearl found in the Solway was conspicuous. Nature had not trusted to a handsome shape, and a sylph like air, for young Barbara's influence over the heart of man; but had bestowed a pair of large bright blue eyes, swimming in liquid light, so full of love, and gentleness, and joy, that all the sailors from Annanwater to far Saint Bees acknowledged their power, and sung songs about the bonnie lass of Mark Macmoran. She stood holding a small gaff-hook of polished steel in her hand, and seemed not dissatisfied with the glances I bestowed on her from time to time, and which I held more than requited by a single glance of those eyes which retained so many capricious hearts in subjection.

The tide, though rapidly augmenting, had not yet filled the bay at our feet. The moon now streamed fairly over the tops of Caerlaverock pines, and showed the expanse of ocean dimpling and swelling, on which sloops and shallops came dancing, and displaying at every turn their extent of white sail against the beam of the moon. I looked on old Mark, the mariner, who, seated motionless on his gray stone, kept his eye fixed on the increasing waters with a look of seriousness and sorrow in which I saw little of the calculating spirit of a mere fisherman. Though he looked on the coming tide, his eyes seemed to dwell particularly on the black and decayed hulls of two vessels, which, half immersed in the quicksand, still addressed to every heart a tale of shipwreck and desolation. The tide wheeled and foamed around them; and creeping inch by inch up the side, at last fairly threw its water over the top, and a long and hollow eddy showed the resistance which the liquid element received. The moment they were fairly buried in the water, the old man clasped his hands together, and said, "Blessed be the tide that will break over and bury ye for ever! Sad to mariners, and sorrowful to maids and mothers, has the time been you have choked up this deep and bonnie bay. For evil were you sent, and for evil have you continued. Every season finds from you its song of sorrow and wail, its funeral processions, and its shrouded corpses. Woe to the land where the wood grew that made ye! Cursed be the axe that hewed ye on the mountains, the hands that joined ye together, the bay that ye first swam in, and the wind that wafted ye here! Seven times have ye put my life in peril, three fair sons have ye swept from my side, and two bonnie grand-bairns; and now, even now, your waters foam and flash for my destruction, did I venture my infirm limbs in quest of food in your deadly bay. I see by that ripple and that foam, and hear by the sound and singing of the surge, that ye yearn for another victim, but it shall not be me nor mine." Even as the old mariner addressed himself to the wrecked ships, a young man appeared in the southern extremity of the bay, holding his halve-net in his hand, and hastening into the current. Mark rose, and shouted, and waved him back from a place which, to a person unacquainted with the dangers of the bay, real and superstitious, seemed sufficiently perilous; his grand-daughter too added her voice to his, and waved her white hands; but the more they strove the faster advanced the peasant till he stood to his middle in the water, while the tide increased every moment in depth and strength. "Andrew, Andrew," cried the young woman, in a voice quivering with emotion, "turn, turn, I tell you: O the ships, the haunted ships!" but the appearance of a fine run of fish had more influence with the peasant than the voice of bonnie Barbara, and forward he dashed, net in hand. In a moment he was borne off his feet, and mingled like the foam with the water, and hurried towards the fatal eddies which whirled and roared

round the sunken ships. But he was a powerful young man, and an expert swimmer; he seized on one of the projecting ribs of the nearest hulk, and clinging to it with the grasp of despair, uttered yell after yell, sustaining himself against the prodigious rush of the current. From a sheeling of turf and straw, within the pitch of a bar from the spot where we stood, came out an old woman bent with age, and leaning on a crutch. "I hear the voice of that lad Andrew Laminie: can the chield be drowning that he skirls sae uncannilie?" said the old woman, seating herself on the ground, and looking earnestly at the water. "On aye," she continued, "he's doomed, he's doomed; heart and hand can never save him; boats, ropes, and man's strength and wit, all vain! vain! he's doomed, he's doomed!" By this time, I had thrown myself into the shallop, followed reluctantly by Richard Faulder, over whose courage and kindness of heart superstition had great power; and with one push from the shore, and some exertion in skulling, we came within a quait-cast of the unfortunate fisherman. He stayed not to profit by our aid; for when he perceived us near, he uttered a piercing shriek of joy, and bounded towards us through the agitated element the full length of an oar. I saw him for a second on the surface of the water; but the eddying current sucked him down; and all I ever beheld of him again was his hand held above the flood, and clutching in agony at some imaginary aid. I sat gazing in horror on the vacant sea before us; but a breathing-time before, a human being, full of youth, and strength, and hope, was there: his cries were still ringing in my ears and echoing in the woods; and now nothing was seen or heard save the turbulent expanse of water, and the sound of its chafing on the shores. We pushed back our shallop, and resumed our station on the cliff beside the old mariner and his descendant. "Wherefore sought ye to peril your own lives fruitlessly?" said Mark, "in attempting to save the doomed. Whoso touches these infernal ships never survives to tell the tale. Woe to the man who is found nigh them at midnight when the tide has subsided and they arise in their former beauty, with fore-castle, and deck, and sail, and pennon, and shroud. Then is seen the streaming of lights along the water from their cabin windows, and then is heard the sound of mirth and the clamour of tongues, and the infernal whoop and halloo, and song, ringing far and wide. Woe to the man who comes nigh them!" To all this my Allanbay companion listened with a breathless attention. I felt something touched with a superstition to which I partly believed I had seen one victim offered up; and I inquired of the old mariner, "How and when came these haunted ships there? To me they seem but the melancholy relics of some unhappy voyagers, and much more likely to warn people to shun destruction, than entice and delude them to it." "And so," said the old man with a smile, which had more of sorrow in it than of mirth, "and so, young man, these black and shattered hulks seem to the eye of the multitude. But things are not what they seem: that water, a kind and convenient servant to the wants of man, which seems so smooth, and so dimpling, and so gentle, has swallowed up a human soul even now; and the place where it covers, so fair and so level, is a faithless quicksand, out of which none escape. Things are otherwise than they seem. Had you lived as long as I have had the sorrow to live; and you seen the storms, and braved the perils, and endured the distresses which have befallen me; had you sat gazing out on the dreary ocean at midnight on a haunted coast; had you seen comrade after comrade, brother after brother, and son after son, swept away by the merciless ocean from your very side; had you seen the shapes of friends, doomed to the wave and the quicksand, appearing to you in the dreams and the visions of the night; then would your mind have been prepared for crediting the legends of mariners; and the two haunted ships would have had their terrors for you, as they have for all who sojourn on this coast. Of their destruction I know nothing certain; they have stood as you have seen them for uncounted time; and while all other ships wrecked on this unhappy coast have gone to pieces, and rotted, and sunk away in a few years, these two haunted hulks have neither sunk in the quick-

sand, nor has a single spar on board been displaced. Legend says, that two ships of Denmark having had permission, for a time, to work deeds of darkness and dolour on the deep, were at last condemned to the whirlpool and the sunken rock, and were wrecked in this bonnie bay, as a sign to seamen to be gentle and devout. The night when they were lost was a harvest evening of uncommon mildness and beauty; the sun had newly set; the moon came brighter and brighter out; and the reapers, laying their sickles at the root of the standing corn, stood on rock and bank, looking at the increasing magnitude of the waters, for sea and land were visible from Saint Bees to Barn-hourie. The sails of two vessels were soon seen bent for the Scottish coast; and, with a speed outrunning the swiftest ship, they approached the dangerous quicksands and headland of Barrenpoint. On the deck of the foremost ship not a living soul was seen, or shape, unless something in darkness and form resembling a human shadow could be called a shape, which flitted from extremity to extremity of the ship, with the appearance of trimming the sails and directing the vessel's course. But the decks of its companion were crowded with human shapes; the captain, and mate, and sailor, and cabin boy, all seemed there; and from them the sound of mirth and minstrelsy echoed over land and water. The coast which they skirted along was one of extreme danger; and the reapers shouted to warn them to beware of sand-bank and rock; but of this friendly counsel no notice was taken, except that a large and famished dog, which sat on the prow, answered every shout with a long, loud, and melancholy howl. The deep sand-bank of Carsethorn was expected to arrest the career of these desperate navigators; but they passed, with the celerity of waterfowl, over an obstruction which had wrecked many ships.

"Old men shook their heads and departed, saying, 'We have seen the fiend sailing in a bottomless ship; let us go home and pray;' but one young and wilful man said, 'Fiend! I'll warrant it's nae fiend, but dooce Janet Withershins, the witch, holding a carouse with some of her Cumberland cunnings, and mickle red wine will be spilt atween them. Doo, I would gladly have a toothfu'! I'll warrant it's nae o' your cauld sour slaewater like a bottle of Bailie Skrinkie's port, but right drab-o'-my-heart's-blood stuff that would waken a body out of their last linen. I wonder where the cunnings will anchor their craft?' And I'll vow," said another rustick, "the wine they quaff is none of your visionary drink, such as a drouthie body has dished out to his lips in a dream; nor is it shadowy and unsubstantial like the vessels they sail in, which are made out of a cockle shell or a cast-off slipper, or the pairing of a seaman's right thumb-nail. I once got a hansel out of a witch's quagha myself,—auld Marion Mathers of Dustiefoot, whom they tried to bury in the auld kirk-yard of Dun-score, but the cumner raise as fast as they laid her down; and nae where else would she lie but in the bonnie green kirk-yard of Kier, among dooce and sponssible fowk. So I'll vow that the wine of a witch's cup is as fell liquor as ever did a kindly turn to a poor man's heart; and be they fiends or be they witches, if they have red wine asteer, I'll risk a drouket sark for ae glorious tout out." "Silence, ye sinners," said the minister's son of a neighbouring parish, who united in his own person his father's lack of devotion with his mother's love of liquor. "Whist!—speak as if ye had the fear of something holy before ye. Let the vessels run their own way to destruction: who can stay the eastern wind, and the current of the Solway sea? I can find ye scripture warrant for that: so let them try their strength on Blawhooly rocks, and their might on the broad quick-sand. There's a surf running there would knock the ribs together of a galley built by the imps of the pit, and commanded by the Prince of Darkness. Bonnilie and bravely they sail away there; but before the blast blows by they'll be wrecked; and red wine and strong brandy will be as rife as dyke water, and we'll drink the health of bonnie Bell Blackness out of her left-foot slipper." The speech of the young profligate was applauded by several of his companions, and away they flew to the bay of Blawhooly, from whence they never returned.

The two vessels were observed all at once to stop in the bosom of the bay, on the spot where their hulls now appear: the mirth of the minstrelsy waxed louder than ever; and the forms of maidens, with instruments of musick and wine-cups in their hands, thronged the decks. A boat was lowered; and the same shadowy pilot who conducted the ships made it start towards the shore with the rapidity of lightning, and its head knocked against the bank where the four young men stood, who longed for the unblest drink. They leaped in with a laugh, and with a laugh were they welcomed on deck; wine-cups were given to each, and as they raised them to their lips the vessels melted away beneath their feet; and one loud shriek, mingled with laughter still louder, was heard over land and water for many miles. Nothing more was heard or seen till the morning, when the crowd who came to the beach saw with fear and wonder the two Haunted Ships, such as they now seem, masts and tackle gone; nor mark, nor sign, by which their name, country, or destination could be known, was left remaining. Such is the tradition of the mariners; and its truth has been attested by many families whose sons and whose fathers have been drowned in the haunted bay of Blawhooly."

(Continued on our next)

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

We continue our extracts from Dr. BECK'S Address, and we think our readers will profit by a careful perusal of them. We recommend to their particular attention the Doctor's observations on the nature of vegetable curatives.

"The first of these, the cinchona or Peruvian bark, has for many years been known as a powerful febrifuge. It was ascertained that there was several species of trees, which furnished it, and experiments soon showed that their qualities were various. From time to time a change took place in the popularity of the different kinds—but the difference in quality of the imported article, and the repeated disappointments experienced in its administration, either from loading the stomach, or causing other results destructive of its antifebrile power, tended to impair its general reputation, and there was a period, where another remedy, but which all would agree in omitting, if its place could be supplied, was substituted. Chemists however have analyzed the bark, and found, that instead of being homogeneous, it consists of eight or nine ingredients.—They have separated the important constituent (the quinine,) and in its distinct form, it is now to be purchased of every druggist. Of its general success in the removal of intermittents, every physician can speak.

"Opium also is a remedy that all unite in commending, when judiciously administered. Its powers in mitigating pain and in soothing the wearied mind and diseased body, entitled it to a high rank among medicinal agents. Yet its operation has occasionally been unkind; and often when we are most desirous of obtaining its anodyne effects, a dread of its attendant consequences has restrained us from recommending it. Substitutes, comparatively inefficient, were necessarily employed. But about twenty years since, the compound nature of opium began to attract the attention of chemists, and from the experiments of Sertuerner, Robiquet, Pelletier and others, it seems now established that it consists of (besides several unimportant ingredients) three principles—morphia—narcotine and meconic acid.—The first of these produces the soothing effects—without the feverish excitement, heat and head ache, which so frequently accompany the employment of the drug, and which from experiments seem referable to the second substance I have mentioned. The third does not appear to produce any effect on the human system. If morphia be united to an acid, its stimulating properties are apparently still further counteracted.

"These are surely important improvements, and the more so, as they allow its use in states of disease, where it must otherwise have been interdicted.

"But it is not only to the investigation of the nature of old remedies, and of which I might continue to adduce numerous examples, that the intellect and labour of the profession are directed. New therapeutick agents are constantly developing. Iodine was unknown in 1811. A manufacturer at Paris observed, that in preparing carbonate of soda from the ashes of sea-weeds, the residual liquor powerfully corroded metallic vessels. He inquired into the cause of the corrosion, and the result was the discovery of this substance—a simple, undecomposable body, so far as our knowledge extends. The next step was to ascertain in what bodies it exists—and among these, sea-weeds, the kelp prepared from them, sponges, and some marine animals, were found to furnish it in the greatest quantity. A physician, recollecting that burnt sponge had acquired some local re-

putation in the treatment of goitrous affections, embraced the idea, that its virtue might have originated from the iodine it contained. He prescribed it in these diseases, and found its effects so powerful, that it was necessary to alter the form of administration. Yet his success and that of others have been great. Its use has been extended to the diseases of other glands. The result is still under judgement—but all agree, that an agent has been discovered more direct in its operation, than any yet known, on those maladies which minister to the production of our most common and fatal diseases.

"Are these examples which I have adduced satisfactory in showing the exertions of the profession to improve the nature of remedies? Are they sufficiently illustrative of its desire to increase them, so far as sober judgement and prudence will warrant? If so, why should others, who are not of the profession, and who cannot, even in common charity, be supposed to have the necessary preliminary knowledge, either of medicines or of the body, be permitted to employ their supposed curative agents? It has been replied, that the use of vegetable remedies alone are to be permitted, and the usual argument advanced, that if they do no good—they will do no harm. But I would ask, whether the effects and the extent of vegetable and mineral medicines when thus placed in opposition to each other, are sufficiently understood. The supposed deleterious substances of the former class, which are most commonly used, are arsenic and mercury. They have been known for centuries as poisonous substances when given in considerable quantities. The child hears and remembers this; and the man, long before he enters on the practice of medicine, has his mind deeply impressed with the necessity of administering them in small doses, and then only with caution, and after mature reflection—they are so given. Arsenic combined with potash has been used for upwards of forty years, with great success in the treatment of agues and other diseases. But it was not from choice. It was because the bark failed in numerous instances—because its quality was often bad, and its effects even positively injurious. For the reasons already stated, the use of quinine is rapidly diminishing the employment of the mineral.

"As to mercury, I will only say, that if there be a single drug, that in human hands has proved a most distinguished curative means, it is this. That its effects may be occasionally uncertain or injurious, is only to repeat, that there are peculiarities of constitution for which the wisest cannot be prepared—or that there is a malignancy in some diseases which no human effort can counteract. But who will deny its positive utility? Look at the thousands whom, not only in tropical climates, but in our own country, it has saved from that fell destroyer of our race—fever. Look at the numerous inflammations it has checked or dissipated. Look at the tens of thousands whom it has saved from the consequences of vice.

"A similar answer will reply, if we notice the remaining medicines. Their noxious effects, (if any) are known—they are given under the high responsibility of this knowledge, and they are selected, notwithstanding this, because their effects are more certain, and their operation as kind, as those of vegetable substances.

"But it would seem to be intimated that mineral medicines are incongruous to the human system, and a certain mysterious affinity has been imagined between it and vegetable remedies. The latter, it is asserted, are milder in their operation, produce healing effects more certainly, and are not injurious, like calomel, in their consequences. Are these assertions founded in a knowledge of the human body, and do the authors of the first idea know of what it is composed? Have they ever heard that a large proportion of the solid parts of the body are a mineral substance—the phosphate of lime? Do they know that iron enters into the composition of the blood?

"But this is not all. Allow me to throw a rapid glance over these mild vegetable remedies—these substances that any man after a day's reading may administer. I have already enumerated two of them, opium and iodine. Opium has been raised in this state. It may be thus an indigenous product. Iodine may hereafter be extracted from the seaweeds on your coast. Now a grain of narcotine extracted from the first, has killed a dog, and a few grains of the last, taken daily for a short time, has destroyed a human being. Do you know of a substance which indicates its power over life by lessening the action of the heart with great rapidity, which reduces the rapid beat of the consumptive patient to comparative slowness? It is foxglove, a vegetable cultivated in many of our gardens. Are you acquainted with vegetables which will produce raving madness and convulsion—which inflame and destroy the texture of the stomach? The stramonium, cicuta, and wild parsnips will do this. They too are indigenous—they grow in our streets or lanes—or abound in our marshes. There is a substance which in small quantities convulses the palsied arm of the bed-ridden—the limb that has hung dead for years by his side. It is strychnine, a vegetable product. But to crown all this—what is the most concentrated and deadly poison with which we are acquainted—which will destroy all species of life, from the snail up to man, with the rapidity of lightning—which has struck down the suicide in death,

before he could finish the fatal draught? It is prussick acid—a vegetable product, that can be distilled from the leaves and kernels of the peach, or from the laurels that abound throughout our state.

"And yet, after this enumeration, we have only gone through a portion of the noxious vegetable substances. Let not this statement startle any of my hearers. It may be laid down as an axiom, generally true, that with the exception of some remedies in the classes of astringents and tonics, a vegetable is valuable as a medicine, in proportion as it is noxious in large quantities. In every botanical work you find the remark, that those which are not possessed of some acid qualities, are inefficient in their operation on the human system.

"The question then presents itself to the mind of every enlightened man, whether those who have received an appropriate education; who have the stores of accumulated knowledge opened to them, are the safest persons to be entrusted with the care of the health of the community, or whether they shall be put on a par with such as claim in instinct—or self-inspiration as their guides. Can these soldiers of Cadmus be expected to bring any useful spoil into the camp? Look at every modern work on the materia medica. We now know the nature of almost every secret remedy—chemistry furnishes us with the means of analysis, and almost without an exception, they are the cast off prescriptions of the older physicians—neglected, because more eligible substitutes have been obtained—or abandoned, because their constituents were found uncertain or dangerous. That man will render a service to the community, who will furnish our public prints with the receipts for compounding these vaunted catholicons.

"I rejoice, that as your representative, I have been permitted to bear my testimony on this subject. I do not feel that the profession are to be the greatest sufferers. It will be the community—the country. The three professions at this day furnish the greatest proportion of educated men. Education is essential to the stability of the republic. Will it then be attempted to break down one of these professions? If so—the young men who now crowd its avenues, will seek other means of support—the old will retire in disgust from the thankless contest. The study of the collateral sciences, which has ministered so largely to the advancement of medicine, and which is beginning to give character to the nation, will cease. *The era of improvement in medicine will have passed away*, and the encomium of Sir William Temple, quoted, and sanctioned, and applauded by Dr. Warr Clinton, will no longer apply. 'It is certain (says he) that the study of physick is not achieved in any eminent degree, without very great advancement in the sciences, so that whatever the profession is, the professors of it have been generally very much esteemed on that account, as well as of their own art, as the most learned men of their ages.'

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1829.

ANTI-MASONICK STATE CONVENTION. This body met in the assembly room of the capitol in this city on Thursday last, at four o'clock, P. M. It previously attempted to obtain permission to meet in one of the churches in the city, with a view to cast a hue of solemnity over its proceedings, by a pretended connexion with religion; but it failed; and having asked for, obtained leave to occupy the assembly chamber for three successive afternoons. At its convocation William Finn, of Orange county,—whose age is his only consequence, and who was undoubtedly placed at the head of affairs that he might be trumpeted abroad as venerable, &c.—was made president; James Hawks, of Otsego, and Alexander Sheldon of Montgomery, vice presidents; and Nicholas Devereaux of Oneida, and Frederick Whittlesey of Monroe, secretaries. When the officers had taken their seats, governor Southwick jumped up in great haste and read his speech—setting forth in his usual bloody and thundering style some of his wonderful ideas on the subject of freemasonry and Morgan's abduction. When his excellency had finished, and seated himself, John Coxe Morris, of Otsego—who wanted to go to congress last fall, but did not go, because the party to which he said he belonged did not want he should—thought it was best to call the roll, and ascertain whether there were any interlopers. Hereupon governor Southwick assured the convention that he was a bona fide member, and lest they should disbelieve him he referred them to his friend Mr. Hopkins. It was finally agreed not to call the roll; and as they were much in want of members to make a show, Thurlow Weed, of whisker-

shaving memory, was admitted as the representative of the state "central committee," and all the anti-masons thought of at the moment, made honorary members. When matters were thus settled, Mr. Whittlesey undertook to explain the objects of the convention. There was nothing new in his harangue. He felt chagrined that governor Southwick had made the first speech, and intimated that as his intended offspring had been "cut out" by the bantling of another, much should not be expected from him on the spur of the moment. The honourable secretary is not a very profound man, nor is his appearance calculated to strike terror into an enemy; and we opine that nobody expected a great deal from him.

John Coxe Morris succeeded Mr. Whittlesey, but it would be useless for us to attempt to epitomize his sayings. He endeavoured to be very piffle and followed to its utmost latitude that rule of the English language which says that two negatives make an affirmative. He did not know this, and he did not know that; he thought that he thought something, but he was not sure that he did; and seemed to be so poverty stricken on the score of opinion, as scarcely to be acquainted with the meaning of the term. "Words, words, words," he had in abundance; and as he thought the worth of a speech was determined by its length, he did not mean to be guilty of brevity. John Coxe Morris is undoubtedly a "pretty considerable sort of a man," in his own eyes.

The evening's proceedings were closed by adopting sundry resolutions, &c.

Yesterday morning the president announced several committees; among which was one on the subject of an anti-masonick national convention, one on the propriety of memorializing the legislature on the evils of masonry, and one on erecting a monument to the memory of Saint Morgan. In the afternoon Mr. Granger, from the committee on the national convention, reported at some length in favour of the measure, and offered a resolution recommending the holding of a convention at Philadelphia, on the 11th of September, 1830. After the resolution had been read, Mr. Granger thought that as it was the era of speech making, it might not be amiss for him to show off a little; and so he began, with his usual every day ease, to talk about himself. When he became a candidate for lieutenant governor at the last election, he had no idea that he should be elected;—he threw himself up on an altar to which he thought his honour bound him; and he seemed to value himself considerably on his prophetic powers, as he affirmed he had told all who knew him, which way the election was going. He had been frequently told that anti-masonry did not amount to much; and he cherished "the little character he possessed" with too much care to be willingly laid aside with small matters. Last year there were "some eleven members" elected to the assembly on purely anti-masonick grounds; and this year there were "some eighteen" members of assembly, and "some four" senators who had got into office by the same means. In fine, the honourable gentleman was of opinion that anti-masonry would prove to be a pretty good business if well managed; and he therefore hoped the resolution recommending a national convention would be adopted, and seated himself under the influence of a beautiful vision of the vice presidency.

Mr. Seward, of Cayuga, rose to say something, but as he did not himself understand what he would be at, he talked Greek for the space of half an hour, and sat down quite complacently.

Elder Green, of Saratoga, observed that he was an old man and had been prejudiced against the masonick institution for more than forty years; and he thought he had reasons and arguments enough to convince every body that he was on the right side of the question; but as he did not feel disposed to let the convention know what those reasons and arguments were, what he did say was neither very logical nor very pungent.

Bates Cook, the "happy and able-bodied man of Lewiston," next rose. He recounted the wonderful adventures of the Lewiston convention, and the great personal peril to which he subjected himself in endeavouring to procure indictments against his neighbours. The masons, however,

were now getting to be more friendly, and asked, what he wanted to do now, since masonry had gone to pot, and there was no hope for it any longer? But he said masonry was not gone to pot, and he was in favour of a national convention, that it might be put "where it would stay put." He was "peculiarly happy" in having it in his power to say, that when he was coming to this convention, the masons abused him in every place where he was known. "He said he was peculiarly happy in being abused, because abuse was the highest encomium that could be bestowed on a man in these days." [What a happy doctrine for masonry!] He thought that Dr. Terry was one of the greatest men in the world, and that "Edward Giddys" was a still greater man than Dr. Terry. He puffed "Giddys" almanack, and hoped the members of the convention would patronise it. Several other matters were touched upon, but we have no time to speak of them to-day.

Mr. Beekman, of Madison county, chairman of a committee appointed to inquire whether any acts have been passed by the legislature of this state calculated to aid the institution of freemasonry, made a report detailing the provisions of the act incorporating the Grand Chapter of the state of New-York, and concluding with a resolution "that it is expedient at this time to memorialize the legislature for a repeal of the acts of incorporation of the masonick institutions in the state of New-York."

The committee appointed to inquire into the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of Morgan, reported that it would be inexpedient to do it at this time, as probably if they did the masons would pull it down. They think however that Morgan ought to be canonized.

The convention then adjourned, to meet this morning (Saturday), in the Mayor's court room.

ANTI-MASONICK REPORTS. The committees of the senate and assembly to whose consideration was referred that portion of governor Van Buren's message relating to the abduction of Morgan, have, after six weeks' deliberation, reported. The report of the committee of the senate was brought in by Mr. Hayden on Saturday last; that of the committee of the assembly was brought in by Mr. Hazeltine on Monday last: the former we have read; the latter is not yet published. Messrs. Hayden, Hazeltine, and their associates in committee, belong to that class of sages and patriots which is separated from the common human herd by the elegant appellation of "whole hog anti-masons," and as they had been engaged for more than two years in gathering up a phalanx of witnesses against the masonick institution; and as they professed to be particularly well acquainted with every circumstance connected with the abduction of Morgan, and his interesting voyage over Niagara falls, and back again, &c.; it was confidently suspected that not a vestige of masonry would remain on earth ten minutes after the reports were read. We have the pleasure to inform our friends, however, that we are yet among the living, with our usual quantity of masonry on our shoulders, and that we have no well grounded expectation of departing to another region immediately. The anti-masonick state convention has gone into a brown study "on the occasion," and this is the only serious effort which has yet resulted from these reports.

The report of Mr. Hayden is as destitute of honesty and fair-dealing, and as liberal in the use of set phrases and coarse expressions, as political pamphlets, cobbled together to serve the exigencies of excitement, usually are. It contains nothing which has not been published and republished, again and again, in the legion of anti-masonick newspapers which are attempting to run down the common sense of this state. The first paragraph and a few lines which are prefixed to it, "beg leave respectfully to report *in part*," that the "individuals composing the committee" are very much astonished that Mr. Mosely, the state commissioner, though "a man of reputation and high official standing," did not annihilate the fraternity at the west; and that the "individuals composing the committee" have "long entertained an opinion" that masons generally are not possessed of wax noses, and that therefore they are a set of villainous rascals.

After this display of senatorial dignity and patriotick impartiality, we arrive at paragraph 2, which sets forth, that,

"in the judgement of the committee" no measures should be entered into which might lead to the punishment of those guilty of the outrage upon Morgan; and that some plan of proscription and extermination "ought chiefly at this time to attract the attention of the senate." Paragraphs 3 and 4 state that there has been a great hubbub at the west which would long since have been forgotten had not great pains been taken to keep it up. Paragraphs 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, & 11, disclaim all pretensions to "delicacy" on the part of the committee; inform the senate that there once existed an order called the Jesuits, and that now there exists one called "free and accepted masons,"—and wind off with as petty and contemptible slanders as were ever invented by the devoted and heartless proselytes of a bad cause, in their utmost need.

Paragraph 12 takes up the case of colonel King, and after the usual hypocritical pretensions to impartiality, goes on to state that in 1826 he went to Washington and was appointed sutler to the United States troops in the territory of Arkansas; that Messrs. Garlinghouse and Bates went to Cantonment Towson with authority to arrest him, and that through masonick influence he was kept out of their power, and they consequently came back without him. The committee forget that when Garlinghouse and Bates were at Cantonment Towson, colonel King offered to surrender himself to them, and come peaceably to this state, and that Garlinghouse and Bates refused to accept of this offer, and declared it to be their intention to put him in chains and bring him as a condemned criminal, a distance of four thousand miles, through the most populous portion of our country, to gratify and confirm the prejudices which were to advance the interests of a few political jockies and nose-leaders, almost as *honourable* in their feelings as Hayden & Co. They forget that it was upon this declaration of Garlinghouse and Bates that colonel King acted, and, as any other man not destitute of personal respect would have done, went to the house of a friend a few miles distant, and remained there till their departure; when he arranged his affairs with all possible despatch, and setting off for this state, rode night and day until he arrived at Youngstown (where his family resides) from whence he proceeded to Lewiston and surrendered himself to the public authorities. They forget that after all this fuss about colonel King, and after the malice of his enemies had been brought into action by every possible inducement, he was indicted merely for a misdemeanor; and that every endeavour of colonel King to procure a trial was for a long time fruitless—he was opposed by the anti-masons, for it is their interest to suppress the truth, and to keep the characters of honest men in an evil light before the eyes of the people. The departure of colonel King for Cantonment Towson in 1826 was no secret, any more than business transactions are usually secret. A constant communication was kept up between him and his family. This the committee knew if they knew any thing. And it is equally a matter of notoriety that previous to the arrival of Garlinghouse and Bates at Cantonment Towson, colonel King had been informed that his name had been connected with the Morgan affair, and that therefore he determined to return to this state, and answer the demands of the law. Before he could arrange his business so as to leave it, Garlinghouse and Bates arrived, and by their brutality rendered necessary the defensive measures pursued on the part of colonel King.

Paragraphs 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, state that Morgan was abducted, that he was fifty years old,—talk about the machinations of masonry,—quote from the report of the Lewiston convention and Giddins' Almanack—compliment the Le Roy backsliders—and remould some old newspaper slanders.

Paragraphs 21, 22 and 23 attempt to cut up governor Van Buren for throwing out a hint about "selfish and sinister purposes." Paragraph 24 states that the emperor of Russia is an anti-mason; and that "in Spain the meeting of a lodge to admit, and actually admitting a new member, is made felony of death." And these governments are considered worthy of imitation in a republican country! But are the committee of the senate ignorant of the fact that even in Russia and Spain masonry flourishes among enlight-

ened men? That it is not in the power of tyranny and oppression to destroy it, the history of governmental persecutions places beyond the reach of doubt.

Paragraph 25 says there are 508 lodges, and 100 chapters in this state containing, in all about 30,000 members. Paragraph 26 goes on to imagine what 30,000 men might possibly do under particular circumstances. Paragraphs 27 and 28 state the opinions entertained of masonry by some people at the west. Paragraphs 29, 30, 31 and 32 extol the industry and impartiality of the committee, and hope the legislature will pass "a declaratory and remedial law, by its terms preventing a reputed mason from officiating as a jurymen in any case where either party belongs to the fraternity, while the other is not a member," and also penal laws to prevent the future administration of certain oaths, extracted from Giddins' almanack, and published as an appendix to the report. Paragraphs 33, 34, and 35, which close the report, mention an English statute against secret societies, talk of the immolation of Morgan and the "importance of the subject matter" they have the "honour to submit," ask for "the further direction of the senate" and introduce two resolutions granting them leave to report again, hereafter if they should think proper.

We have thus gone through with Mr. Hayden's report, and paragraph by paragraph, related its substance. We have omitted only its mean and partisan reflections, to which we shall probably render justice before a great while. It will fall to our lot next week to scan the report of Mr. Hazeltine, and we shall then endeavour to act up more strictly to the maxim of "give the devil his due."

RELIGION AND ANTI-MASONRY. The annexed resolutions of the Baptist church in Rome contrast happily with the proceedings of many similar bodies in the western district. They breathe the true spirit of religion—moderate, discriminating and conciliatory. That church has set an example worthy of its christian profession—an example doubly valuable from the contrast which it presents to the distempered spirit that has in the west too frequently polluted the sanctuaries of the Almighty—severed the bonds of religious unity—and arrayed in bitter hostility men who erst assembled, in christian fellowship at the altars of their common faith.

The anti-christian attempt—but too successful in the western district—to connect religion with anti-masonry—to inflame and pervert sectarian feeling to party purposes—and to prostitute the religion of Christ in furtherance of the political schemes of such beings as Southwick, Miller, Wood, & Co.—cannot, if persevered in, have any other effect than that produced by the fanaticism of the Puritans—"to bring all religion for a while into contempt," and render that a theme for levity which should command the solemn homage of all hearts.

But, without further preface, we commend to the special attention of those zealots who have superadded to their political anathemas the ecclesiastical thunders of the church, the resolutions to which we have alluded, especially the third one. Mr. Galusha, whose signature authenticates the proceedings, is, we believe, the son of a venerated governor of Vermont, and a distinguished member of the sect to which he belongs in this state.

[Rochester Republican.]

"Whereas, as there has been and still is much said respecting the system of speculative freemasonry, and we having discovered no good resulting from coercive measures accompanied with an overbearing spirit, do hereby resolve, "1st. That we as a church see fit to lay no other burthen on our brethren who have belonged to that institution, than that they abstain from meeting with masons in their masonick capacity, to the grief of their brethren and sisters of the church.

"2d. Resolved, that we require no more of any person who may present himself to this church for membership relative to this subject, than that he observe the above resolution.

"3d. Resolved, that as the anti-masonick question has assumed a political character, and is agitated in the political debates of the day, we will not interfere with the political opinions or rights of any free citizen at the elections of public officers.

"4th. Resolved that we believe the above resolutions consistent with a republican form of government, and also in accordance with the liberal constitution of the church of Christ and the spirit of the gospel.

"5th. Resolved, that we as a church will abide unreservedly, individually, and collectively by the above resolutions.

"Done by order and behalf of the church.

"MARTIN GALUSHA, Ch. Clerk.

"Rome, Jan. 6, 1829."

Now is the winter of my discontent,
Made glorious summer by this vote of York!

Shakespeare improved by Cornelius Higgins.

The bill to pay Cornelius Higgins \$250, with interest at 5 per cent since 1795, for building a block house at Salt Point, now Salina, has finally passed both houses of the legislature. Mr. Higgins first applied in 1804. He did not renew the application again till 1816, having during that time, lived at a distance from Albany. In the latter year, he removed to this city, and the subject has been agitated every year since. It has several times passed the assembly, but been rejected in the senate, mainly because it was declared a two thirds bill. Now it was determined to be a majority bill, and has therefore passed, as it ought to have done long ago.

[Albany D. Advertiser.]

MASONICK CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany, at the Masonick Hall.]

Temple Encampment, 2d Friday in each month.

Temple Chapter, 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month.

Temple Lodge, 1st and 3d Tuesday in each month.

Mount Vernon Lodge, 1st and 3d Thursday in each month.

Masters Lodge, 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

ODD FELLOWS' CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany.]

Hope Lodge, Monday evening in each week, at Montgomery Hall.

Philanthropic Lodge, Wednesday evening in each week, corner of Lodge and State-streets, over Osborn and Gray's.

Clinton Lodge, Friday evening in each week, Masonick Hall.

TO ARCHITECTS. The Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina, being about to erect a MASONICK HALL, in the city of Charleston, offer a premium of one hundred dollars for the plan which shall be approved. The lot is about one hundred feet front on Meeting-street, and of sufficient depth from east to west for any required buildings. The front will be to the east, and must present a specimen of the strictest chasteness, simple, but conforming in proportions to the best models. The building must be calculated to contain on the second floor a superb Hall for public purposes, the lower floor for supper rooms, and other conveniences for public parties; the third story must contain a room for the assembly of the Grand Lodge; one or more wings extending from the main building to the west, must contain rooms for the subordinate Lodges, the Chapters, &c. and the lower story to be calculated for kitchen, and other requisite offices. Each plan must be accompanied with an estimate, specifying the value of the materials on which it is founded. To be forwarded to Ed. Hughes, Recording Grand Secretary, on or before the 1st of May next. By order of the Grand Lodge.

BRECK, PAINCILL, MUNT, & C.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES BURKON, Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker, No. 3 Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Looks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

34f.

FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY. The proprietors of this Foundry, offer on liberal terms, the following articles, viz:—*Roman and Italic.* Fourteen, Twelve, Ten, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, and Four Lines Pica, plain, Canon, Meridian, Double Great Primer, Double English, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, English, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer Bourgeois, Brevoir, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Two Line Letter. Minion, and all larger, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Full Face. English and Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevoir, Minion.

Borders and Flourishes of every kind.

Antiques. Ten and Six Lines, Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, English and Pica, Long Primer, Brevoir, Minion, Nonpareil.

Blacks. Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, English and Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer.

Open Blacks. Great Primer, Double Great Primer, and Four Lines Pica.

Italians. Seven Lines Pica, Five Lines Pica.

Tuscan. Eight Lines Pica, Four Lines Pica.

Shaded Letter. Eight Lines Pica, Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, Two Lines Brevoir, Two Lines Nonpareil, Eight Lines Pica, Ornamented, Six Lines Pica, Ornamented.

Leads. Six to pica and thicker, Seven to pica, Eight to pica.

Quotations; Space Rules, from one to eight ems, Long Primer; Astronomical, and other signs; Spanish and French Accents; Fractions; Composing Sticks, from twenty to four inches in length; Cases; Chases; Slugs, Brass, and common Galleys; Iron and Mahogany Furniture; Presses; ink; Skins; parchment; points. Presses also furnished.

Several new founts of letter have been cut; and it has been the aim of the proprietors to combine the beauty of the modern, with the clearness and durability of the ancient style of typography, and to produce types at once handsome, legible, and useful. Specimens of these will be sent to printers. The greatest care has been taken in the composition of the metal with which all their founts of letter are cast.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41, State-street, or at their Foundry, Eagle-street, south of State-street, will receive prompt attention.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

35f.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs

his friends and the public that he continues the *Houses and Signs*

Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 298, corner of North Mar-

ket and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with

any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first

quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all

orders.

March 9, 1828.

JOHN F. PORTER.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

I view thee in the lighted hall,
The queen of the bright festival;
In the gay dance thy form I see,
Moving in maiden dignity
To the soft breathing musick note,
That seems upon the air to float,
Sweet as thy voice's winning tone,
The dearest sound my heart hath known.
But do they feel who view thee now,
Who to thy beaming beauty bow,
And with thee "thread the mazy dance,"
Say, do they watch each varied glance,
Each lovely tint upon thy cheek,
Each look of eyes that seem to speak
In sparkling language, flashing free,—
O, can thy loveliness there be
Adored as I adore it!—No!
Thy throng of votaries can not show
A heart that clings so close to thine,
As does this trusting heart of mine;
None can more faithful homage pay,
For, till the close of life's dark day,
My ev'ry thought shall fly to thee,
Thy name my dying word shall be.

Feb. 11, 1829.

L.

MORNING IN SPRING.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How sweet the landscape! Morning twines
Her tresses round the brow of day,
And bright mists o'er the forest pines,
Like happy spirits, float away
To revel on the mountain's crown,
Whence the glad stream comes shouting down
Through woods and rocks, that hang on high,
Like clouds against the deep blue sky.
The woven sounds of bird and stream
Are falling beautifully and deep
Upon the spirit, like a dream
Of music on the hour of sleep—
And gently from the dewy bowers
Soft murmurs, like the breath of flowers,
Are winding through the purple grove,
And blending with the notes of Love.
The streams in veins of silver flow—
The sunrise gale o'er flower and tree
So lightly breathes, it scarce would blow
A fairy bark upon the sea;—
It comes so fresh, so calm, so sweet,
It draws the heart from its retreat
To mingle with the glories, born
In the first holy light of morn.

A cloud is on the sky above—
And calmly o'er the young years blue,
'T is coming like a thing of Love
To gladden in the rising dew—
Its white waves with the sun-light blend,
And gentle spirits seem to bend
From its unrolling folds, to hear
The glad sounds of our joyous sphere.
The lake, unruffled by the breeze,
Smiles in its deep unbroken rest,
As it were dreaming of the trees
And blossoms pictured on its breast—
Its depths are glowing bright and fair,
And the far skies seem hollowed there,
Soft trembling—as they felt the thrill
Of musick, echoed from the hill.

The living soul of beauty fills
The air with glorious visions—bright
They linger round the sunny hills
And wander in the clear blue light—
Off to the breathing Heavens they go,
Along the Earth they live and glow,
Shed o'er the lake their happy smiles,
And beckon to its glittering isles.
O, at this hour, when air and earth
Are gushing love, and joy, and light,
And songs of gladness hasten birth
Of all, that's beautiful and bright—
Each heart beats high—each thought is blown
To flame—the spirit drinks the tone
Of brighter worlds, and melts away
In visions of eternal Day.

From the Yankee and Boston Patriot Gazette.

THE OLD MAN IN WINTER.

Oh! there's a charm in a morn like this,
For one who is as old as I,
I love to see those teeth-like eaves,
And the snow that is drifting by.
It gives my heart a youthful thrill,
And I love the wind and the blast,
I love their shrieks, as they pile on high
The snow that is falling fast.

This Winter Morn! this Winter Morn!
How I long to be wading out,
And be the first to tread the snow,
And be lost in the drifts about;
I would dare the crust—so lightly step
As to leave not a print or track;
But now I'm old, and dare not go
As I would if my youth were back.

Those bending trees! those breaking trees!
That have their icy fetters on,
I mark those rainbow hues and tints
Their branches wear, in early sun;
And as I look, those fetters break,
And set the stiffened branches free,
They slide upon the crusted snow,
And in every piece new tints I see.

And see those joyous skaters go;
And turn upon the dazzling steel,
They dare the ice, those merry boys,
Which bends beneath them as they wheel.
Methinks I hear their shouts afar,
And see them start, and half turn back,
As glancing through the glassy ice,
They look far down and hear it crack.

Away! away! ye merry boys!
The cold wind bids ye hie away;
If I were young, I would lead your throng,
Or join you in your noisy play.
Away! away! I cannot come,
For age is on my withered brow,
But still I know your fears and joys,
For I have felt, as you feel now.

Away! away! it must not be:
These pleading limbs; this hoary hair—
Are eloquent to keep me back
From the holiday spirit there:
My heart springs up, and I am young
And join you as you sweep along,
At every shout my blood is up,
And my aged pulses strong.

Farewell, my boys; and think, oh, think!
What the old man passing by,
Though his hair is gray, still feels for you,
Ye boys of the sparkling eye.
My Summer's ended, and my heart,
Though I number threescore years
Of Winter's chill, at a sight like this
Overflows with youthful tears.

Charlestown, Jan. —

CAM.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A LETTER OF ADVICE

From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour, in London.

"Eh! Monsieur, un homme aimable:
Voilà pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer."

Scribe.

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek!
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top boot in his woeing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers,
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps and the vapours,
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Water delicious,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the city,
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,

If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he do n't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk like a god of old story,
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile, like the sun in his glory,
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh, from its ivory portal,
Like musick his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Do n't listen to tales of his bounty,
Do n't hear what they tell of his birth,
Do n't look at his seat in the county,
Do n't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;—
If he's only an excellent person,—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

From Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

TO A GIRL THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning, light, are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee:
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are advancing towards the bound
Between the child and woman;
And thoughts and feelings more profound
And other years are coming;
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart;
But never canst thou be again,
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy-fed affection:
And care shall come with womanhood,
And wake with cold reflection;
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep
O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyless expectation,
Ordained to bless the little one,
The freshling of creation!
Nor doubt that He who now doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing,
All rich in nature's measure;
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure;
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it;
'T is nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it?

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Lodge, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.
An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 22 1/2 cents a volume. Feb. 14. 3m3

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD.

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JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.



AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

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NO. 5.

MASONICK RECORD.

MASONRY.

Whether the strenuous and malignant efforts which are now making by sundry desperate or deluded wretches within this commonwealth, to disturb the peace of the community, and raise a new flame out of the expiring excitement of the Morgan affair in New-York, should be met by any thing besides silent scorn, we have sometimes entertained a doubt. To enter, however, upon any course of argument or of extensive disputation, with men determined if possible to undermine the whole fabric of civil society in the hope of finding foothold upon the ruins, would be less profitable, even, than an attempt to reason with highwaymen or incendiaries. It is to be lamented that any decent newspaper, or other journal of any description, has been found in this region, whose conductors have consented to the admission into their columns, of the stale slang and infuriated ravings of Solomon Southwick and his accomplices, as doled forth from a late mock "convention" in our neighborhood.

But, if these things are thus suffered to grow upon us, to invade our institutions and even our families, assuming at every step new and more menacing positions, what is to be done? Shall the harmony of society be interrupted with impunity? Is not the load of life already sufficiently grievous and burdensome, without the additional evils and prejudices thus thrown upon it? Is there an honest, peaceable disposed citizen, who seriously desires the introduction into this quarter, of a state of affairs like that which recently prevailed in the western counties of New York—where fathers and sons have been made to quarrel—where families have been broken up—where brethren, before united in religious or social fraternities, have been separated, and estranged from each other, or their former friendships converted into deadly enmities, by an imaginary spirit of reform—an accursed demon, with scarce enough of plausibility to screen its forged deformity, ridiculously cristened anti-masonry.

But such is the condition of our world, that public disorganizers, as well as petty thieves and skulking pirates, must necessarily be watched and guarded against—and under this impression, we give place to the annexed communication from a venerated and gallant patriot—who, with characteristic independence, gives us leave to announce his name. The writer is major DANIEL JACKSON of Newton; and his remarks, which are both pithy and pertinent, the result of sound sense and experience, will be read with satisfaction by every true friend to the peace, prosperity, and honour of our common country. [Boston Bulletin.]

"As indisposition prevented me from attending the late "anti-masonick" meeting at Dedham, I take the liberty of making some inquiries I should have proposed there, to those who were masons and to those who were not. Why is this rage against Masonry?—a society, which has existed for so many ages, and against which the gates of hell have never been able to prevail? Shall a man who pretends to divulge its secrets, do it any harm? There are good and bad in all societies; and if some persons think the secrets of masonry have been divulged, let them enjoy their own opinion; but not disturb the existing harmony of religious societies, nor say that persons shall not belong to the church of Christ, if they acknowledge that they are members, and frequent the lodges of free and accepted

masons. If a member will not sit under a minister presiding because he is a mason, does he not by such conduct condemn him? To whom is he accountable, but unto his lord and master, whether he stand or fall? Is not God to approve or disapprove of our conduct; or is man to take this work out of his hands?

"I am a Royal Arch Mason; have been the master of a Lodge, am almost seventy-seven years old, and am a member of the Christian church; and if I thought that masonry would prevent me from placing my affections on my heavenly Father, or cause me to neglect the fulfilment of my duties to Him, I think, so far as I know my own heart, I would relinquish it, and every thing here below, for the sake of Him, whom, for so many years, I have endeavored to serve in all humility and lowliness of mind. Was not St. John a mason, and a beloved disciple of our Lord? God knows the secrets of masonry better than unenlightened man. Let us not judge one another, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.

"Far be it from me in my old age, to injure the cause of Christ, or jeopardize the liberties of my country, for which I have fought and bled. I cannot think our civil and religious liberties are in any danger from masonry, or from such as pretend to ridicule both. I cannot think that true and accepted masons would be disposed to injure either a Morgan or a printer. The latter may expect to obtain subscribers to his paper, or privately sell his books by endeavoring to degrade the order; but the depravity of man is not so great, nor the American people so credulous, as that individuals may make their fortunes in this way. My brother masons ought not in my opinion to take much notice of the attempts made to injure so benevolent a society; but by their lives and conversation convince the world they are sincere Christians; and are ready to do all they can to promote the liberties of their country. No honest man can suppose by this communication that I wish to injure the latter, as I have fought for those liberties during the whole of the Revolutionary war. But I confess, I am apprehensive they may be destroyed by demagogues and unprincipled men. What will they not do? I am fearful they would act as the Jews did, in the ignorance of a blind zeal. If, because I am a mason, I am expelled from communion with the church of Christ here below, it will matter not, if I am but permitted to join with that heavenly Lodge of christians which is above. My brothers of the Masonick family, lay not aside either the old or new Testament scriptures, but labour for the increase of brotherly love, hope and charity; and may the chain of benevolence that united the Lodge four or five thousand years ago, and through the dark ages, continue to bind us together in this land of liberty and religious toleration, of science, and of philanthropy."

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Officers of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter* of the state of Pennsylvania, for the year 1829:—

John M. Read, Grand High Priest,
Samuel H. Perkins, Grand King,
Thomas Kittera, Grand Scribe.
John J. Kane, Grand Captain of the Host.
Francis Cooper, Grand Principal Sojourner.
Charles Stout, Grand Royal Arch Captain.
Emmon T. Weaver, George Blackford, John Y. Black, Grand Masters of the Vails.

Rev. G. T. Bedell, Henry Lenhart, Robert Pigot, Grand Chaplains.

Joseph S. Riley, Grand Treasurer.
Samuel H. Thomas, Grand Secretary.
Enos S. Gandy, Grand Marshal.
Thomas Amies, Alexander Qninton, Grand Stewards.
Charles Schneider, Grand Tyler.

Officers of the *Grand Lodge of the state of Pennsylvania*, for the year 1829:—

R. W. Samuel Badger, Grand Master.
Michael Nisbet, Deputy Grand Master.
John Steele, Senior Grand Warden.
George M. Dallas, Junior Grand Warden.
Randall Hutchinson, Grand Treasurer.
Samuel H. Thomas, Grand Secretary,
Joseph R. Hopkins, Senior Grand Deacon.
James Gowen, Junior Grand Deacon.
Rev. George C. Potts, G. Bedell, W. E. Ashton.
R. W. Morgan, Grand Chaplains.
Thomas Amies, William Stephens, Grand Stewards.

Henry Horn, Grand Sword Bearer.
John K. Kane, Grand Marshal.
David Gathans, Grand Pursuivant.
Charles Schneider, Grand Tyler.

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Of Correspondence—Samuel H. Perkins, Joseph S. Riley, Jesse R. Burden.
Of By-Laws—Samuel H. Thomas, N. Fowle.
Of Charity—Joseph R. Hopkins, Francis Cooper, F. E. Brewster, John Y. Black, and Fred. Plummer.
Of the Hall—Frederick Erringer, G. W. Jones, William Weaver.
Of the Gas Manufactory—Samuel M. Stewart, Charles Stout, Wm. Carll Brewster, M. D.
Of Finance—Britton White, William Boyd, John M. Read, C. Wheeler, Samuel Wonderly.
Of Publication—Robinson R. Moore, David C. Skerret, M. D., Thomas Cave.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

Second District—R. W. Joseph Kingsberry, of Bradford county, Deputy Grand Master, Rev. Solomon Everts, Grand Chaplain.
Third District—Rev. Richard D. Hall, of York, and J. B. Clemson, Grand Chaplains.
Fourth District—Rev. Joseph Spencer, of Carlisle, Grand Chaplain.
Fifth District—R. W. Samuel Pettigrew, of Allegheny county, Deputy Grand Master.
Sixth District—R. W. Francis B. Nichols, of Schuylkill county, Deputy Grand Master.
Seventh District—R. W. James Kelton, of Chester county, Deputy Grand Master.
Eighth District—Rev. Henry Lenhart, of Lycoming county, Deputy Grand Master, Rev. James Depui, Grand Chaplain.
Tenth District—R. W. Stephen Barlow, of Crawford county, Deputy Grand Master, Rev. Timothy Alden, Grand Chaplain.
Eleventh District—R. W. John H. Hill, M. D., of Montgomery county, Deputy Grand Master.
Thirteenth District—R. W. Thomas H. Baird, of Washington county, Deputy Grand Master.
Fourteenth District—R. W. James M. Porter, of Northampton county, Deputy Grand Master.

MASONICK LOANS.

The following named persons compose the board of trustees for the present year, viz:
Edward Burd, President; Thomas Hale, Treasurer, Samuel H. Thomas, Secretary; Samuel

Badger, Michael Nisbet, John Steele, George M. Dallas, Stephen Girard, Joseph Swift, Thomas Biddle, Norris Stanley, Randall Hutchinson.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

ACOUSTICKS.

A bell rung under water, returns a tone as distinct as if rung in the air.

Stop one ear with the finger, and press the other to one end of a long stick, or piece of deal wood, and if a watch be held at the other end of the wood, the ticking will be heard, be the wood or stick ever so long.

Tie a poker on to the middle of a strip of flannel 2 or 3 feet long, and press with the thumbs or fingers the ends of the flannel into your ears, while you swing the poker against an iron fender, and you will hear a sound like that of a very heavy church bell. These experiments prove that water, wood, and flannel, are good conductors of sound, for the sound from the bell, the watch, and the fender, pass through the water, and along the deal and flannel to the ear.

It must be observed, that a body while in the act of sounding is in a state of vibration which it communicates to the surrounding air, the undulations of the air affect the ear and excite in us the sense of sound. Sound, of all kinds, it is ascertained, travels at the rate of thirteen miles in a minute; the softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distances.

Suppose a ship in distress fires a gun, the light of which is seen on shore, or by another vessel, 20 seconds before the report is heard, it is known to be at the distance of 20 times 1,142 feet, or little more than four miles and a half.

Again, if I see a vivid flash of lightning, and in two seconds hear a tremendous clap of thunder, I know that the thunder cloud is not more than 760 yards from the place where I am, and should instantly retire from an exposed situation.

The pulse of a healthy person beats about 76 times in a minute; if, therefore, between a flash of lightning and the thunder, I can feel 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. beats of my pulse, I know that the cloud is 900, 1,800, 2,700, &c. feet from me.

Sound, like light after it has been reflected from several places, may be collected into one point as a focus, where it will be more audible than in any other part; on this principle whispering galleries are constructed.

Speaking trumpets, and those intended to assist the hearing of deaf persons, depend on the reflection of sound from the sides of the trumpet, and also upon its being confined and prevented from spreading in every direction. A speaking trumpet, to have its full effect must be directed in a line towards the hearer. The report of a gun is much louder when towards a person than one placed in a contrary direction.

An echo is the reflection of sound striking against a surface adapted to the purpose, as the side of a hill, house, wall, &c.

THE TRAVELLER.

TOMBUCTOO.

The last New Monthly Magazine contains a short but interesting account of M. Caille and his visit to Tombuctoo. He is a native of Rochelle, and was employed on the coast of Africa in the capacity of merchant's clerk, and while in this situation conceived the idea of undertaking his journey. The city of Tombuctoo with its supposed population of a million of inhabitants, was an object of curiosity to all Europe. England had sent out learned and enterprising travellers, and aided their expeditions with money and all the influence of her government, but none of them had been able to arrive at it, or at least none who visited it had returned. It struck M. Caille, therefore, that if he, poor, unaided and unknown as he was, could visit this city and carry home some account of it, his merit would be the greater. He, therefore, applied himself to the study of Arabic, and to making inquiries of the government and mode of living

in the interior of Africa. He learned that the zealous Musselmans of that country hold it to be their duty to convert all strangers who come among them, and if they cannot do this to take their lives. This piece of information was of great use in enabling him to preserve his own.

He quitted the coast, taking with him a small packet of merchandise, assumed the dress of the natives, conformed to their customs and professed the Musselman religion. He told them that he was a native of Egypt, carried by the army of Bonaparte at an early age to France, where the infidels not only hindered him from following the Musselman religion, but had even made him forget his mother tongue. He added, that being taken by his master, a rich French merchant, to the coast of Africa he had found means to escape, and that fearful of falling again into the hands of infidels he had adopted the plan of crossing the continent of Africa to regain his native country. Sometimes this story served his purpose, but at other times robbers deprived him of his little packet, which they however gave up on seeing him betake himself to the reading of the Koran.

At length, after encountering various difficulties and suffering much from illness, he had the unspeakable satisfaction of reaching Tombuctoo. He had previously satisfied himself that the accounts of its prodigious population were exaggerated, so that he felt no astonishment at finding that it contained no more than twelve thousand inhabitants. The houses consist only of the ground floor with a terrace on the roof. The inhabitants are composed of the two different races of Moors and Negroes, the former of whom are the most enlightened. The color of M. Caille's skin shocked them at first, but the diligence with which he read the Koran at length brought them to treat him with great respect. His Koran served him as a journal, for he wrote the memorandums of his travels between the lines of the book, and when these were filled up, on little scraps of paper between the leaves. He also traced on the page of the sacred book, by the aid of a compass which he had been able to preserve, a map of his journey.

The people of Tombuctoo have made little progress in civilization. They have very confused notions of any people existing out of Africa. They look upon every stranger coming among them as a magician sent from foreign countries to discover hidden treasures in the neighborhood of their city by virtue of a compact with the devil, and they hold that it is a meritorious action to put to death an infidel. The environs of the country are singularly barren. The city is five miles distant from the river; only rain water is used which is kept in reservoirs, and tastes execrably, and no fuel is used but camels dung. M. Caille thinks that Tombuctoo is only a commercial *entrepot* and that if the trade of that part of the world should decline the city itself would disappear in the course of a few years, by the removal of the families, who, for the convenience of water, would establish themselves on the banks of the river. According to the inhabitants of Tombuctoo, Major Laing was the first white man ever seen in their city. They said he remained there a month and then returned to the coast, where he died. M. Caille, however, afterwards learned that about forty-eight leagues from Tombuctoo Major Laing met a party of Musselmans, who commanded him to address a prayer to the Prophet, which refusing to do, he was strangled.

M. Caille remained a month in Tombuctoo. He crossed the desert on the back of a camel, with his mouth carefully covered to prevent all humidity from escaping. His small parcel of merchandise was reduced to almost nothing by the journey. He is the subject of great curiosity and interest at Paris. He passes several hours every day in writing the account of his travels. The Jesuits have attacked him furiously for having taken the turban, but the French government have rewarded him with the cross of the Legion of Honor and a pension of about fifty pounds a year.

FARM-HOUSES ON THE SNEEUWBERG MOUNTAINS.

The farm-houses in the Sneeuwberg, and in most of the colder districts of the colony, are usually of

the following description:—The house resembles a large barn divided into two or three apartments. One of these is the kitchen, which also serves for the sitting and eating apartment. In the others the family sleep; while, in the outer one already mentioned, visitors and travellers are accommodated with a rush mat, a feather bed, and a coverlet spread on the clay floor. In this situation I have often enjoyed, after a fatiguing day's ride, the most balmy repose; while a swarthy train of slaves and Hottentots were moving round the embers of the fire, wrapped in their sheepskin mantles, and dogs, cats, and fowls were trampling over my body. The more wealthy and long settled families, however, usually have the kitchen separate from their sitting-room. In such houses curtained beds, and other articles of decent furniture, are not unfrequently found; but the poorer classes are content with a few thong-bottomed chairs and stools, two or three wagon-chests, and a couple of deal tables. At one of the latter sits the mistress of the house, with a tea-urn and a chafing-dish before her, dealing out every now and then *tea-water*, or coffee, and elevating her sharp shrill voice occasionally to keep the dilatory slaves and Hottentots at their duty. In this same apartment is also invariably to be seen the carcass of a sheep killed in the morning, and hung up under the eye of the mistress, to be served out frugally for the day's provision as it may be required. The houses, being without any ceiling, are open to the thatch; and the rafters are generally hung full of the ears of Indian corn, leaves or rolls of tobacco, slices of dried meat, called *bill tongue*, &c. The last is a sort of ham from the muscular part of the thigh of an ox, or the larger species of antelopes; it is very convenient for carrying on journeys, and is found in the boor's houses in every part of the colony. It is cut into very thin slices, and eaten with bread and butter, or with bread and the melted fat of the sheep's tail, which is a common substitute for butter; either way it is no contemptible dish when one is a little hungry, and many a time I have heartily enjoyed it.

A traveller, on arriving, if it does not happen to be meal-time, is always presented with a cup of tea, without sugar, milk, or bread; unless occasionally, when you may be favoured with a small piece of sugar-candy out of a tin snuff-box, to be kept in your mouth to sweeten the bitter beverage as it passes. When their tea and coffee are exhausted, a succedaneum is found in roasted grain, prepared in the same way as Hunt's radical coffee, which, if not very palatable, is nevertheless a refreshment to a thirsty and weary traveller. They never think of asking you to eat unless at meal-time; but then you are expected to draw in your chair, and help yourself, without invitation, in the same easy manner as one of the family. The dishes consist for the most part of mutton stewed in sheep's-tail fat, or boiled to rags; sometimes with very palatable soup, and a dish of boiled corn, maize or pumpkin. Cayenne-pepper, vinegar, and few home-made pickles, are also usually produced to relish the simple fare, which, served up twice a day, forms, with tea-water and the *soopie*, or dram of Cape brandy, the amount of their luxuries. In this quarter of the colony, however, I found every where good bread; and, upon the whole, the farmers of Bruintjes-Hoogte and the Sneeuwberg appeared in much more independent and comfortable circumstances than those along the coast.

[Thompson's Southern Africa.]

HISTORICAL.

EARTHQUAKES.

[Translated from a work published at Lima in 1815.]

The terrible phenomenon of earthquakes most frequently occurs in the latter part of Spring, and the beginning of Summer. If it happens at any other period of the year, it is generally in Autumn. Earthquakes usually take place in the night, two or three hours after sunset, or about day break.—Their course is from North to South in the direction of the Andes. Fatal experience has shown, that the most violent concussions, return at intervals of half a century each, within the space, which lies between the equator, and the tropick of Capri-

corn, and that they follow each other with a kind of regularity from the tropick to the equator. This remark is confirmed by the subsequent table of the earthquakes, which have been felt in Quito, Arequipa and Lima, since the conquest of the country.

Arequipa.	Lima.	Quito.
1592	1586	1587
1604	1630	1645
1687	1697	1698
1715	1746	1757
1784	1806	1797

On the return of the disastrous period about the close of the last century, the city of Arequipa, and the provinces of Quito were ruined. Lima has hitherto escaped. How shall we obtain from Heaven exemption from this dire calamity? The gloomy reflection that we must found the Capital anew every fifty years, and that it may be reduced to a heap of rubbish, just at the moment when a finishing hand has been put to its greatness and splendour, fills us with terror and dismay. Elderly and pious persons affirm, that earthquakes have been less common and violent in Lima, since its churches have resounded with the sacred hymn to the Trinity. Surely, a religious people ought to enkindle their faith, and to nourish the sentiments of adoration in their hearts; since He alone to whom this devout and sublime hymn is consecrated, has power to shake the earth to its centre, or to uphold it in repose.

Variable days are most exposed to earthquakes; and hence they occur between Spring and Summer, and during the *Indian Summer* of Autumn. They are preceded by copious rains, which moisten the earth, and penetrate, and fill up its cavities. The hot weather following these rains, forms a mass of subterraneous vapors, which, finding no outlet, are liable to be exploded by the electric spark or volcanic fire. About the time of an earthquake, dark exhalations often cover the Heavens, and give a melancholy aspect to the stars.

Vegetation is apt to suffer much at these fatal periods. The earthquake of 1687 rendered our lands unfit for the cultivation of wheat. The stalks grew luxuriantly until the ear appeared; but the grain was totally blasted, and the harvest lost. Twenty years afterwards, the soil began to resume its former fertility; but a mortal blow had been inflicted upon our agriculture. During the scarcity, resort was had to Chili, for supplies; and this country, to which our ancestors exported bread-stuffs, has become our granary; and the most valuable branch of our agriculture has been ruined for want of consumers.

On the 1st of December 1806, a greater earthquake occurred at Lima than has been known since the destructive earthquake of 1746. It began at six in the evening, and shook the city terribly for a minute and a half. At 8 o'clock the tide rose 18 feet in the port of Callao; at half past nine it was still higher; but, by ten o'clock, the sea became tranquil. The course of this earthquake was from North to South; and its motion was perceptibly undulatory and exceedingly rapid. I consider it as an accomplishment of the semi-centennial period of earthquakes in Peru.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the Anniversary edited by Allan Cunningham.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

It has been said by some one, and if not said, it shall be said now, that no woman is incapable of inspiring love, fixing affection, and making a man happy. We are far less influenced by outward loveliness than we imagine. Men speak with admiration and write with rapture of the beauty which the artist loves, which, like genius in the system of Gall, is ascertained by scale and compass; but in practice, see how they despise those splendid theories, and yield to a sense of beauty and loveliness, of which the standard is in their own heart. It is not the elegance of form, for that is often imperfect; it is not in loveliness of face, for of these nature has been perchance neglectful; nor is it in the charm of sentiment or sweet words, for even among women there is an occasional lack of that; neither is it in the depth of their feelings, nor

in the sincerity of their affection, that their whole power over man springs from. Yet every woman, beautiful or not, has that power, more or less; and every man yields to its influence.

The women of all nations are beautiful. Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rule of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every one has a share. But beauty by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm; that union of many qualities of person and mind, and heart, which insures to man the greatest proportion of happiness. One of our best poets has touched on this matter with the wisdom of inspiration;—these are his words:—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there was none to praise,
And very few to love.
She lived unknown, and few could know,
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me.

—There was a maiden something more to the purpose than the slender damsels whom academies create on canvass, or of whom some bachelor bards dream. The poet of Rydal Mount is a married man and knows from what sources domestick happiness comes. The gossamer creations of the fancy, were they transformed to breathing flesh and blood would never do for a man's bosom. Those delicate ærial visions, those personified zephyrs, are decidedly unfit for the material wear and tear of the world. Not so the buxom dames of our two fine islands. Look to them as they move along. If not with its scale and compass, and its eternal chant of "the beau ideal"—the beau ideal, had peopled the world, we would have been a nation of ninnies, our isles would have been filled with gay figures and beings "beautiful exceedingly," but loveliness, joyless, splendidly silly, and elegantly contemptible. It has been better ordered.

I have looked much on man, and more on woman. The world presents a distinct image of my own perception of beauty; and from the decision of true love I could lay down the law of human affection, and the universal opinion entertained respecting female loveliness. There is no need to be profound, there is no occasion for research, look on wedded society, it is visible to all. There is a man very plain wedded to a woman very lovely; a creature silent as marble, to one eloquent, fluent, and talkative; a very tall man to a very little woman; a very portly lady to a man short and slender, and attenuated; the brown weds the black, and the white the golden; personal deformities are not in the way of affection; love contradicts all our theories of loveliness, and happiness has no more to do with beauty than a good crop of corn has with the personal looks of him who sowed the seed. The question, therefore, which some simple person has put, "which of the three kingdoms has the most beautiful ladies?" is one of surpassing absurdity. Who would ever think of going forth with rules of artists in their hands, and scraps of idle verses on their lips, to measure and adjust the precedence of beauty among the three nations? Who shall say which is the fairest flower of the field, which is the brightest of the stars of heaven? One loves the daisy for its modesty, another the rose for its splendour, and a third the lily for its purity, and they are all right.

ON LOVE.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"What is love? Ask him who lives what is life; ask him who adores what is God.

"I know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even of thine whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburden my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such

proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

"Thou demandest what is Love. It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope, beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood;—this is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with every thing which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us, which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirst after its likeness. It is probably in correspondence with this law that the infant drains milk from the bosom of its mother; this propensity develops itself with the development of our nature. We dimly see within our intellectual nature, a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of every thing excellent and lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed: a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness: a soul within our own soul that describes a circle round its proper Paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret, with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands; this is the invisible and unattainable point to which Love tends; and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which, there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of Spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul's, awaken the spirits to dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotick success, of the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that if he were in a desert he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk for what once he was."

FRIENDS.

Like worldly treasures, our best friends are sometimes deceitful; for as riches and honour will flee, and leave a man destitute and powerless—so those that are apparently our friends, will often forsake us in times of danger and distress. When we choose a friend, we ought to select one upon whom we can rely in all situations of life. If we are in affluence, in our reverses of fortune he may relieve or ever comfort us. Liable to the tossing influence of fortune, it seems to have been, in the beginning, ordained by Providence, that human nature should be supplied with a staff to support him—a friend to relieve him in adversity, and comfort him in affliction.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE HAUNTED SHIPS.

Concluded.

"And trow ye," said the old woman, who attracted from her hut by the drowning cries of the young fisherman, had remained an auditor of the mariner's legend. "And trow ye, Mark Macmoran, that the tale of the Haunted Ships is done? I can say no to that. Mickle have mine ears heard; but more mine eyes have witnessed since I came to dwell in this humble home by the side of the deep sea. I mind the night weel; it was on Hallowmas eve: the nuts were cracked, the apples were ate, and spell and charm were tried at my fire-side; till, wearied with diving into the dark waves of futurity, the lads and lasses fairly took to the more visible blessings of kind words, tender clasps, and gentle courtship. Soft words in a maiden's ear, and a kindlie kiss o' her lip, were old world matters to me, Mark Macmoran; though I mean not to say that I have been free of the folly of daunting and daffin with a youth in my day, and keeping tryste with him in dark and lonely places. However, as I say, these times of enjoyment were passed and gone with me; the mair's the pity that pleasure should fly sae fast away—and as I could nae make sport I thought I should not mar any; so out I sauntered into the fresh cold air, and sat down behind that old oak, and looked abroad on the wide sea. I had my ain sad thoughts, ye may think, at the time: it was in that very bay my blythe good-man perished, with seven more in his company,—and on that very bank where ye see the waves leaping and foaming, I saw seven stately corpses streaked, but the dearest was the eighth. It was a woeful sight to me, a widow, with four bonnie boys, with nought to support them but these twa hands, and God's blessing and a cow's grass. I have never liked to live out of sight of this bay since that time; and mony's the moonlight night I sit looking on these watery mountains and these waste shores; it does my heart good, whatever it may do to my head. So ye see it was Hallowmas night, and looking on sea and land, sat I; and my heart wandering to other thoughts soon made me forget my youthful company at hame. It might be near the howe hour of the night: the tide was making, and its singing brought strange old world stories with it; and I thought on the dangers that sailors endure, the fates they meet with, and the fearful forms they see. My own blythe good-man had seen sights that made him grave enough at times, though he aye tried to laugh them away. Aweel, atween that very rock aneath us and the coming tide, I saw, or thought I saw—for the tale is so dream-like that the whole might pass for a vision of the night—I saw the form of a man: his plaid was gray; his face was gray; and his hair which hung low down till it nearly came to the middle of his back, was as white as the white sea-foam. He began to howk and dig under the bank; an' God be near me, thought I, this maun be the un-blessed spirit of auld Adam Gowdgowpin, the miser, who is doomed to dig for shipwrecked treasure, and count how many millions are hidden forever from man's enjoyment. The form found something which in shape and hue seemed a left foot slipper of brass; so down to the tide he marched, and placing it on the water, whirled it thrice; round and the infernal slipper dilated at every turn, till it became a bonny barge with its sails bent, and on board leaped the form and scudded swiftly away. He came to one of the Haunted Ships, and striking it with his oar, a fair ship, with mast, and canvas, and mariners, started up: he touched the other Haunted Ship, and produced the like transformation; and away the three spectre ships bounded, leaving a track of fire behind them on the billows which was long unextinguished. Now was nae that a bonnie sight, a fearful sight to see beneath the light of the Hallowmas moon! But the tale is far frae finished; for mariners say, that once a year, on a certain night, if ye stand on the Borranpoint, ye will see the infernal shallops coming through the Solway; ye will hear the same laugh, and song, and mirth, and minstrelsy, which our ancestors heard; see them bound over the sand banks and sunken rocks like sea gulls, cast their

anchor in Blawhooly bay, while the shadowy figure lowers down the boat, and augments their numbers with the four unhappy mortals to whose memory a stone stands in the kirk yard, with a sinking ship and a shoreless sea cut upon it. Then the spectre ships vanish, and the drowning shriek of mortals, and the rejoicing laugh of fiends are heard, and the old hulls are left as a memorial that the old spiritual kingdom has not departed from the earth. But I maun away, and trim my little cottage fire, and make it burn and blaze up bonnie, to warm the crickets, and my cold and crazy bones, that maun soon be laid aneath the green sod in the eerie kirk yard." And away the old dame tottered to her cottage, secured the door on the inside, and soon the hearth flame was seen to glimmer and gleam through key-hole and window.

"I'll tell ye what," said the old mariner, in a subdued tone, and with a shrewd and suspicious glance of his eye after the old sibyl, "it's a word that may not very well be uttered, but there are many mistakes made in evening stories if old Moll Moray there, where she lives, knows not mickle more than she is willing to tell of the Haunted Ships and their unhallowed mariners. She lives cannily and quietly; no one knows how she is fed or supported; but her dress is aye whole, her cottage ever smokes, and her table lacks neither of wine, white and red, nor of fowl and fish, and white bread and brown. It was a dear scoff to Jock Matheson, when he called old Moll the uncannie carline of Blawhooly: his boat ran round and round in the Solway,—every body said it was enchanted,—and down it went head foremost; and had na Jock been a swimmer equal to a sheldrake he would have fed the fish;—but I'll warrant it sobered the lad's speech; and he never reckoned himself safe, till he made auld Moll the present of a new kirtle and a stone of cheese." "O father," said his grand-daughter Barbara, "ye surely wrong poor old Mary Moray: what use could it be to an old woman like her, who has no wrongs to redress, no malice to work out against mankind, and nothing to seek of enjoyment save a cannie hour and a quiet grave—what use could the fellowship of fiends and the communion of evil spirits be to her? I know Jenny Primrose puts rowan tree above the door-head when she sees old Mary coming; I know the goodwife of Kittlenak-et wears rowan-berry leaves in the head-band of her blue kirtle, and all for the sake of averting the unsousie glance of Mary's right ee; and I know that the old laird of Burntroutwater drives his seven cows to the pasture with a wand of witch-tree, to keep Mary from milking them. But what has all that to do with haunted shallops, visionary mariners, and bottomless beats! I have heard myself as pleasant a tale about the Haunted Ships and their unworlly crews as any one would wish to hear in a winter evening. It was told to me by young Benjie Macharg, one summer night, sitting on Abridgland bank; the lad intended a sort of love meeting; but all that he could talk of was about smearing sheep and shearing sheep, and of the wife which the Norway elves of the Haunted Ships made for his uncle Sandie Macharg. And I shall tell ye the tale as the honest lad told it me.—Alexander Macharg, besides being the laird of three acres of peatmoss, two kale gardens, and the owner of seven good milch cows, a pair of horses, and six pet sheep, was the husband of one of the handsomest women in seven parishes. Many a lad sighed the day he was bridged; and a Nightsdale laird and two Annandale moorland farmers drank themselves to their last linen, as well as their last shilling, through sorrow for her loss. But married was the dame; and home she was carried, to bear rule over her home and her husband, as an honest woman should. Now ye maun ken that though the flesh and blood lovers of Alexander's bonnie wife all ceased to love and to sue her after she became another's, there were certain admirers who did not consider their claim at all abated or their hopes lessened by the kirk's famous obstacle of matrimony. Ye have heard how the devout minister of Tinwald had a fair son carried away, and bedded against his liking to an unchristened bride, whom the elves and the fairies provided; ye have heard how the bonnie bride of the drunken laird of Soukitup was stolen by the fairies out at the back-

window of the bridal chamber, the time the bridegroom was groping his way to the chamber door; and ye have heard—but why need I multiply cases? such things in the ancient days were as common as candle-light. So ye'll no hinder certain water elves and sea fairies, who sometimes keep festival and summer mirth in these old haunted hulks, from falling in love with the weel-faured wife of laird Macharg; and to their plots and contrivance they went how they might accomplish to sunder man and wife, and sundering such a man and such a wife was like sundering the green leaf from the summer, or the fragrance from the flower. So it fell on a time that laird Macharg took his halve-net on his back, and his steel spear in his hand, and down to Blawhooly bay gade he, and into the water he went right between the two haunted hulks, and, placing his net, awaited the coming of the tide. The night, ye maun ken, was mirk, and the wind lowne, and the singing of the increasing waters among the shells and the pebbles was heard for sundry miles. All at once lights began to glance and twinkle on board the two Haunted Ships from every hole and seam, and presently the sound as of a hatchet employed in squaring timber echoed far and wide. But if the toil of these unearthly workmen amazed the laird, how much more was his amazement increased when a sharp shrill voice called out, 'Ho! brother, what are you doing now?' A voice still shriller responded from the other Haunted Ship, 'I'm making a wife to Sandie Macharg!' and a loud quavering laugh running from ship to ship, and from bank to bank, told the joy they expected from their labour. Now the laird, besides being a devout and a God-fearing man, was shrewd and bold; and in plot, and contrivance, and skill in conducting his designs, was fairly an overmatch for any dozen land elves; but the water elves are far more subtle; besides, their haunts and their dwellings being in the great deep, pursuit and detection is hopeless if they succeed in carrying their prey to the waves. But ye shall hear. Home flew the laird,—collected his family around the hearth,—spoke of the signs and the sins of the times, and talked of mortification and prayer for averting calamity; and finally taking his father's Bible, brass clasps, black print, and covered with calf-skin, from the shelf, he proceeded without let or stint to perform domestic worship. I should have told ye that he bolted and locked the door, shut up all inlet to the house, threw salt into the fire, and proceeded in every way like a man skilful in guarding against the plots of fairies and fiends. His wife looked on all this with wonder; but she saw something in her husband's looks that hindered her from intruding either question or advice, and a wise woman was she. Near the mid hour of the night the rush of a horse's feet was heard, and the sound of a rider leaping from its back, and a heavy knock came to the door accompanied by a voice, saying, 'The cummer drink's hot, and the knave bairn is expected at laird Laurie's to-night; sae mount, goodwife, and come.' 'Preserve me!' said the wife of Sandie Macharg; 'that's news indeed; who could have thought it! The laird has been heirless for seventeen years! Now Sandie, man, fetch me my skirt and hood.' But he laid his arm round his wife's neck, and said, 'If all the lairds in Galloway go heirless, over this door threshold shall you not stir to-night; and I have said, and I have sworn it: seek not to know why nor wherefore—but, Lord, send us thy blessed morn-light.' The wife looked for a moment in her husband's eye, and desisted from further entreaty. 'But let us send a civil message to the gossip, Sandie; and had nae ye better say I am sair laid with a sudden sickness; though it's sinful-like to send the poor messenger a mile agate with a lie in his mouth without a glass of brandy.' 'To such a messenger, and to those who sent him, no apology is needed, said the austere laird, 'so let him depart.'—And the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the muttered imprecations of its rider on the church treatment he had experienced. 'Now Sandie, my lad,' said his wife, laying an arm particularly white and round about his neck as she spoke, 'are you not a queer man and a stern! I have been your wedded wife now these three years; and, beside my dower, have brought you three as bonnie bairns as ever smiled aneath a summer sun. Q

man, you a dounce man, and fitter to be an elder than even Willie Greer himself, I have the minister's ain word for't, to put on these hard-hearted looks, and gang waving your arms that way, as if ye said, 'I winna take the counsel of sic a hempie as you,' your ain leal wife; I will and I maun have an explanation.' To all this Sandie Macharg replied, 'It is written—wives, obey your husbands; but we have been stayed in our devotion, so let us pray;' and down he knelt; his wife knelt also, for she was as devout as bonnie; and beside them knelt their household, and all lights were extinguished. 'Now this beats a,' muttered his wife to herself; 'however, I shall be obedient for a time; but if I dinna ken what all this is for before the morn by sunken-time, my tongue is nae langer a tongue, nor my hands worth wearing.' The voice of her husband in prayer interrupted this mental soliloquy; and ardently did he beseech to be preserved from the wiles of the fiends and the snares of Satan; from witches, ghosts, goblins, elves, fairies, spunkies, and water-kelpies; from the spectre shallop of Solway; from spirits visible and invisible; from the Haunted Ships and their unearthly tenants; from maritime spirits that plotted against godly men, and fell in love with their wives—'Nay, but his presence be near us!' said his wife, in a low tone of dismay. 'God guide my gude-man's wits: I never heard such a prayer from human lips before. But Sandie, my man, lordsake rise! what fearful light is this!—barn, and byre, and stable, maun be in a blaze; and Hawkie and Hurley, Doddie, and Cherie, and Damson-plum, will be smooored with reek, and scorched with flame.' And a flood of light, but not so gross as a common fire, which ascended to heaven and filled all the court before the house, amply justified the good wife's suspicions. But to the terrors of fire Sandie was as immovable as he was to the imaginary groans of the barren wife of laird Laurie; and he held his wife, and threatened the weight of his right hand—and it was a heavy one—to all who ventured abroad, or even unbolted the door. The neighing and prancing of horses, and the bellowing of cows, augmented the horrors of the night; and to any one who only heard the din, it seemed that the whole onstead was in a blaze, and horses and cattle perishing in the flame. All wiles, common or extraordinary, were put in practice to entice or force the honest farmer and his wife to open the door; and when the like success attended every new stratagem, silence for a little while ensued, and a long, loud, and shrilling laugh wound up the dramatick efforts of the night. In the morning, when laird Macharg went to the door, he found standing against one of the pilasters a piece of black ship oak, rudely fashioned into something like human form, and which skilful people declared would have been clothed with seeming flesh and blood, and palmed upon him by elfin adroitness for his wife; had he admitted his visitants. A synod of wise men and women sat upon the woman of timber, and she was finally ordered to be devoured by fire, and that in the open air. A fire was soon made, and into it the elfin sculpture was tossed from the prongs of two pair of pitchforks. And the blaze that arose was awful to behold; and hissing, and burstings, and loud cracklings, and strange noises were heard in the midst of the flame; and when the whole sunk into ashes, a drinking cup of some precious metal was found; and this cup, fashioned no doubt by elfin skill, but rendered harmless by the purification with fire, the sons and daughters of Sandie Macharg and his wife drink out of to this very day."

MISCELLANY.

IRVING'S "CONQUEST OF GRANADA."

A new work by Washington Irving, entitled *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* is in the Philadelphia press, and, it is said, will soon be published. The National Gazette, from which the following chapter is taken, observes, that "the subject is happily chosen—it abounds with romantic incident and picturesque scenery—it possesses peculiar historical, and indeed religious interest." Mr. Irving's residence in Spain has rendered him familiar with the manners, traditions and history of the country; and as the sub-

ject he has chosen is well suited to his peculiar style, a work of extraordinary attraction is expected.

CHAPTER II.

How the Catholic Sovereigns sent to demand arrears of tribute of the Moor, and how the Moor replied.

In the year 1478, a Spanish courtier arrived at the gates of Granada, as ambassador from the Catholick monarchs, to demand the arrear of tribute. His name was Don Juan de Vera, a zealous and devout knight, full of ardor for the faith, and loyalty for the crown. He was gallantly mounted, armed at all points, and followed by a moderate but well appointed retinue.

The Moorish inhabitants looked jealously at this small but proud array of Spanish chivalry, as it paraded, with that stateliness possessed only by Spanish cavaliers, through the renowned gate of Elvira. They were struck with the stern and lofty demeanour of Don Juan de Vera, and his sinewy frame, which showed him formed for hardy deeds of arms; and they supposed he had come in search of distinction, by defying the Moorish knights in open tourney, or in the famous tilt with reeds, for which they were so renowned; for it was still the custom of the knights of either nation to mingle in these courteous, chivalrous contests, during the intervals of war. When they learnt, however, that he was come to demand the tribute so abhorrent to the ears of the fiery monarch, they observed that it well required a warrior of his apparent nerve, to execute such an embassy.

Muley Aben Hassan received the cavalier in state, seated on a magnificent divan, and surrounded by the officers of his court, in the hall of ambassadors, one of the most sumptuous apartments of the Alhambra. When De Vera had delivered his message, a haughty and bitter smile curled the lip of the fierce monarch. "Tell your sovereigns," said he, "that the kings of Granada, who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances."

The defiance couched in this proud reply, was heard with stern and lofty courtesy by Don Juan de Vera, for he was a bold soldier, and a devout hater of the Infidels; and he saw iron war in the words of the Moorish monarch. He retired from the audience chamber with stately and ceremonious gravity, being master of all points of etiquette. As he passed through the Court of Lions, and paused to regard its celebrated fountain, he fell into a discourse with the Moorish courtiers on certain mysteries of the Christian faith. The arguments advanced by those Infidels (says Fray Antonio Agradida) awakened the pious indignation of this most Christian knight and discreet ambassador, but still he restrained himself within the limits of lofty gravity, leaning on the pommel of his sword, and looking down with ineffable scorn upon the weak casuists around him. The quick and subtle Arabian witlings redoubled their light attacks upon this stately Spaniard, and thought they had completely foiled him in the contest: but the stern Juan de Vera had an argument in reserve, for which they were but little prepared; for on one of them, of the race of the Abencerrages, daring to question, with a sneer, the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin, the Catholick knight could no longer restrain his ire. Raising his voice of a sudden, he told the infidel he lied, and, raising his arm at the same time, he smote him on the head with his sheathed sword.

In an instant the Court of Lions glistened with the flash of arms, and its fountains would have been dyed with blood, had not Muley Aben Hassan overheard the tumult, and forbade all appeal to arms, pronouncing the person of the ambassador sacred while within his territories. The Abencer rage treasured up the remembrance of the insult until an hour of vengeance should arrive, and the ambassador prayed our blessed lady to grant him an opportunity of proving her immaculate conception on the head of this turbaned infidel.

Notwithstanding the occurrence, Don Juan de Vera was treated with great distinction by Muley Aben Hassan; but nothing could make him unbend from his stern and stately reserve. Before his departure, a scimitar was sent to him by the

king; the blade of the finest Damascus steel, the hilt of agate, enriched with precious stones, and the guard of gold. De Vera drew it and smiled grimly as he noticed the admirable temper of the blade. "His majesty has given me a trenchant weapon," said he: "I trust a time will come when I may show him that I know how to use his royal present." The reply was considered as a compliment of course; the bystanders little knew the bitter hostility that lay couched beneath.

Don Juan de Vera and his companions, during their brief sojourn at Granada, learned the force and situation of the Moor, with the eyes of practised warriors. They saw that he was well prepared for hostilities. His walls and towers were of vast strength, in complete compair; and mounted with bombards and other heavy ordnance.—His magazines were well stored with all the munitions of war: he had a mighty host of foot soldiers, together with squadrons of cavalry, ready to scour the country and carry on either defensive or predatory warfare. The Christian warriors noted these things without dismay; their hearts rather glowed with emulation, at the thoughts of encountering so worthy a foe. As they slowly pranced through the streets of Granada, on their departure, they looked round with eagerness on its stately palaces, and sumptuous mosques; on its alcayceria or bazar, crowded with silks and cloth of silver and gold, with jewels and precious stones, and other rich merchandise, the luxuries of every clime; and they longed for the time when all this wealth should be the spoil of the soldiers of the faith, and when each tramp of their steeds might be fetlock deep in the blood and carnage of the Infidels.

Don Juan de Vera and his little band pursue their way slowly through the country, to the Christian frontier. Every town was strongly fortified. The Vega was studded with towers of refuge for the peasantry; every pass of the mountain had its castle of defence, every lofty height its watch tower. As the christian cavaliers passed under the walls of the fortresses, lances and scimitars flashed from their battlements, and the turbaned sentinels seemed to dart, from their dark eyes, glances of hatred and defiance. It was evident that a war with this kingdom must be one of doughty peril and valiant enterprise; a war of posts, where every step must be gained by toil and bloodshed, and maintained with the utmost difficulty. The warrior spirit of the cavaliers kindled at the thoughts, and they were impatient for hostilities; "not," says Antonio Agradida, "from any thirst for rapine and revenge, but from that pure and holy indignation which every Spanish knight entertained at beholding this beautiful dominion of his ancestors defiled by the footsteps of the infidel usurpers. It was impossible," he adds "to contemplate this delicious country, and not long to see it restored to the dominion of the true faith, and the sway of the Christian monarchs."

When Don Juan de Vera returned to the Castilian court, and reported the particulars of his mission and all that he had learned and seen in the Moorish territories, he was highly honoured and rewarded by king Ferdinand; and the zeal he had shown in vindication of the sinless conception of the blessed virgin, was not only applauded by that most Catholick of sovereigns, but gained him great favour and renown among all pious cavaliers and reverend prelates.

LORD AVONMORE.

Lord Avonmore was subject to perpetual fits of absence, and was frequently insensible to the conversation that was going on. He was once wrapped in one of his wonted reveries; and, not hearing one syllable of what was passing, (it was at a large professional dinner given by Mr. Bushe,) Curran, who was sitting next to his lordship, having been called on for a toast, gave "All our absent friends," patting, at the same time, Lord Avonmore on the shoulder, and telling him that they had just drunk his health. Quite unconscious of any thing that had been said for the last hour, and taking the intimation as a serious one, Avonmore rose, and apologizing for his inattention, returned thanks to the company for the honour they had done him by drinking his health.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1892.

ELDER STREETER'S "SOMETHING LIKE A MOB." A wonderful story about "masonic vengeance," as let loose upon the domicile of Elder Randolph Streeter, of Tully, in the county of Onondaga, has been going the anti-masonic rounds for nearly two months. The story, as told, not by the Elder, but by an obliging anti-masonic friend for him, is tolerably awful: and is furnished with a recommendation to the credulity of the ignorant, by means of a few pious observations about "a christian community," "civilization," and "the blessing of God." The time chosen is about midnight, and the family is just retiring to rest. Suddenly the doors of the house are seized with trembling, the glass in the windows is broken into a thousand pieces, and the family thrown into unspeakable consternation. The Elder, without hesitation, divines the cause of the tumult to be a score of freemasons, in search of his tongue, heart, &c.; and finally, the family takes refuge in the house of a neighbour, which, by the special interference of Divine Providence, is protected from masonic mobs and murderers.

Now it appears that when this story is honestly told, the Elder is a little given to misrepresentation and exaggeration, and is not half so worthy of the special attention of Providence as he would have others think he is. We have before us the Republican Register, published at Hamilton, Madison county, which contains a statement of facts, made in consequence of the republication of the story of the Elder and his friend in a pamphlet form. The editor of the Register received his information from a gentleman whose respectability and veracity places the truth of his statement beyond the reach of doubt, and the names of those connected with the affair are given at length and without hesitation. The original of the Elder's tale is in substance as follows:

Elder Streeter was a mason, and was placed in an awkward situation by the zeal of some of his anti-masonic brethren and sisters. After much ado, "brother E. P. Dean, and sister Dean, his wife," obtained from him a writing, in which he said, "I hereby renounce all connexion with the institution of freemasonry;" "intending thereby," according to his own acknowledgement, "to renounce all connexion with the institution, and not the institution itself, though willing it should be understood in either way." But sister Dean had of late studied Giddins' almanack rather more than her Bible, and she was not to be "blinded by the Elder's artifice." She wanted something stronger, and accordingly summoned a caucus of feminine spirits (who were much in need of employment to keep them out of mischief), and after the adoption of sundry other important measures, Aunt Patty Bunce was appointed to live in the Elder's house, and endeavour to drive masonry from his soul by pouring her eloquence into his ears. What could the Elder do? The sisterhood governed the church, and they had authorised Aunt Patty to threaten him with their displeasure, and use any other means necessary, to accomplish their object. The poor man at length trembled, and some time in December last, promised not only to renounce but to denounce masonry on the then approaching first of January. About Christmas, an intemperate itinerant fellow, called Congo, who occasionally lives in Tully, went to Elder Streeter's house and requested a night's lodging; "this," says the Register, "the Elder refused, and Congo, moneyless and friendless, stole into the barn until his drunken fit was passed, when he determined to repay the Elder's uncharitableness with a fright, and make a little sport for himself. He accordingly passed around the house, thumping and kicking it, and as the Elder came out, concealed himself. He however remained around all night, and Aunt Patty discovered him in the morning as she went out to draw water, and by that means was let into the whole mystery.

"This presented an excellent opportunity for the Elder to play off a game with the candid party of the church, and throw in part the garb of necessity over his renunciation. He immediately spread the news that his house had been mobbed the night before, as he believed, by freemasons,

and that if they wished to preserve the life of their Elder, they must turn out and guard him. At the same time, Aunt Patty communicated the whole affair to sister Dean, and measures were immediately taken. Twelve antis, after the manner of the twelve apostles, were stationed within the Elder's house, as a guard, with swords, and muskets on their shoulders.

"Meanwhile, Aunt Patty notified sister Dean, and she and brother and sister Whitcomb, in solemn consultation, laid their plans. A few of the most confidential antis were notified, and proceeded to act the part of a masonic mob, around the house of their good pastor. The guard stationed themselves in Aunt Patty's room and had already blockaded the windows with blinds, when the assault commenced. Ah! the effects of mortal fear are wonderful on the human body; for as the first pane of glass was dashed through, those of the twelve that could, fled to the upper part of the house, and the remainder sought refuge under Aunt Patty's bed. This same trick was played off two successive nights, with little variation. The next day was the time fixed on for the Elder's renunciation, and all nature stood aghast to see him make his debut into anti-masonry. There was nothing sublime in his discourse, but the antis said it was a fair "expose" of masonry. After the service, measures were taken for the safety of the Elder. Himself and his whole kit, were raised from the gulf of Christian Hollow, and conveyed that night to brother Dean's, where it was resolved that the Elder should write an account, of the perilous night's adventures, with such additions as his fertile imagination should suggest, that the sermon that day preached should be added, and the whole printed in pamphlet form."

We will leave it to the reader to say, whether Elder Streeter has been influenced in his conduct towards the masonic institution, by any Christian or honourable motive. In our view, the motives of the actors and actresses in the scenes above described, are too palpably displayed to be misunderstood by any body. But does not the appearance of even common honesty leave them, when we repeat a further statement in the Register, that *one hundred dollars* have actually been offered for the profits derived from the sale of Elder Streeter's pamphlet, and *refused*? The speculation was not entered into by a "beggary printer," but by the ruling spirits of a church, who profess to conceive every design, and to perform every action with the purity and benevolence of Christianity! It is well that a sacred faith does not depend upon them for an illustration of its virtues. But enough has been said;—their baseness is too detestable for comment; and the judgement of the people will not confound the truly pious with those who traffick with the devil six days in the week, and play the hypocrite before their God on the seventh.

COL. KING. We regret that it has again become necessary to correct a misrepresentation of this gentleman's conduct, and in doing it we shall not mince words. It is stated in most of the anti-masonic papers, and in some of them under a very imposing display of capitals, that colonel King has "*decamped*," leaving his bail to pay his bonds;"—the assertion is nothing less than a wilful, deliberate, and malicious lie. The authority given for making the statement is "a letter from Albany;" but we know of no person in the city so reckless as to invent a slander of the kind; if we except Solomon Southwick, and we believe him mean enough for any thing, were it even to present gall to his Saviour on the cross. But even had a letter of the kind been written by a man of veracity, it would be taking great liberty with private reputation to ground a charge upon it. Colonel King's residence was at Youngstown, in Niagara county, more than three hundred miles from this city; and if he had really "*decamped*," the fact would undoubtedly have been known to his neighbours as soon as to the citizens of Albany. But is it probable that a man who left his business, and travelled four thousand miles to wipe a stain from his character, would "*decamp* and leave his bail to pay his bonds"? We think not, and men who are not easily wheedled out of their common sense will require better authority than an anonymous "letter from Albany," before they believe that he has done it. The story was first published by the editorial pander who made romance of Elder Streeter's beggary inventions.

The facts are these:—Colonel King left home in the latter part of December, to resume his business at Cantonment Townson. Both his friends and his enemies in the vicinity of his residence knew of his intentions for several weeks

previous to, and at the time of, his departure. Prior to leaving Youngstown for Cantonment Townson, he placed a daughter at school in Lockport, and two sons in the academy at Middlebury Village; his wife, and several remaining children, still reside in Youngstown. Colonel King is in moderate circumstances, and relies wholly upon active business for means to support a large family. No man in Niagara county possesses more than himself the confidence of his friends; and even his enemies at Lewiston consider the idea of his having "*decamped*" too preposterous to gain credence, and pronounce it false, when questioned on the subject. We were at Lewiston soon after colonel King's departure, and heard the facts above, stated by some of the leading anti-masons in that place. As to the "bonds," we believe all fears respecting them are indebted to anti-masonic sensibility for their origin.

The stream of personal abuse which continually pours from anti-masonic presses is an eloquent comment upon the desperation to which the party is reduced. With them no law of God or man is too sacred for violation—no baseless too foul for eulogium, if interest demand it. An unimpeachable life is not sufficient to shield an individual from their calumnies: the brighter the mark the more wanton the abuse with which it is assailed. Colonel King is not a solitary sufferer: cases even more aggravated have occurred within a few months past. Every slander makes the grand tour; and as anti-masonic editors universally publish with eagerness, and without being possessed of any facts to support them, all reports intended to favour their cause, when questioned as to their authenticity, they refer from one to another, till the investigator finds himself introduced to some such tool of corruption as Thurlow Weed, or the Albany bedlamite. What is more, the most virulent editions of stories are most extensively circulated. Yet we are told that anti-masonry "*sprung from the Throne of God!*" that masonry threatens the destruction of religion! and that a score of men, some of whom we know scoff at religion under any name, and whether natural or revealed, are "a Spartan band, marshalled under the banner of the Almighty!"

For the Record and Magazine.

SAMUEL MILES HOPKINS. Among the names of the delegates to the late Anti-masonic State Convention, I noticed those of SOLOMON SOUTHWICK and SAMUEL MILES HOPKINS, as the representatives of this city. For the latter of these individuals I have too high a respect to suppose that he has any thing in common with his colleague, except, indeed, that desire of distinction, which seems to be one of the frailties of our nature. And yet these two have become brothers in the high and charitable business of denouncing a whole body of men, for the follies, the crimes if you choose, of a few of its members.

For Mr. Southwick I have neither praise nor censure; and his name is only introduced to give his colleague the full benefit of the association. If I were an enemy of Mr. Hopkins, I should not desire a more gratifying exhibition; but as a friend, I cannot conceal my mortification.

Mr. Hopkins, I am informed, is, and has been for a long time, a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church, and from the extent of his general knowledge I doubt not is well acquainted with its history. He can recount the stories of the outrages, the cruelties, nay the inhuman murders, committed by those of his own sect during the reigns of Charles I. and James II. of England. He can tell how misguided and enthusiastick presbyters thought it doing God's service to murder those who did not think and act like themselves. He can follow along this history and tell you of other enormities, and other excesses almost down to the period in which we live. Does Mr. Hopkins brand the whole sect for these acts of a few of its perhaps unworthy members? If he is sincere in his present professions, he certainly does not. Why then does he refuse to another class of men, that charity which he so much needs for the church of his adoption.

I have only to ask of Mr. Hopkins to review attentively, the proceedings of this convention, and particularly those which originated with himself, and then to inform us whether they are the offspring of that charity which the

gospel inculcates, or of a more low and selfish feeling. Those of us who are so unfortunate as to confound precept with example, principle with practice, have a deep concern in the reply.

A PROFESSOR OF MORALITY.

MR. HAZELTINE'S REPORT. We have read this report, but as all the facts contained in it have been before the public a long time, we do not think it worth while to repeat them. It is very liberal in every manner of reflection, prejudicial to masonry; but this was expected from the known character of the committee. No departure from official dignity is to be considered out of order, if beneficial to anti-masonry; and therefore Mr. Hazeltine's abuse will undoubtedly be christened, the quintessence of patriotism. It is, however, very shallow—entirely too much so to have any material weight with reflecting men. We imagined last week that it might be necessary to analyse its sophistry; but a better acquaintance with it has altered our opinion, and we leave it to those who take the trouble to read it to say, whether it is not just such stuff as should be expected from a set of men who know that truth is one thing, and what they are seeking for, another. To the report is attached an appendix of forty-five pages, made up of the proceedings of anti-masonic conventions, and similar matter. Giddins' Almanack, Southwick's 'Solemn Warning,' or Johanna Southcote's opinions, might have been added with equal propriety, and with as much prospect of 'enlightening' the legislature. But the committee have their objects in view, and we have no right to believe they will so far forget their private interests as to consult the public good.

MORGAN TRIALS. We learn from the Ontario Messenger of Wednesday, that the trials of John Whitney and James Gillis, on indictments for participating in the abduction of Morgan, have been postponed till May next. The trial of Mr. Whitney was put off in consequence of Moseley's having informed Mr. W's counsel that it would not be proceeded with until the question of law, raised in the case of Mr. Bruce should be decided by the Supreme Court. The trial of Mr. Gillis was postponed because, when it should have proceeded, the district attorney discovered that himself was not ready. Mr. Gillis is now a resident of the state of Pennsylvania, and it may be anti-masonic policy to subject him to expensive and inconvenient journeys for the benefit of the excitement. Mr. Gillis declared his readiness to be tried; and Mr. Whitney would undoubtedly have been prepared, had not the declaration of Mr. Moseley destroyed the prospect of a trial.

The Anti-masonic State Convention adjourned last Saturday night, after the adoption of an address, &c. The proceedings in relation to Mrs. Morgan we shall notice hereafter. A more exquisite display of hypocrisy we have not seen this many a day. The leading anti-masons in and about Batavia do not care a copper for Mrs. Morgan. Money subscribed for her in charity, has been taken to pay David C. Miller for printing pamphlets! This the pitiful hypocrite, who made the report respecting her, knows very well, and may the Lord forgive him for lying.

We last week neglected to notice the receipt of THE CRAFTSMAN, a spirited republican Journal just commenced in the village of Rochester, and edited by E. J. ROBERTS, esq., formerly of the National Advocate. Mr. Roberts is a republican of the old school, and speaks plainly and fearlessly of the anti-masonic excitement. There can be no doubt of his success; for the tide of correct opinion is forcibly setting against anti-masonry, in all those parts which have heretofore, been called its strong holds. "Truth is powerful, and will prevail."

The little gentleman of the Niagara Courier gets into a "terrible stew" about us once in a while, and really seems to imagine that we care a fig what he may say. Now, we give him our word for it, that we do not; he is among the small matters which we collect together by dozens, when we want them to make a tolerable show. We

will say a word in his favour, however,—he prints the most decent "whole hog" anti-masonic paper that we are acquainted with, not even excepting that "rainbow of magnificent horror," the particularly edifying hebdomadal of the patriot Phelps. Pray feel if your pulse is not disordered, Doctor Cadwallader, and don't be so profuse with your pop-gun stuff—you'll need all your ammunition before the end of the war.

JOHN C. SPENCER, esq. has been appointed, by the governor, special counsel in relation to the abduction of William Morgan, in the place of Mr. Moseley, appointed circuit judge.

To CORRESPONDENTS. We thank NEMO for his communication, but the great press of matter upon masonic and anti-masonic subjects, has compelled us to omit it. It would however, undoubtedly be improper for us, who have never meddled with such subjects, to enter into a discussion of the political merits of certain new converts to anti-masonry. Nemo's opinions are correct—we know that the individuals whom he mentions are strangers to every republican feeling; but, apart from all other inconsistency, their present attempt to convert a popular excitement to their own private uses, should be considered an indication of dishonesty, sufficiently strong to exclude them from the favour of the people.

Our friend at U—V—, author of "*The self-boasting Pharisee,—now called Anti-masonry,—overheard*," is possessed of very correct thoughts, but unfortunately was not born a poet. The following stanza will answer as a specimen:

"Of all things wretched to be done,
My subjects to them hasten;
And nothing fear beneath the sun,
But charge them to the masons."

That the subject matter is fact, will not be doubted; but the author is a very careless writer.

We concur with the editor of the Rochester Republican in the opinion that the following article contains "good advice." It is taken from the Brockport Recorder, of which the Rev. Mr. Dodge, pastor of the Baptist society in Brockport, is one of the editors. The meeting noticed was to have been held in Rochester on Wednesday last.

"We notice in this paper, by the request of several respectable gentlemen in Rochester, a meeting to be held in that place, composed of religious masons, for the purpose of considering what may be their duty as christians relative to the Masonick Institution, under the present excitement. As we personally know some of those who have aided in calling the convention, we would say, by way of caution, *'mind what you do.'* You have been conscientious Masons, for years, and have contended for it as a moral institution, and if you were sincere and honest, there is nothing to fear from the present excitement. Many who were honest in their trials on this subject at first, and still think that christians had ought to leave its ceremonies and associations, are satisfied with such an abstinence on the part of their brethren, though they consider the Institution as possessing moral principles and worth in the hands of just men. By these the excitement was not got up, nor is it maintained by them. They have retired, for they are the peacemakers who shall be blessed. But those who had political ends in view, are still loud talking and boisterous; and some of them are so far destitute of moral character, while reproaching the fraternity for the want of it; that it causes every man some reflection, which they most need, *censure or pity.* The excitement is unpleasant, yet—it is not in the power of christian masons to stop it. They may hold conventions, from Georgia to Maine, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and openly denounce it to a man, but unless they could, in these, correct the contaminated motives of designing politicians, and stop the mouths of those who have more tongue than brains, more knowledge than sense, it will be in vain.

"We have taken seven degrees of that Institution; and still there are those who have never seen the inside of a lodge room, who can tell us *what we never heard nor saw, and never expect to find true.*

"Those who are pressing, for the relief of their own conscience, should recollect every man has a conscience, and that it has pleased the kind Preserver of man, so to permit the order of things that each may exercise his conscience free of the prerogative of his fellow.

"We may say to every conscientious opposer, of every description, as Paul did to the Hebrews, *'we have also a conscience.'*"

"**THE REFORMERS!**"—Their defeat at the late election seems to have maddened the Antimasonicks of Otsego county. The proceedings of their late county Convention, as particularized in the Cooperstown Freeman's Journal, furnish some choice specimens of Antimasonic "moderation." Mr. John C. Morris concluded his speech by declaring

that "Masonry must and would be put down, even though, in its last struggles, a resort to the 'KNIFE' should be found necessary to accomplish the object!!!"

A young law student, named Marvin, recently "from the west," took the floor next, and proved himself a worthy disciple of his predecessor. He "soon wrought himself into such a ferment as to induce a call for a glass of water, which had the effect to cool his excitement for the moment, and he went on with a speech of more than an hour in length, characterized throughout by the most violent vituperation against Masonry, and finally closed by saying that he would revolutionize the United States, were it to be done at the point of the bayonet."

This hopeful brace of worthies were rewarded for their patriotism by being appointed delegates to the anti-masonic state convention. The fable of "Batan rebuking sin" is realized, when such tools set themselves up as the moral beacons of the age.

[Rochester Republican.]

BLESSINGS OF ANTI-MASONRY.—It appears from the Rochester papers that the taxes of the people of that county have been nearly doubled during the last year under the management of their anti-masonic supervisors. They have allowed an anti-masonic jailor one quarter more than had ever before been allowed for boarding criminals, and they have so managed by their frequent and long sessions as to mete out to themselves in the same proportion. As might be expected, this has had the effect to open the eyes of the people there in some measure, and it will be the surest means of working a reformation. People can bear to be gulled for a while in their opinions, but when once their interest is touched, the scales fall from their eyes, and they begin seriously to look at the cause of it.

[Censor.]

INDICTMENTS. The Grand Jury of Genesee county have made some "trouble among the Printers" of Batavia. The editors of the Advocate, the anti-masonic paper, were indicted for a libel on ex-sheriff Thompson—and in retaliation, probably, the editors of the People's Press were indicted for a libel on Phineas L. Tracy, the anti-masonic Member of Congress, published during the election—and a bill was found against Follett, of the "Times," for "an alledged libel upon Capt. Morgan and St. David Cade Miller" published nearly three years ago. The anti-masonic libeller in this county finds more favour at the hands of the juries.

[Rochester Republican.]

MORE ABOUT THE SEA SERPENT. Extract of a letter from Mr. Benjamin Rogers to Samuel L. Mitchell, dated Jan. 27, 1829:—"I have this day conversed with Capt. Dixon, of Cape Ann, who is now in New-York. He is the man whose name was attached to the famous story of the sea serpent in the year 1821. He stated to me personally that the whole story was a hoax. It was merely this, Capt. Dixon master of the sloop Nancy, of Salem, from Sedgewick, Me. in 1821, was bound into Salem harbour. On passing the eastern point of Cape Ann, he was called from the cabin by an old pilot then on board and at the helm, whose name was Fowles. Now, said the old son of Neptune, we will give the Salemites a fish story. See here Capt. Dixon, immediately on the starboard side is a range of small rocks near each other, about seventy feet in length from east to west, covered with sea weed and barnacles, which will answer for the bunches and scales of a sea serpent's back and on your compass is a picture representing a serpent with its jaws extended, and shewing its forked tongue. His head is now in sight, and above the vessel's quarter in height.

Take it altogether, said the veteran mariner, this is just the touch for the famous believers in witchcraft. On the arrival of the sloop, the pilot told the story in glowing certainty. The captain being called upon to verify, says, that in a joke he assented: little thinking his name, with vouchers, was to be transported to all parts of the country wherever the mail and newspapers travel."

MASONICK CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany, at the Masonick Hall.]

Temple Encampment, 2d Friday in each month.
Temple Chapter, 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month.
Temple Lodge, 1st and 2d Tuesday in each month.
Mount Vernon Lodge, 1st and 3d Thursday in each month.
Masters Lodge, 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

ODD FELLOWS' CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany.]

Hope Lodge, Monday evening in each week, at Montgomery Hall.
Philanthropic Lodge, Wednesday evening in each week, corner of Lodge and State-streets, over Osborn and Gray's.
Clinton Lodge, Friday evening in each week, Masonick Hall.

DIED.

In this city this morning, MARY, youngest daughter of Heber Stone, aged 3 years. The friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral on Sunday, at 12 o'clock.

POETRY.

TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

The unfortunate subject of these verses had lived, or existed, from childhood to manhood, in a state of most pitiable mental and bodily infirmity. To some the death of such a sufferer may seem to claim little sympathy. But the heart of a mother is naturally bound up in that of her child, especially an only one; and no common void must be caused by the removal of such an object of years of anxious solicitude.

The world, the heartless world may deem
But lightly of a loss like thine,
And think it a romantick dream
For such an one in grief to pine:
A gentler creed, my friend, is mine,
Knowing what human hearts can bear,
And how a Mother's must enshrine
The object of its love and care.

For was he not, though on him fell
A cloud that wrapt his soul in night,
The tenderest tie, the strongest spell,
That could thy heart to earth unite?
His was a child's endearing right,
By helplessness but made more dear;
Nor can he vanish from thy sight,
Unwept by Nature's mournful tear.

But when the bitterness of grief
Hath been allowed its sacred claim,
What soothing thoughts must yield relief,
And fan a purer, holier flame!
Whatever plans the heart might frame,
Had he survived thee for his sake,
Could others have fulfilled each aim,
Or effort, love like thine would make?

A Mother's heart, and hand, and eye,
Alone could do as thine have done,
And unremittingly supply
The wants and claims of such a Son:
But now thy love its meed hath won,
Thy fond solicitude may cease;
His race of life is safely run,
His spirit fled where all is peace!

And who may tell how bright the ray
Of light and life from Heaven may fall
On minds which, in their mortal clay,
Seemed bound in dark Affliction's thrall?
Think not that He who governs all,
Whose power and love no bounds can know,
Would *one* into existence call
To suffer helpless, hopeless woe.

With humble hope to Him entrust
Thy mourned one; in strong faith that He
Can call forth from his slumbering dust
A Spirit from all frailties free;
And yet permit thy soul to see
One who on earth seemed vainly given,
A form of light to welcome thee
Hereafter to the joys of Heaven.

From the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette.

THE ICE-SHIP.

I stood upon our tall ship's deck,
And looked upon the sea,
I saw a vessel moving on,
And solemnly came she.
Slowly and softly crept she on,
Like a thing whose life is gone.

Her sides were black, her masts were bent—
And when she came us near,
Her deck was ice, no sails she had;
Alas! it made me fear—
But still I looked as she came along,
Like a spectre-ship the ice among.

Nearer and nearer she cometh up,
Nearer and nearer yet—
And on her deck in its dreariness,
No living beings sit.
But she is still as the house of death—
So still, the ear at wearieth.

No sound, no sound—alas for her!
The tomb is not so still—
Alas for her—and for the crew,
That once the ship did fill,
That crowded snow, that place of dread,
The ice-girt home of many dead.

In truth it was a fearful sight,
As up it came to me;
For years and years that ship had sailed
Upon that silent sea;
Securely going her dangerous way—
As in the South on a summer day.

Her frozen crew, alas that they
Their friends should never see!
But that for ever, night and day,
They in the ice should be;
And sleep upon the sullen wave,
At length to be their quiet grave,
That time is past, but *now* to me,
Even now—there comes that sight;
My soul is on that frozen sea,
In visions of the night;
God shield us from that spectre sail
That mindeth neither shout nor hail,
Nor leave us in the frozen sea,
With the spectre-ship for company.

ALBERT.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH.

Spirit of the frozen North,
Where the wave is chained and still,
And the savage bear looks forth
Nightly from his caverned hill!
Down from thy eternal throne,
From thy land of cloud and storm,
Where the meeting icebergs groan,
Sweepeth on thy wrathful form.

Spirit of the frozen wing!
Dweller of a voiceless clime,
Where no coming on of spring
Gilds the weary course of time!
Monarch of a realm untrod,
By the restless feet of men,
Where alone the hand of God,
'Mid his mighty works hath been!

Throned amid the ancient hills,
Piled with undecaying snow,
Flashing with the path of rills,
Frozen in their first glad flow,—
Thou hast seen the gloomy north,
Gleaming with unearthly light,
Spreading its pale banners forth,
Chequered with the stars of night.

Thou hast gazed untrembling, where
Giant forms of flame were driven,
Like the spirits of the air,
Striding up the vault of heaven!
Thou hast seen that midnight glow,
Hiding upon star and sky,
And the icy hills below,
Reddening to the fearful dye.

Dark and desolate and lone,
Curtained with the tempest-cloud,
Drawn around thy ancient throne
Like oblivion's moveless shroud—
Dim and distantly the sun,
Glances on thy palace walls,
But a shadow cold and dun
Broods along its pillared halls.

Lord of sunless depths and cold!
Chainer of the northern sea—
At whose feet the storm is rolled,
Who hath power to humble thee?
Spirit of the stormy north!
Bow thee to thy Makers nod—
Bend to Him who sent thee forth—
Servant of the living God.

W.

From the New-England Galaxy.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

It has often been said that the old one
Is a cloven-foot, sable-tailed knave;
With an odour of sulphur about him,
And a mien rather cunning than grave.
His eyes have been likened to Etnas,
And his ears have been called rather long,
Sitting up on each side of his head,
Like the two outer teeth of a prong.

I happen to know that all this
Is a most malicious untruth;
For I had a sly glimpse of him years ago
One frolicking night in my youth.
I don't think it proper to tell the when,
Nor even to mention the why,
But the old spot is to this day shown,
In the beautiful town hard by.

The old was one as crystal clear,
The air was balmy and still;
Most delicate silver the tree tops tinged,
With soft tones murmured the rill.
The sky was pure as an infant's dream,
And the earth, in its summer green,

Was as bright as a lover's thought of bliss,—
So brilliant the moonlight sheen.

The character I have alluded to
Was a very fine looking man;
I had time to survey him minutely,
As much so as any one can.
And I must declare his appearance
Struck me as vastly genteel;
He was dressed very much like a modern buck
From the top of his head to his heel.
And first, he had doffed a very 'cute hat,'
London make—must have cost a mint—
And his whiskers were trimmed so neat,—I wish
Our barbers could once get the hint—
And his coat collar come to a point behind,
And his flaps grew long below,
And big brass buttons, full many I ween,
On his waistcoat made goodly show.

His boots were square-toed, very square indeed,
And his pantaloons small at the knees;
A sulphur-striped neck-cloth adorned his neck,
As stiffened with starch as you please.
The devil, he wears no shirt, it seems,
But his dickeys were made so fine—
I wish I could purchase a pair of them,
For they set even better than mine.

And this is the truth,—it is indeed,
He dresses as well as one can;
And when ready for company, looks very much
Like a perfect gentleman.
And poets and preachers may say what they will,
I am sure that they don't speak true,
If they paint him a different devil at all
From the one I have painted to you.

WEDDING DAY ANNIVERSARY.

"And though by many a jolt apprised,
Life's ways are not McAdamised,
Or smooth as wealth could make them;
O'er ups and downs, unjaded still,
We never felt the wish or will
To shorten or forsake them.

Nor can we, Mary, justly say,
Though neither quite so young or gay,
As when, cold Prudence spurning,
We scampered forth for Pleasure's sake,
And Fortune thought to overtake,
Or meet at every turning.

Nor can we say we're much the worse
For such a long and anxious course,
With Care still at our heels;
And such a household troop around,
As Hymen has too often found
A drag upon his wheels.

'Tis true we rarely dance or sing,
Or bound with that elastic spring,
The steps of youth discover;
But, had quadrilles not cut us out,
Our dancing days, I make no doubt,
We'd prove were not yet over.

In times, which memory still enhances,
Our good Scotch reels and country dance
On limb alert and supple,
We tripped it gayly through the night,
Nor thought it any great exploit,
To dance down thirty couple.

But now, amidst a stately throng,
The grave quadriller glides along,
With far more airs than graces,
Or unabashed, while matrons stare,
In giddy waltz, the breathless fair
Her whirling beau embraces.

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NO. 6.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of New-York, at its annual communication in Albany, February 4, 1829.

By REV. COM. JOSEPH PRENTISS, A. M.

Rector of St. Luke's Church, Catskill, and Trinity Church, Athens.

The first sentiment, that must naturally arise in our minds on this occasion, is, devout gratitude and pious acknowledgement, for that preservation of life and health, which enables so many of us again, to salute each other, in this place.

Once more assembled, as we are, to confer and deliberate upon the various matters which concern the prosperity and honour of the highest order of ancient Masonry in this section of our country, and to soothe and bless, by its charities, some of its most needy and suffering members, it will not, I trust, be deemed improper, to notice to the Companions, that afflicting dispensation of Divine Providence by which we are deprived of the presence and counsel of one of the most distinguished of Masons and of men.

It was uncharitably whispered that our illustrious Companion, the late Gov. CLINTON, by political considerations, and not by bodily infirmity, was prevented from honouring us with his attendance at our last annual communication, as had been his former and usual custom. But the fatal event which, so shortly after, electrified us all with astonishment and grief, and converted our cheerful citizens into a family of mourners, showed, what many of us well knew before, that sickness with him was no pretence on that occasion; and that, so far from his absence being voluntary, his inability to attend occasioned him deep and sincere regret.

On most subjects he was of too independent a spirit, to be improperly influenced by popular opinion, and least of all could he have been driven to renounce his Masonick profession, or to desert his Masonick Companions and duties through fear of popular clamour. More than any other class of citizens, therefore, shall we feel, and more cause than they, have we to deplore his loss.

I am not about to invite you to sing his praises or listen to his eulogy. The former may furnish a theme and inspiration to the poet or the orator, and the latter may be read by your descendants in the future and faithful page of history. His fame was not ephemeral, nor his greatness factitious. His character was original. He rose, through the mighty energies of mind, of talent and intellectual acquirement, to those distinguished stations of publick trust and confidence, in the state, and in our brotherhood, from which, while at the zenith of his usefulness and fame, death summoned him suddenly away.

Excursive, clear and discriminating in his views, and possessing the rare and happy talent of presenting them, with almost irresistible force to others, some of the most humane and charitable, and many of the literary and scientific institutions, of which our state is justly proud, have taken their origin from his suggestion, and are largely indebted for their endowment and efficiency to his eloquent and forcible appeals.

I shall not trespass upon your indulgence by noticing the acts of his publick life. Indeed, I know nothing in this respect, but what is equally known to you all, who have taken notice of passing events, and have observed and marked the movements

and measures of the common weal, for the last twenty years.

In this state, he was certainly the champion, and before our Union, he set the inspiring example, of internal improvement—"and that the greatest and most useful enterprize of the age in which we live, received, if not its conception, at least its first impulse, from his comprehensive mind and enlightened counsel, and moved on to its splendid accomplishment, under his watchful and untiring zeal, may, of itself, satisfy the ambition of any individual, however lofty his views, and it will perpetuate and crown his name with imperishable glory."

Let it not be forgotten, that in the highly and responsible station of Chief Magistrate, whose duty it is to bear impartially the sword of justice, to execute the laws and vindicate the violated honours of the state, he saw nothing incompatible with wearing the honours, discharging the duties, and fostering the institutions of Masonry. The most honourable testimony hath been given, that he ably and fearlessly discharged the duties involved in each of these relations, and his powers of pacification, when internal dissensions arose in the fraternity, were as useful and salutary, as his intelligence, firmness and zeal were, and would have continued to be, efficient, in protecting it against the assaults of persecuting fanaticism or misguided legislation. Charity commands us to trust, that he hath been called from the spheres of these arduous labours, to scenes of the most splendid and satisfying refreshment; and duty requires that we venerate his memory as a man,—that we vindicate his name and imitate his virtues as a Brother.

The obloquy thrown upon masonry, and the prejudice arrayed against the whole order in consequence of the unauthorised acts of some individuals belonging to it; the furious excitement which has followed, and the feelings of exterminating hostility which continue to manifest themselves, and the fearful array of publick sentiment by which we are threatened, are subjects which cannot fail to produce in the mind of every patriotic and intelligent Companion, sober reflection, deep regret, and lively apprehension.

I confess myself ignorant of particulars, in the case of Morgan. I have not been able to obtain sufficient information for forming an opinion satisfactory to myself, much less one that I would venture to express to others, as it respects his fate and destiny. I have heard opinions, diametrically contradictory to each other, advanced with the same confidence and maintained with the same obstinate pertinacity, and by men, so far as I could judge, of equal intelligence and capacity—both within and without the circles of Masonry.

Perhaps one of the most important requisites for the successful investigation of any matter of this kind, and to enable the inquirer to arrive at truth, is, in the words of the eloquent Saurin, "to suspend our judgement, until such facts and proofs shall be produced as will enable us to form a correct one."

Judgement or opinion formed, in disregard of such precaution, must always be liable to error and subject to sudden change.

Thus in the case of the apostle Paul, after his memorable shipwreck on the famous island of Malta. "When the barbarians saw a viper come out of the fire and fasten on his hand, they immediately pronounced, no doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live. But when they had

looked a great while that he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly, and saw him shake off the venomous beast into the fire, and feel no harm, they instantly changed their minds and thought he was a God." In both these opinions, as you know, they were equally wide of truth.

The hasty and groundless manner in which opinions are formed and prejudices entertained, exhibits mortifying evidence of human frailty, and sometimes of human depravity, to the deep and lasting injury both of individuals and societies.

As a foundation for argument, however, and for the purpose of canvassing, a little, the principle upon which the crusaders against masonry have proposed to act, let us take it for granted that Morgan is dead. And that he is dead, and that he died by the hand of violence, we shall readily believe on the exhibition of the proper evidence; and without that evidence no man of a sound mind can believe either. And we shall heartily concur in the sentence of death upon any person, mason or no mason, who shall be pronounced guilty by an impartial jury, and under the equal laws of our country. But what have the chief movers in this matter, and who, professedly, are so extremely anxious and impatient to wipe away this stain and avenge this outrage, proposed? Not merely that the dust should be brushed away from the scales of justice—that its fulcrum should be oiled—that so, with equal beam she might weigh, compare, and try all things presented, and ascertain the truth. No.—They would create a new tribunal, and institute a new process for this particular case, and for the trial of masons. As hath been well expressed by some of the most able and eloquent of our jurists, who are neither masons nor the friends of masonry, "they would establish a kind of travelling court of inquisition;" the favourite child and the foulest offspring of tyranny and superstition. Let the publick mind become reconciled to this doctrine, let this principle be admitted as sound and correct, let it be introduced into our halls of legislation, and govern their enactments, and then farewell to all safety and security to liberty or life. This point gained, if the present feverish excitement can be kept up and sufficiently extended, the next measure proposed will be that of a portable gullotine to accompany the new inquisition as its travelling companion from county to county, for the purpose of making a head shorter, every Mason who will neither renounce the order nor swear every person guilty of the blood of Morgan, whom suspicion might accuse.

The truth I apprehend, is, that the tragedy of Morgan has not been altogether the cause of the extent of the present excitement, but is rather used as the occasion for giving scope and action to feelings of jealousy and intolerance, which had been previously cherished by men of weak or bigotted minds. Wheels of another kind, however, have been moved, by the outlet and united current of those bitter waters, and other springs were simultaneously touched, by the corrupting fingers of political ambition.

The extermination of Masonry was the watchword and professed object of the blind fanaticism, ignorance or malignity of the many, and personal elevation to political consequence and emolument, was the real object of the few, who assumed the charitable office of marshalling the enemy, and leading them on to the attack. Heaven and the remaining good sense of the people be praised, for the failure of the latter, and God forbid that the former should be crowned with better success.

Like that Jewish confederacy, whose members bound themselves under a curse that they would neither eat nor drink until they had killed Paul, so this league of fanaticism and ambition seem to have sworn together, not merely that justice shall be done in the case of Morgan, but that the lamp of Masonry shall be forever extinguished.

For this purpose, conventions are called, societies, some of them general and publick, and others local and secret, are formed, inflammatory speeches made, and the most scandalous misrepresentations are journalized and spread. If Masonry shall ever adopt, and act upon, principles so intolerant, and pursue a course so dishonourable and morally degrading, then let its enemies invoke the vengeance of man and the malediction of heaven upon its head.

The slanders against Masonry, that it seeks to interfere with, or in any way to influence or control political suffrage, civil administration or religious opinion, are as false and foul, as their authors are ignorant or malicious.

Are not the various orders of Masonry in this country, composed of men of every political school, of every peculiarity of religious creed, and of every civil profession and employment? And what Mason has ever dared to lip the proposition within our walls, to unite in putting down, or building up any one of them to the prejudice of the other?

(Conclusion in our next.)

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Officers of *Union Temple Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 94, in the city of New-York, elected December 21, 5828:—

S. Butler, jun., High Priest; Aaron B. Norns, King; William Van Norden, Scribe; Charles Colgert, Captain of the Host; Andrew Williams, Principal Sojourner; S. C. Cleveland, Royal Arch Captain; I. M. Leon, Secretary; O. Hull, Treasurer; James Mabbett, F. A. Davis and A. Mitchell, Masters of Vails; R. Young, Tyler.

Officers of *Rome Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 102, in the village of Rome, Oneida county, elected December 24, 5828:—

Silas Cornish, High Priest; Aylmer Keith, King; Abraham L. Wood, Scribe; Joseph D. Gage, Captain of the Host; Thomas S. Edgerton, Principal Sojourner; Alexander H. Brainard, Royal Arch Captain; Lyman Briggs, Jeremiah Brainard, and Orman Butler, Masters of Vails; Numa Leonard, Treasurer; Joseph B. Read, Secretary; Charles Brown and Jacob Tibbetts, Stewards.

Officers of *Roman Lodge*, in the village of Rome, Oneida county, elected December 16, 5828:—

Aylmer Keith, Master; Joseph D. Gage, Senior Warden; Thomas S. Edgerton, Junior Warden; Samuel B. Stephens, Treasurer; E. R. Thompson, Secretary; James Holbert, Senior Deacon; Abraham Hartwell, Junior Deacon; Lyman Briggs and Daniel Dickinson, Stewards; Calvin West, Tyler.

Officers of *Western Luminary Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 89, in the village of Warsaw, Genesee county, elected, December 4, 5828:—

Peleg Ewell, High Priest; Rufus Harvey, King; Asahel Perry, Scribe; Nathan B. Lee, Captain of the Host; Ira Curtiss, Principal Sojourner; Daniel W. Phillips, Royal Arch Captain; Samuel W. Curtiss, Benjamin Bancroft, and Jonas Cutting, Masters of Vails; Calvin Rumsey, Treasurer; Almon Stevens, Secretary; Rev. John F. Bliss, Chaplain; Daniel Knapp and Zera Tanner, Stewards; Ephriam Beebe, Tyler.

Officers of *Warsaw Lodge*, No. 244, in the village of Warsaw, Genesee county, elected December 16, 5828:—

Jonas Cutting, Master; Rufus Harvey, Senior Warden; Almon Stevens, Junior Warden; Calvin Rumsey, Treasurer; David Day, Secretary; David Seymour, Senior Deacon; Daniel Knapp, Junior Deacon; E. Beebe and J. Sharp, Stewards; Zera Tanner, Tyler.

Officers of *Oneida Castle Lodge*, in the village of Oneida, Oneida county, elected December 25, 5828:—

Rev. Solomon Davis, Master; John Smith, Senior Warden; Warren M'Clure, Junior Warden; James Hooker, Secretary; Charles G. Egleston, Treasurer; Ira Brown, Senior Deacon; Howard Vinton, Junior Deacon; John Morrison and Stephen Parkhurst, Stewards; David A. Parkill, Tyler.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the London Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.

POISONING OF VEGETABLES.

Several very curious experiments on the poisoning of vegetables, have recently been made by M. Marcet, of Geneva. His experiments on arsenick, which is well known to every one as a deadly poison to animals, were thus conducted. A vessel containing two or three bean plants, each of five or six leaves, was watered with two ounces of water, containing twelve grains of oxide of arsenic in solution. At the end of from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, the plants had faded, the leaves drooped, and had even begun to turn yellow; the roots remained fresh, and appeared to be living. Attempts to restore the plants after twelve or eighteen hours by abundant watering, failed to recover them. The leaves and stem of the dead plant gave, upon chemical examination, traces of arsenick. A branch of a rose-tree, including a flower, was gathered just as the rose began to blow; the stem was put into a vessel, containing a solution of six grains of oxide of arsenic in an ounce of water. The flower and leaves soon showed symptoms of disease, and on the fifth day the whole branch was withered dead, though only one-fifth of a grain of arsenick had been absorbed. Similar stems, placed in pure water, had, after five days, the roses fully expanded, and the leaves fresh and green.

On June 1st, a slit of one inch and a half in length was made in the stem of a lilack tree, the branch being about an inch in diameter. The slit extended to the pith. Fifteen or twenty grains of moistened arsenick were introduced, the cut was closed, and the stem restrained in its original position by osier ties. On the 8th, the leaves began to roll up at the extremity; on the 28th, the branches were dry, and, in the second week of July, the whole of the stem was dry, and the tree itself dead. In about fifteen days after the first, a tree, which joined the former a little above the earth, shared the same fate, in consequence of its connexion with that into which the poison had been introduced. Other trees similarly cut, but without having been poisoned, suffered no kind of injury.

M. Marcet's experiments upon vegetable poisons are no less interesting, and still more wonderful, as indicating a degree of irritability in plants somewhat similar to that which depends on the nervous system of animals. After having ascertained that the bean plants could exist in a healthy state for five or six days, if immersed in the same quantity of spring water, he tried them with five or six grains of opium dissolved in an ounce of water, the consequence of which was, that in the evening the leaves had dropped, and, by the middle of the next day they were dead beyond recovery. Other vegetable poisons of the narcotick class produced a similar effect. Hemlock was equally fatal, and six grains of dry powdered foxglove, in an ounce of water, began to operate, by wrinkling some of the leaves of the bean in a few moments, which it completely killed in twenty-four hours. Oxalick acid or salt of sorrel, though found in common and wood sorrel, and a great many plants, proved a very fatal poison to others. The absorption of one-tenth of a grain, killed a rose branch and flower in forty-eight hours.

TURPENTINE.

Common turpentine is the produce of the Scotch pine. Trees with the thickest bark, and which are most exposed to the sun, generally yield the most turpentine. The first incision is made near the foot of the tree, and as the resin flows most abundantly in hot weather, the operations are begun about the end of May, and continue to September. The juice is received into holes dug in the ground, is afterwards taken out with iron ladles, poured into pails, and removed to a hollow

trunk, capacious enough to hold three or four barrels. *Essential oil of turpentine* is obtained by distillation. *Common resin* is the residuum of the process for obtaining the essential oil. *Tar* is obtained from the roots and other parts of old trees.

[*Med. Botany.*]

GUM ARABICK.

The purest and finest gum arabick is brought in caravans to Cairo, by the Arabs of the country round Mounts Tor and Sinai, who bring it from this distance on the backs of camels, sown up in bags, and often adulterated with sand, &c. The gum exudes spontaneously from the bark and trunk of the branches of the tree, in a soft, nearly fluid state, and hardens by exposure to the air, or heat of the sun. It begins to flow in December, immediately after the rainy season, near the flowering time of the tree. Afterwards, as the weather becomes hotter, incisions are made through the bark, to assist the transudation of the juice. [*Ibid.*]

CURE FOR SICK HEAD ACHE.

A few days ago a person was labouring under a very severe headache, when a friend called, whose attention has for many years past been confined altogether to the study of chemistry, in connexion with a profitable business in which he is engaged. The gentleman, observing the indisposed person, inquired the cause; and on ascertaining it, immediately offered to cure him by a very easy and pleasant process in less than an hour. The offer was accepted; half an ounce of *citric acid* was sent for, which cost only a few pence; three or four small lumps each of the size of a pea, was dissolved in cold water and drank. The beverage is an agreeable one, very like the taste of lemonade, being, I believe, used in making this pleasant cooling liquor. In less than half an hour the patient was able, without any inconvenience, to attend to his business again as usual, and in another half hour he was well as ever.

BLISTERED FEET.

The following mode of cure was communicated to Captain Cochrane, and which he says he never found to fail:—"It is simply to rub the feet at going to bed, with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand. On the following morning no blisters exist: the spirit seemed to possess the healing power, the tallow serving only to keep the skin soft and pliant. The soles of the feet, ancles, and insteps, should be rubbed well; and even where no blisters exist, the application may be usefully made as a preventive. Salt and water is a good substitute—and while on this head, I would recommend foot travellers never to wear right and left shoes, it is bad economy, and indeed serves to cramp the feet: and such I felt to be the case."

RECIPE FOR WET FEET.

Half a pint of boiled Linseed Oil, 1-2 pound of Mutton Suet, 8 ounces of clean Bees' Wax, 8 ounces of common Rosin. Dissolve these ingredients well together, over a gentle fire, stir the mixture up well while melting, and put it on with a brush, hot, without burning the leather. Let it dry, and repeat the application twice more in the same way. [*Nat. Intelligence.*]

CHARACTER.

From the London Quarterly Review.

PALEY.

Paley would employ himself in his Natural Theology, and then gather his peas for dinner, very likely gathering some hint for his work at the same time. He would converse with his classical neighbour, Mr. Yates, or he would reply to his invitation that he could not come, for that he was busy knitting. He would station himself at his garden wall, which overhung the river, and watch the progress of a cast-iron bridge in building, asking questions of the architect, and carefully examining every pin and screw with which it was put together. He would loiter along a river, with his angle-rod, musing upon what he supposed to pass

in the mind of a pike when he bit, and when he refused to bite; or he would stand by the sea-side, and speculate upon what a young shrimp could mean by jumping in the sun.

With the handle of his stick in his mouth, he would move about his garden in a short hurried step, now stopping to contemplate a butterfly, a flower, or a snail, and now earnestly engaged in some new arrangement of his flower-pots.

He would take from his own table to his study the back-bone of a hare, or a fisher's head; and he would pull out of his pocket, after a walk, a plant or stone to be made tributary to an argument. His manuscripts were as motley as his occupations; the workshop of a mind ever on the alert; evidences mixed up with memorandums for his will; an interesting discussion brought to an untimely end by the hiring of servants, the letting of fields, sending his boys to school, reproving the refractory members of an hospital; here a dedication, there one of his children's exercises—in another place a recipe for cheap soup. He would amuse his fire side by family anecdotes:—how one of his ancestors (and he was praised as a patron of perseverance) separated two pounds of white and black pepper which had been accidentally mixed—*patiens pulveris*, he might truly have added; and how, when the *Paley arms* were wanted, recourse was had to a family tankard which was supposed to bear them, but which he always took a malicious pleasure in insisting had been bought at a sale—

Hæc est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique;

the life of a man far more happily employed than in the composition of political pamphlets, or in the nurture of political discontent. Nay, when his friend Mr. Carlyle is about going out with Lord Elgin to Constantinople, the very head-quarters of despotism, we do not perceive, amongst the multitude of most characteristic hints and queries which Paley addresses to him, a single fling at the Turk, or a single hope expressed that the day was not very far distant when the Cossacks would be permitted to erect the standard of liberty in his capital.

I will do your visitation for you [Mr. Carlyle was chancellor of the diocese.] in case of your absence, with the greatest pleasure—it is neither a difficulty nor a favour.

Observanda—I. Compare every thing with English and Cumberland scenery: e. g., rivers with Eden, groves with Corby, mountains with Skiddaw; your sensations of buildings, streets, persons, &c. &c.; e. g., whether the Mufti be like Dr.—, the Grand Seigneur, Mr.—.

2. Give us one day at Constantinople minutely from morning to night—what you do, see, eat, and hear.

3. Let us know what the common people have to dinner; get, if you can, a peasant's actual dinner and bottle; for instance, if you see a man working in the fields, call to him to bring the dinner he has with him, and describe it minutely.

4. The diversions of the common people; whether they seem to enjoy their amusements, and be happy, and sport, and laugh; farm-houses, or any thing answering to them, and of what kind; same of public-houses, roads.

5. Their shops; how you get your breeches mended, or things done for you, and how (i. e. well or ill done;) whether you see the tailor, converse with him, &c.

6. Get into the inside of a cottage; describe furniture, utensils, what you find actually doing.

All the stipulations I make with you for doing your visitation is, that you come over to Wearmouth soon after your return, for you will be very entertaining between truth and lying. I have a notion you will find books, but in great confusion as to catalogues, classing, &c.

7. Describe minutely how you pass one day on ship-board; learn to take and apply lunar, or other observations, and how the midshipmen, &c. do it.

8. What sort of fish you get, and how dressed. I should think your business would be to make yourself master of the middle Greek. My compliments to Bonaparte, if you meet with him, which I think is very likely. Pick up little articles of dress, tools, furniture, especially from low life—as an actual smock, &c.

9. What they talk about; company.

10. Describe your impression upon first seeing things; upon catching the first view of Constantinople; the novelties of the first day you pass there. In all countries and climates, nations and languages, carry with you the best wishes of, dear Carlyle,

Your affectionate friend,
W. PALEY.

THE GATHERER.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

The following anecdote of Mr. Randolph is given in the New-York Morning Courier, on the authority of a correspondent at Washington:—

While he was at a boarding school in Virginia, he as well as the other scholars had frequent occasion to complain of the quality of the butter, with which they were supplied, and, as is customary in such establishments, the complaints received but little attention. Finding all remonstrance unavailing, a combination was formed, not to use the butter, but to besmear the walls of the study and corridor with it. Amongst the conspirators Randolph was pre-eminent, and succeeded in destroying more of the butter, than any of his fellow students. The dominie soon observed the indications of their distaste of the butter, and hoping, from his youth to discover the sinner, he called up to his desk Master John, when the following dialogue ensued:

Master. I know John you will inform me, who threw the butter on the wall, tell me!

J. R. I see no reason why I should be singled out.

Master. Of whom then shall I enquire?

J. R. Why, I think you should ask the butter—I know it is old enough to answer for itself and you see it has got a pretty long beard.

ANECDOTE OF A BANKER.

At the present moment, when so much is said about bankers and banking business, the following anecdote of a deceased member of the craft may not be unacceptable.

"The late Sir M—B— always used to say, 'D—n banking!'—I hate banking. When I was a banker I never slept soundly, and there never was a day I was not afraid of stopping payment."

"Some years after he failed he used to tell humorous stories of the numerous escapes his bank had had from time to time; take the following as a specimen:—'One afternoon,' said he just as we were shutting up for the day, at 5 o'clock, our head cashier came running to me and said, 'Lord, Sir, here's a man just come in with a cheque for 540l. and I do not know what to do, we have only 500l. and a little silver and copper in the till.' Oh! said I, 'never mind do you close the doors, and then run out and borrow 40, and I'll keep the chap in jaw; and so we saved the bank that time. Next morning, luckily, a customer paid in, as soon as we opened shop, two thousand pounds: which made all right. The fatal day, however, was to come, and come it did with a vengeance; we were run upon most unexpectedly, and, long before I had breakfasted, the house was shut up, and a large mob was round the doors. For a long time I could not account for it—at last it came across me like a flash of lightning. We had, only a week or two before we stopped, taken in a new clerk to replace one that had died, and the cashier, when he went to dinner, by mistake left him at the counter. The chap was a Yorkshireman, and at once saw how things were, and, not having been used to our ways, he told some friend, that friend told a third, and so we were run out. This, however, I will say for all other clerks—we paid them well, dined them well once a week, they knew our secret, and kept it for full ten long years. My first toast after dinner always was—'D—n Banking! Curse Banking! B—t Banking!' and next was, to the clerks, 'Come, boys, hear, see, and say nothing!'"

WOMANKIND.

The womankind never looks sœe bonnie as in wunter, accepp indeed it may be in spring. You

auld bachelors ken naething o' womankind—and hoo should ye, when they treat you wi' but ae feelin', that o' derision? Oh, sirs! but the dear creters do look weel in muffs—whether they haud them, wi' their invisible hauns clasped thegither in their beauty within the cozy silk linin', close prest to their innocent waists, just aneath the glad beatins o' their first love-touched hearts. Or haud them hingin' frae their extended richt arms, leavin' a' the feegur visible, that seems taller and slimmer as the removed muff reveals the clasps o' the pelisse a' the way doon frae neck till feet! Then is there, in a' beautifu' and silent unfauldin's o' natur amang plants and flowers, ony thing sœe beautifu' as the white, smooth, saft chafes o' a bit smilin' maiden o' sixteen, rughteen, or twuntty, blossomin' out, like some bonnie bud o' snaw-white satin frae a coverin' o' rough leaves,—blossomin' out, sirs, frae the edge o' the fur-tippet, that haply a lover's happy haun had delicately hung ower her gracefu' shooters—oh, the dear, delightfu' little Laplander!—Noctes.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

KNOWING PEOPLE.

How happily do these few lines characterize a certain set of people who pick up news from "good authority," and settle the fate of the nation over strong potations of brandy and water, or Calvert's porter, forgetting that "people who drink beer, think beer." Suppose a question of great publick interest afloat:—

"Reports are abroad, precisely of the proper pitch of absurdity, for the greedy swallowing of the great grey-goggle-eyed publick, who may be seen standing with her mouth wide open like a crocodile, with her hands in her breeches-pockets, at the crosses of cities on market-days, gluttonously devouring whatever rumour flings into her maw—nor in the least aware that she is all the time eating wind. People of smallish abilities begin to look wiser and wiser every day—their nods seem more significant—in the shaking of their heads there is more of Burleigh—and in short sentences—that sound like apophthegms—they are apt to impose themselves on their credulous selves as so many Solomons."

GROUND OF RECOGNITION.

A man went to a restaurateur's (or chop-house) in France, to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, Sir, order that man, who is dining alone at the table in the corner, out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."—"How is that, Sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R—." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered him: "By whom have I been recognized?"—"By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."

PEREMPTORY CONCLUSION.

An advocate, whose pleading appeared too diffuse for the cause he was defending, had received an order from the first president to abridge it; but the former, without omitting a word of his intended address, replied in a firm tone, that all he uttered was essential. The president, hoping at length to make him silent, said to him, "The court orders you to conclude."—"Well," replied the advocate, "then I conclude that the court shall hear me."

SPINSTERS.

Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married till she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in England, in all deeds and law proceedings.

CONVENIENT ABSENCE.

An individual often visited a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, but he always met with the husband. "Zounds," said he, one day to him, "for a painter of landscapes, you are very seldom in the country."

THE LEGENDARY.

THE FUGITIVE GLADIATOR.

The following powerful and affecting description of the flight of a Roman gladiator from his brutal master, is extracted from Mr. Horace Smith's new novel, entitled *Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City*. The time is during the second triumvirate; and the heroine, the daughter of the second high priest of the Jews. Zillah is on the road to Rome.

As she gazed vaguely around her, listening rather than looking, she perceived something stealthily moving amid the foliage, midway up one of the prodigious oaks, scarcely twenty yards from their carriage. At first she conjectured it to be some wild creature, but another moment undeceived her. Yes, yes, it was he—the fugitive, holding his sword in his mouth, and clambering up the oaken tower, as if he had been fashioned by nature for the purpose, a clawed animal, a thing of the woods. Instantly averting her eyes lest their gaze should direct others to the same spot, she fixed them upon the ground, and, clasping her hands, remained for some moments in an agony of suspense; almost afraid to breathe, and still more fearful of betraying her emotion. The shout of many voices, the clamour of a brazen throated trumpet blowing a peal of triumph, and the hoarse cries of "Found! found! In the tree! In the great oak!" revealed to her that the object of her deep solicitude was discovered; and as she clung to her father, trembling with agitation, and uttering an involuntary sob of sympathetick anguish, she again cast up her eyes to see whether the poor wretch might still possess some chance of escape.

Conscious as he must have been that he was discovered, he neither accelerated nor retarded his progress; but appearing to bestow no attention whatever upon the hubbub beneath him, and the numerous pursuers who were now converging hastily towards the spot, he continued climbing up—up, up, till he had nearly gained the summit of the tree, where a leafless, bare bough, apparently one that had been blasted by the lightning, shot itself into the giddy air, stretched athwart the road. Along this crazy, fearful perch, he began to crawl upon his hands and knees, still holding the sword in his mouth. The branch trembled—it swayed to and fro—it bent with his weight. Zillah shut her eyes with a shudder; she tried even to stop her ears, expecting every moment to hear the appalling crash, the death-shriek—the horrible signal that he was precipitated from that terrific height, and dashed to atoms upon the rock.

As nothing indicated the catastrophe she had anticipated, she again ventured to look up. Still retaining the wretch around his helmet, he had now seated himself at the forked extremity of the bough, with his face towards the tree, and, brandishing his sword in his right hand, poised in mid air, swinging between heaven and earth like a wounded eagle upon his prey, he seemed resolved to await his assailants upon the perilous field of battle that he had chosen for himself. Zillah was at a loss to account for some small object that kept momentarily glistening in the sunshine beneath him, and losing itself in the shade, until a plashing sound drew her eyes to the road below, where she beheld a crimson circle formed by the continual dropping of his blood! Her previous sympathy with the sufferer was hardly capable of increase, but her indignation against his ruthless pursuers was not a little inflamed at this pitiable sight.

By this time, the horsemen, descending from the brow of the mountain, stood together under the tree, as if waiting for orders; while several of their comrades on foot successively made their appearance, and stationed themselves around the oak, without offering to climb it. After a short interval, a huge, ferocious, ruffian-like fellow, holding a trumpet in one hand and a sword in the other, came out of the bushes, puffing and panting to the spot, and immediately began to issue orders, as if he were the leader of the party. "Shall I bring him down with an arrow?" asked one of the horsemen, adjusting his bow;—"he is a dead shot as he sits now, and we shall never catch him otherwise, unless we wait till he drops out of the tree from hunger."

"At your peril, sirrah!" bawled the leader, shaking his sword at the fellow who had made the

proposition. "He is my best man—worth any two of ye. Besides, have n't I entered him, and been paid the deposit, for the great match at Capua, and the festival of Jupiter at Beneventum? No, no, we must fetch the rascal down without hurting him. Let's see, let's see!" Going out into the road for the purpose of taking a more exact observation of the fugitive's position, he began to shake and scratch his head, muttering to one of his companions, "Should n't mind putting an arrow into him myself, if he wern't up so high, so desperate high. Wing him as delicately as you will, the fall is sure to spoil him. Ugly job! Then, if I send up after him, no use—the chap is no flincher—will fight till all the flesh is hacked off his bones. Besides, the bough wout hold two—shall lose 'em both:—t would cost a good round sum to replace 'em. Coax him—coax him down."

Raising his hoarse rough voice so as to be heard by the man in the tree, he endeavoured to wheedle him down by the most solemn promises of granting him his freedom after the Jupiter festival at Beneventum, winking at the same time to his companion, swearing in an under tone, that the runaway rogue should be effectually prevented from repeating this prank, if he could only get him safe into his clutches. His fawning, yet hoarse loud voice, and the villanous savage chuckle of his under tone, as he sneered at the credulity of the dupe he thought himself about to cajole, offered a singular contrast to the foreign accent, but clear, resolute, honest, intonation of his intended victim. "You have already repeatedly made me the same promise, and have as often violated your vow," said the latter.

"True, but I mean to keep it now. By Castor and Pollux, I do! (Say any thing to get the rascal out of the tree.)"

"Have you any objection to dip your two hands in what you have so long lived by—my blood;—there is plenty on the ground beneath; to lift them up to heaven, and swear by Hercules to give me my discharge after the festival of Beneventum?"

"Any objection!—not I—none in the world. (A lie more or less cannot make any great odds, so here goes.)"

He advanced to the little pool of blood, and was about to fulfil the stipulation, when the wretched fugitive, rendered desperate by the manifest impossibility of his escape, knowing by sad experience that the most solemn oaths of his villanous master were utterly unworthy of credit, and resolved to inflict a richly merited punishment upon his oppressor, while he got rid of his own miserable existence at the same time, had no sooner decoyed him under the tree than he threw himself headlong down upon him from his eyry in the sky, and both were instantly dashed to pieces on the flinty pavement of the Appian road.

HISTORICAL.

From the Lowell (Mass.) Journal.

THE JESUITS.

This sketch, though the subject is one of momentous and increasing importance, will be as brief as the nature of the design will admit. Some reflections naturally arising from the consideration of the subject will be deferred to the close of the article. For the following short and condensed account of the order of Loyola, the writer is chiefly indebted to two articles published in the Foreign Review; and for which that journal is indebted to Count Montlosier, the fearless and intrepid champion of the enemies of Jesuitism in France.

The history of its founder is curious merely as an evidence of the immense consequences that may result from trivial causes. Loyola was born in Spain in 1491. He was a courtier and soldier, and had his leg broken by a cannon shot, at the defence of Pampeluna, besieged by the French in 1521. Superstition was the habit of the time, and the more profligate the sinner, the more fanatic the convert. Loyola adopted the resolution of forming a new order of monks, and though his original design does not seem to have gone much beyond the common ambition of the time, that of adding one more to the useless and burdensome tribes of monkery, yet this fanatic with his ten as-

sociates, under the title of "the Company of Jesus," laid the first foundation of a vast and mysterious power—they commenced the organization of a system, whose rapid and wide development extended through all the corrupt ramifications of papal supremacy, and by its silent and insidious encroachments on the bulwarks of moral honesty and political right, threatened the entire destruction of all national order, and startled by the discovery of its wily but tremendous energy the high occupants of the thrones of Europe. The ostensible object of the order was the revival and support of religion by the education of the youth, preaching, and the administration of worship and missions. But the true and deeper object was the general suppression of religious truth, the general peril of civil government, and as equivalent to both, the general aggrandizement of the dominion of Rome. These were to be accomplished by the revival and support of the papal influence by political intrigue; by personal application of all the various ability to be found in their order; by compassing sea and land to gain a proselyte; by acquiring opulence even in secular pursuits; and by founding a secret influence in every leading city and court of Europe, and even of remote nations of Asia and the new world. Such was the origin—such the object of this celebrated institution. It would lead us into a detail incompatible with our design, to enter into a minute statement of their extensive and successful plans of operation, and of the internal police by which they were governed. It is sufficient to say, that the former were marked by a sagacious and cunning chicanery, altogether worthy of making the appellation of Jesuit but another name for an artful and designing conspirator—and that the latter in characteristic keeping, aimed at the utter subversion of all the nobler and better attributes of humanity, and the sacred privileges of free civilized and intelligent society. The government of the order rested in a general, who resided constantly at Rome, where he had five assistants attached to him as a sort of cabinet, who bore the names of the kingdoms whose business they conducted. Italy, Spain, Germany, France and Portugal.

One of the primary objects of the court of Rome has always been to bind the priest to the popish throne; to cut him off from all connexion with general society, and to prohibit his having any feeling separate from the aggrandizement of popery. It prohibits him from being a father or husband, so that all his most active sympathies and aspirations are diverted from the channel which God and nature designed for them, and turned with an unwavering and resistless impetuosity toward the ascendancy of an ambitious priesthood. By the laws of celibacy, poverty, and the rules of monachism it completely isolates its ecclesiastical members from their fellow men, and fixes in every country a stern and influential multitude to whom Rome is first, and last, and midst—father, and wife, and child—the great engrossing object of such sympathies as the cloister may have permitted to survive. It may well be believed then, that this important and increasing order was received with the fullest approbation of the pontiffs, already shrinking under the great German reformation, and anxious to raise up any antagonist to the mighty champion of truth and light, that was then trampling down bigotry and superstition through Europe. It was opposed by the University of Paris, by the government of France, and by the celebrated sect of the Jansenists, equally learned and equally superstitious, but it surmounted with a sort of fiendish triumph all these obstacles—it was now paramount. It had the ear of the monarch, whom it stimulated to all the impolicy, crime, and fury of religious persecution. It had its emissaries in every popish and protestant kingdom in Europe; in the latter rousing the people to direct rebellion; and in the former rapidly absorbing all the sources of influence, filling office with its creatures, and evidently preparing their bigoted and duped sovereigns for the victims of some general and sweeping convulsion.

About the middle of the eighteenth century Jesuitism was in the zenith of its power—it was impossible that so extensive a conspiracy could be carried on, without a wide extension of confidence,

and the consequence was a gradual discovery and disclosure of the true character and objects of Jesuitism. Its books were dragged forth from their unholy concealment, and a list of Jesuit opinions published under the sanction of the Parliament of Paris in 1762. In 1772 it was put down by the pope at the unanimous desire of the kings of the popish countries. It was, however, notorious that the suppression was but nominal, and the signs and spirit of the congregations were preserved until the French revolution employed the genius of conspiracy in a more exulting and fearless development of power and ruin. The first act of the papacy on the restoration in 1815 was to refix this criminal order in the full confidence of Rome, and to make all efforts for its public reinstatement in the European states. The Jesuits were declared by the pontiff, to be the "vigorous rowers, who were necessary to the labouring ship of the church," and they have spread and prospered accordingly. The system is now declared to be spreading through France to the most extraordinary and most hazardous extent. A universal espionage for its purposes is established, and all classes are enlisted in it, from the confidential servants of the throne down to the labourers in the fields. The workmen are embodied and disciplined under the name of the "Association of St. Joseph"; every district or parish, has a chief, and the whole have a commander, who is secretly a Jesuit. The common wine-sellers are incorporated; and even valets and chambermaids are of the congregation. It requires no vast fund of argument to prove the peril of France and Europe, if this mysterious power should advance, and that its purpose is to advance, and to use its power with a high, exclusive, and remorseless hand, is evident from the nature and history of Jesuitism.

In conclusion, and in relation to the comparative probability of the triumph or the defeat of Jesuitism in France, our partial knowledge of the subject, and the necessary uncertainty of such speculations warns us to offer an opinion with becoming diffidence. The writer of this article was in Paris in the spring of 1827, during the most tumultuous period since the coronation of the present King. The chambers of Deputies and of Peers were then in session, and the measures of the Jesuit and ministerial party were never marked by a bolder or more high handed determination—nor was the voice of the people of Paris ever more fearlessly or decidedly expressed. The immediate cause of the excitement at this time was an attempt originating with M. Villele, then at the head of the ministry, to stifle the liberty of the press. In the chamber of Deputies there was a large majority of the ministerial party, and notwithstanding the opposition of the liberal part, led on by Benjamin Constant, Cassimir Perrier, and Royer Collard, three gifted and powerful advocates of a more free and liberal order of things, the project was carried through this department of the government. The excitement among the people was tremendous—the King and his party had never been more odious and unpopular—and the Constitutionnel and a few other leading opposition papers spoke out in a tone of threatening remonstrance which could not be misunderstood. On Monday, 15th May, there was a grand review of National Guards. The obnoxious law had passed the chamber of Deputies, and the people had an opportunity at the review of expressing their feelings towards M. Villele and his Jesuits. The King as he rode through the ranks of soldiery attended by his body guard, and followed by the Duchesses D'Angouleme and De Berri was received with the most sullen and profound silence—not a voice was raised from the vast throng of spectators to welcome him. Such was the state of the public mind at this period of the transaction. The character of the hereditary branch of the government—the chamber of Peers—was decidedly liberal. The hopes of the intelligent opposition—of the better part of France were resting on the decision of this Chamber. But while the subject was still under their consideration—in consequence it was then said of the ministry having ascertained that the project would be rejected by the Peers—the King voluntarily withdrew the proposition, and thus for the time terminated the affair. This was done a day or two after

the review, and the tide of popular feeling was turned in favour of the King. All Paris was in uproar—There was a very general illumination—the windows of houses occupied by Jesuitical tenants which were not lighted, were broken with stones and brick bats—the streets were filled with the populace following the white flag to the music of trumpets, drums and fiddles, and the shouts of "Live the Constitution."—"Down with the Ministers!"—"Live the Liberty of the Press," and "Down with the Jesuits!" rung out from every street and lane of this vast capital. On Sunday the 29th of the same month there was a second review. The number of soldiers was about 15000, and the populace thronged in immense numbers to the place of parade. They were estimated at 300,000. This was the first public opportunity enjoyed by the people, since the defeat apparently by the King, of the press project, to testify their feelings toward the monarch. He was received and followed during his whole progress through the ranks, by the most enthusiastick and universal acclamations both from the people and soldiery. But mingled with "Live the King" were heard distinct and repeated shouts of "Down with the Ministry" and "Down with the Jesuits." The next morning all the papers except the *Moniteur*—the official court print, were filled with brilliant and glowing descriptions of the review and of the feelings of gratitude and attachment with which the monarch was received by his subjects. In the *Moniteur* appeared the following laconick annunciation signed by the King—"The National Guard of Paris is disbanded." The people were thunder-struck. The measure was bold, mysterious and inexplicable. It was the most daring act of the government, and drew more deeply and distinctly than ever, the line of division between King and people. The revulsion of popular feeling was instantaneous and tremendous, and French enthusiasm exhausted its vocabulary of epithets of contempt reproach and hatred for the whole system of government:—King, Ministry, and Jesuitism.

The foregoing recital is given to show the power and designs of the Jesuit party in France, and the feelings of the people in relation to it. It is a decided conviction of the writer, that Jesuitism and religious intolerance in a beautiful and interesting country is destined to meet with an utter and overwhelming defeat. They are marshalling all their forces and arraying them with their accustomed dexterity and skill—they are monopolizing as far as possible the early education of the country—thus hoping to stifle in its infancy that genius of light with which they dare not grapple in its manhood—they hold not only all the civil and political places of power and trust, but the very professorships in the learned and scientific institutions are many of them filled with their creatures—and no effort is spared to exclude from all participation in the rewards and honours of government every individual suspected of holding opinions opposed to their principles and spirit of domination. But a new party has arisen and is daily increasing with a certainty and rapidity which may well make them tremble for the final issue. There has been since the restoration a steady and triumphant advancement of liberal and anti-Jesuitical principles. The ministerial party in the Chamber of Deputies is yearly diminishing in numbers and in talent. All the large cities are unquestionably liberal, and they send into their hall of representatives their most gifted and influential citizens—Gen. Lafayette has been elected to that body, and there is now in the representative chamber, an array of talent, learning and high patriotick independence which promises the most cheering results. Of the four thousand members of the schools of law and medicine, perhaps there is not one in fifty suspected of the disreputable and odious predilection for the principles of the dominant party. The Constitutionel, the prominent and fearless champion of the opposition laws, established about the time of the restoration and from a circulation of a few hundreds has increased to more than twenty thousand daily—the shares in the paper which were originally 500 francs are now said to be worth 15,000, and while it has made its editors and proprietors opulent, the ministerial prints do not pay their expenses. Judging from these facts and others of similar na-

ture we cannot but believe that the day is not far distant when the people of France will rise up in the conscious power of a holy and hallowed cause, and shake off forever the paralyzing thralldom of a wicked and bigotted combination.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the New-York Courier.

THE EASTERN WORLD.

Mr. Buckingham, the celebrated editor of the London Oriental Herald, and formerly editor of the Calcutta Journal, is at present delivering lectures in Liverpool on the state of the Eastern world. Mr. Buckingham has long been known as an accomplished traveller, a man of fine genius and high and independent character. To his uncompromising disposition and unbending integrity, he owed his expulsion from the East Indies, a few years ago. He now presides over the editorial department of three distinct publications in London, viz: the Sphynx, the Athenæum, and the Oriental Herald.

From the Liverpool papers we gather the outline of Mr. B's present lectures. He commenced with Egypt, which, he said, comprised one entire valley, about 600 miles in length; and owed its great fertility (three crops of corn annually) to the deposits made by the overflowing of the Nile. That river had excited great interest amongst the ancients, and whole armies had been sent to solve the grand problem of its source. This river, supposed by some to be coeval in its source with the Niger—the two rivers forming the grand boundaries of Africa on the west, and the north,—flows for 800 miles, without receiving any tributary stream—and imparting fertility wherever it runs. Mr. B. next alluded to the navigable canals of Egypt, its lakes and works of art. In adverting to the towns, he stated that ancient Alexandria was half as long again as London, yet was only a third or fourth rate town in Egypt. It was fifteen miles in length, and nine in breadth. Pompey's Pillar was a column supposed to be erected by the people to commemorate the bounty of Severus. The obelisks of Egypt he next noticed—one of which, though brought 600 miles by the Egyptians, a modern army of 10,000 men were unable to remove. Memphis was in ruins before Alexandria was destroyed—and, what is curious, the ancient Egyptians permitted no body to be interred in lands producing animal sustenance.

In alluding to the architecture of Egypt, Mr. Buckingham mentioned that the portico of Her-mopolis was so beautiful that a peasant on first seeing it was heard to exclaim "This is a place worthy of gods and not of men." At another city, Koum Ombo, was a lighthouse for the guidance of vessels on the Nile, the only one on record in ancient times. The great gate at Edfou was so immense that there was actually a village on the top of it.

During his travels through Egypt, Mr. Buckingham visited the famous Statue of Memnon, which is of such a size that when he stood on tiptoe (the foot of the statue resting horizontally on the ground) he could not see over the instep of that stupendous monument of art.

This statue stands upon alluvial soil; and is cut from one solid block of granite.

The Acropolis extends a mile under ground, and a fine monument of alabaster was procured from it by the late M. Belzoni, and is now in the British Museum. There are chambers in this immense sepulchre, in which the visiter may walk upon a pavement of human heads.

Mr. Buckingham confutes the general opinion that the crocodiles are ferocious; they never attack the inhabitants even when bathing in the Nile. The hyæna too, he says is perfectly harmless. If this be so, the hyæna's looks belie its disposition very much. We saw one last summer, and a worse favoured brute we never set eyes on—it was snapping and growling unceasingly, and looked as if it was made exclusively for mischief and iniquity.

The flowers of Egypt are numerous and aromatic. A man may actually travel for thirty miles

upon beds of roses. These flowers are appropriated for the extraction of the *otto of roses*.

Egypt is now four times more wealthy than it was twenty years ago. This has arisen from the policy of the present Pacha, of whom we have made honourable mention in a late number of the *Morning Courier*. He encourages European artists, and strains every nerve to promote the interest of commerce.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1829.

THE REV. HENRY JONES. Among the anti-masonick savans who have astonished the wonder-and-novelty-loving people of these latter days by marvellous presentations from their vast profundity, the Rev. Henry Jones, "A. M. once a Royal Arch Mason," holds a station no doubt pretty considerable, according to his standard of weights and measures. The Reverend gentleman is a disciple of that new and convenient theory which declares that promises, however solemnly given, are not at all morally binding; and he has rendered himself somewhat notorious by means of half a score of epistolary essays in defence of backsliding. His arguments are as logical as his theory is consistent; and the quantity of meekness and christian forbearance which his pious zeal has brought out from under the bushel is truly astonishing.

Our object at this time, however, is chiefly to introduce the following questions, and Mr. Jones' answers, which are the best possible comment upon his epistolary sophistry. In his letters, Mr. Jones labours to establish doctrines directly reverse to those contained in his answers. Whether such inconsistency accords with his ministerial character, we presume it is not necessary for us to say. The reverend gentleman is represented to us, by those who are acquainted with him, as of a shallow mind, and troubled with a great desire for petty distinction.

Questions proposed to the Rev. Henry Jones, by Deacon ———, at the Ecclesiastical Convention, held at Danville, Vermont, December, 1828, for the purpose of considering the subject of freemasonry, as it respects the members of churches.

Question 1. Did you, while a member of the lodge, consider that the oaths you had taken impugned upon your religious or political opinions. Ans. I did not.

Q. 2. Did you feel yourself bound to execute the penalties upon a member who should disclose the secrets of masonry? Ans. I am not willing to own that I was even at heart a murderer. [On the question's being repeated, and a definite answer requested, the answer was—I did not.]

Q. 3. Did you suppose, from any thing you saw or heard, that your brethren with whom you associated, felt that they were to take the life of one that should disclose? Ans. I did not.

Q. 4. Did you consider yourself bound to vote for a brother to any office in preference to another of equal qualifications? Ans. I did not.

Q. 5. Did you consider yourself bound to screen from justice a brother, who had committed a crime which exposed him to punishment by the civil law? Ans. I did not.

Q. 6. Did you ever hear any particular religious tenets or political principles discussed in the lodge? Ans. I never did.

NARRATIVE OF THE ANTI-MASONICK EXCITEMENT. A gentleman whose information well qualifies him for the task, has just put to press in the village of Batavia, a work bearing the above title. The first two chapters have been politely forwarded to us, and they contain such evidences of candour and a disposition for fair dealing, that we think the work will be worthy of the patronage of all who have any desire to be informed of the true character of the Morgan matters. The chapters before us are barely introductory to the subject—containing a brief history of the rise of masonry in the west, and a few observations on its present state in some particular places. The Le Roy seceders were among those chiefly instrumental in introducing it and extending its popularity, and so zealously were they engaged

in its cause, that the lodge and chapter to which many of them belonged, "continued in session day after day, sometimes for a whole week together!" And John Hascall, too, actually went more than one hundred miles for the express purpose of being initiated into two or three of the higher degrees! Yet these very zealots cry out that masonry is operating against "our liberties," undermining "our republican institutions," and subverting "our sacred religion!" Marvellous consistency! But will the people be deceived by such barefaced villany? will they place confidence in the assertions of men whose conduct declares them as unstable as the wind—who go to the extreme of every thing, and are sincere in nothing? and shall the wretch be encouraged, who has the impious hardihood to declare, that "*anti-masonry sprung from the Throne of God*"? If such men, by any political chance, should be able to seize upon places of power, Heaven only knows where their reckless ambition would terminate!

We wish the author of the contemplated publication, success; not because we think that masonry is to be the subject of eulogy, but because the welfare of the country demands that the mysteries of anti-masonry should be revealed to the world, and its deformity portrayed in a manner that cannot be misinterpreted by the people.

☞ Lack-a-day! wo, wo, wo to anti-masonry! bundle up your rags, Governour Southwick; and you of the Niagara Courier, roll up your editorial swaddling clothes, and trudge back to your old sphere in South Gotham! for verily, a wonderful thing hath happened—a star is set—the patriot Phelps is gone down from the editorial chair of the Ontario Phoenix, even unto the walks of private life!! The melancholy intelligence reached this city by the western mail of last evening, and we hasten to lay it before our readers in order that they may get their mourning apparatus under weigh as soon as possible, and assist us in bearing the load of grief necessarily attendant upon so sad a bereavement. Our readers will recollect the patriot, as the author of sundry elegant extracts, which at various times graced the columns of the last volume of the Record. We have no time to speak of him at length, and must content ourselves with quoting of his own comprehensive phrases, with which he attempted to illustrate the character of Dr. Waterhouse, soon after the meeting of the Dedham convention—"*it was a rainbow of magnificent horror, spanning the divine dead sea of blood and thunder*." But he's gone,—so weep Squire Hopkins—Governour Granger, weep! and "let the heavens be hung with black."

When Mr. Satterlee Clark, of the anti-masonick convention, made his publick renunciation of masonry, he concluded with this remarkably modest assertion—"that the Father of our country, our beloved Washington, did not possess sufficient energy to renounce what he knew to be ridiculous. But, sir," said the unassuming gentleman, "I dare do what he dared not." Qu. Did Mr. Clark intend to convey the idea that a greater than Washington had appeared in his person in our days? I looked at the picture of that great man over the speaker's chair, and I thought it blushed.

NO ANTI-MASON.

PUBLICK OPINION, AND SPIRIT OF THE PUBLICK JOURNALS.

☞ We exclude other matter for the purpose of giving place to the following extracts—they contain a true picture of the opinions of intelligent men. Read them with attention.

From the Oneida Observer.

Rome, February 21, 1829.
MEMRS. EDITORS—The Elucidator of the 13th inst. contained the proceedings of an anti masonick meeting, appointing me one of their corresponding committees. On Thursday last, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was left, at my request, with the gentleman having the charge of the Elucidator, at the printing office, who was desired to publish it in the paper of yesterday; but on examining that paper to-day, I find that the communication has not been published, nor has the fact that I am not an anti-mason, been communicated to the publick. I therefore request that you will publish it in the Observer. Respectfully yours,
To the Editors of the Oneida Observer.

Rome, February 18, 1829.
MR. EDITOR—I observed in the last number of your paper, the proceedings of an anti-masonick meeting, held in this town on the 9th inst. by which it appears that I was appointed one of the town committee of correspondence:

In relation thereto I take the liberty of saying that I did not attend any such meeting, nor did I know that such a meeting was to be held; and that my appointment took place entirely without my knowledge or approbation. I am not a mason, and I have never desired to be one, but I am willing that every man should in relation to masonry, pursue the dictates of his own judgement; believing that a person of good character becomes no worse, and one of bad character no better, by joining the institution; and that although I have no particular friendship for masonry, in itself considered, I am acquainted with many members of that fraternity whose honesty and good moral conduct, are sufficient to satisfy me that there is nothing in the institution itself, dangerous to the peace and good order of society, or subversive of the free principles of our government; and that those men are not directly or indirectly concerned in, or accountable for, the lawless and brutal conduct of those who have, no doubt, murdered William Morgan.

I wish I could say that the results of anti-masonry are no worse than those of masonry. That there are many of those opposed to masonry, who are sincere in the course they are pursuing to put it down, I most readily admit; but I am satisfied that those who are most vociferous against it, and who style themselves, or are styled by others, the leaders of anti-masonry, are endeavouring to win for themselves political power, rather than to destroy an institution which they believe to be dangerous.

The most of them are disappointed politicians, who have assumed at different times, all the names now to be found in the political vocabulary, for the purpose of distracting and defeating the democratic party of the state; but who have, notwithstanding, been known by the people, and have almost invariably received from them a just measure of reward.

They are again in my opinion, trying to deceive the people, reckless of the consequences, if they can obtain for themselves political preferment, under the hope that they can make the honest prejudices of a portion of this community against masonry, subservient to their designs; and what are the consequences which have hitherto resulted from anti-masonry, where it has succeeded most? Has it produced any thing favourable to the cause of religion? Certainly not—look at the situation of the churches in the western part of this state; where, but a short time since, union, harmony, and brotherly love prevailed; the demon of discord now reigns, and scatters jealousy and confusion—ministers have been driven from the sacred desk by those who had for years looked up to them as patterns of piety: who had received from them the sacred ordinances; and whose instructions they had listened to with lively emotions: and they have been dismissed, not for any overt acts committed by them; not for any offence meditated or committed in secret against the laws of God or man; but because they would not surrender their rights and privileges, at the requirement of those who had no authority to demand them. For the same reasons, and for no other, those who had vowed to watch over and love each other, and who had the same hopes in relation to a hereafter, have risen up against each other, and uttered their dire anathemas.

Has anti-masonry been beneficial to the peace of societies and neighbourhoods? It has served to destroy those feelings which men are usually proud to cherish; which blunt the weapons of political hostility, and enable men of different creeds, to meet as friends in their social circles: and it has not only destroyed those feelings, but has substituted feelings of personal hostility. It has set "the father against the son, and the son against the father;" and for what, the most of them know not; but in fact, only to minister to the designs of aspiring demagogues. These are some of the effects of what I call political anti-masonry; and all those who help to fan the flame are only increasing the evil; an evil which, if suffered to increase to any great extent, will be beyond the controul of the "master spirits" who now direct it, and the consequences of which no man can predict.

These are some of the reasons why I cannot consent to become an agent in carrying forward the schemes of political anti-masons; and you will confer a favour on me by publishing them in your next number: I make this request, not because I wish to appear as a champion of masonry, but because your paper has been the organ through which I have been proclaimed an anti-mason. Yours, &c. HENRY A. FOSTER.

To the Editor of the Elucidator.

From the Boston Bulletin.

RECANTATIONS. We have no objections to any person's renouncing whatever opinions he may have entertained, and in any manner, publick or private, which he may choose; but whenever any man makes a publick renunciation, with a view to influence publick opinion, it is incumbent upon us to look at the circumstances under which it is done, so as to know how much confidence we may safely put in the new assertions of the renouncer.

It will be remembered by some of our readers, that a man named Lewis Tappan, about a year since, renounced Unitarianism, and said that it was a bad faith, that it never had a good effect upon him, and that its professors were a set of cold hearted men, who attended to some of the forms, but did not, as far as he knew, feel the influence of Christianity. This may, by a strange possibility, be true; but it is not to be believed on account of Mr. Lewis Tappan's assertion; because, first, he pretended to make the publick renunciation, for the benefit of his former associates, and at the same time, endeavoured to sell to one or more of those old associates, Unitarian books, of so powerful a character, that he could not keep them in his library; second, because, he was in so much disrespect with the Unitarian sect, that he could hope for no pecuniary assistance from them, at a time when he was obliged to abandon his usual mercantile pursuits; and by turning orthodox, he could obtain aid from the orthodox party, as a conductor, in part, of an orthodox paper; and third, because he could not but have known that no better men lived on earth, than many of the most zealous Unitarians whose

fair fame he saw fit to depreciate, as much as he could. If Lewis Tappan had been wholly without inducement to turn, except such as might be found in his conscience, or, if he had done it silently, without an attempt to gain such notoriety as might be favourable to his future projects, much more credit could be placed in his assertions. As it is, no sensible man can think a whit less estimable of the Unitarians or their faith, for his denunciations. Judas was once a professed follower of our Saviour, but his renunciation of faith has not affected the world; even deists do not rely on his testimony.

Within a short time, this same Lewis Tappan has renounced and denounced masonry! Poor abused masonry! We have not seen a letter published, as yet, by the celebrated turn-about, to any of his former brethren; but it is not to be doubted, that a letter might be written, containing arguments quite as just, and defamation quite as well deserved, as were in that to the clergymen of Boston. We should like to know, as the orthodox paper has failed in New-York, and passed into other hands, if the great renouncer is about to establish an anti-masonic paper, and thus heralds its approach. One thing we are sure he will not renounce, that is all claim to the confidence of men of sense—that is too far gone to require renunciation.—[Communicated.]

From the Oneida Observer.

A DILEMMA. The *Anti-Masons* recommend the Legislature to pass a law, "preventing a *Mason* officiating as Jury-man, in any case where either party belongs to the fraternity, while the other is not a member;" and the *Masons*, it is said, claiming as they have a right to do, equal protection, desire that in that event the Legislature shall pass another law, "preventing an *Anti-Mason* officiating as Jury-man, in any case where either party belongs to the fraternity of *Anti-Masons*, while the other is not a member." As the case now stands it is obvious that the rights of *Masons* are quite as much in need of Legislative protection as those of *Anti-Masons*. We should not very well like to be tried by a Jury of *Anti-Masons* composed of the leaders of that party in Oneida county; to expect justice from them would be as unreasonable as to think of gathering "grapes from thorns or figs from thistles." We should be condemned, not for being *Masons*, but for a much more heinous offence in their estimation—for that of being Democrats.

Should the prospective and demoralizing principles which govern the conduct of *POLITICAL Anti-Masons* be extensively acted upon, society would be torn in pieces by contending factions, and the bitter waters of strife would be poured without stint into our churches and families. If political *Anti-Masons*, claim the right to have *Masons* excluded from Juries—we may soon see the different religious sects asking for political privileges for themselves, and disabilities against others.

From the Middlesex (Conn.) Gazette.

ANTI-MASONRY IN CONNECTICUT. The editor of the Journal, a paper printed at Bennington, Vermont, in speaking of the astonishing rapidity with which the anti-masonic excitement has spread over various portions of our country, remarks:—

"Take Connecticut—for instance—the land of steady habits." Her inhabitants have simultaneously started up, as if a great trumpet had sounded for battle; and never has there been exhibited a more calm, and determined, and zealous spirit, than that which now animates the breasts of all classes."

We cannot divine from what source the respectable editor derived information on this subject, which authorized him to put forth the above paragraph. He is incapable, we trust, of wilful misrepresentation; but we assure him that he has done gross injustice to the people of Connecticut. The great mass of our citizens care no more for masonry or anti-masonry, than for the sources of the Nile. There is, it is true, a skeleton or frame of a party, in the eastern part of the state, the professed object of whose members is the overthrow of the masonic institution; but it is composed principally of designing demagogues, and ignorant dupes—the pairings and ends of obsolete factions—banded together in the hope, on the part of the leaders of acquiring political influence, to be used as their interest might dictate. In this pitiful business, our substantial inhabitants have no hand.

We should hardly deserve the reputation, of which we are justly proud, of intelligent, sober, thoughtful people, were we capable of being wrought into a state of feverish excitement on the subject of an imaginary, or at least equivocal grievance, by the sophistry of casuists, or the intemperate ravings of pretended fanatics.

From the Ithaca Journal.

THE WESTERN EXCITEMENT.—Who would have thought that such a man as *Solomon Southwick* could receive nearly one eighth part of the votes given by this state for governor? This same Southwick was a few years since, a candidate for the same office, and obtained about 1700 votes. His character has by no means improved since that time; and if indeed he can be regarded as a same person, the history of no country or age, presents to our knowledge a more desperate and unprincipled demagogue. In a recent Observer, among other blasphemous expressions, he exclaims:

"Was not Anti-Masonry, in the late election, fighting under the banner of *Jesus Christ* and the *Testament of the Eternal God*, which he came to deliver?"

What makes his blasphemy the more striking and preposterous, is the fact, that many of the leaders of the anti-masonic excitement at the west, are known to be avowed *ATHEISTS* and *HYPOCRITES*—who deny the existence of a Supreme

Being, or scoff at and ridicule the Christian religion. One of them, who was elected to a responsible office, at the late election, declared that he believed Christianity was no better than Masonry, and that both ought to be put down. A famous anti-masonic lecturer, named *Hamilton*, was a few months since at the court in Ontario county, convicted of an infamous assault upon a young female, and sentenced to the state prison. At the same court, *Giddins*, the author of the anti-masonic almanac, was refused his oath as a witness, because of his disbelief in Deity, he having declared that he would as soon worship a dumb beast as the being called God! Alas, the heart sickens at the reflection, that many honest, well meaning citizens, have become the dupes of these unprincipled men, and lent themselves to a system of detraction, intolerance and persecution, subversive of civil rights, and of the peace and harmony of society, and hostile to the spirit of civil liberty and to the free institutions of our country! But reason and reflection, truth and justice, will soon resume their power, and the dregs which have risen upon the bitter and troubled waters, will sink to their natural level.

From the New-York Enquirer

A NEW THING.—New-York must always have something new to keep the citizens alive. Every week, or every month at least, an excitement must be got up. Death, desolation, or certainly one of the seven plagues of Egypt would be the consequence of the contrary.

Heretofore we have been accustomed to treat every country novelty with indifference. If it came from the interior we would put our arms a-kimbo, utter a "pshaw" and kick it to the antipodes. Nothing but what originated in the city was supportable or even tolerable. This sentiment has given way to a slight exception. The angel of *Anti-Masonry* has descended and troubled the pool of public opinion. On Thursday evening an assemblage of three hundred persons was held at the corner of Mott and Chatham streets, where speeches were delivered—resolutions passed—delegates appointed—and every thing went off in the most superior style.

A pilgrim from the West was introduced, who gave a long and interesting statement of facts connected with the abduction of poor John Morgan.

In short, a very considerable anti-masonic concern has been erected here all on a sudden; and several very excellent orators, on all occasions, intend to ride on the little whirlwind as far and as fast as they can. We wish them much success for the next month.

Contents of *The Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*, for January,—*Essays and Cases*—An account of the successful resuscitation of three persons from suspended animation, by submersion in the river Ohio for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Observations on Fever and other Diseases of the South and West. *views:* Lectures on Anatomy, Surgery, and Pathology, including Observations on the nature and treatment of Local diseases, delivered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Contents of *Flint's Western Monthly Review*, for January,—Thoughts on a National University (concluded), My Mother, Present State of the Jews, The Black Revolution, The Sabbath, New-York High School, Wabash and Miami Canal, The Pandect, Livingston County High School, United States' Law Intelligencer and Review, New Theory of Medicine, French Literature, Liberal Christianity, Methodist Errour, Miss Robbins' School Books, Culture of Silk, Kirkham's Grammar, To Readers.

From the National Intelligencer.

The new Administration.—We have now satisfied ourselves, from authority upon which we place reliance, that the following gentlemen will be nominated to the Senate, by the President Elect, to fill the office attached to their names respectively:

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of New York, to be Secretary of State
SAMUEL D. INGHAM, of Pennsylvania, to be Secretary of Treasury.

JOHN MCLEAN, of Ohio, to be Postmaster General.
JOHN H. EATON, of Tennessee, to be Secretary of War.
JOHN BRANCH, of North Carolina, to be Secretary of the Navy.

JOHN MCPHERSON BERRIEN, of Georgia, to be Attorney General.

Under this arrangement, the Postmaster General, (who, we are glad to see, is to retain his present station,) is to be considered as a Member of the Cabinet; which has not been the case heretofore, and takes rank, (if there be any thing like rank in an official relation purely conventional, and recognized by no law) next after the Secretary of the Treasury.

BOOK OF JASHER.—It is stated in the English papers, that an interesting discovery has been made in Persia, of the Book of Jasher, mentioned in Joshua. The manuscript was procured at great expense, and it was supposed that it had been preserved in Persia since the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity. It contains a minute account of the battle of Gideon, when the Sun miraculously stood still in the mid heaven.

The New York Enquirer remarks, that there are yet many interesting biblical discoveries to be made, and that it is evi-

dent they will be made in Persia, for the Jews, after their seventy years' captivity, left several of their sacred books, in Persia, which were preserved by that portion of their brethren who were content with the administration of Cyrus and preferred remaining in Babylon. The permission granted by that monarch, and confirmed by Darius, allowing them to return to their native land, was so promptly accepted, that many religious works were left behind. There are, at least, eight or ten Books, referred to in the bible, of which no traces have been found. They are 'Book of the acts of Solomon,' 'Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah,' 'Book of Samuel the Seer,' 'Book of Nathan the Prophet,' 'Book of Gad the Seer,' 'The Visions of Iddo the Seer,' 'Book of Semiah the Prophet,' 'Book of Jehu.'

The recovery of these would throw great light upon many important facts, and explain points upon which there exists the most contradictory opinions.

We shall doubtless find many of the missing books in Persia, and no place more likely than Ecbatana, the ancient Shushan, the city in which the Jews enjoyed the greatest privileges after their escape from Haman.

ALBANY TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Journeymen Printers in the city of Albany, held at Harmony Hall, on the 25th February, 1839, *Solomon Baker* was called to the chair, and *P. Sturtevant* appointed secretary.

The object of the meeting having been stated, it was unanimously Resolved, that it is expedient and proper to form a *Typographical Society*, in the city of Albany.

A committee was appointed to draft a constitution for the regulation and government of the proposed society; when the meeting adjourned until Tuesday evening, 3d March.

Tuesday evening, March 3. The meeting convened, pursuant to adjournment. The committee appointed at the previous meeting, reported a form of a constitution, which, after some modification was adopted.

The society then proceeded to the election of officers; when the following persons were duly chosen:

Murdoch M'Pherson, President, Philo K. Cole, Secretary,
Giles K. Winne, Vice-President, Abraham A. Keyser, Treasurer.
Board of Directors—Thomas S. Ranney, Caleb Child, jr., John D. Kearney, John Malcolm, Alexander H. Glenn,

MASONICK CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany, at the Masonick Hall.]

Temple Encampment, 2d Friday in each month.
Temple Chapter, 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month.
Temple Lodge, 1st and 2d Tuesday in each month.
Mount Vernon Lodge, 1st and 3d Thursday in each month.
Masters Lodge, 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

ODD FELLOWS' CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany.]

Hope Lodge, Monday evening in each week, at Montgomerie Hall.
Philanthropic Lodge, Wednesday evening in each week, corner of Lodge and State-streets, over Osborn and Grays.
Clinton Lodge, Friday evening in each week, Masonick Hall.

The most marked tokens of respect appear to have been paid to the memory of "the good Father ANTONIO DE SEDELLA," whose remains were interred at New-Orleans, on the 22d ult. The state legislature adjourned to attend the funeral. The members of the city council resolved to wear mourning on the occasion, and the publication of the daily newspapers was suspended, to enable those attached to the establishments to attend the obsequies.

It is supposed (says the New-Orleans Mercantile Advertiser) that no less than 15,000 persons were present at the end and imposing solemnity. The legislature, the military, the masonic lodges, the corporate bodies were all zealous to evince their profound respect for the memory of one whose virtues will be ever enshrined in the grateful remembrance of those whom his wisdom benefitted, whom his kindness consoled, and whom his unbounded charity so oftentimes relieved.

ALBANY TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The members are requested to attend an extra meeting of the Society, at Harmony Hall, THIS EVENING, at 8 o'clock precisely. Persons desirous of becoming members, by applying at this time, will be entitled to admission by paying the original initiation fee. By order.
mr 7 dlt P. K. COLE, Sec'y.

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super-extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Feb. 14. 3m3

TO ARCHITECTS. The Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina, being about to erect a MASONICK HALL in the city of Charleston, offer a premium of one hundred dollars for the plan which shall be approved. The lot is about one hundred feet front on Meeting-street, and of sufficient depth from east to west for any required buildings. The front will be to the east, and must present a specimen of the strictest chasteness, simple, but conforming in proportions to the best models. The building must be calculated to contain on the second floor a superb Hall for public purposes, the lower floor for supper rooms, and other conveniences for public parties; the third story must contain a room for the assembly of the Grand Lodge; one or more wings extending from the main building to the west, must contain rooms for the subordinate Lodges, the Chapters, &c. and the lower story to be calculated for kitchens, and other requisite offices. Each plan must be accompanied with an estimate, specifying the value of the materials on which it is founded. To be forwarded to Ed. Hughes, Recording Grand Secretary, on or before the 1st of May next. By order of the Grand Lodge.
BENJ. FANEUIL HUNT, G. M.

POETRY.

From the New-York Morning Courier.

HEBREW.—SAUL.

"I bid from old ocean
The atom return,
And mingle in motion
The dust of his urn—
From tempest I gather
The matter that formed,
And snatch from the fire
The spirit that warmed,
Form of my power,
I beckon thee here!
Shade of the sleeper,
Appear! appear!"

Thus the Sybil breathed her spell,
And the viewless owned it well.
Phantoms came and went and came,
Stranger things without a name,
'Till the wild and fitful scene
Wore the form of what had been.
In the distance dim discerning,
Like the taper's feeble burning,
'Mid the mists the charnels gather
Over sleeping son and father,
Stood the spirit—something given,
Fetter link 'twixt earth and Heaven—
Nameless—breathless—shadowing,
Yet itself a shadowed thing,
Fearful as a dungeon's gloom,
Stern and death-like as the tomb.
With a deep and hollow sound,
Thus it broke the still profound;"

"Thing of an hour
That bade me appear,
Shrink from the power
That beckoned me here—
For, Chieftain, of sorrow
My breathings must be,
I hear in the morrow,
Dark voices for thee;
Oh, why on the hidden
Thus bending intent?
Too soon for thy bosom
The veil will be rent:
In the gathering gloom afar
I but see the falling star,
O'er the landscape laughing wide,
Soft I mark a sweeping tide;
Now the silver mists go,
Headlong in the gulph below—
Where yon sable shadows fall
I can read a crumbling wall—
Buried spear and broken feast,
Shame upon the chosen guest,
Now a form is by my side,
Sullied are its notes of pride—
Crouching in its shame it comes
To its father's voiceless home—
Now their shadows coldly twine
And, O Chief, that form is thine—
Tremble—for in all I see
But thy own dark destiny!"

NORRIS

From the Connecticut Journal.

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

The light guitar, the light guitar,
I hear its tinkling sound afar,
Where underneath the evening star
The dance is wheeling;
And many a laugh, and many a shout
The busy echoes toss about,
Till joyous with the merry rout
The hills are pealing.

The light guitar, I know it well;
I heard it first, when evening fell
Around the vine-embowered well
By Rhone's broad river—
Joy to thy valleys, gay Provence!
Thou sunny paradise of France,
Carols at eve, and song and dance
Are thine forever.

The light guitar, it sends me where
A living glory fills the air,
And all of gay and bright and fair
Is full of flowing.
Below me sleeps the purple sea,
Above me clouds of amber flee,
And gold on every tower and tree
And spire is glowing.

The light guitar, its warning sound
Maidens and youth are thronging round
With song and shout, and leap and bound—
No dream of sorrow.

Away with grief, away with care!
Glad thoughts alone are welcome there;
They care not, if or dark or fair
May rise the morrow.

Then glory to the light guitar—
Its holiest time the evening star,
When liquid voices echo far
By rock and river.
O! might such heavenly nights be mine,
Where overhead the rambling vine
Lets quivering through the bright moonshine
By Rhone forever.

LINDA ALHAYA.

The following pretty verses are extracted from a volume of poems, of which the principal is entitled "The Sorrows of Rosalie," a most touching and delightful burst of poetry. It is attributed, and we believe truly, to Mrs. Norton, daughter of Tom Sheridan, a lady in whom the inheritance of genius, so long possessed by her family, still exists. *Albion.*

Slow rippling in the zephyr's breath,
The murmuring waters flow beneath;
Warm glows the sun—sweet breathes the air,
Why are these scenes, though bright and fair,
To me a dreary wilderness?
Linda Alhaya! can'st thou guess?
Why do I gaze on flowerets blue,
Which rival heaven's own matchless hue,
And wander by their native stream,
Though it to other eyes may seem
Unworthy of my constancy?
Linda Alhaya! tell me why?
Why do I gaze on them and smile,
Then set me down and weep awhile,
Sadly, but fond as they recalled
Something which held my heart enthralled;
Then slowly wend my weary way?
Linda Alhaya! can'st thou say?
Linda Alhaya hears me not—
Linda Alhaya has forgot
That e'er her starry path I crossed,
Where every end but joy was lost,
And hast thou lost all thought of me,
Linda Alhaya! can it be?

Not so have I of thee, sweet maid—
Deep in my heart my love is laid,
Scentless and withered each flower to me—
Leafless and scathed each towering tree;
Oh, Linda Alhaya, can'st thou not guess?
Thou wert my rose of the wilderness!

Linda Alhaya! those flowerets blue
Hath not thine eye's soft liquid hue,
But they the self-same language hold,
Waving above those waters cold;
And as we parted on this spot,
They said "farewell, forget me not!"

Those flowers may bud, and bloom, and die,
Above the brook that wanders by;
And while they live, their blossoms seem
Reflected on its silver stream;
But when rude time the bud shall sever,
Their images are fled forever.

Oh! thus shall it never be with me
While I have breath and memory;
The stream of life may swell its tide—
The image still secure will bide!
My faithful heart in death shall tell,
Linda Alhaya, I loved thee well.

From the Literary Souvenir.

THE MUSICK OF THE REEDS.

A voice of musick swells from yonder reeds,
Where flits on feeble wing the rising blast,
Low as the sound when gentle Pity pleads,
Or lone remembrance mourns the cherished past;
Now, with wild notes upon the waters cast,
Like solemn voices joined in holy strain;
Anon with measures intermingling fast,
As peals the distant choir,—and hushed again,
Like Hope that cheers Despair—or Grief that weeps in vain.

II.

It is the native harmony of earth,—
The slow and awful hymn of solitude;
A melting strain which owns no mortal birth,
But breathed by Nature in her softest mood,
From heath, or sunless grove, or mountain rude,
Where fountains in their leafy twilight rise,
And blooms that graceful tenant of the wood,
Grief's golden emblem, with the plant which vies
In name with Friendship's self, in hue like summer's skies.

III.

And well the Arcadian Deity of yore,
Beneath the shade of moss-grown boughs reclined,

Where nodding thickets crowned the pebbled shore.
And raised the reed its answer to the wind,
Amidst the whispered melody might find
The infant breathing of that conquering power,
The first, and mightiest mistress of the mind,
While lasts Affliction's storm, or Danger's hour,
Raising the drooping soul, as dews the withered flower.

IV.

Sigh on, thou breeze, and ye, light leaves, that make
The forests musical, the desert mild,
And fill with sounds of peace each rustling brake.
Be tuneful still,—amidst this pathless wild,
The western sky with clouds of glory piled,
Night's star above—earth—ocean calm below,
And fair as when creation's morning smiled;
I would not change the strains which ye bestow,
For all that earth can teach—for all that skill can show.

FROM AN ABSENTEE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Let me wander where I will,
Thy sweet voice is near me still—
On the dumb, untrodden mountains—
In the silver speaking fountains—

In the wandering winds that roam,
And never, never find a home—
In the sky-larks merrier measure,
When she fills the morn' with pleasure;

And by day, and in the night,
Thy soft eyes are my love-light,
While thy tender voice doth cherish
Hope to life, which else might perish.

O voice, which comes o'er land and seas!
O eyes, bright midst the tamarisk trees!
Why need I dream of past emotion?
Of distant skies! of severing ocean?

Midst toil and war, 'neath Indian suns,
Midst deserts where no river runs,
What care I? Ye are shade and river—
Are hope—are joy which faileth never!

From the Ladies' Magazine.

TO THE SEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Grant me thy company thou solemn sea!
Earth speaks of man—her trimly, trelliced walks,
Her groves, her gardens, and her gorgeous domes,
All speak of man. Even the pure, lofty sky
With all its change of garniture,—its robe
Of morning purple, and its garb by day
Of blue and silver tissue, richly wrought,
Its mantle for the eve, of nameless dyes,
Oft seems to me (may Heaven forgive the thought!)
Like some fair woman in her coquetry.
—But *thou dost speak of God*,—thou holy Sea!
Thou wonder-working, mortal-mocking One.
Alone upon thy shore I rove, and count
The crested billows in their ceaseless play;
And when dense darkness shrouds thy awful face,
I listen to thy voice and bow me down
In all my nothingness to *Him* whose eye
Beholds thy congregated world of waves
But as a noteless dew drop.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1829. JOHN F. PORTER.

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Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

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THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1829.

NO. 7.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of New-York, at its annual communication in Albany, February 4, 1829.

By Rev. Com. JOSEPH PRENTISS, A. M.

Rector of St. Luke's Church, Catskill, and Trinity Church, Athens.
Concluded.

As a minister of the gospel of peace, as the subject of that Prince, whose "Kingdom is not of this world," and as the chaplain of this ancient society, I know no political creed, and have no party attachments; and I trust that I shall say nothing which charity can construe into a contradiction of this profession. But you will suffer me to ask, by way of contrast, what has been the course pursued by the organized body of anti-masons?

Have they not consented to abandon all former political alliance, and to concentrate all their political strength, for the avowed object of giving the executive power and legislative control in this state to persons who had pledged themselves for the destruction of Masonry, and who have thus far laboured in that cause, with a zeal without knowledge and without charity? Have they not unblushingly avowed the intolerant and proscription design of repelling Masons from any participative in publick trust or official station, either political, civil or religious? Their cause they tell us, is too holy, and their zeal too pure and disinterested to be combined with political names. The time for the open avowal of such combination, and for disposing of their political strength to the highest bidder, not having yet arrived, they now rally under a new flag, inscribed with "Destruction to Masonry." They reject, as a thing polluted, either food or raiment, which has passed masonick hands; they consider the air which masons breathe as polluted; even the movements and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, their changes and eclipses, are only considered safe and entitled to confidence when observed by anti-masons and announced by their publications: and if masonry cannot be put down or masons banished, we may expect to see this new and holy brotherhood, with their chivalrous and frothy champion at their head, taking up their march to colonize at Oregon, or in some other remote and uncivilized region of the earth not yet profaned by masonick foot.

For the ignorant, the honest and the deluded, in this new fraternity, I feel sentiments of pity and of sorrow; for their more knowing and hypocritical leaders, I have feelings of contempt which the solemnity of this place forbid me to express. But to return to our own defence.

Equally groundless as that of political intolerance, is the charge that masonry claims the right of inflicting upon its refractory members, the most barbarous and sanguinary punishments. The laws and records of masonry may be searched in vain, for any colour of proof in support of this charge.

The inflated representations of this kind, with which the publick have been amused, and the credulous and timid have been frightened, are mere words of sound and fury. Masonry claims and exercises no other power over its members than is claimed and exercised by every moral and religious association in our country; the highest and severest penalty which she claims the right to inflict, or which, by her authority ever hath been inflicted upon an offending brother, is expulsion from all the rights and privileges and charities of the fraternity.

If masons violate the laws of their country, by those laws let them be tried and punished, they have no lien upon the fraternity for protection, nor dare they come here and ask to be shielded from the retributions of the civil arm.

But the specious justification of the demand for further and special legislation upon this subject, is the tranquilizing the publick mind; for, notwithstanding all that hath been done, the phrenzied excitement, they tell us, still continues.

And will wise and sober men attempt to allay publick excitement by an abandonment of the first principle, and by a prostration of the very citadel of civil liberty, the enjoyment by all, of equal laws, impartially administered?

If touched by this excitement, or urged on by its clamours, our legislators shall make enactments, in violation of that principle, they will hereafter look with astonishment upon their folly, and they will have cause to thank heaven, rather than their own wisdom and prudence, if they, or their descendants, become not the victims of their own dangerous precedent. But why this keen and morbid sensibility in relation only to the alleged murder of Morgan? Is this the only crime of the kind, if, indeed, it hath been perpetrated, that sleeps unrevenged in our state? How many murders have been committed with such subtlety of precaution as to elude the eye and escape the retributions of earthly justice. In such instances, and one, committed under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, have occurred in our adjoining county, on the banks of the Hudson, within a few years, at no great distance from each other, and the perpetrators, who for aught we know were anti-masons, have never been discovered. Why in each such case were not the laws new moddled, new statutes made, and new ministers of justice appointed?

I have not dwelt upon this subject on account of any peculiar importance which I attach to the existence of masonry, nor from any fears of its extermination, nor from any anxious desire for its extension. Indeed, I apprehend, that it is to a too rapid extension, by a too hasty admission and advancement of members, that we are indebted for much of the obloquy and embarrassment which we now suffer. No, I fear nothing from without. It is true, numerous, powerful and intolerant combinations may annoy us; the civil powers may be seduced by misrepresentation to believe, that they shall do God service, to persecute us. But masonry has a hiding place, secured against the inquisition or assault of human power, provided by the Almighty, guarded by his all-seeing eye, and defended by his presence. My fears are, that under the influence of this excitement, laws of unequal bearing may be obtained, jeopardizing the freedom and equal rights of our fellow-citizens:—That masons may conceive themselves persecuted, and under the specious pretence of self preservation or defence, or for the more reprehensible purpose of retaliation or revenge, may be drawn into political or other associations, contrary and corrupting to the principles of their order, and dishonourable to its name.

Truly proud, may we be, of masonry and masons, Brethren, if their prudence and wisdom and patient forbearance, shall steer them safely through the perils and dangers of the rugged passage which seems now to lie before them.

* Miss Hamilton.

It is not in the sunny calm, nor under the fair and gentle breeze, but when the storm rages, when rocks and shoals are near, when the billows roll and the deep is lashed into foam by the fury of the tempest, that the wisdom and skill and firmness of the mariner will appear.

It is, when persecution threatens, or when iniquity abounds and the love of many waxes cold, that the christian's faith and perseverance are tried. And it is under circumstances like those by which masonry is now surrounded, that fortitude, and steadfastness, and sound discretion are required in each individual companion.

If any of our Brethren have scandalized their profession, by perjury or violence, let us deplore it: If we have been individually careless in our moral deportment, or negligent of our obligations as citizens and believers in the just retributions of religion and of laws, let us make haste to reform: If we have been remiss in the administration of official trust, let us return to a prompt, upright and faithful performance of that duty—that so by well doing we may, if possible, "put to shame the ignorance of foolish men." Or, if we are satisfied that the present state of publick sentiment and feeling is such, as to suspend the wholesome and charitable operations of masonry: If we believe that the prejudice created by the wilful falsehoods and scandalous imputations of its enemies, will, hereafter, render its institutions, however benevolent in their design, or pure in their administration, productive of more evil than good, then let us quietly, peaceably, and voluntarily lay them aside. But, conscious of our own integrity and innocence, in regard to the outrage which is the alleged justification of that indiscriminate abuse which hath been poured upon us, and having, on a former occasion, most solemnly and publicly disclaimed all knowledge or participation in it,* let us not be intimidated by the violence of either political or religious demagogues, or apostate masons. Let us look for safety to the protecting providence of that Almighty Being "who ruleth the raging of the sea and the noise of his waves," and who is therefore able to restrain and control "the madness of the people." And let us not treacherously denounce an ancient society which in every age hath numbered among its patrons and active supporters, such men as a Washington and a Warren, and a host of individuals distinguished in the higher walks of life for patriotism, and for all the moral and christian virtues, merely because its enemies are unusually clamorous, on account of having discovered, what masons themselves have often sincerely and publicly lamented, that, in common with all other associations, social or religious, it has its unprincipled, depraved and unworthy members.

Neither let us degrade ourselves in the estimation of all pure-minded, enlightened and honourable men of whatever name, by seeking to acquire popular favour, through traitorously surrendering it into polluted hands, or by falling ourselves into the misguided ranks of those who have taken the field for its destruction.

Companions—If after having held fast our integrity as masons; if after having faithfully done our duty as good and obedient citizens, we must still be offered up to appease the angry gods of anti-masonry, then let the sacrifice be made upon the altar of a pure heart; let it be made in the presence

* See Appendix, next column.

of an approving conscience; and it will then be an acceptable sacrifice to Him, "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid."

APPENDIX.

Extract from the proceedings of the Grand Chapter, 1827.

The committee appointed by resolution of the Grand Chapter, on the affair of William Morgan, made the following report, which was accepted, and the preamble and resolution adopted.

That they have attended to the duties assigned them, and that from the highly agitated and inflamed state of public feeling on this subject, and from the false and undeserved imputations which have been thrown upon freemasons, and the masonic order generally, your committee deem it proper that this Grand Chapter should make a publick expression of its sentiments in relation to the affair alluded to. Your committee, as expressive of their views on this subject, would offer for the consideration of the Grand Chapter, the following preamble and resolutions.

Whereas, the rights of personal liberty and security are guaranteed by the free constitution under which we, the members of this Grand Chapter, in common with the rest of our fellow-citizens, have the happiness to live: And whereas we esteem the preservation of these rights of vital importance to the perpetuity and full enjoyment of the blessings of our republican institutions: And whereas the community has lately witnessed a violation of the same, under the alleged pretext of the masonic name and sanction, in the case of William Morgan: And whereas, the principles of our ancient and honourable fraternity contain nothing which, in the slightest degree, justify or authorise such proceedings; but, on the contrary, do in all their tenets and ceremonies, encourage and inculcate a just submission to the laws, the enjoyment of equal rights by every individual, and a high and elevated spirit of personal as well as national independence:

Therefore Resolved, by this Grand Chapter, that we its members, individually and as a body, do disclaim all knowledge or approbation of the said proceedings, in relation to the abduction of the said William Morgan; and that we disapprove of the same, as a violation of the majesty of the laws, and an infringement of the rights of personal liberty, secured to every citizen of our free and happy republic.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Philanthropic Lodge, No. 5, of Independent Odd Fellows, in the city of Albany, by the M. N. G.

Respected Brethren,—It is with considerable diffidence that I rise to present you an address, introductory to the regular course adopted at our last meeting; a diffidence which arises from a consciousness of my inexperience in a performance of this nature, and my inability to do justice to a subject requiring the talents and exertions of one more skilled in the execution of so interesting an office. But while I labour under these disadvantages, I am warmly encouraged in the belief that my endeavours will be succeeded by brethren better qualified to discharge so instructive a duty; and that we have brethren eminently possessed of such abilities, I need not hesitate proudly to assert.

As the adoption of this weekly course was intended to unite amusement with instruction, and while it beguiles away the few moments of time we are permitted to spend in our meetings of friendship, that we should be gaining thereby, without the labour of direct application, that instruction applying practically to our welfare. Following up the idea, I shall direct your attention to the importance of the acquirement of knowledge and its undeniable value.

Perhaps, brethren, there is no country in existence, whose inhabitants are more happily blessed with the opportunities of obtaining the general groundwork of an education, calculated to release the mind from the vassalage and degradation of ignorance, than the land we now inhabit, and are proud to acknowledge as the place of our nativity. Nor must the promulgation of popular instruction be estimated as contributing alone to the exaltation of our minds and heightening the enjoyments of secluded society; it has claims upon our attention of far greater magnitude.

The repeated failures sustained by the ancients in the formation of their republics clearly proves, that a nation, to maintain that honourable distinction, must be emphatically a "Republic of Letters;" and it may with certainty be asserted, that education and the general intelligence of our countrymen is the spine of our happy constitution, from whence are derived those blessings of liberty daily appreciated by ourselves; and increasing terror to

the reigning aristocrats of the world, and the envy of their oppressed subjects.

Ignorance is certainly the source of more than half our miseries and misfortunes; it renders our exertions feeble, our best intentions ill directed, and exposes us as a prey to the more crafty intelligent. Ignorance, in a political point of view, is likewise attended with the same evils, and subjects us to the like impositions of the wicked, as in the more secluded avocations of life.

History is replete with evidence sufficiently strong to substantiate the truth of this allegation. It affords numerous instances of governments established upon what was then thought to be the strongest and most lasting basis, and intended to insure the prosperity and happiness of its framers; and we have seen them gradually fall a prey to the artifices of some restless aspirant, who, acquainted with the weakness of its structure, and imposing upon the unsuspecting credulity of his countrymen, has finally usurped the sovereignty of the nation, to gratify his ambitious designs.

The hand of improvement is naturally tardy in its operations even under the most propitious circumstances; our surprise therefore decreases when we reflect how gradual the change has been in the course of knowledge and refinement, even opposed by numerous and powerful obstacles, which it had to surmount before it could have wrought the happy change, witnessed in the present day, of which we are all more or less partakers.

Leaving those days of Antiquity, before invention was brought in to aid the cause of Science and Philosophy, let us trace the art of promulgating information by means of the press, through all those countries where it was suffered to exist, and diffuse its benign influence, the history of its trials and conflicts in the prostrate cause of general intelligence, will afford us sufficient evidence of the importance the sovereigns of those countries attached to its extinction, to enable them to support their unhallowed cause of usurpation and tyranny. What wise monarch, wishing to sustain his sovereignty, would give license to a system calculated to inspire the minds of his subjects with feelings of personal independence, and a disposition to question the right of his authority? On the contrary, it would be his policy, as it has been the policy of sovereigns in all ages, to humble the rising spirit of independence, which is the natural effect of minds expanded by knowledge and reflection, and raised above the level of grovelling submission, the consequence of ignorance.

Knowledge being therefore power, and ignorance imbecility, is it to be wondered that the advances of the ancients should have been so slow in its attainment, when we consider this dampening interest standing ever ready to oppose the liberating spirit, whenever it began to extend its genial influence.

Conclusion next week.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

ENCKE'S COMET.

The comet, denominated Encke's comet, which is now engrossing the publick mind generally, and the scientific world in particular, has justly claimed and received the careful attention of astronomers, since its appearance in 1818 engaged Professor Encke to consider the elements of its orbit. He was enabled to identify it with a comet described by Messrs. Mechain and Messier in 1786, in the constellation Aquarius; also with a comet discovered in 1795, by Miss Herschel in the constellation Cygnus; and with the comet in 1805. The investigation of the professor enabled him to foretell its re-appearance in 1822, and to state the probability of its not being observable in our climate. This anticipation was realized by the fortunate circumstance of the attachment of Sir Thomas Brisbane to astronomical pursuits, who was then governor of New South Wales, and had fitted up an observatory there, and provided himself with the able assistance of Mr. Rumker. The latter gentleman appears to have discovered the phenomena of June 2, 1822; and his accurate observations afforded Encke the means of reconsidering the true elements of the comet's orbit, and with additional confidence to compute its return

for 1825. This occurred as was expected; the fresh data afforded by that return were carefully collated by the professor to enable him still more satisfactorily to define the orbit, and with increased confidence to predict its return this year. It was first observed by Mr. South on October 30, 1828. This comet affords particular interest to the mind of the astronomer, though it does not offer a splendid object to his eye. Its orbit is an ellipsis of comparatively small dimensions, wholly within the orbit of Jupiter; its period is about three years and three-tenths,—a much shorter period than has hitherto appeared due to any other comet, with the exception of one seen in 1770, which did not satisfy, as far as observation has been able to show, the prediction of the period of five years and a half which was attributed to it. In the opinion of Encke and other astronomers, the comet which is now visible may afford an opportunity of proving that the heavens oppose a resisting medium to the motion of bodies. This subject has been discussed in the Transactions of the Astronomical Society of London, by the able mathematician Masotti; and that gentleman offers strong reasons for considering comets capable of affording a demonstration of a resisting medium in the heavens, though planets may give no indication of it. Another comet which encourages the anticipation of much astronomical gratification, is one which Biela discovered February 27, 1826, and which was afterwards seen by Gambart and others. It seems to possess similar claims to the attention of astronomers as that of Encke, it being conceived to revolve about the sun in about six years seven-tenths, and to be the same as the comet which appeared in 1772, and that which appeared in 1806. Encke's comet will be in its perihelion, by computations, on 10th January, 1829.

[Companion to the Almanack.

COMET OF 1811.

According to the recent calculations of the Professor Lambert, of the University of Dorpat, the comet so long visible in the year 1811, was 57 2-3 times smaller than the sun, but 17 times bigger than Jupiter, 25,104 times bigger than our globe, 1,255,000 times bigger than the moon, while its orbit exceeds that of all the planets of our solar system put together.

[Leipziger Literatur Zeitung.

THE WINDS.

It may be stated as a rule without exception, that the west winds are more frequent than the east. But the west winds diminish more and more in proportion as the centre of the continent is approached; they are more frequent in England, Holland, and France, than in Denmark, and in the greatest part of Germany: they are of more frequent occurrence in the last mentioned countries than in Sweden and Russia. In London, the east winds (N. E., E., S. E.) are to the west winds (N. W., W., S. W.) as 1 is to 1.7; at Amsterdam, as 1 to 1.6; at Sandmoer as 1 to 1.6; at Copenhagen as 1 to 1.5; at Stockholm as 1 to 1.4; at Saint Petersburg as 1 to 1.3.

The west winds blow from the direction of the south point in proportion as the Atlantick sea is approached: towards the middle of the continent, they blow more nearly from the direct west quarter, or from N. W. The north winds appear to increase as we go eastward. Among the winds which blow from the west, that of the S. W. quarter is most prevalent in England, Holland and France: the direct west predominates in Denmark, and in the greater part of Germany; at Moscow, the N. W. is most prevalent; at Saint Petersburg and Stockholm, the north wind is much more frequent than in the more western parts of Europe.

In the western and central parts of the north of Europe, such as England, France, Denmark, Germany, Norway, the west winds are much more frequent during the summer than during the winter and spring. This does not appear to be the case in Sweden or Russia. During winter, the point from which the western winds blow inclines to the south; they are more direct and more northern in the summer. The rule, however, does not appear to extend to the eastern parts of Europe.

[Bull. Univ.

CHARACTER.

THE LATE REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

The following notice of this respected individual, formerly of the Catholic Church in Boston, and who recently died in Paris, is from the *Genius of Masonry*, by Col. Knapp:

This good man we mourn, was the Rev. Dr. Taylor. In his death the world has lost one of its brightest ornaments, in or out of the pulpit. He was among the most learned of the present generation of distinguished men. He was a profound mathematician and an admirable linguist; deeply read in his profession, and master of the accomplishments of a gentleman, and gifted with the graces of a christian. In the odour of sanctity he practised all the courtesies of society, nor did he, like some narrow minded ecclesiastics, fear to bring the charms of classical learning into the persuasions of the sanctuary. He defended his faith with the warmth of an apostle and a martyr, and at the same time seized the dark and thick envelopements of bigotry with the strong hand of a reformer. His eloquence, if not faultless, was most attractive; it was rich with the spoils of time, and full of the unction of truth. To make his calling effectual to his flock, he whispered the promises of hope to the unhappy, and brought the consolations of the gospel to the wounded in spirit; he gave instructions with words of comfort, and accompanied his reproofs with needful precepts; but amiable as he was, the denunciations of the Messiah to the oppressor and the hypocrite were breathed in terror from his lips. His pen was as fluent as his tongue, and drew copiously from the sweetest fountains of knowledge—the master spirits of the classic ages—and from the scriptures, the deep wells of eternal life. He wrote on all subjects with the ease of high acquirements and commanding talents; he passed from eloquence to poetry, not as a business, but as an elegant amusement, which, if it does not consecrate an hour, throws the perfume of taste and genius over the moments of leisure, and invigorates the minds for weightier duties.

All his holy functions were divinely administered; he stood by the bed where parting life was laid, to charm away the fiends of conscience by the power of the repentance which he taught, and by the gospel promises he had in store; and waited in earnest prayer (for he believed this world more intimately connected with another than most men) to deliver over to *whispering angels, and sister spirits, the humble, the contrite, the believing, trusting soul*. Like all men of refined minds and studious habits, he was sometimes overtaken by the clouds of a gloomy hour; but he brushed away the tear that unpleasant recollections or sad forebodings had wrung from his heart, and he came out, and joined the social circle, when his duties would permit, with alacrity and interest; and by his presence impressed upon the votaries of fashion this great truth; that elegance, refinement and intelligence require the purity of devotion, and the gentleness of sanctity, to give a perfect and an exquisite finish to the manners of a gentleman.

MAHOMET.

The following curious particulars of the personal character of this celebrated impostor are derived from a "Description of Mussulman Records in the Cabinet of the Duc de Blacas;" recently published by M. Reinaud, of the King's Library at Paris.

Mahomet was naturally gay, affable, and of an even disposition. He listened patiently to every body; and, to use the expression of his historians, when he was in company he was never the first to rise.

His domestick establishment was simple, modest; in short, like that of a private individual. Dates and water were the food most frequently used; and sometimes two months would elapse without the lighting of a fire. Mahomet darned his own stockings, mended his own clothes, swept his own room, and waited on himself.

He constantly maintained forty persons at his own expense. Whatever they asked, he never refused; so that more than once it happened to him to be in want of the necessaries of life. God,—a-

gain to use the words of his historians,—offered him the keys of all the treasures of the earth; but he declined them.

The feeling which Mahomet was the least able to controul, especially towards the latter part of his life, was the love of women. That taste, and a liking for perfumes, were, after ambition, his two ruling passions. "Two things," he himself said, "attract and excite me—women and perfumes; these two things recreate me, and render me more disposed to prayer."

Mahomet married about a dozen women, not reckoning slaves. At his death he left nine of them. This was an evident violation of the precept which he had himself established, and which fixed the number of wives at four. But in his character of a prophet he pretended to be exempted from the common law: He affected to say, that all the prophets who had preceded him had acted in the same manner. The truth is, that whether we regard his own life, or certain passages in the Alcoran, it is manifest that he placed sovereign happiness in sensual pleasures.

Mahomet was very zealous for his friends. He loved to serve them with the same ardour with which they served him; which was in his eyes the surest method of attaching them to his cause. But in proportion as he was disposed to serve his friends, was he implacable towards his enemies. If any one interposed an obstacle to his designs, he gave himself up to excessive resentment; fire, poison,—he stuck at nothing. In this respect he shared the vindictive feelings of his countrymen; and he did not begin to manifest any greatness of soul, until the firm establishment of his power had placed him above these horrible atrocities.

Mahomet treated religion as a political means of arriving at his ends. On every occasion he made Heaven speak. Thus, by the assistance of the Alcoran alone, we may form a notion of the most important epochs of his life. He never failed to give to all his proceedings a religious character. The Mussulmans, in order to express the extreme attention of Mahomet to every thing which related to the Deity, say, that even when he looked down on the earth, his reflections were on heaven.

By such devices he inspired an enthusiasm among his companions, of which it is difficult to find a second instance. When he cleansed himself, his disciples took the water which had washed away his filth, and respectfully drank it; when he expectorated, they swallowed his saliva; when he cut his hair, they eagerly collected the fragments. In speaking of this subject, an idolater of Mecca, who had witnessed the splendour of the Caesars of Constantinople, and that of the Cosroes of Persia, declared that no king had ever been so respected, that no prince had ever enjoyed such an empire, as Mahomet.

THE GATHERER.

A THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

An ingenious contriver of ways and means, residing hereabouts, some twenty years ago, being in want of a turkey wherewith to be thankful according to law on the last Thursday in November, set his wits to work to procure one without labour, love, or money. Turkeys, as every body knows, are fond of an apple tree for their couch, and our hero, going in the stillness of night, singled out a fine fat gobbler from a tree full belonging to one of his neighbours. While reconnoitering the roost, he heard the feathered bipeds say, very distinctly, "Quit! Quit! Quit!" But considering these as mere words of course, he did not regard him a feather, but taking a bit of red yarn from his pocket, he made it fast to the right leg of his intended prize, and retired without further alarming the brood, or at all disturbing their owner. The next day he went to his neighbour's house with the following interrogatory—"You hav'nt seen no stray gobbler here, have ye?" The neighbour answered that he had not; but that there might possibly be one amongst his turkeys; and asked the other if he should know his turkey on seeing him? "O yes," said the wily man of inventions, "I should know him very well, by a bit of red yarn he had

round his right leg." Accordingly the whole flock of turkeys were assembled, and the man deeply regretting his loss, and declaring he would not have taken a silver dollar for the bird, began to examine the "whole lot." "Gobble! gobble! gobble!" said an indignant turkey, taller than the rest by a head. "Ah! that's he," said the man, springing up two feet as he spoke, "that's the very identical feller, don't you see he has got the mark on?" "Well so he has, sure enough," said the honest neighbour, taking two quids of pig-tail in three seconds, "and yet I'll be darned and roasted alive, if he does'nt look as much like a gobbler of mine as two white beans! Howsomer, as the critter belongs to you, why, you must take him, that's all." He said no more, but caught the turkey and handed him over (as he verily supposed) to the rightful claimant. The other thanked him for his trouble, and after inviting him to come and take a thanksgiving supper with him and telling him he should be as welcome to a bit of the turkey as though it was *his own*, he marched off triumphantly, with the prize under his arm, and a laugh in his sleeve. [Berks. American.

HISTORY OF COFFEE.

The discovery of coffee is generally attributed to the Prior of a monastery in that part of Arabia where the shrub is indigenous. The facts of the case, however, as verified by the learned Abdalculder, whose manuscript is in the King of France's library, and by M. Galland, translator of the Arabian Tales, are as follows:—About the middle of the fifteenth century, one Gemaleddin, who resided at Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea, having occasion to travel into Persia, found there some of his countrymen, who were in the habit of taking coffee; and who were loud in the praise of its virtues. On his return to Aden, he was cured of sickness by the use of coffee. As Mufti of Aden, and having occasion to pass whole nights in prayer, Gemaleddin persuaded the Dervishes, the better to fit them for watching, to make use of coffee. In a short time there was no beverage in Aden so popular as coffee: lawyers took it to stimulate their faculties; mechanicks and artists to invigorate their bodies; travellers to aid them in prosecuting their journey by night: in short, all Aden took it. From Aden it passed to Mecca, where it became in a short time, if possible, still more popular. From Arabia Felix it was carried into Egypt, thence to Syria, and finally to Constantinople.

WINE.

The ancients had a high opinion of this beverage. The Greeks regarded it as the most precious gift of the gods. Callimachus sings that the power of wine is equal to that of fire: it puts all the humours of his body into motion—draws out the profoundest secrets of his heart, and produces disorder in his mind. Aristophanes says that wine is the milk of Venus and the Loves, but that its excess leads to the most shameful and criminal debauchery. The Greek Anthology contains a beautiful epigram on the power of wine in love: "Weaving a crown, I discovered Love concealed among roses—I seized him by his wings, and plunged the little urchin into wine, and drank it—But how has he avenged himself? He has infused fury into the very marrow of my bones."

TURN-COAT.

The Duke of Savoy took indifferently sometimes part with France, and sometimes with Spain, for that purpose he had a *juste au corps*, white on one side and scarlet on the other; so that, when he meant to declare for France, he wore the white outside, and when for Spain the red. This is the origin of the proverb, *tourner casaque*, or "turn-coat."

MAN.

Man is so pugnacious an animal, that even the quakers, who in all other things seem effectually to have subdued this part of their animal nature, carry on controversy, whenever they engage in it, tooth and nail. [Quarterly Review.

THE LEGENDARY.

From "Legends of the Lakes," by T. Crofton Croker.

DARBY O'REILY.

In the good old times there existed in Ireland a race of mortals, who, under the denomination of "poor scholars," used to travel from parish to parish, and county to county, in order to increase their stock of knowledge. These poor scholars were for the most part men of from twenty to five-and-twenty years of age; and as they were also agreeable, social fellows, who during their peregrinations had acquired a fund of anecdote, could tell a good story, and never refused to lend a helping hand in any business that was going forward, they were received with a *caed mille fauiltha** at every farmer's house throughout the country, where they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased. It happened one evening in the month of July, that one of these peripatetics, a stout, platter-faced mortal, by name Darby O'Reily (the very same it was who invented the famous stone soup), made his appearance at the house of the widow Fleming, who dwelt not far from the old church at Kilcummin. Now, the widow Fleming, who, since her husband's death had taken the entire management of a large farm upon herself, was very glad to see Darby O'Reily for a variety of reasons. In the first place, it was the hay harvest, and Darby would lend a helping hand and keep the men in good humour at their work with his merry stories; then he could teach the children great A B C of an evening; and then she was a lone woman, and Darby was a pleasant companion, and an old acquaintance moreover. Whether this last idea was of deeper root than the others is not for me to say, but certain it is that Darby received on the present occasion more than a common welcome from the widow Fleming. After having partaken of the good cheer which the widow set before him in the greatest profusion, and having renewed his acquaintance with the inmates of the house, even to Darby the dog that was named after him, and the cat, he proposed to step down to the parish jig-house, just to shuffle the brogue with his old sweethearts, hear the news, and see how the neighbours were getting on,—for it was near a twelvemonth since he had been in that part of the country. Now, whether it was the mention of sweethearts that disagreed with the widow, or whatever else might have been the cause, it is certain that she was much against Darby's going to the jig-house; but seeing that she could not with any decency or effect gainsay his intentions, she was obliged to assent, at the same time, however, warning him to be back early, and not to keep up the house. Away he went to the jig-house, where he found himself quite at home, and as welcome as the flowers of May. Fine fun he had of it, for the pipes played merrily up, while he footed it bravely with the prettiest girls and the best *moneen* jiggers in all the barony. To speak the truth, he wasn't a bad hand at a jig himself, for there were few could equal him in the "heel and toe" step; and then he put such life and spirit into his motions, that he made the house ring again with his grinding and the merry snap of his fingers. But your dancing is drouthy work,—at least Darby O'Reily was of that opinion, although there was no fear of his dying for the want of a drop to drink, as he had news for the old, and stories for the young, till at last it was Darby here, and Darby there, and who but Darby? The soul of merriment and the prince of good fellows, every one striving who should be the first to treat him, Darby soon became as comfortable as any gentleman could wish to be. But while Darby was drinking, and dancing, and making merry, he never remembered it was time to go home, or bestowed a single thought upon the widow Fleming's good advice, which was very ungrateful of him, considering the civil way she had behaved to him, and that she was even then herself sitting up waiting his return. The longest day will have an end, and the greatest merriment must at length give way to repose, as Darby found to his sorrow, when the party broke up, and he had to stagger away as well as he could. He was so

much "in the wind" that he didn't well know which way he was going; and as bad luck would have it, he went every way but the right; for instead of keeping the straight road, by way of making a short cut, he turned off through the fields; and after wandering about for as good as an hour, where should he find himself but in the old fort at Claunteens. A bad place it is to get into at the dead hour of the night, when the good people are going their rounds and making merry, as Darby soon found; for though it was easy enough to get into the fort, he could not get out of it for the life of him: it even appeared to him as if the fort had increased its dimensions to a boundless extent. He wandered up and down and round about for a long time, without ever being able to get out, and was obliged at last to content himself where he was, so down he sat on a stone. There's small fun in sitting on a *could* stone in the moonshine," muttered Darby; "and sure it's a pitiful case to be bewitched by the fairies—the good people, I mean,—and stuck fast in the middle of an *ould* fort; but there's no help for it, so what can't be cured must be endured." No sooner had he come to this very wise conclusion, than he heard a most tremendous hammering under the very stone he was sitting on. "O Darby," cried he, "what'll become of you now?" Plucking up his courage he boldly took a peep beneath the stone, when what should he see but a cluricaune sitting under the projecting ledge of what had been his seat, and hammering as hard as he could at the heel of an old shoe. Although Darby was very much afraid of the fairies, he wasn't a bit in dread of the cluricaune; for they say if you catch a cluricaune and keep him fast he'll show you where his purse is hid, and make a rich man of you. But it wasn't thinking of purses Darby was, for he'd rather be out of the fort than to get all the purses in the world. So when he saw the cluricaune, it came into his head that may be he'd lend him a helping hand, for they say the little fellow is fond of a drop himself. "Success to you, my boy, you are a good hand at a shoe, any how," said Darby, addressing himself to the cluricaune. "Ah! Darby, my jolly buck, is that you?" said the cluricaune, getting up from his work and looking him full in the face. "The very same at your honour's service," answered Darby. "What brought you here?" said the cluricaune; "I'm thinking you've got yourself into a bit of a scrape." "Fakes then, your honour, I'm thinking the very same," said Darby, "if your honour does not lend me a helping hand." So he told him how he stopped at the widow Fleming's, how he went down to the jig-house, and being a little overtaken in liquor, how he wandered through the fields until he found himself in the old fort, and wasn't able to make his way out again. "You're in a bad case, Darby," said the cluricaune; "for the good people will be here directly; and if they find you before them, Darby, they'll play the puck with you." "Oh, murder!" cried Darby, "I throw my life upon the heel of your honour's shoe." "Well," said the cluricaune, "you're a rollocking lad as ever tipped a can, and it's a pity any harm should ever come of taking a drop of good drink. So give me your hand, and I'll save you. And as you never did any hurt to me or mine, I'll do more than that for you, Darby. Here, take this charm, and you are made, for ever, my man." "And what's the nature of it?" said Darby, at the same time putting it into his right-hand breeches pocket, and buttoning it up tight. "I'll tell you that," said the cluricaune; "if you only pin it to the petticoat of the first woman in the land, she'll follow you the wide world over; and that's no bad thing for a poor scholar." So saying, the cluricaune took him out of the fort, put him on the straight road, and wishing him success with the charm, burst into a fit of laughter and disappeared. "Good riddance of you, any how,—but 'tis an ugly laugh you have with you," said Darby as he made his way to the widow Fleming's, who was in no great humour; and no wonder, to be kept up so late by such a drunken *bletherum* as Darby. Now when he saw the widow in a bit of a fret, "Ho! by my soul," said he, "I've the cure in my breeches pocket." So with that he outs with the charm, and pinned it slyly to the widow's gown. "I've charmed her

now," says Darby, "if there's any truth in that little chap of a cluricaune." And certainly there was soon a wonderful change in the widow, who, from being as glum as a misty morning, became as soft as butter. So very careful was she of Darby, that, late as it was, she made down a good fire, lest he should be cold after the night, brought him a supper of the best the house could afford, and had as much *cooram* about him as if he was lord of the land. Darby grinned with delight at the success of his charm, but he was soon made to grin at the wrong side of his mouth; for the widow, in the midst of her love, chanced to discover the charm that was pinned to the tail of her gown. "What's this you've pinned to my gown, you rogue you?" said she, at the same time flinging it into the fire. "Botheration," roared Darby, "I'm settled for now;" and no wonder he should roar, for the charm took instant effect; and the fire jumped *holus bolus* after Darby, who made for the door, and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him. But if he did, the fire came after him, roaring and blazing as if there were a thousand tar barrels in the middle of it. Away he ran for the bare life, across the country, over hedge and ditch, for as good as two miles; neither stopping nor staying till he came to a deep well on a high farm, between Tullig and Gleun a Heelah, when who should he meet but his old friend the cluricaune. "Arrah, Darby!" says the little fellow, "you seem to be in a wonderful hurry; where are you going so fast, man, that you would not stop to *spake* to an old acquaintance?" "Bad luck to you, you deceitful hop of my thumb," said Darby; "for sure it's all along of you and your charm that I'm in the neat way I am this blessed night." "And that's my thanks for saving you from the good people," says the cluricaune: "very well, Mister Darby, there's the fire at your heels, and who's to save you now?" "O! thunder alive! sure you would not be after *sarving* Darby that way." "Well," said the cluricaune, "I'll take compassion on you this once; so here's my advice, leap into the well, and you'll be safe." "Is it into the well you *mane*," says Darby, "why then do you take me for a fool entirely?" "O! you're a very wise man, to be sure, seeing you're a scholar, Darby, so you may take your own way if you like, and welcome. Good night to you, Darby O'Reily," said the spiteful little fellow, slapping his cocked hat on his head, and walking off with a most malicious grin. "Good night to you, Darby O'Reily." "Murder! murder!" shouted Darby, for by this time the fire had come so near that it began to scorch him; when seeing there was no alternative, and thinking it better to be drowned than burned, he made a desperate plunge into the well. Souse he went into the well, and souse went the fire after him. Immediately the water bubbled, sparkled, growled, and rose above the verge of the well, filling with the velocity of lightning all the adjacent hollow ground, until it formed one of those little sparkling lakes which are so numerous in this hilly country. Darby was borne with the speed of a whirlwind on the top of a curling billow, and cast senseless on the shore. The first thing he saw on awaking from his trance was the sun shining over him; the first voice he heard was that of the widow Fleming, who had travelled far and near in search of him; and the first word Darby uttered, upon thoroughly recovering himself, was, "Bad luck to the good people, for sure 'tis they that have been playing tricks upon me all the night." Then he up and told the widow Fleming and the neighbours the whole history of his night's adventure. "It's drunk you were, Darby, and you know it," said the widow; "You're a bad boy, Darby." But whatever was the cause, whether Darby got the charm from the cluricaune or not, it is certain that the widow Fleming not long after became Mrs. O'Reily, and that Loch Bran or the Lake of the Burning Cole, is to be seen to this day.

It would be a very pleasant thing, if literary productions could be submitted to something like chemical analysis,—if we could separate the merit of a book, as we can the magnesia of Epsom salts, by a simple practical application of the doctrine of affinities.

* A hundred thousand welcomes.

MISCELLANY.

THE SHELL.

AN HISTORICAL APOLOGUE.

"The world was made for Man," said he.

"I will tell you an apologue," answered the teacher:

1. In a beautiful bay of the celebrated island Atlantis, a large Shell of the delicate white, and the most rounded form, the relic from some previous world, lay on the smooth and elastic sand. It was left for a long period undisturbed and unaltered; sometimes kissed by the extreme bubbles of the billows, and often trembling so melodiously in the wind as to have furnished to the early gods the first hint of a musical instrument, and to have been the prototype of the sounding conches which accompanied with their deep notes the feasts on Olympus, and the Indian triumphs of Bacchus.

2. The moist dust gradually accumulated within it, and the germ of a sea-weed fell upon the soil, and grew until a fair and flourishing plant, with long dark leaves, overhung the white edge of the thin and moonlike vase. For many months the ocean herb retained its quiet existence, imbibed the nightdew of the heavens, rejoiced in the fresh breezes from the sea, and lived in tranquil safety through every change of shower and sunshine. At length a storm arose which rolled the waters upon the shore. The Shell was overwhelmed, the plant washed out of it, and the light vessel swept into a cleft of the rocks.

3. After some days of calm and warmth, a bird dropped into it a seed, which sprouted, and became an orange-tree. Its leaves were so thick and green, that they would have supplied a graceful chaplet to a wood-nymph, and she might have delighted to place in her bosom the pearly and fragrant blossoms which hung amid the tuft of verdure. The seasons with their varieties, and the starry influences of gentle nights, nurtured the shrub, and the pure flowers were changed into gorgeous fruits, which gleamed through the foliage like the glimpses of a gilded statue in some deserted temple through the robes and coronals of creepers which have overgrown it. The orange-tree had gladdened many spring-times with its sweetness and its splendour, when it faded and died; and the birds of the air piped a lamentation over the shrub, amid the living beauty of which they had so often nestled.

4. In after years, when nothing remained of the orange but a slight and dreamy odour around the Shell, and the last light grains of the dust wherein it grew had been borne away by the eddy breezes, a butterfly, as red and glittering as the planet Mars, came on its crimson wings to the dim and spiral cell. It fluttered round the ivory entrance, poised itself upon it for a moment, and waved its silken sails. Then, after darting and circling, like a winged mote of the sunbeam, through the deep woods and over the sea, it returned to perish. While it sank into its quiet and beautiful retreat, it yet seemed loth to leave a world which to it had been a fairy domain; but the necessity of its nature was upon it, and it closed the gay leaflets which had sustained its flight, and resigned itself to death.

5. It was followed by a troop of bees, which took possession of the Shell, and, after their daily excursions over meadow and bloomy bank, returned to its smooth and undulated chambers with the materials of their combs, and with large stores of bright and luxurious honey. The tiny echoes of their abode resounded with the constant hum of labour and happiness, and it was soon as brimming as a wine cup at a nuptial-feast, with the rich and perfumed treasures of the insects, arranged and sealed in the exact compartments which filled the interior of their silvery palace. But a bird attacked and destroyed their commonwealth, and again the Shell was left empty.

6. A humming-bird, all emerald, ruby, and sapphire, then discovered the lonely nook, and folded there its jewelled wings. It soon found a mate, and together they lived a flowery life. He who had seen either of them wandering at sunset through the glen, would have believed that the brilliant core of the western sky was fluttering a-

way along the earth; or the little animal might have been thought the choicest signet of a prince, transformed of a sudden into a living thing, and endowed with the power of flight. When they wheeled together towards their home at twilight, no pair of fire-flies, no twin-lights of the firmament could be brighter than were their diamond crests. The sweet essences of a thousand buds and flowers supplied their nourishment; and, while they sucked the delicious juices of ripe fruits, their wings were tintured by the lightest bloom of the plum and the grape. But the rain dropped thick and fast into the Shell, and the gentle birds, which seemed made to whisper love-messages in the rosebud ear of a lady, and to hide themselves in sport among her ringlets, departed from their nest, and sought in sparry grotto, or in southern bower, a more secure habitation for their lovely but frail existence.

7. Lastly, at sunrise, seemed flitting from the morning star an elfin spirit, which danced into the Shell, and assumed it as his home. It thrilled with life and pulsation; and, while a spring gushed out of the rock, and bore it along towards the sea, he spread his thin wings to the breeze, and sailed in his lily-coloured argosy away over the blue and sunny deep. The white Shell, and its new sovereign, moved forward with the graceful swiftness of a snowy swan, tilting over the light ripples of the water, and, when night came with its constellations, seemed to be itself a trembling star on the verge of the horizon. That spirit, too, shall inhabit the Shell but for a time, and shall then depart, that he may develop, in some other more fitting position, the whole capacities of his nature. The Shell will sink into the waves, and be joined to the treasurers of the ocean caverns, in them, also, to aid the existence of other beings, and to fulfil a new cycle of its ministry.

That Shell is the WORLD: that spirit, MAN. Yet not for man alone was it created, but for all the living things in the successive stages of existence, which can find in it a means of happiness, and an instrument of the laws which govern their being.

From the "Disowned," by the author of "Pelham."

ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD HEART.

The next day, Sir Christopher Findlater called on Clarence. "Let us lounge into the park," said he. "With pleasure replied Clarence; and into the park they lounged. By the way they met a crowd, who were hurrying a man to prison. The good hearted Sir Christopher stopped—"Who is that poor fellow?"—said he, "It is the celebrated"—(in England all criminals are celebrated. Thurtell was a hero, Thistlewood a patriot, and Fauntleroy was discovered to be exactly like Bonaparte)—"it is the celebrated robber, John Jeffries, who broke into Mrs. Wilson's house, and cut the throats of herself and her husband, wounded the maid-servant, and split the child's skull with a poker." * * * "John Jeffries!" exclaimed the baronet, "let us come away." "Linden," continued Sir Christopher, "that fellow was my servant once. He robbed me to some considerable extent. I caught him. He appealed to my heart, and you know, my dear fellow, that was irresistible, so I let him off. Who could have thought he would have turned out so!" And the baronet proceeded to eulogize his own good nature, by which it is just necessary to remark, that one miscreant had been saved for a few years from transportation in order to rob and murder *ad libitum*, and having fulfilled the office of a common pest, to suffer on the gallows at last. What a fine thing it is to have a good heart! Both our gentlemen now sunk into a reverie, from which they were awakened at the entrance of the park, by a young man in rags, who with a piteous tone, supplicated charity. Clarence, who to his honour be it spoken, spent an allotted and considerable part of his income in judicious and laborious benevolence, had read a little of political morals, then beginning to be understood, and walked on. The good hearted baronet put his hand in his pocket, and gave the beggar half-a-guinea, by which a young, strong man, who had only just commenced the trade, was confirmed in his imposition for the rest of his life; and instead of the useful support, became the pernicious in-

cumbrance of society. Sir Christopher had now recovered his spirits. "What's like a good action?" said he to Clarence, with a swelling breast. The park was crowded to excess; our loungers were joined by Lord St. George. His lordship was a staunch Tory. He could not endure Wilkes, liberty, or general education. He launched out against the enlightenment of domesticicks. "What has made you so bitter?" said Sir Christopher. "My valet!" cried Lord St. George, "he has invented a new toasting fork; is going to take out a patent, make his fortune, and leave me; that's what I call ingratitude, Sir Christopher; for I ordered his wages to be raised five pounds but last year." "It was very ungrateful," said the ironical Clarence. "Very!" reiterated the good hearted Sir Christopher. "You cannot recommend me a valet, Findlater," renewed his lordship; "a good, honest, sensible fellow, who can neither read nor write?" "N—o—o—that is to say, yes! I can; my old servant, Collard, is out of place, and is as ignorant as—as—" "I—or you are," said Lord St. George, with a laugh. "Precisely," replied the baronet. "Well then, I take your recommendation: send him to me to-morrow at twelve." "I will," said Sir Christopher. "My dear Findlater," cried Clarence, when Lord St. George was gone, "did you not tell me some time ago, that Collard was a great rascal, and closely *lie* with Jeffries? and now you recommend him to Lord St. George!" "Huah, hush, hush!" said the baronet; "he was a great rogue, to be sure; but poor fellow, he came to me yesterday with tears in his eyes, and said he should starve if I would not give him a character; so what could I do?" "At least tell Lord St. George the truth," observed Clarence. "But then Lord St. George would not take him!" rejoined the good hearted Sir Christopher, with forcible *naivete*. "No, no, Linden, we must not be so hard hearted; we must forgive and forget;" and so saying, the baronet threw out his chest, with the conscious exultation of a man who has uttered a noble sentiment. The moral of this little history is, that Lord St. George, having been pillaged "through thick and thin," as the proverb has it, for two years, at last missed a gold watch, and Monsieur Collard finished his career, as his exemplary tutor, Mr. Jeffries, had done before him. Ah! what a fine thing it is to have a good heart. But, to return, just as our wanderers had arrived at the further end of the park, Lady Westborough and her daughter passed them. Clarence excusing himself to his friend, hastened towards them, and was soon occupied in saying the prettiest things in the world to the prettiest person, at least in his eyes: while Sir Christopher, having done as much mischief as a good heart well can do in a walk of an hour, returned home to write a long letter to his mother, against "learning and all such nonsense, which only served to blunt the affections and harden the heart." "Admirable young man!" cried the mother, with tears in her eyes; "a good heart is better than all the heads in the world." Amen!

RELIGION IN HOLLAND.

The following representation of the state of religion in Holland, taken from a Leyden paper, is full of instruction:

"In Holland the equality and good fellowship existing between the different religious sects are equally delightful and instructive. No religious test is there applied to the candidate for office, and no inquiry made farther than as to his aptitude for the post which he seeks to fill. So far does this harmony extend, that it is no uncommon thing for one sect to borrow the place of religious worship of another; and ministers of different religious persuasions have the honor in turn, of preaching before the Royal Family and the Court. As no one religious body is particularly elevated, so no one is particularly degraded, and there is a universal interchange of mutual respect. The pay of all the ministers of the different persuasions is equally provided for by the government, which makes no distinction between the Mennonite and the Roman Catholic—between the Calvinists, who are many, and the Remonstrants, who are few. The latter is by far the smallest of the Dutch sects, and probably does not consist of more than three thousand

persons, though the popular eloquence of some of their preachers cause their churches to be frequently crowded. The number of Lutherans is about 300,000; of the Reformed Church, 1,300,000; and the remainder of the population are Catholics, with the exception of not a very considerable number of Jews. It is no uncommon thing for Jews to sit as Representatives in the Chambers; and at Amsterdam, there have been for a long time Jews among the local Senators. In Flanders, all the Protestant sects are blended in one, which is called the Protestant Church, but the number of Protestants, as compared with the Catholics, is very inconsiderable."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1829.

Below will be found a circular addressed to the lodges in the western district, and an address to the people, signed by eighty masons of high standing as citizens in the county of Ontario. We cheerfully give them a place, having good faith in the motives which produced them; but we doubt their efficacy, inasmuch as the honesty of anti-masonry is like a grain of corn in a bushel of cockle, and there is little to be gained by trusting to it. Those who have the publick good at heart will be satisfied; but the excitement is the treasury of knaves, and will be nurtured and kept alive by them as long as it enables them to get by foul means what fair means would never yield them.

The members of the Encampment, Chapter, and Lodge in the village of Rochester, have resolved to return their charters to the powers that granted them. Their reasons are similar to those contained in the circular and address below; and we shall probably publish them next week. The policy of these measures is, of course, a matter of mere speculation, and we shall be able to judge more correctly of it a week or two hence. They have already occasioned some grumbling in the anti-masonick camp. The "whole hog" papers censure them; others have got into a sort of "betweenity," and have put on their spectacles to look at the weather-cock. We would not be surprised, should Greek meet Greek before long.

Mr. Satterlee Clark seems to have been so well pleased with the notice taken of him in a few lines from a correspondent last week, that it affords us much satisfaction to be able to furnish him with another cud to chew and digest for the next National Observer. We recollect seeing the name of Satterlee Clark, act as "hind captain" to a number of windy affairs which appeared in a New-York paper two or three years since; but no body seemed to care a great deal about any thing he said; and as we had not heard of him for some time, till he was picked up by the anti-masonick convention, we did not know but Uncle Sam had abducted him, in consideration of "a small trifle" that slipped through Satterlee's fingers one day while he was paymaster. It affords us inexpressible pleasure, however, to be quite sure the gentleman is "alive and kicking," and, in his own estimation, at least a Washington Secundus. In our opinion he has an "awful squinting" towards captain Bobadil.

From the Troy Budget.

O! SATTERLEE, "How art thou fallen." Satterlee Clark, either a drum major, recruiting major, or some other officer in Uncle Sam's corps de reserve, or corps on duty, lately paid a visit to the city of Albany. Satterlee is lately from the west, perhaps from Utica. The convention, dubbed anti-masonick, being in session, Satterlee attended, was convicted and converted, renounced masonry on the spot, and confessed some of his sins. It is counted one of the greatest conversions which the world ever witnessed. The conversion of Paul is not a circumstance to that of Satterlee Clark. But Satterlee's change seems to be directly the reverse of Paul's. For a few days since, as reports from Albany declare, Satterlee attended the theatre, and took occasion to quarrel, and in the affray he made forcible use of his cane, wherefor, if rumour be not a liar, the said Satterlee was called upon the next day to "sign and seal" his name, and procure a friend to "sign and seal" a certain piece of paper, partly written and partly printed, and to remember all the requirements, contained in, and appertaining to, the same.

Satterlee, however, did not stop here. Mr. Fowler, a

member of the Assembly from Orange county, being present when the conversion was announced by the convert, made some remarks not over complimentary on the occasion. The courage and military prowess of Satterlee, it is said, burst out on hearing of them, and he forthwith despatched by the hands of a brother anti-mason [Mr. Senator Maynard, of Oneida], a small card or billet doux, to Mr. Fowler. What the result of the matter will be, report saith not. We hope Satterlee wont cane the attorney general.

The editor pro tem. of the Baltimore Emerald is informed that the article headed "Politeness" was not published in this paper as original. There has been thieving in this matter, but the sin does not lie at our door, very heavily. The paper from which we took the article gave credit to the *Harvest*; but as we had read the essay of "Benedict," and knew it to be similar, we struck out the credit—had we retained it the Emerald would have gained nothing, and we are not sure that we would have done an act of justice. We beg the "editor pro tem." to be a little cautious hereafter in the use of positive assertions—they may sometimes do unmerited injury. The Emerald says the essay on "Politeness" is "a fine specimen of literary cooking-up." Now, who cooked it up? Not we, upon our veracity.

NATIONAL APPOINTMENTS. MARTIN VAN BUREN, of New-York, to be Secretary of State.

SAMUEL D. INGHAM, of Pennsylvania, to be Secretary of the Treasury.

JOHN M'LEAN, of Ohio, late Post-Master General, to be an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL, of Ohio, to be District Judge for the district of Ohio.

ANDREW DUNLAP, to be Attorney of the United States for the district of Massachusetts, vice George Blake.

Mr. HARPER, to be District Judge for the district of Louisiana, and Mr. SLIDELL Attorney of the United States for the same district.

Mr. Van Buren resigned the office of governor on Thursday. The address of Lieut. Governor Throop to the Senate on resigning the presidency of that body to enter upon a discharge of the executive duties was a plain declaration of his political views, and of the policy intended to be pursued; but as it was not favourable to political anti-masonry, it will be opposed by all the "whole hogs" in the state.

The attention of the literary reader is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Willmer. We have experienced the benefits of his arrangements and of Mr. Coleman's agency, and can therefore safely recommend them to the patronage of those who desire to receive English periodicals.

The first number of Mr. N. P. Willis' American Monthly Magazine will be published on the 15th of April next. Editors generally think it will be a good thing—we hope so.

The Silas Richards, which arrived at New-York on Sunday last, brought Liverpool papers to the 24th of January. The most interesting portion of their contents consists of speculations as to the probable destiny of Ireland. The Duke of Wellington is said to be opposed to the Catholics, and it seems to be the general opinion that there will be fighting or something like it before a great while. Portugal is quite uneasy, and Greece is not yet tranquil. The English are getting to be jealous of the commercial success of the United States, in the Mediterranean and in India. The Markets in England are said to be dull.

CIRCULAR.

To the Officers and Members of the Chapters and Lodges of Freemasons, in the Western part of the State of New York:—

We, as members of this community, being desirous of contributing to the well being of society, have, after mature reflection, thought proper to address you on a subject which has claimed, and still claims, a deep consideration, and on which we have addressed the publick at large; a copy of which address we herewith enclose you for consideration.

We have found it extremely difficult to present any thing which we could have reason to believe, would be entirely

satisfactory to the publick, or to the members of the institution in general.

When we consider the unhappy state of society now existing, and contemplate the many evils that will unavoidably befall this section of the country, unless some measures are adopted to restore harmony and confidence; we have, from a sense of duty, felt impelled to make an effort to bring about so desirable a result.

We believe this cannot be effected otherwise than by extending to each other a mutual spirit of forbearance and compromise.

When passions are excited, men will not act with reason; criminations and recriminations are thrown out, and so long as a spirit of that kind is indulged, there is an end to all hope of an amicable termination of existing difficulties.

From a regard to the sentiments and feelings of a very large proportion of our fellow-citizens, entitled to respect, who honestly and most religiously believe that the existence of masonick chapters and lodges is productive of much evil; we have come to the conclusion that, all things considered, it is expedient to suggest and recommend to you the propriety of returning the charters thereof, and appropriating your funds for the support of schools in the places where they have been collected, as the only measure that can be adopted to "restore harmony to social intercourse."

We do not, however, consider ourselves driven to this course; no necessity exists for its adoption, but the consideration that the general good of society will be promoted thereby.

Let us, therefore, in the spirit of liberality and forbearance, proffer to the publick this compromise, which we can now do without any sacrifice of principle, or great injury to our own feelings, and thus afford them an opportunity to meet us on grounds of conciliation, not doubting, that although we have been much abused, and our principles and sentiments misrepresented, the dispassionate and candid portion of the community will be disposed to do us justice.

We cannot but indulge the hope that you will, on mature reflection, consent to forego personal gratifications for the general good, and thus add another evidence to those already on record, of our patriotism and readiness to contribute to the happiness of mankind.

(Signed) Micah Brooks, Bowen Whiting, Lemuel Morse, Joseph Garlinghouse, Thomas Smith, Samuel C. Ward, William B. Welles, Mason Hatfield, Daniel McDonald, Samuel Colt, David Cook, William S. De Zeng, Wm. A. Townsend, David Hudson, Richard M. Bayly, William H. Coddington, Moses Fairchild, John F. Reed, Asa Stanley, Jacob Bowers, George Fox, E. B. Woodworth, Rabin Andrews, Edwin Gilbert, Dennis Whitney, David Howland, Linus Gunn, Hiram Ashley, Victor N. Hoag, Levi Josiah Silas Reed, Joel Gilbert, David Thompson, John McCarty, Amos Stone, Jr., Orlando Brown Harvey Pettibone, Calvin Blood, Birdseye Brooks, Chester Loomis, Richard Wells, John Dizon, Jared Willson, Z. Barton Stout, Eben'r S. Cobb, Malachi Loveland, Joseph Ashley, Robert E. Dorsey, Arad Joy, Daniel Hudson, Samuel Southworth, Aaron Young, John S. Hogarth, William Brewster, John B. Ramey, Joseph Brown, Elias Gilbert, Darius Carter, Theophilus Short, Olin Crittenden, Edward D. Lake, William Baker, Pliny Hayes, Henry P. Sartwell, Willis Newman, Theodore Brown, Harry Smith, Oliver Adams, Joshua Phillips, Addison N. Buck, Stephen Brewster, Horace Gilbert, David Pierpont, Samuel Crooks, Jesse Bishop, Joseph Butler, Alfred Nichols, Burton H. Hickox

Ontario county, February 20, 1829.

TO THE PUBLICK.

Fellow Citizens—As Members of the Masonick Fraternity, we have not been inattentive or unconcerned spectators of the events, that have agitated this community for the last two years.

As the publick voice calls for some act from us, in reference to those events, we have, on mature reflection, deemed it our duty, respectfully to answer the requisition, and in doing so we have endeavoured to consider what is due to ourselves, as well as to the community at large.

We solemnly aver that, as Members of the Masonick Society, we do not, nor ever have considered ourselves under any obligation to act otherwise, than in accordance with the strictest rules of morality, and in obedience to the laws of our country. It can not be denied, and we are free to admit, that some Members of the Masonick Society, through most mistaken notions of duty, have violated the laws of our country; an event which we deeply deplore; and we should regard ourselves wanting in duty to our fellow-citizens, if we did not unite our efforts with theirs in vindication of those laws.

It is not our purpose to eulogize the Masonick Institution; nor would it become us to detract from its merits, whatever they may have been. We have entertained a belief, that it has been instrumental in meliorating the condition of mankind, in different periods of the world; but like all human institutions, it was susceptible of abuse, and has been abused, and perverted to sinister purposes.

We are sensible that the prejudices of a portion of our fellow-citizens are deeply and honestly enlisted against the Society; and that much evil has resulted, and will continue to result to this community, if the Lodges are not closed and discontinued. Religious, civil, and social relations are embittered, and may be ultimately disturbed to a degree forbidding a return to reconciliation, and a mutual support of the best interests of civil and moral being.

While we disregard the clamours of those, who would pervert just vigilance of the people over their rights and

liberties, we cheerfully accord to that large and respectable class of our fellow-citizens, who oppose the Masonick Institution upon principle, and in whose patriotism and philanthropy we have every confidence, the full measure of our respect for their deliberate opinions.

In view, therefore, of the wide spread and extending evils which are engendered and kept alive by the continuance of Freemasonry, and from a decent respect to public opinion, we feel it our duty to discontinue our attendance on Chapters and Lodges; and to recommend, (as we have done in a Circular to the Chapters and Lodges in this vicinity,) the expediency of returning their charters, and appropriating their funds in the places where they may have been collected, for the support of schools, as the only means of averting evils, which we consider would greatly overbalance all the benefits that could result from a continuance of the Society.

In adopting this course, we have been actuated by a sincere desire to restore peace and harmony to this distracted community, and in the hope that we shall be met by the publick, in a spirit of corresponding liberality.

(Signed) Micah Brooks, Bowen Whiting, Lemuel Morse, Joseph Garlinghouse, Thomas Smith, Samuel C. Ward, William B. Welles, Mason Hatfield, Daniel McDonald, Samuel Colt, David Cook, William S. De Zeng, Wm. A. Townsend, David Hudson, Richard M. Bayly, William W. Watson, William T. Coddling, Moses Fairchild, John F. Reed, Asa Stanley, Jacob Bowers, George Fox, E. B. Woodworth, Edwin Gilbert, Dennis Whitney, David Howland, L. P. Andrews, Hiram Ashley, Victor N. Hopkins, Levi Noble, Silas Reed, Joel Gilbert, David Thompson, John McCartney, P. B. Underhill, A. Joel Stone, Jr., Orlando Brown, Harvey Pettibone, Calvin Blood, Chester Loomis, Richard Wells, John Dixson, Jared Willson, Z. Barton Stout, Eben'r S. Cobb, Malchi Loveland, Noah Ashley, Robert E. Dorsey, Arad Joy, Daniel Hudson, Samuel Southworth, Aaron Young, John S. Hogarth, William Brewster, John B. Kumeey, Joseph Brown, Elias Gilbert, Darius Carter, Theophilus Short, Orin Critchenden, Edward D. Lake, William Baker, Peter Mitchell, Pliny Hayes, Henry P. Sartwell, Willis Newman, Theodore Brown, Harry Smith, Oliver Adams, Joshua Phillips, Addison N. Buck, Stephen Brewster, Horace Adams, David Pierpont, Samuel Crooks, Jesse Bishop, Joseph Butler, Alfred Nichols, Burton H. Hickox.

Ontario County, Feb. 20th, 1829.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

Delivered by General ANDREW JACKSON, on being sworn into office, as President of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1829.

Fellow Citizens:—About to undertake the arduous duties that I have been appointed to perform, by the choice of a free people, I avail myself of this customary and solemn occasion, to express the gratitude which their confidence inspires, and to acknowledge the accountability which my situation enjoins. While the magnitude of their interests convinces me that no thanks can be adequate to the honour they have conferred, it admonishes me that the best return I can make, is the zealous dedication of my humble abilities to their service and their good.

As the instrument of the Federal Constitution, it will devolve on me, for a stated period, to execute the laws of the United States; to superintend their foreign and their confederate relations; to manage their revenue; to command their forces; and, by communications to the Legislature, to watch over and promote their interest generally. And the principles of action by which I shall endeavour to accomplish this circle of duties, it is now proper for me briefly to explain.

In administering the laws of Congress, I shall keep steadily in view the limitations as well as the extent of the executive power, trusting thereby to discharge the functions of my office, without transcending its authority. With foreign nations it will be my study to preserve peace, and to cultivate friendship, on fair and honourable terms, and in the adjustment of any differences that may exist or arise, to exhibit the forbearance becoming a powerful nation, rather than the sensibility belonging to a gallant people.

In such measures as I may be called on to pursue in regard to the rights of the separate States, I hope to be animated by a proper respect for those sovereign members of our Union; taking care not to confound the powers they have reserved to themselves, with those they have granted to the confederacy.

The management of the publick revenue—that searching operation in all governments—is among the most delicate and important trusts in ours; and it will, of course, demand no inconsiderable share of my official solicitude. Under every aspect in which it can be considered, it would appear that advantage must result from the observance of a strict and faithful economy. This I shall aim at the more anxiously, both because it will facilitate the extinguishment of the national debt—the unnecessary duration of which is incompatible with real independence—and because it will counteract that tendency to publick and private profligacy, which a profuse expenditure of money by the government, is but too apt to engender. Powerful auxiliaries to the attainment of this desirable end, are to be found in the regulations provided by the wisdom of Congress, for the specific appropriation of publick money, and the prompt accountability of publick officers.

With regard to a proper selection of the subjects of impost, with a view to revenue, it would seem to me that the spirit of equity, caution and compromise, in which the Constitution was formed, requires that the great interests of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, should be equally favoured; and that, the only exception to this rule, should consist in the peculiar encouragement of any products of either of them, that may be found essential to our national independence.

Internal improvement, and the diffusion of information, so far as they can be promoted by the constitutional acts of the Federal Government, are of high importance.

Considering standing armies as dangerous to free governments, in time of peace, I shall not seek to enlarge our present establishment, nor disregard that salutary lesson of political experience which teaches that the military should be held subordinate to the civil power. The gradual increase of our Navy, whose flag has displayed, in distant climes, our skill in navigation, and our fame in arms, the preservation of our forts, arsenals, and dockyards; and the introduction of progressive improvements in the discipline and science of both branches of our military service, are so plainly prescribed by prudence, that I should be excused for omitting their mention, sooner than enlarging on their importance. But the bulwark of our defence is the national militia, which, in the present state of our intelligence and population, must render us invincible. As long as our government is administered for the good of the people, and is regulated by their will; as long as it secures to us the rights of person and of property, liberty of conscience, and of the press, it will be worth defending, and so long as it is worth defending, a patriotic militia will cover it with an impenetrable ægis. Partial injuries and occasional mortifications we may be subjected to, but a million of armed footmen possessed of the means of war, can never be conquered by a foreign foe. To any just system, therefore, calculated to strengthen this natural safeguard of the country, I shall cheerfully lend all the aid in my power.

It will be my sincere and constant desire, to observe towards the Indian tribes within our limits, a just and liberal policy; and to give that humane and considerate attention to their rights and their wants, which are consistent with the habits of our government, and the feelings of our people.

The recent demonstration of publick sentiment inscribes, on the list of executive duties, in characters too legible to be overlooked, the task of reform; which will require, particularly, the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the Federal Government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and the counteraction of those causes which have disturbed the rightful course of appointment, and have placed or continued power in unfaithful or incompetent hands.

In the performance of a task thus generally delineated, I shall endeavour to select men whose diligence and talents will ensure, in their respective stations, able and faithful co-operation—depending, for the advancement of the publick service, more on the integrity and zeal of the publick officers, than on their numbers.

A diffidence, perhaps too just, in my own qualifications, will teach me to look with reverence to the examples of publick virtue left by my illustrious predecessors, and with veneration to the lights that flow from the mind that founded, and the mind that reformed our system. The same diffidence induces me to hope for instruction and aid from the co-ordinate branches of the government, and for the indulgence and support of my fellow citizens generally. And a firm reliance on the goodness of that Power whose providence mercifully protected our national infancy, and has since upheld our liberties in various vicissitudes, encourages me to offer up my ardent supplications that He will continue to make our beloved country the object of his divine care and gracious benediction.

Whole hog Anti-Masonry is rather on the decline in this county. The work of reform, as we understand, in the town of Alexander, Bennington and Bethany, which towns have held their annual town meetings, has commenced in good earnest. In the first and second of the above towns, the Jacks, as they are styled by Antis, have carried every thing before them; and have succeeded wholly or partially in the latter. Emisaries were dispatched from this village to attend the polls and goad the Antis on to the fight—but all to no purpose—the Jacks, as is natural for them, were determined to be contrary, and do as they pleased—and they had their will most effectually. This may safely be put down as a "sign." [Batavia Times.]

It will be recollected that upon the trial of Eli Bruce, at Canandaigua, for an alleged participation in the abduction of Morgan, some points of law were reserved by the counsel for Bruce, which were to be submitted to the Supreme Court. We now learn that the court has decided upon the question, and in favour of Mr. Bruce, who has been discharged. This settles the principle of jurisdiction. The trial must be had in the county where the overt act was committed. Ibid.

A DOUBT RENUNCIATION. Wm. Deland, of Busti, in this county, says, in the last Jamestown Journal, that he considers it his duty to withdraw from the masonick Institution; and then adds, "but lest I should be considered an anti-mason, I further state that I do not feel it my duty to join with them, because I can not conscientiously act with them." We can assure brother Deland that the anti-masons will not thank him for such a renunciation: they want none but such as will "go the whole hog"—blasphemy and lunacy "not excepted." [Fredonia Censor.]

SUMMARY.

Morgan over again—the new Abduction. Morgan, who recently murdered his wife, in this town, has escaped, or rather has been carried off. As far as we can understand, it appears that he was under arrest, in the alms-house, guarded by an officer during the day, and by a woman during the night. Yesterday, we have been told, he was so exceedingly sick, and found it so difficult to breathe, that the windows were opened to preserve life. This was probably a part of the plan, on his side—for during the last night he was visited by a number of fishermen, fellow-craftsmen, it is said, who, in the absence of the female from the room, contrived to bear him off, and to this hour, he has not been

heard of. We learn that ladders were provided by his friends, who managed the abduction, by which the high fence or wall that surrounds the building was scaled, and he was enabled to descend from his window. We are not acquainted with further particulars. The case, however, falls, in no wise short of that of Morgan, the mason—and the New-York abduction has now a parallel, if not in interest, at least in romance and singularity.

[Portland (Maine) Advertiser.]

An Odd Fellows' lodge; of Philadelphia, presented \$100 for the relief of the poor the other day. The only opposition raised to it, says the New-York Enquirer, was, the amount of the sum. The minority were strenuous in insisting on \$99.99, or \$100.01. They swore they would not give \$100—it was absurd—it was inconsistent, &c.—but they were perfectly willing to give either of the two. What does Solomon Southwick think of this? Is there not some fearful mystery in it?

Money Found. A man, while digging for clams near Great Point one day last week, discovered an iron chest, containing a large sum of money. On attempting to open it, the most frightful sights were seen and horrid sounds heard, which were so appalling that the prize would have remained forever on the beach, had not an old lady, who is gifted at conjuring, burnt an anti-masonick almanack on the lid of the chest, upon which it flew open, and was found to contain—nothing. [Nantucket Inquirer.]

Extended Taxation. The legislature of this commonwealth, have passed a bill, which has received the signature of the governor and thus becomes a law of the state, in addition to the existing acts respecting taxation. By this bill it is provided that sheep and the machinery in cotton, woollen, and linen manufactories shall hereafter be assessed as other taxable property—that the presidents, professors, tutors, librarians and students of Harvard, Williams, and Amherst colleges, and all other theological, medical, and literary institutions, ministers of the gospel, preceptors of academies, and Latin grammar schoolmasters, shall hereafter be assessed for their polls and estates in the same manner as the other citizens of this commonwealth—and that the income of certain species of property, which has heretofore escaped taxation, shall hereafter be assessed. [Bos. Pal.]

The Anti-masonick Free Press of Boston, appears to be opposed to banks. Others of the anti-masonick party say that banks have secrets—swear their officers and clerks to keep them—do not know what they are—and, therefore are opposed to them. [Noah.]

A doubtful Compliment. Among the presents which have been forwarded by different individuals to general Jackson, in testimony of their respect for his character and virtues, is a large barrel of whiskey from Tobias Funk, of Franklin county, Pennsylvania.

Longitudinal President. General Jackson was president in Boston, nearly twenty minutes before he was at Washington, on account of the difference of longitude.

Young Napoleon. A pamphlet has been published at Paris, the writer of which strongly recommends to the various powers of Europe to convert the existing governments of Greece into an independent monarchy, and to place young Napoleon on the throne! This project seems to have excited much attention.

MARRIED,

In Unadilla, Otsego county, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. N. H. Adams, Mr. THOMAS WYCOTT, of Watertown, N. Y. to Miss ELIZABETH SANDERS, of the former place.

MASONICK CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany, at the Masonick Hall.]
Temple Encampment, 2d Friday in each month.
Temple Chapter, 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month.
Temple Lodge, 1st and 2d Tuesday in each month.
Mount Vernon Lodge, 1st and 3d Thursday in each month.
Masters Lodge, 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

ODD FELLOWS' CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany.]
Hope Lodge, Monday evening in each week, at Montgomery Hall.
Philanthropick Lodge, Wednesday evening in each week, corner of Lodge and State-streets, over Osborn and Grays.
Clinton Lodge, Friday evening in each week, Masonick Hall.

ENGLISH MAGAZINES, REVIEWS, &c. The American public are informed that the above works have been shipped in the following packets, throughout the year 1828, by EDWARD WILLMER, Bookseller and News Agent, Liverpool.

January,	Packet of Jan. 8.	July,	Packet of July 2.
February,	ditto Feb. 1.	August,	ditto Aug. 8.
March,	ditto Mar. 1.	September,	ditto Sept. 1.
April,	ditto Apr. 1.	October,	ditto Oct. 1.
May,	ditto May 1.	November,	ditto Nov. 1.
June,	ditto June 1.	December,	ditto Dec. 1.

The English magazines are published in London, in the evening of the last day of the month, and are procured by E. W. by Mail Express, 210 miles.

Orders may be directed to Liverpool, with a remittance or reference, or handed over to E. Willmer's agent, Mr. W. A. COLMAN, Park Place House, New-York.

POETRY.

From the London New Monthly Magazine, for January, 1829.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

"Rien n'est change, mes amis!"—Charles Dix.

I heard a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter;
The old Year went with mourning by,
The new came dancing after:
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle:
Mutes to wait on the funeral state!
Pages to pour the wine!
And a requiem for Twenty-eight,—
And a health to Twenty-nine.

Alas! for human happiness,
Alas! for human sorrow;
Our Yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our Morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still Cooks must live by making tarts,
And Wits by making verses;
While Sages prate and Courts debate,
The same Stars set and shine;
And the World, as it rolled through Twenty-eight,
Must roll through Twenty-nine.

Some King will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his Father came to;
Some Thief will wade through blood and crime,
To a crown he has no claim to:
Some suffering Land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her:
The grand and great will love, and hate,
And combat, and combine;
And much where we were in Twenty-eight,
We shall be in Twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation;
And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association:
And the thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-Chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
And throats in the County Kerry:
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design;
And just what it did in Twenty-eight,
It will do in Twenty-nine.

Mathews will be extremely gay,
And Hook extremely dirty;
And brick and mortar still will say
"Try Warren, No. 30!"
And "General Sauce" will have its puff,
And so will General Jackson;
And peasants will drink up heavy stuff,
Which they pay a heavy tax on:
And long and late, at many a tete,
Goosberry champagne will shine;
And as old as it was in Twenty-eight,
It will be in Twenty-nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the God of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's:
And Mendicants will sup like Kings,
And Lords will sweat like Lacqueys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes:
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine:
Alas! they married in Twenty-eight,—
They will part in Twenty-nine.

John Thomas Mugg, on a lonely hill,
Will do a deed of mystery;
The Morning Chronicle will fill,
Five columns with the history:
The Jury will be all surprise,
The Prisoner quite collected;
And Justice Park will wipe his eyes,
And be very much affected:
And folks will relate poor Corder's fate,
As they hurry home to dine,
Comparing the hangings of Twenty-eight
With the hangings of Twenty-nine.

A Curate will go from the house of prayer
To wrong his worthy neighbour,
By dint of quoting the texts of Blair,
And singing the songs of Weber:

Sir Harry will leave the Craven hounds,
To trace the guilty parties;
And ask of the Court five thousand pounds,
To prove how racked his heart is:
An Advocate will execrate
The spoiler of Hymen's shrine;
And the speech that did for Twenty-eight
Will do for Twenty-nine.

My Uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
And tell of his oils and blubbers;
My Aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,
And rather longer rubbers:
My Cousin in Parliament will prove
How utterly ruined trade is;
My Brother at Eton will fall in love
With half a hundred ladies:
My Patron will sate his pride from plate,
And his thirst from the Bordeaux vine,
His nose was red in Twenty-eight,—
'Twill be redder in Twenty-nine!

And oh! I shall find, how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older;
How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of Friendship colder;
But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of taking treason;
I shall buckle my skait, and leap my gate,
And throw, and write, my line;
And the woman I worshipped in Twenty-eight,
I shall worship in Twenty-nine!

The following beautiful lines to the Arctic Dove, are from "Days Departed; a Lay of the Severn Sea;" a volume lately published in London, by the Rev. William L. Bowles.

THE ARCTIC DOVE.

Ride on;—the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
The ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
On Ararat. The raven is sent forth,—
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the se'ring clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kissed it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She pressed it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or when it murmured in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.—
She kisses it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn till dark;
And now, amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.
Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way;
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherished it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark;—
Again it came at evening fall, and lo,
An olive-leaf plucked off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kissed its wings again, and smilingly
Dropped on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more; and watched its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven:
Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are passed away.
No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison well;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

Oh! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree:
Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
From this cold prison's cell;
Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

From the London Literary Gazette.

FROM THE SPANISH.*

Were I the ruler here below,
(God grant us better care!)
How matters upside down should go,
How sober folks should stare!

The pretty girls should all be free
To have whate'er they want;
Unknown those hateful names should be.
Duenna, nurse, and aunt.

If ugly women sinned, they'd all
Do penance in the sheet;
But her no parson should miscall
Whose eyes are bright and sweet.

Whene'er I saw an old man dote
Upon a fair young bride,
I'd dress him in her petticoat,
His shroud 'twould well provide.

You cautious burgher, soft and plump,
Should wed some jolly lass,
Who all the day would dance and jump,
And tell him he's an ass.

With jealous lords, ye ladies fine,
Ye'd not be long distressed;
Their ghosts in bed-posts I'd confine,
Then let them growl their best.

I would throw open every jail,
And set bold felons free;
Your judge severe or lawyer pale
As good a bird might be.

When lady talks of age to lady,
I'd stand behind their backs;
For every lie a marvel'd
Would make a royal tax.

O might I rule this ball of earth!
One hour of perfect sway
Would furnish forth a store of mirth
To last for many a day.

* Si yo gubernara el mundo, &c.—Romancero General, 1604.

FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY. The proprietors of this Foundry, offer on liberal terms, the following articles, viz:—
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All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their *Counting Room*, No. 41, State-street, or at their Foundry, Eagle-street, south of State-street, will receive prompt attention.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829. A. W. KINSLEY & Co.

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THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829.

NO. 8.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered to GENERAL LAFAYETTE, on his arrival in Natchez, Mississippi, when on his tour through the Union, by Br. R. PARKINSON, W. M. of Andrew Jackson Lodge, No. 2, in that city.

Distinguished Brother,—Permit me, in the name and on behalf of Andrew Jackson Lodge, No. 2, of the city of Natchez, over which I have the honour to preside, and which I now represent, to bid you a cordial, brotherly, and heartfelt welcome amongst us.

That we are not able to receive you with all that pomp and splendour with which our more fortunate brethren of the North and East have greeted you, is not perhaps much to be regretted, when we reflect that parade and show form no part of the true principles of our ancient and honourable institution,—that masonry performs all her works in secrecy and silence, and that the effect and influence of her principles upon the human heart and society at large, are rather felt than seen. You will therefore, when we extend to you the right hand of fellowship in sincerity and truth, realize our feelings and appreciate our motives. That one of the principal causes of the present peaceful, prosperous, and happy state of the craft, is to be found in the free and liberal form of government under which we live, where genius is so much in accordance with the spirit of our order, must be obvious to the mind of every well informed and reflecting mason.

The conspicuous and useful part performed by you in that momentous struggle for our independence, when the fathers of the American Republic sweat drops of blood, can not and will not be forgotten. That you wrought, as a faithful and diligent labourer at the erection of this grand and stupendous temple, dedicated to liberty and the rights of man, is known to the world.

We therefore, in receiving you thus publicly as a worthy brother, and hailing you before the world as a good master, feel that we but "render honour to whom honour is due." That you may be permitted to pursue the remainder of your eventful journey through life, in peace and tranquillity; and that when you enter that unknown land from whence none return, you may pass on to happiness; and finally be raised and admitted within the Grand Lodge above, "that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," is the sincere prayer of your masonick brethren of this city.

THE MORGAN REPORTS.

From the New-York Enquirer.

We have read Mr. Hayden's report on the Morgan question, which is represented to be a report of the "Joint Committee," but presume from some material errors in it, that it is Mr. Hayden's report alone.

He declares the order of masonry to be but *one hundred and twenty years* old, and to be founded on the ruins of the order of the Jesuits. Had he referred to the history of England, he would have found, "that 746 years ago the Tower of London was built 'masonically,' by William the Conqueror; and that a few years subsequently, his son Rufus, in like manner, built Westminster Hall, which is said to contain the largest lodge in the world." In the same history,—in the reign of Edward IV., nearly 350 years ago, we have a record that king Athelstane, the grandson of Alfred the Great, was a strong encourager of masonry, and himself a freemason of renown, reforming and regulating lodges, with rules preserved from the time of the Romans." In continuation, we also find that more than 300 years ago, Edwin, son of king Athelstane, also professed freemasonry, "and took upon himself the charge of master mason, for the love he had of the said craft, and the honourable principles whereupon it is grounded." Prince Edwin, in virtue of his charter, congregated with his masonick brethren at York, in general assembly, of which he was Grand Master. We also find Henry VI. of England, operating "as a master mason."

The great philosopher, Locke, relates in his works the fact, that a manuscript in the hand-writing of king Henry VI. was actually found in the "Bodleian Library." We also find in British history, "that in the year 1561, Decem-

ber 27th, the eccentric and jealous queen of England, Elizabeth, because she could not join the order of freemasons, in revenge, sent an armed force to break up the annual Grand Lodge at York—Sir Thomas Sackville, being the Grand Master, who, instead of being dismayed at such an unexpected visit, gallantly told the officers that nothing could give him greater pleasure, than seeing them in the Grand Lodge, as it would give him an opportunity of convincing them that freemasonry was the most honourable institution that ever was founded, and truly consonant to laws, both divine and moral; the consequence was that he made the chief men freemasons, who on their return made an honourable report to the queen, so that she never more attempted to dislodge or disturb them, but esteemed them as a peculiar sort of men, that cultivated peace and friendship, arts and sciences, without meddling in the affairs of church or state."

From French history we shall make barely one quotation, which, with those also of ancient data, we have already made, will plainly prove Mr. Hayden is not acquainted with the subject. "Nearly eleven hundred years ago, Charles Martell, king of France, sent freemasons into England, at the solicitation of the king of Saxony, to raise, with masonick honours, several monuments of fame." English history will also corroborate this fact. We will not tire our readers with further quotations, although we could fill pages with them, none of which can be disproved or doubted.

We are not disposed to mangle further in this delicate question. There are many honest men embarked in it, and many allow themselves to be swept into the current, for sinister objects. It must have its way and its influence, as other excitements have had, and they will wear away in time, and the old order of things be renewed.

From the Cayuga Patriot.

We have received in pamphlet form the report of Mr. Hayden, chairman of the anti-masonick committee of the senate of this state; some particulars of which we may notice, as we find leisure.

In the following sentences, page 22, the committee evidently labour under some embarrassment.

"That there are virtuous and excellent men, who belong to the institution, can be doubted by none of us, who look around upon the circle of our relatives, friends, and acquaintances. How this fact is compatible with the opinion we maintain of the character of the institution, neither time nor the occasion will permit us to explain."

We wonder it did not occur to the committee that there must be some mistake or misrepresentation by which themselves were blinded, and that these "virtuous and excellent men," never did understand masonry, or any part of it, to teach them any thing inconsistent with moral purity, or to do injustice of any kind, in court, or out of court, to any man or men, for the benefit of masons or masonry, or for any other purpose. We solemnly declare that we never understood masonry to teach either immorality or injustice of any kind whatever, and that we neither would nor will be bound by any obligation, to do evil. Nor did we, nor do we, understand masonry to bind or authorize its members to inflict any higher punishment than expulsion from the privileges of the fraternity, which is equivalent to the withdrawal of fellowship in the churches. We have proof of this assertion furnished by the committee. In their report, page 27, is published the following:—

No. 3. "From the Knight of the Red Cross' Oath. You further swear that should you ever know a companion violate any essential part of this obligation, you will use your most decided endeavours, by the blessing of God, to bring such person to the strictest and most condign punishment, agreeably to the rules and usages of our ancient fraternity, and this by pointing him out to the world as an unworthy and vicious vagabond, by opposing his interest, by deranging his business, by transferring his character after him wherever he goes, by exposing him to the contempt of the whole fraternity and the world, during his whole natural life."

Now we know no more about the knights of the Red Cross than any other citizen. We do not believe the above to be correct, however, because it rests for authority on disclosures made by the Le Roy convention, which we know has published statements that do extreme injustice to the masonick institution. But for the sake of argument, we will suppose this piece of an obligation to be correctly

published. It is not probable that one man in five hundred has ever taken the degree, and a Knight of the Red Cross has no more authority over other masons than the Grand Seignor has over the people of this state. Now it seems that a Knight of the Red Cross has precise instructions how to punish those who violate the obligation appertaining to that degree. He is taught to manifest a vindictive spirit, but is he to take life? No; the offender who violates an essential part of his obligation, is to be pointed out to the world "as a vicious vagabond," &c. Does not this prove that the other degrees, which include nearly the whole body of masons, do not authorise any punishment as severe even as the traducing of character and the derangement of business? What should we say of our legislature, if in addition to our present law, it should pass an act declaring that any man guilty of murder should be punished with thirty days' imprisonment? This would be as consistent as for the Knights of the Red Cross, to swear to defame in a case where they had bound themselves in the previous degrees to commit murder.

It is plain, that if masonry was half as bad as it has been represented, it would not require a popular excitement to cause its dissolution. If it interfered in politics or religion the institution would be torn by factions, and soon be thrown into the most dire confusion. If it require its members to be partial as witnesses, jurors, or judges; to do wrong, to transgress the laws, or to commit violence, its obligations would produce no effect, because those who would take them with such an understanding, would not have sufficient moral feeling to be bound by any oath whatever. And where is the wretch who has taken masonick obligations, with such an understanding? Shall we point to the lamented Warren, to Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Tompkins, Clinton? Shall we point out our neighbours and friends, whom we know to be honest, worthy citizens? The idea carries an absurdity on the face of it.

The report states (page 6) that the institution of masonry has arisen "within the last one hundred and twenty years." Here the committee manifests either a culpable ignorance of history, or intentional deception. The Le Roy convention published an alleged obligation of Knights Templar, as a masonick obligation; and it is generally understood that this order was engrafted upon ancient freemasonry. In Hume's History of England, is an account of a persecution of Knights Templars in 1327, which was more than five hundred years ago, and after that order had existed for a considerable period. We publish the account in this place to show the spirit of such persecutions, the strange and incredible accusations by which they are justified, and how such accusations are supported by apostates. A similar scene might be taken from Josephus' account of the persecution of the Jews after the destruction of their city, which is probably familiar to many of our readers. To complete the picture, we would refer the reader to the History of Salem Witchcraft.

From Hume's History of England, Vol. 1. pp. 537—8.

"While these abominable scenes passed in England, the theatre of France was stained with a wickedness equally barbarous, and still more public and deliberate. The order of Knights Templars had arisen, during the first fervour of the crusades, and, uniting the two qualities, the most popular in that age, devotion and valour, and exercising both in the most popular of all enterprises, the defence of the Holy Land, they had made rapid advances in credit and authority, and had acquired, from the piety of the faithful, ample possessions in every country of Europe, especially in France. Their great riches, joined to the course of time, had, by degrees, relaxed the severity of these virtues; and the templars had, in a great measure, lost that popularity which first raised them to honour and distinction. Acquainted, from experience, with the fatigues and dangers of those fruitless expeditions to the east, they rather chose to enjoy, in ease, the opulent revenues in Europe and, being all men of birth, educated, according to the custom of that age, without any tincture of letters, they scorned the ignoble occupations of a monastic life, and passed their time wholly in the fashionable amusements of the table. Their hunting, gallantry, and the pleasures of the table. Their rival order, that of St. John, of Jerusalem, whose poverty had, as yet, preserved them from like corruptions, still distinguished themselves by their enterprises against the infidels, and succeeded to all the popularity, which was lost by the indolence and luxury of the templars. But though these reasons had weakened the foundations of this order, once so

celebrated and revered, the immediate cause of their destruction, proceeded from the cruel and vindictive spirit of Philip, the Fair; who, having entertained a private disgust, against some eminent templars, determined to gratify, at once, his avidity and revenge, by involving the whole order in an undistinguished ruin. On no better information than that of two knights, condemned by their superiors to perpetual imprisonment, for their vices and profligacy, he ordered, on one day, all the templars in France to be committed to prison, and imputed to them such enormous and absurd crimes, as are sufficient of themselves to destroy all the credit of the accusation. Besides their being universally charged with murder, robbery, and vices the most shocking to nature; every one, it was pretended, whom they received into their order, was obliged to renounce his Saviour, to spit upon the cross, and to join, to this impiety, the superstition of worshipping a gilded head, which was secretly kept in one of their houses at Marseilles. They also initiated, it was said, every candidate by such infamous rites, as could serve to no other purpose, than to degrade the order in his eyes, and destroy forever the authority of all his superiors over him. Above a hundred of these unhappy gentlemen were put to the question, in order to extort from them a confession of their guilt: the more obstinate perished in the hands of their tormentors: several, to procure immediate ease, in the violence of their agonies, acknowledged whatever was required of them: forged confessions were imputed to others: and Philip, as if their guilt were now certain, proceeded to a confiscation of all their treasures. But no sooner were the Templars relieved from their tortures, than, preferring the most cruel execution to a life with infamy, they disavowed their confessions, exclaimed against the forgeries, justified the innocence of their order, and appealed to all the gallant actions performed by them in ancient and later times, as a full apology for their conduct. The tyrant, enraged at this disappointment, and thinking himself now engaged in honour, to proceed to extremities, ordered fifty-four of them, whom he branded as relapsed heretics, to perish by the punishment of fire, in his capital: great numbers expired, after a like manner, in other parts of the kingdom; and, when he found that the perseverance of these unhappy victims, in justifying to the last their innocence, had made deep impression on the spectators, he endeavoured to overcome the constancy of the Templars by new inhumanities. The Grand Master of the order, John de Molay, and another great officer, brother to the Dauphin, were conducted to a scaffold, erected before the church of Notre-dame, at Paris; a full pardon was offered them, on the one hand, the fire, destined for their execution, on the other. These gallant nobles, still persisted in the protestations of their own innocence, and that of their order; and were instantly hurried into the flames by the executioner.

In all this barbarous injustice, Clement V., who was the creature of Philip, and then resided in France, fully concurred, and without examining a witness, or making any inquiry into the truth of facts, he summarily, by the plenitude of his apostolical power, abolished the whole order. The Templars, all over Europe, were thrown into prison; their conduct underwent a strict scrutiny; the power of their enemies still pursued and oppressed them; but nowhere, except in France, were the smallest traces of their guilt pretended to be found. England sent an ample testimony of their piety and morals: but, as the order was annihilated, the knights were distributed into several convents, and their possessions were, by command of the pope, transferred to the Order of St. John.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered before the Philanthropic Lodge, No. 5, of Independent Odd Fellows, in the city of Albany, by the M. N. G.

Concluded.

There is no country, our own excepted, in which the press is not "curtailed of its fair proportion," and like a slave, unwilling to the imposition, compelled to hold its peace, or trumpet forth sentiments in opposition to the cause of truth and liberty, under the dread of tyrannical displeasure.

With the models of former republics before them, the immortal sages of the American revolution and the establishers of our happy privileges, marked with nice discrimination the defects in their original formation; defects which opened the avenues to corruption, and from corruption to the final prostration of civil liberty, and it is to their wisdom and integrity we are indebted for those principles of freedom which, though slow in their operations, its march is irresistible, and must eventually enfranchise the globe.

I have thus far entered upon the value and importance of knowledge as connected with our political safety and happiness, independent of all feeling of national prejudice, and shall now proceed to point out its effects on mankind in general.

A state of inactivity is found to be decidedly at variance with the happiness of man; his energies must be directed to some object sufficiently interesting to occupy his attention, or he ceases to enjoy his existence. Hence, for the want of a proper direction and employment, he is frequently found engaged in those pursuits, though gratifying to

himself, inimical to the cause of virtue and morality.

The immortal conqueror of antiquity experienced the misery of this truth when his energies could no longer be called into action; having accomplished the height of his ambition, an ambition, had it been directed into the more ennobling fields of philosophy, could never have exposed him to the like calamity.

Philosophy contains inexhaustible resources for research, suited to the different characters of its students, and is found capable of engrossing those energies of the mind, which, otherwise directed, might be less conducive to the good of humanity.

He who feels interested in the spirit of improvement, will doubtless receive much satisfaction in marking its progressive march, and be pleased to behold that the means of affording general information is becoming the first object of all the well-wishers of their country, sensibly impressed with the belief, that where correct information is widely disseminated, the mass of mankind cannot greatly differ in opinion, and that the good sense of the whole must inevitably predominate in all questions of popular importance; nor should excitements, such as frequently become popular, more particularly, the one now in agitation against those disposed to confine the art of their happiness under the veil of secrecy, shake our faith in the final, correct decision of the community. Such excitements are the effect of abased and irritated good feeling, and bespeak what we should be pleased to discover, a people jealous of any supposed encroachments upon their privileges. It will however be superceded by sober inquiry, and aided by correct information; and truth is irresistible in its conviction, where the community have no motive to be governed by deception.

The opportunities for instruction are of so easy access, that he must be placed under peculiar circumstances indeed, as wilfully negligent, who has not reaped in some degree its invaluable benefits. Our situations in life, even under the most flattering prospects of durability, are subject to the blastings of disappointment and the precarious gambols of fortune, but a mind enlightened by the stores of literature and philosophy is a species of property which neither misfortune, poverty, nor age can depreciate, nor the oppression of the tyrant prevent us from enjoying. To ourselves it is a source of gratification when secluded from the crowd and bustle of the world, and enables us to render that instruction to the needy, aiding to the cause of morality and virtue. If accompanied with virtue, it procures us a ready introduction into the refined circles of society. The learned court it, and even the ignorant pay it homage and treat it with respect and reverence. It dissolves the clouds of mystery which ignorance throws over unknown subjects, and presents as objects of contempt ideas once supported by superstition.

The repeated exhortations we hear from the lips of those whose business it is to guard us against the insidious prevalence of vice, and the comparatively little benefit arising from their labours, might possibly incline us to the belief that the natural character of man was obstinately opposed to the dictates of virtue. But, brethren, permit me to remark, that I think it arises from our ignorance of the importance of doing good, though none are ignorant of the propriety. For the most refined, as well as the most debased pursuits are directed by selfishness, we either do not know, or lose sight of the truth, that no pursuit can possibly tend to our felicity, that is purchased at the price of the misery of others.

Another reason, although numbers might be enumerated to account for the inefficacy of their labours, is that we are apt to neglect attempting what we consider a hopeless ambition, however well we may be convinced of the truth of this assertion and the necessity of reform.

This therefore is one of the advantages of the course we have adopted, and will likely be attended with important good. The Lectures and Addresses being delivered by brethren moving in the same sphere as ourselves, surrounded by the same circumstances, and incident to the same impressions, will fall with double weight upon their hearers, and be treasured as attainable examples.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

POISONED WOUNDS, ANIMAL VIRUS, &c.

Some very important experiments have recently been made in Paris, with the chlorurets of lime and soda, in cases of poisoned wounds and the inoculation of animal virus. The disinfecting qualities of the chlorurets were already well known; and it was supposed from analogy that they might be used with effect in neutralising the component parts of animal poisons. The disinfectant property of the chlorurets depending upon their affinity for hydrogen, and hydrogen being one of the elements of virus and venom, the others being oxygen, carbon, and, in animal matters, azote, it was imagined that by abstracting, even partially, one of the elements of the poison, the character would be so changed, as to enable nature, without further aid, to get rid of the infection. Dr. Coster, a Paris physician, proceeding upon this reasoning, has recently performed some extraordinary cures in cases of syphilitic and other ulcers, with a solution of the chloruret of soda; and upon animals of different kinds, which had been inoculated with the virus of diseases common to their species, his experiments were equally successful. In several cases of bites from vipers, he found chlorurated lotions and injections perfectly efficacious; and he relates a successful experiment made upon a dog which had been bitten by another suffering under positively defined hydrophobia. Two dogs were bitten in various parts by the rabid animal; one of them was tied up, and remained without any means being adopted to prevent the absorption of the virus beyond the application of ligatures above the surfaces of the wounds, and the injection of pure water in the places bitten. The other had also ligatures applied, and the wounds were washed with a strong solution of the chloruret of soda. Thirty-seven days after the animals had been bitten, that to which the chloruret had not been applied became furiously mad, and died in great agony. The other, whose wounds had cicatrised rapidly, was in perfect health, and has remained so from that time. Dr. Coster states, that this was the only experiment which he has been able to make on the virus of rabid animals; but the success which attended it was sufficient to hold out a hope that the use of the chlorurets may be found equally valuable in other cases.

NEW DISCOVERIES.

The Nantucket Inquirer contains the following list of discoveries made by Capt. W. Plasket of the late whale ship Independence, during his last voyage in the Pacific Ocean:—

Smut-face* island lat. 6 16 S. lon. 177 19 E.

Parker's† do lat. 1 19 S. lon. 174 30 E.

Brown's do lat. 18 11 S. lon. 175 48 E.

The latter lies about 20 miles N. W. by N. from Vavaoo, and is inhabited.

Captain P. ascertained that many of the Islands SW. of the Fejees are erroneously laid down, and he discovered many not noticed at all. He also found a very dangerous reef extending from the E. of Wywoolla across to the neighbouring islands at the NE.

He also furnishes the following discoveries and corrections of lat. and lon. made by Cap. Chase, of the Japan, now at sea:

Chase's island lat. 2 28 S. lon. 176 E.

Lincoln's do. lat. 1 50 S. lon. 175 30 E.]

The lon. of Simpson's Island should be laid down 174 30.

Briand's island lat. 0 20 N. lon. 174 E.

Dundas do. lat. 0 10 N. lon. 174 12 E.

* So named because the chiefs and men of distinction, as a mark of their superiority, daub their faces with smut.

† In honour of Robert F. Parker, merchant of Nantucket.

COURSE OF THE AIR.

Method of finding the Course of the Air when the Wind is still.—Place a basin of water in a free exposure, throw a red hot cinder into it, and observe how the smoke which it produce inclines. Sailors throw a piece of live coal into the sea for the same purpose; and also wet a finger, hold it up in the air, and then by feeling which part becomes (by

evaporation) cool, they judge of the direction of the current air. An instrument on the last principle has been invented by Dr. B. M. M. Forster. [*London Mechanics Magazine.*]

THE TRAVELLER.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE PERSIAN EMPIRE.

The Persian empire, which extends from the twenty-sixth to the fortieth degree of north latitude, and from the forty-fifth to the sixty-first degree of east longitude, enjoys as great a diversity of climate as any country in the world, Hindoostan, perhaps, excepted. Its southern provinces, lying between the mountains and the shores of the Persian Gulf, are arid, sandy, and barren, resembling the Arabian deserts, and subject to intense heat; but, from various causes, the hot, suffocating wind, denominated Simoom, or Sirocco, so fatal in other Asiatick countries, is neither frequent, nor extremely dangerous, in these districts. As we proceed towards the north, the climate rapidly improves; the sandy desert is exchanged for beautiful hills and vallies, watered by innumerable rivulets, and thickly sprinkled with flower-gardens and fruit-trees. All the world have heard of the beautiful scenery on the banks of the Roccnabad, celebrated by Saadi, Hafiz, and other poets; but Isphahan and its vicinity enjoy a still more delicious temperature, even than Shiraz itself. In this capital or Irake, the air, impregnated throughout the year with the perfume of innumerable flowers, and scarcely ever tainted by the slightest vapour, is so dry and pure, that the finest Damascus scimitar might be exposed during the whole night without danger of rusting. Mazenderan, and the whole neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea, abound in forests, and are intersected by rivers, and consequently enjoy a climate less pure and salubrious; and Khorassan, and the other Eastern provinces, are too little known to allow of any thing positive being predicated respecting their soil or climate.

It is in western Persia, however, in the neighbourhood of the great rivers Tigris and Euphrates, that every thing for which the country is remarkable, is found. There are the celebrated fields in which the phalanxes of Greece, and the legions of Rome, triumphed over the barbarick pride and pomp of Oriental despotism. It was over the hills of Koordistan that Xenophon led his ten thousand, and effected the most memorable retreat recorded in the annals of war. It was in the same vicinity that the struggle between Alexander and Darius closed; and that the thousand battles which followed between the powers of the East and the West took place. There, too, beneath a sky highly favourable to the preservation of ancient monuments, are discovered the palace of a race of kings, whose history and name—nay, whose very language is forgotten. On the same spots, the more recent tombs of saints, poets, philosophers, heroes, and kings, are slowly crumbling away beneath the hand of time; while the ignorant Arab and the merry Persian, rob, and laugh, and dance and sing, as if, in the midst of universal decay and ruin, they themselves were imperishable.

The Orientals aim at glory, and sometimes obtain it, by the bold persevering exertion of physical power; they pile up huge stones into pyramids, until the summits pierce the clouds, and form a resting-place for the eagle; they hew mountains into the form of men or animals, and write their thoughts, frequently absurd or puerile, upon everlasting granite; they scoop out caverns in the hardest rocks, and leave their mute images to inform posterity how idle and how vain they were. We are actuated in Europe by a different spirit. By bestowing upon us a less genial climate and a more sterile soil, nature has determined that we shall either remain for ever a race of comfortless and gloomy savages, or invent those arts and sciences, by which the most unpromising lands are converted into a Paradise. With us, the most splendid buildings are comparatively frail and perishable, but the art of building is immortal; and we replace the structures that decay, by others more tasteful and commodious. Our greatness is the fruit of our

intellect. We are in perpetual thought—in an orgasm of invention. We are haunted by the image of ideal perfection, for ever fitting before us; and we perpetually toil to overtake it, albeit in vain. The Oriental, more of an animal, recreates his senses on the charms of nature, or feasts upon the gorgeous banquet prepared by his imagination, and is satisfied. His fancy being rich and glowing, he delights, when it is in his power, to create senses of extravagant magnificence; to transport whole nations from one region to another; to transform a desert into a garden, or a city, a palace, or a Paradise into a howling wilderness. And this disposition is no less visible in his language than in his works. Every thing with him is the best or the worst. If he speak of beauty, it is like the sun and moon; it is the glory of the world; it is the light of his soul. If he deplore his misfortunes, he knows neither peace nor repose; daggers are in his heart; Satan himself might yield to him in misery.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE JEWS.

Their present actual numbers may, perhaps, not exceed six millions—numbers, however, probably greater than those over which Solomon reigned; and of these six millions there may be resident in the contiguous countries of Moravia, Ancient Poland, the Crimea, Moldavia, and Wallachia, above three millions. Except within the countries which formed Poland before its partitions, their population contained in any one European kingdom, cannot, therefore, be great. Yet so essentially are they one people, we might almost say one family; and so disposable is their wealth, as mainly vested in money transactions, that they must be considered as an aggregate, and not in their individual portions.

The Jews in France are perhaps from thirty to forty thousand; they abound chiefly at Metz, along the Rhine, and at Marseilles and Bordeaux. In Bonaparte's time they were imagined to amount to at least twice that number. They are relieved from civil restraints and disabilities in France, and in the Netherlands also. The Jews in Holland, of both German and Portuguese origin, are numerous; the latter are said to have taken refuge there when the United Provinces asserted their independence of Spain; they have a splendid synagogue at Amsterdam. Infidelity is supposed to have made more progress amongst them than amongst the German Jews in Holland. The Italian Jews are chiefly at Leghorn and Genoa; and there are four thousand of them at Rome. In speaking of the religion of the Jews, it is not necessary to particularize those who assumed the mask of Christianity under terror of the Inquisition, although much has been said of their wealth and numbers, and of the high offices they have filled in Spain, and especially in Portugal. But it is curious to see, in a very distant quarter, a like simulation produced amongst them by like causes. There are at Salonica thirty synagogues, and about twenty-five thousand professed Jews; and a body of Israelites have been lately discovered there, who, really adhering to the faith of their fathers, have externally embraced Mahomedanism.

The Barbary Jews are a very fine people; but the handsomest Jews are said to be those of Mesopotamia. That province may also boast of an Arab chief who bears the name of the Patriarch Job, is rich in sheep, and camels, and oxen, and asses, abounds in hospitality, and believes that he descends from him; he is also famed for his justice. The Jews at Constantinople, forty thousand in number, and in the parts of European Turkey on and near the Mediterranean, speak Spanish, and appear to descend from Israelites driven from Spain by persecution. The Bible Society are now printing at Corfu the New Testament, in Jewish-Spanish, for their benefit.

In truth, little appears to be known of the state of the Jews during some hundreds of years after the destruction of Jerusalem. The first body of learned Jew; which drew attention after that disastrous event was that settled in Spain; and from it all Jewish learned descends. As in accomplishment of the prophecy, the Jew is found over the whole surface of the globe; he has been long es-

tablished in China, which abhors the foreigner; and in Abyssinia, which it is almost as difficult to reach as to quit. The early Judaism of that country, and in later days the history of the powerful colony of Jews established in its heart, which at one time actually reigned over the kingdom, are matters so curious, that we regret that we can do no more than advert to them; we must say the same as to the evidence existing of Jewish rites having extended themselves very far southward along the eastern coast of Africa; the numerous Jews of Barbary; and the black and white Jews, who have been established for ages, more or less remote, on the Malabar coast. It may be here observed, that all the Israelites hitherto discovered appear to be descendants of those who held the kingdom of Judah.

The Jews in Great Britain and Ireland are not supposed to be more than from ten to twelve thousand, very many of whom are foreigners, and migratory.

THE GATHERER.

A GOOD FELLOW.

The secretary of a literary society being requested to draw up "a definition of a good fellow," applied to the members of the club, individually, for such hints as they could furnish, when he received the following:—

Mr. *Golightly*.—A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a dun, and never on a friend.

Mr. *Le Blanc*.—A good fellow is one who studies deep, reads trigonometry, and burns love songs; has a most cordial aversion for dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a cannon than a fancy ball.

Hon. G. *Montgomery*.—A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematicks, and adores the classicks and Caroline Mowbray.

Sir T. *Wentworth*.—A good fellow is one who attends the Fox-dinners, who goes to the Indies to purchase independence, and would rather encounter a buffalo than a boroughmonger.

Mr. M. *Sterling*.—A good fellow is a good neighbour, a good citizen, a good relation; in short, a good man.

Mr. M. *Farlane*.—A good fellow is a bonnie braw John Hielandman.

Mr. O' *Connor*.—A good fellow is one who talks loud and swears louder; cares little about learning, and less about his neckcloth; loves whiskey, patronizes bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.

Mr. *Musgrave*.—A good fellow is prime—flash—and bang-up.

Mr. *Burton*.—A good fellow is one who knows "what's what," keeps accounts, and studies Cocker.

Mr. *Rowley*.—A good fellow likes turtle and cold punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on mutton with Sir Robert, when he can't get vension at my lord's.

Mr. *Lozell*.—A good fellow is something compounded of the preceding.

Mr. *Oakley*.—A good fellow is something perfectly different from the preceding,—or Mr. Oakley is an ass.

INTENSE COLD.

The lowest temperature witnessed by Capt. Franklin in North America was on the 7th of February, of the second winter passed on the shores of Bear Lake. At eight in the morning, the mercury in the thermometer descended to 56° below zero; it had stood at—57.5°, and—57.3° in the course of that and the preceding day; between the 5th and the 8th, its general states was from—46° to—52°, though it occasionally rose to—43°. At the temperature of—52.2°, Mr. Kendall froze some mercury in the mould of a pistol-bullet, and fired it against a door at the distance of six paces. A small portion of the mercury penetrated to the depth of one-eighth of an inch, but the remainder only just lodged in the wood. The extreme height of the mercury in the tube was from 71° at noon to 73° at three o'clock.

THE LEGENDARY.

From "Legends of the Lakes," by T. Crofton Croker.

DONAGHA DEE'S TWO WISHES.

There was once (a long time ago) a poor man, whose name was Donagha Dee, and he lived in a small cabin, not far from a forest, in the heart of the county Kerry. Ireland at that time was not so bare as it is now, but was covered with great forests; inasmuch that it is said a squirrel might have travelled from Dingle de Couch to the city of Cork without once touching the ground. Now, you must know, that Donagha was a very poor man, and had a scolding wife; so that, between his wife and his poverty, he could scarcely ever get a moment's peace. A man might, perhaps, put up with a cross word now and then from a woman, if she was pretty, or had any other good about her; but, unluckily, Donagha's wife had nothing at all to recommend her; for, besides being cross, she was as old and as ugly as the black gentleman himself; so you may well suppose they had but a dog-and-cattish sort of life. One morning, in the beautiful month of May, Donagha was quietly smoking his *doodeen* (pipe) in the chimney-corner, when his wife, coming in from the well with a can of water, opened upon him all at once, as if there were a thousand beagles in her throat. "You lazy, good-for-nothing stocagh," said she, "have you nothing else to do this blessed morning but to sit poking over the ashes with your *doodeen* stuck in your jaw? would n't it be fitter for you to be gathering a *broena* (fire wood), than to be sitting there as if you were fastened to the *sieshtheen* (low seat) with a twelvepenny nail?" All this she said and much more, to which Donagha made no reply, but quietly took his bill-hook and gad, and away with him to the forest. I don't know what made him so quiet with her—may be he was n't in fighting humour, and may be he thought it best to get out of the way, for they say a good *retrate* is better than a bad fight any day. A beautiful fine day it was, sure enough; the sun was dancing through the trees, and the little birds were singing like so many pipers at a *pattern*; so that it was like a new life to Donagha, who, feeling the cockles of his heart rise within him, took up his bill-hook and began to work as contented as if he had nothing at home to fret him. But he was n't long at work, when he was amazed at the sound of a voice that seemed to come out of the middle of the wood; and though it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, he could n't help being frightened at it too a little, for there was something in it that was n't like the voice of man, woman, or child. "Donogha! Donagha!" said the voice; but Donagha did n't much like to answer. "Donagha!" said the voice again: so when Donagha heard it again, he thought may be it would be better for him to speak. "Here I am," says he; and then the voice answered back again—"Donagha, do n't be frightened," said the voice, "for sure I'm only Saint Brandon, that's sent to tell you, because you're a good *christin* and minds your duty, you shall have two wishes granted to you; so take care what you wish for, Donagha." "Och, success to you for one saint, any how," said Donagha, as he began to work again, thinking all the time what in the wide world he had best wish for. Would he take riches for his first wish? then what should he take for the second? a good wife—or would n't it be better not to have any wife at all? Well, he thought for a long time without being able to make up his mind what to wish for. Night was coming on, and so Donagha, gathering a great bundle of fire wood up, he tied it well with his gad, and heaving it upon his shoulder, away home with him. Donagha was fairly spent with the work of the day, so that it was no wonder he should find the load on his shoulder rather too much for him: and, stumbling with weariness, he was obliged at length to throw it down: sitting upon his bundle, poor Donagha was in a great botheration; the night was closing in fast, and he knew what kind of a welcome he'd have before him if he either staid out too late, or returned without a full load of firing. "Would to heaven," says he to his distress, and forgetting the power of his wish, "would to heaven that this *broena* could carry me instead of my being obliged

to carry it." Immediately the *broena* began to move on with him, and, seated on the top of it, poor Donagha cut a mighty odd figure surely; for until he reached his own door he never stopped roaring at a thousand murders, he was so vexed with himself at having thrown away one of his wishes so foolishly. His wife Vauria (Maria) was standing at the door looking out for him, ready to give him a good *saletting*; but she was fairly struck dumb at seeing Donagha so queerly mounted, and at hearing him crying out in such a manner. When she came a little to herself, she asked Donagha a thousand questions about how he came to be riding upon a *broena*; and poor Donagha being so questioned, could not help telling her the whole story just as it happened. It was then that she was mad angry in earnest with him, to think that he would throw away his luck. Donagha, worn out and perplexed, was not able to bear it, and at length he cried out, as loud as he could, "I wish to heaven, I wish to heaven, you old scold, that's the plague of my life, I wish to heaven that Ireland was between us." No sooner said than done, for he was whipped up by a whirlwind and dropped at the north-eastern side of Ireland, where Donaghadee now stands. And Vauria, house and all, was carried off at the same time to its most south-western spot, beyond Dingle, and not far from the great Atlantick ocean. The place to this day, is known by the name of Tig na Vauria, or Mary's House; and when people would speak of places wide asunder, it has become a sort of proverb to say, "as far as Tig na Vauria from Donaghadee." And that's the reason, sir.

From the same.

SAINT PATRICK AND THE LAST OF THE "SARPINTS"

Sure, every body has *hard* tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druve* the *sarpints* and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland. But for all that, there was one *ould sarpint* left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick did n't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till, at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine *boults* upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the *sarpint* used to keep; and the *sarpint* who did n't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. "Oh," says Saint Patrick, says he, "where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you, *agin* the winter; for I'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast," says he, "and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you." The *sarpint* hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had *druve* all the rest of the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine *boults* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould* (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. "Tis a nice warm house, you see," says Saint Patrick, "and 'tis a good friend I am to you." "I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility," says the *sarpint*; "but I think it's too small it is for me"—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. "Too small!" says Saint Patrick, "stop, if you please," says he, "you're out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure 't will fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what," says he, "I'll bet you a gallon of porter," says he, "that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you." The *sarpint* was as thirsty as could be, with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him, the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. "There, now," says he, "I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail." When what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two

hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a *sarpint* saw the lid coming down, in went his tail, like a shot for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *boul* the nine iron *boults*. "Oh! murder!—wont you let me out, Saint Patrick!" says the *sarpint*.—"I've lost the bet fairly; and I'll pay you the gallon like a man." "Letyou out, my darling," says Saint Patrick, "to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I have n't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow." And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man, continued Pickett, besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out from within the chest under the water—"Is it to-morrow yet?—is it to-morrow yet?" which to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the *sarpints*, sir.

MISCELLANY.

GLEANINGS ON GLUTTONY.

Against Voracity and immoderate drinking, instanced by sundry histories.

Vitellius, an Emperor of Rome, was among divers other his notorious vices so luxuriously given, that at one supper he was served with two thousand fishes of divers kinds, and seven thousand flying fowles; he was afterward drawne through the streets with a halter about his neck, and shamefully put to death.

But what shall we wonder at emperours prodigalities, when of later years a simple Franciscan frier, Peter de Ruere, after hee had attained to the dignitie of cardinal by the favour of the pope, his kinsman, hee spent in two yeares, in which he lived at Rome, in feasts and banquets, two hundred thousand crownes, besides his debts, which were as much more.

In our time Muleasses, King of Tunis, was so drowned in pleasures, that being expelled from his kingdom for his vices, after his returne from Germany, being *deposed* of ayd hee sought of the Emperour Charles the Fifth, he spent an hundred crownes upon the dressing of a pea-cocke for his owne mouth. And that hee might with more pleasure heare musicke, he used to cover his eyes. —But the judgment of God fell upon him; for his sene or brother dispossessed him of his kingdom, and provided him a remedie that his sight should be no longer annoyance to his hearing, causing his eyes to be put out with a burning hot iron. He that is given to please his senses, and delighted in the excesse of eating and drinking, may, as Sallust saith, bee called animal, for hee is unworthy the name of a man. For wherein can a man more resemble brute beasts, and degenerate from his angelicall nature, than to serve his belly and his senses? But if our predecessours exceeded us in superfluitie of meats, we can compare and goe beyond them in drinking and quaffing.

King Edgar so much detested this vice of drunkennesse, that hee set an order that no man should drinke beyond a certaine ring, made round about the glasses and cups, of purpose for a marke.

Anacharsis saith, that the first draught is to quench the thirst, the second for nourishment, the third for pleasure, the fourth for madness.

Augustine Lercheimer reporteth a strange historie of three quaffers in Germany, in the yeare one thousand five hundred and fortie nine; these three companions were in such a jollity after they had taken in their cups, according to the brutish manner of that country, that with a coale they painted the devell on the wall, and drank freely to him, and talked to him as though hee had been present. The next morning they were found strangled, and dead, and were buried under the gallows.

Surfeits maketh worke many times for the physician, who turning R into D giveth his patient sometimes a Decipe for a Recipe; and so payeth deerely for his travell that hastneth him to his end. Horace calleth such men that give themselves to their belly, a beast of Arcadia that devourerh the grasse of the earth.

Cornelius Celsus giveth this counsell when men come to meat; *Nunquam utilis nimia satietatis, saepe inutilis nimia abstinentia*; over-much satiety is never good, over-much abstinence is often hurtfull.

Mahomet desirous to draw men to the liking of him and his doctrine, and perceiving the proneness of men to luxuriousness and fleshly pleasures, yet dealt more craftily in his *Alcoran*, than to persuade them that felicity consisted in the voluptuousness and pleasures of this life, which he knew would not be believed nor followed but of a few, and those the more brutish sort, but threatened them with a kind of hell, and gave them precepts tending somewhat more to civilitie and humanitie, and promised his followers a paradise in the life to come, wherein they should enjoy all manner of pleasures which men desire in this world; as faire gardens environed with pleasant rivers, sweet flowers, all kinde of odoriferous savours, most delicate fruits, tables furnished with most daintie meats, and pleasant wines served in vessels of gold, &c. &c.

The Egyptians had a custome not unmeet to be used at the carousing banquets; their manner was, in the midst of their feasts to have brought before them anatomie of a dead body dried, that the sight and horror thereof putting them in minde to what passe themselves should one day come, might containe them in modesty. But peradventure things are fallen so far from their right course, that that device will not so well serve the turne, as if the carousers of these later daies were persuaded, as Mahomet persuaded his followers when hee forbade them the drinking of wine, that in every grape there dwelt a divell. But when they have taken in their cups, it seemeth that they many of them doe feare neither the divell nor any thing else.

Lavater reporteth a historie of a parish priest in Germanie, that disguised himselfe with a white sheete about him, and at midnight came into the chamber of a rich woman that was in bed, and fashioning himself like a spirit, hee thought to put her in such feare, that shee would procure a conjuror or exorcist to talke with him, or else speake to him herselfe. The woman desired one of her kinsmen to stay with her in her chamber the next night. This man making no question whether it were a spirit or not, instead of conjuration or exorcisme, brought a good cudgell with him, and after hee had well drunke to encrease his courage, knowing his hardinesse at those times to be such, that all the devils in hell could not make him afraide, hee lay downe upon a pallat, and fell asleepe. The spirit came into the chamber againe at his accustomed houre, and made such a rumbling noyse, that the exorcist (the wine not being yet gone out of his head) awaked, and leapt out of his bed, and toward the spirit hee goeth, who with counterfeit words and gesture, thought to make him afraid. But this drunken fellow making no account of his threatenings. Art thou the divell? quoth he, then I am his damme; and so layeth upon him with his cudgell, that if the poore priest had not changed his divell's voyce, and confessed himselfe to be Hauns, and rescued by the woman that then knew him, he had bin like not to have gone out of the place alive.

This vice of drunkennesse, wherein many take over-great pleasure, was a great blemish to Alexander's virtues. For having won a great part of Asia, he laid aside that sobriety hee brought forth of Macedon, and gave himselfe to the luxuriousnesse of those people whom he had conquered.

That King, Cambyses, tooke over-great pleasure in drinking of wine; and when he asked Prexaspes, his secretary, what the Persians said of him, he answered, that they commended him highly, notwithstanding they thought him over-much given to wine, the king being therewith very angry, caused Prexaspes' sonne to stand before him, and taking his bow in his hand, Now (quoth he) if I strike thy son's heart, it will then appeare that I am not drunk, but that the Persians doe lye; but if I misse his heart, they may be believed. And when he had shot at his son, and found his arrow had pierced his heart, he was very glad; and told him that he had proved the Persians to be lyars.

Flolmus, king of the Gothes, was so addicted to

drinking, that hee would sit a great part of the night quaffing and carousing with his servants. And as on a time he sate after his accustomed and beastly manner carousing with them, his servants being as drunke as he, threw the king, in sport, into a great vessell full of drinke, that was set in the midst of the hall for their quaffing, where he ridiculously and miserably ended his life.

Cineas being ambassadour to Pyrrhus, as he arrived in Egypt, and saw the exceeding height of the vines of that country, considering with himselfe how much evill that fruit brought forth to men, sayd, that such a mother deserved justly to be hanged so high, seeing shee did beare so dangerous a child as wine was. Plato considering the hurt that wine did to men, sayd, that the gods sent wine downe hither, partly for a punishment of their sinnes, that when they are drunke, one might kill another.

Paulus Diacrus reporteth a monstrous kinde of quaffing, between foure old men at a banquet, which they made of purpose. Their challenge was, two to two, and he that dranke to his companion must drinke so many times as hee had yeares; the youngest of the foure was eight and fiftie yeares old; the second three-score and three; the third four-score and seven; the fourth four-score and twelve; so that he which dranke least, dranke eight-and-fifty bowles full of wine, and so consequently, according to their yeares, whereof one dranke four-score and twelve bowles.

The old Romanes, when they were disposed to quaff lustily, would drinke so many carouses as there were letters in the names of their mistresses, or lovers; so easily were they overcome with this vice, who by their virtue some other time, became masters of the world; but these devices are peradventure stale now; there be finer devices to provoke drunkennesse.

In the time of Antonius Pius, the people of Rome being given to drinke without measure, he commanded that none should presume to sell wine but in apothecaries' shops, for the sicke or diseased.

Cyrus, of a contrary disposition to the gluttons and carousers, in his youth gave notable signes and afterwards like examples of sobriety and frugalitie, when he was monarch of the Persians. For, being demanded when he was but a boy, of his grandfather, Astyages, why he would drink no wine, because, said hee, I observed yesterday when you celebrated the feast of your nativitee, so strange a thing, that it could not be but that some man had put poison into all the wine that ye drank; for at the taking up of the table, there was not one man in his right minde. By this it appeareth, how rare a matter it was then to drinke wine, and a thing to be wondered at to see men drunke. For when the use of wine was first found out, it was taken for a thing medicinable, and not used for a common drinke, and was to be found rather in apothecaries' shops than in taverns. What a great difference there was betweene the frugalitie of the former ages and the luxuriousnesse of these latter dayes, these few examples will shew. This Cyrus, as hee marched with his army, one asking him what he would have provided for his supper, hee answered, bread; for I hope, sayth hee, wee shall find a fountain to serve us of drinke. When Plato had bene in Sicilia, being asked what new or strange thing hee had seene; I have seene, sayth hee, a monster of nature, that eateth twice a day. For Dionysius whom he meant, first brought the custome into that country. For it was the use among the Hebrewes, the Grecians, the Romanes, and other nations, to eat but once a day. But now many would thinke they should in a short time be halfe famished, if they should eat but twice a day; nay, rather whole dayes and nights bee scant sufficient for many to continue eating and quaffing. Wee may say with the poet—

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.
The times are changed and we are changed in them.

By the historie of the swine (which by the permission of God, were vexed by the divell) we be secretly admonished that they which spend their lives in pleasures and deliciousnesse, such belly-gods as the world hath many in these daies, that live like swine, shall one day be made a prey or the divell; for seeing they will not be the temple of God, and the house of the Holy Ghost, they

must of necessitie be the habitation of the divell. Such swine, sayth one, be they that make their paradise in this world, and that dissemble their vices, lest they should bee deprived of their worldly goods.

DANCING.

Dancing is defined to be "to move in measure; to move with steps correspondent to the sound of instruments." But there are other species of dancing—as

for three long months
To dance attendance for a word of audience:

and to dance with pain, or when, as Lord Bacon says, "in pestilences, the malignity of the infecting vapour danceth the principal spirits." The *Chorea S. Viti*, or *St. Vitus's Dance* is another variation, said to have once prevailed extensively, and to have been cured by a prayer to this saint! whose martyrdom is commemorated on June 15. It may not be generally known that a person afflicted with this species of dancing can run, although he cannot walk or stand still. Another and a more agreeable species is to lead the dance, an unjust usurpation which is practised in a thousand other places beside the hall-room.

According to the mythologists, (authorities always quotable, and nobody knows why,) the Curetes or Corybantes, a people of Crete, who were produced from rain, first invented the dance to amuse the infant Jupiter—with what success he danced we know not, for when a year old he waged war against the Titans, and then his dancing days must have terminated.

A history of dancing is, however, not to our purpose; but a few of its eccentricities. It occurs in the customs of all people, either as a recreation or as a religious ceremony—held in contempt by some, and in esteem by others. David danced before the ark; the daughters of Shiloh danced in a solemn yearly festival; and the Israelites, (good judges) danced round the golden calf.

The ancients had a peculiar *penchant* for dancing, whether in person or by animals; and the feats of the latter distance all the wretched efforts of the bears, dogs, and horses of our days. The attempts of Galba to amuse the Roman people throw into the shade all the peace-rejoicings and illuminations of St. Jame's and Green Parks. Suetonius, Seneca, and Pliny tell us of elephants in their time that there were taught to walk the rope, backwards and forwards, up and down, with the agility of an Italian rope-dancer. Such was the confidence reposed in the docility and dexterity of the animal, that a person sat upon an elephant's back, while he walked across the theatre upon a rope, extended from the one side to the other. Lippius, who has collected these testimonies, thinks them too strong to be doubted—perhaps even stronger than the rope. Scaliger corroborates all of them; Busbequius saw an elephant dance a *pas surl* at Constantinople; and Suetonius tells us of twelve elephants, six male and six female, who were clothed like men and women, and performed a country dance, in the reign of Tiberius. In later times, horses have been taught to dance. In the carousals of Louis XIII. there were dances of horses; and in the 13th century, some rode a horse upon a rope. All this eclipses the puny modern feats of Astley and Ducrow.

The Greeks and Romans were divided upon the propriety of dancing. Socrates who held death in contempt, when a reverend old gentleman, learned to dance of Aspasia, the beautiful nurse of Grecian eloquence. The Romans forgot their loss of the republick and of liberty—

the air we breathe
If we have it not we die,

in seeing Pylades and Bathyllus dance before them in their theatres—an indifference of which we were reminded on hearing that the Parisians sat in the *Cafes* on the Boulevard du Italien—sipping coffee and sucking down ice, during the capitulation of the city, and while the French, killed and wounded, were conveyed along the road before them.

* Miraculous dancing is met, however, confined to animals; for William of Malmesbury gravely relates an instance of 15 young women and 18 young men who (by the anathema of a priest) continued dancing a whole year, and wore the earth so much, that, by degrees they sunk halfway into the earth!

Cato *Censorius*, danced at the age of fifty-six. Cicero, however, reproached a consul with having danced. Tiberius, that monster of indulgences, banished dances from Rome; and Domitian, the illustrious fly-catcher, expelled several of his *members of parliament* for having danced. We are much more civilized, for such an edict as that of Domitian would clear our senate-houses as effectually as when Cromwell turned out the Long Parliament.

Among the Italians and the French, even there have been found enemies to dancing. Alfieri, the poet, had a great aversion to dancing; and one Daneau wrote a *Traite des Danses*, in which he maintains that "the devil never invented a more effectual way than dancing, to fill the world with —." The bishop of Noyon once presided at some deliberations respecting a minuet; and in 1770, a reverend prelate presented a document on dancing to the king of France. The Quakers considered dancing below the dignity of the Christian character; and an enthusiast, of another creed, thinks all lovers of the stage belong to the schools of Voltaire and Hume, and that dancing is a link in the chain of seduction. Stupid, leaden-heeled people, who constantly mope in melancholy, and neither enjoy nor impart pleasure, will naturally be enemies to dancing; and such we are induced to think the majority of these opponents.

The French are inveterate dancers. They have their *bals pares* and their *salons de danse* in every street; and as long as the weather will permit, they dance on platforms out of doors, and a heavy shower of rain will scarcely cool their ardour in recreation. Some of their stage *figurantes* resemble aerial beings rather than bone and blood, for flesh may almost be left out of the composition. But the Italians are a nation of dancers as well as the children of song, and they seem to have followed the noble example of old Cato, in this respect, with better effect than they have studied his virtue.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829.

PROGRESS OF ANTI-MASONRY. If the results of the recent town elections in the western part of this state are to be taken [and we believe they are] as indications of the public opinion on the subject of anti-masonry, the ultimate defeat of the political abettors of the Morgan excitement cannot rationally be doubted. The "strong holds" are becoming weak; and the "infected district" is fast sacrificing its claims to that appellation. The eyes of the people are penetrating the mists which have so long kept the truth from them—the false colouring which interest has thrown over affairs is fading away, and "poor, abused common sense" is gathering courage to rise and assert its rights. We do not believe, however, that anti-masonick jugglery will die easily or speedily. The struggle may be long; it certainly will be as desperate on the part of the pretended reformers as their total want of honesty and necessary reliance upon management and action can make it; but the "signs of the times" are too plain to be misunderstood, and they clearly predict the downfall of proscription and intolerance. We do not say this on slight grounds. We have watched the progress of affairs and are acquainted with their complexion. We have now abundant proof of a change in the public sentiment, and every week strengthens the opinion we have formed. In Genesee county, the very heart of anti-masonick violence, the work of reform is begun in earnest; Monroe county, the residence of the famous "central committee," is making a retrograde movement; and Wayne, Madison, and other counties, hitherto governed by the mania, are casting aside their fetters and throwing their strength into the opposite scale. It is true, that a few places which until lately were quiet, are getting to be a little troubled; but the means employed to create, and the juggling necessary to sustain the excitement, mark it with infamy, and the spirit of regeneration which is abroad, will hasten the end of its brief existence.

If we cast our eyes beyond our own state, the same symptoms are observed. Men of honesty and worth are

taking a decided stand in favour of toleration and liberal principles. Wherever the excitement has existed for any length of a time, it is becoming unpopular; and even where it has all the claims of novelty to recommend it to the prejudices of the people, its success is so meagre that it scarcely deserves the name. In Connecticut, it is a mere parody of seriousness. In Massachusetts, where no means have been left unused to give it extent and power, it barely has an existence; and depends for its continuance upon a gaping score or two, that are governed, and cheated of their money and their faculties, by half a dozen papers; compared with which the Ontario Phoenix is respectable. The uneasy spirits of Vermont, too, are striving for their day: they will probably have it; but it will not be one exactly to their liking. With a hypocritical old editor as commander-in-chief, and a shallow and vascillating priest as keeper of their consciences, they will "make nice of no vile hold to stay their fortunes up"; and as villany is always rewarded in one way or another, their labour will not be fruitless, though it may yield them thorns instead of roses. The following extract explains the causes of excitement in one county; and we think that after reading it, our readers will give the anti-masons of Vermont credit for about the same quantity of honesty as is possessed by men of the same profession in this state. Did a shadow of similar facts exist on the other side of the question, the whole tribe of anti-masonick papers would be filled with capitals, and oaths and obligations that no mason ever heard of, for a month to come.

From the Vermont Advocate and White River Advertiser.

ANTI-MASONRY. Text. It has been asserted by the anti-masons that one great objection to the masonick institution, with them, is "that a mason, when acting as a juror, is bound to interfere between a criminal and justice, provided the criminal be also a mason."

Application. We have received information from several different sources, that secret efforts are making throughout Orange County, by the anti-masonick party, to secure the jury boxes to themselves, at the meetings for the election of officers in the several towns, in order to prevent a bill of indictment being found against a prominent member of that party, who is now under bonds to answer for a criminal offence before the next term of Orange County Court.

Comment. The text we know to be false—and we would that the application should prove equally unfounded. We may be justly alarmed when our jury boxes are made to subserve the purposes of any party by screening the guilty from the penalty of crimes from the consideration that he is a member of such party.

It is not in the nature of things for such men as the leaders of anti-masonry to become the rulers of a republican people. As knaves will sometimes do, in spite of the exertions of honest men to the contrary, they may by management get into inferior places of trust and profit; but when the public mind recovers from its delirium, and men again think and judge for themselves, they will be hurled from their ill-gotten power into the contempt and disgrace they merit.

It will be a week, to-morrow morning, since Mr. Satterlee Clark, esquire, *et cetera*, went into the fidgets. As the public are supposed to be interested in the affairs of those connected with them by such peculiar ties as bind Mr. Satterlee Clark to his fellow sufferers, we give the following journal of his proceedings for the past week: *Sunday*—He made quite a formidable display of eloquence in a public house in this city; but he conquered nothing except the patience of his hearers. *Monday*—He came to see us, with his whiskers erect and his tongue on fire; but as we were otherwise engaged at the time of the terrible meeting, Mr. Clark merely "flashed in the pan." *Tuesday*—The gentleman and his friend Mr. Maynard held a secret session in the Senate chamber. *Wednesday*—He solicited the advice and assistance of the district attorney. *Thursday*—He opened his budget of woes for the inspection of the Grand Jury. *Friday*—The Grand Jury refused to find a bill. *To-day*—We understand Mr. Clark is convalescent, and by the time the week is ended, he will probably be settled into that state of quietness which best becomes "waiters on Providence."

Rowland Stephenson, an English bankrupt, about whom so much has been said in the papers lately, is now under arrest in the city of New-York. The proceedings

against him since his arrival in this country show that *abductions* are not the fruit of masonry alone. As the violence with which he has been treated has created some excitement, we shall make a summary of the facts connected with his case, and give it to our readers next week. In the mean time, we think it would be well for the people to be cautious what faith they put upon *ex parte* statements, whether of this or any other affair.

Both houses of the legislature have resolved to attend the funeral of the late Lieut. Gov. Tayler, on Monday next. An obituary notice of this distinguished individual will be found in a subsequent column.

The communication of *Federal Republican* is too much of a politico-religious nature for our columns. We are as much opposed to imprisonment for debt as our correspondent is; but we trust he will excuse us for declining to view the subject as he does.

The address of the Rochester masons is not received.

For the American Masonick Record.

THEY ARE THE FACTION. Having attended the late convocation of *Morganites*, that burlesque on the Hartford Convention, I did think of sending you a brief abstract of their proceedings and *characters*, but the more I have examined, the more I have become convinced that they are both too completely despicable to deserve or excite any other sentiments than those of contempt and disgust, which they occasioned in every candid spectator of that unsuccessful farce of Great Cry and Little Wool. Being beyond the pale of the infected district, they were in no small quandary to obtain a decent place for exhibition. They in vain attempted, in their infatuation, to be allowed the *ad-use* of two respectable churches, and at last, the house of assembly, from pity to their forlorn condition, and perfect indifference to their vaunting nothingness, permitted them to meet in its chamber. On opening, a promiscuous crowd of all classes attended, from curiosity to see the puppet show, and so extremely interesting and important did it prove, that when the scene of iniquity was about being closed, (which was done with prayer) the whole number of lookers on, both in the gallery and lobbies, including masons, anti and neutrals, actually amounted to as many as thirty. Southwick's story was worthy of himself; the same old tale, told for the thousandth time, full of sound and fury signifying nothing. His followers then showed (that is, said,) that the well being of our civil and religious institutions and the very existence of the republic itself, absolutely required the extermination of freemasonry, because masonry is possessed of neither antiquity, power, nor importance, but is a feeble, unmeaning, insignificant, short-lived institution (for which fact, these veridical blowers of hot and cold in the same breath, gave the same incontrovertible evidence, their own indubitable assertions), and for this invaluable discovery and *invention*, with the unparalleled regard for *modesty* and *justice* peculiar to themselves, they only claim an exclusive patent right to ALL the offices in the country to begin with. The ranting of these avowed advocates and abettors of treachery, perjury and blasphemy, about allaying an excitement of which their own selfish aggrandizement is both the cause and most accursed effect, strongly reminds one of Franklin's disappointed Frenchman, who wanted pay for "de trouble and de expense of heating de poker."

A large part of this convention of *consistent* and *exemplary* supporters of social order, morality and religion, was composed of broken down politicians, equally destitute of character, fortune, and principle, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, and the complement made up of deluded men, notorious only for being weak in the upper story. Among the faction I perceived a few, very few, who, for their own sakes, I regretted to see in such company and cause, but not a single one in the whole herd eminent either for mental or moral greatness. I would confidently appeal to every human being possessed of common honesty and common sense, and who may have had the patience and the stomach, to hear or read their hackneyed misrepresentations of Morgan's abduction, and their stale slang of murder and conspiracy, to declare whether Solomon Southwick, Thurlow Weed, Francis Granger, David C. Miller, Myron Holley, and the other ringleaders of the gang, can, or do possess the least regard for the fate of Morgan, or the slightest apprehension that our constitution and laws are endangered, unless indeed they should be jeopardized by the imbecile and madly desperate assaults of the *Morganites* themselves.

I shall content myself at present with sending you the following list of anti-masonick delegates to be put on "Record," that the portion of the world to whom they are respectively known, may judge for itself of their *virtues* and their *talents*, and that their names and memories may be

made the object, as far as they deserve, of the esteem and admiration of every honest and honourable man.

ARISTIDES.

Albany county. Samuel M. Hopkins, Solomon Southwick, Thomas Helme, Cettarus, Russell Hubbard, Cayuga. William Bruce, John Taylor, Aaron Watson, H. William Beward, Samuel Phelps, Chautauque. Abner Hazeltine, Nathan Mixer, Caneago. Joel Kendrick, Jethro Hatch, James Thompson, Columbia, David Wager, Isaac B. Potter, John Hughes, Cortland. Alanson Curley, Eli Carpenter, Delaware. Ebenezer Penfield, Joel Parks, Dutchess. Cornelius Husted, Robert Hoag, Thomas H. Bickley, Erie. Albert H. Tracy, Thaddeus Joy, Isaac F. Trimble, Essex. Franklin Stone, Genesee. Timothy Fitch, George W. Lay, Augustus P. Hascall, Greene. Joseph Carman, Knight Bonnet, Herkimer. Hiram Nelson, Abraham Randall, Jr., Stephen Hull, Jefferson. A. W. Stow, S. N. Sweet, Alfred Guthrie, Livingston. James Percival, Holloway S. Long, Madison. Thomas Bookman, John F. Fairchild, Francis Whitmore, Monroe. Brooks Mason, Frederick Whittlesey, William Groves, Thurlow Weed, Montgomery. John Merrill, Alexander Sheldon, Tiffany Brockway, New York. Henry Dana Ward, L. B. Griswold, B. J. Seward, Niagara. Bates Cooke, John Phelps, Oneida. Thomas R. Palmer, William Williams, Nicholas Devereaux, Richard R. Lansing, Satterlee Clark, Onondaga. Parley Howlett, John Negus, Parson G. Shipman, Ontario. Ralph Wilcox, Francis Granger, Irving Mott, Orange. William Finn, Orleans. Chauncey Robinson, Oswego. Arvin Rice, Otsego. Erasmus Craft, James Hawks, John C. Morris, Putnam. Harrison Hopkins, Remond. Ambrose Moseley, Welcome Whitaker, David Greene, Jonathan Nichols, Holden Sweet, Saratoga. Caleb Greene, James Mott, David Garney, Schenectady. Solomon Kelly, Schoharie. James W. Throop, Jacob S. Hager, Seneca. Enoch Chamberlain, Daniel Scott, Steuben. Henry R. Townsend, Tioga. Stephen M. Perch, Tompkins. Hiram Cobb, Robert Swartwout, John Hartman, Ulster. Jonathan Du Bois, Jesse T. Conklin, Washington. John Cary, Chautauque. Whitmore, Benjamin Ferris, Wayne. Myron Holley, Luther Fillmore, Morris F. Shepard.*

* Those in Italics are confessed apostate masons.

* Anti-masonick office-holders. † Defeated at the last fall election. ‡ Morgan committee-men. § Printers of anti-masonick newspapers. || A resident of Orange county. || A resident of the state of Pennsylvania.

CANOVA'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON. In the London New Monthly Magazine for January, there is a communication from a British correspondent at Rome, in which the writer describes Canova's statue of Washington and the character of our illustrious patriot as follows:—

"The 'Washington' is another instance of mortality divinized. It is something more than the mere fixing of a man into marble. It is an apotheosis of his mind. Washington was no hero, but something infinitely better. He did not save America, but he showed America how she might save herself: one of the few great men who, more contented to be great for their country only, and who, founding a state by the mere force of single-hearted high-minded public feeling, had the still greater glory of knowing how to retire when the mighty work was done. He was no genius, no orator, no writer; but he was thoroughly penetrated with the consciousness of a great and solemn trust; he was stamped with a firmness which welded and kneaded events to his will; he was glowing with an unextinguishable devotion to liberty; beside which, the world, and all that the world could, was as dust and dross in the scale. To shape out such faculties to the eye was no easy task; for an Italian it might seem impossible. But Canova has cast into his work all the inspiration of the 'America Libera'; he has sculptured what Alfieri wrote."

MORGAN'S BODY. A long report, detailing the operations of the Morgan Committee, (or, as it is now politically termed, the "Anti-masonick Central Committee,"*) was read in the late anti-masonick convention, and has since been published. The Morgan affair, and their own exertions in ferreting out the perpetrators, is the burden of their song; but, singular to relate! not a syllable is said concerning the corpse discovered in the fall of 1827 at the junction of Oak-orchard creek with Lake Ontario. This is the more surprising, as the persons who sign the report (viz. Samuel Works, F. F. Backus, Frederick Whittlesey, Thurlow Weed, &c.) are the same who once invoked the Almighty to witness their belief that the body there found was no other than that of Morgan! at the same time attributing the discovery of the body to the miraculous interference of God!

Their silence on this subject, in the report, speaks volumes.

On the eve of an important election, thirteen months after the abduction and supposed murder of Morgan, the body in question was found on the shore, in such a state of preservation as forbid the idea that it was many weeks in the water. It was discoloured externally, but had not undergone more than the first stage of decomposition, notwithstanding its exposure to the elements. It was about four inches longer than Morgan was proved to be—it had heavy whiskers on, when found, although Morgan never wore whiskers—it had "a large patch of hair on the top of its head," but Morgan was perfectly bald, from the forehead to the hinder part of the crown—it had not a single article of clothing which Morgan was ever known to have worn—it had no marks of violence upon it, although Morgan was alleged to have been barbarously murdered, by having his throat cut, &c. and weights attached to his mangled body when thrown into the lake—and yet, in the face of all this—in the face of God and honest men—with testimony within their reach conclusive against even the probability of their assertion—these political committeemen sanctioned their declaration by an appeal to Deity, that the body had been "identified as Morgan's, beyond the shadow of a doubt!!!"

They did not probably suppose, when making this declara-

tion, that the body would be disinterred and submitted to the scrutiny of impartial men.

If they actually believed what they thus affirmed with the solemnity of an oath, how is it that no mention is made of the body of Morgan, in their report? If it was not the body of Morgan, in what an awful predicament have they placed themselves before God and their fellow men!

Such has been the conduct of some of the persons appointed by the citizens to investigate the Morgan outrage; and such the unblushing effrontery with which they have perverted that sacred trust to their own selfish and party purposes, that, when doubts were expressed to some of them respecting the identity of the corpse, the reply was, "It will make a good enough Morgan till after election." The hoax was however detected before election;—and an honest jury, on the third inquest, when the subject was fairly investigated, pronounced the body to be, not Morgan's but that of Timothy Monroe.

These facts are characteristic of the means employed to prostitute the Morgan excitement to the political uses of its foster-fathers. They furnish a fair specimen of the management of those broken down politicians who are seeking to regenerate their fallen fortunes through the agency of political Anti-masonry. [Rochester Republican.]

The Freemasons in Ontario county, N. Y. have at length made the first advances towards healing the difficulties that exist in the western part of the state of New-York. Upwards of seventy members have signed an address recommending the return of the charters to the grand lodge, and appropriating their funds for the support of schools. They still adhere to their principles that the Institution is a good one, and admit that there are members who are no credit to them, but they are willing to forego all the benefits derived from their stated meetings, that on their part no obstruction may remain to allay the excitement. How different this course to that pursued by their persecutors! They are willing to yield every thing but their opinion, for the public peace; and if their persecutors have a spark of christianity left in their bosoms, they will accept the hand of fellowship that is proffered to them; if not, they may pursue their own course, for no further concessions will be made, and none others ought to be asked of honourable men.

There are some who have dabbled in this business for the purpose of making money, and in a few instances they have succeeded. It will now be seen what course they pursue—those who have made their fortunes will be satisfied, whilst those who have been disappointed, and whose conscience is seared to all the tender sympathies of forgiveness and mutual forbearance, will show their chagrin and mortification by redoubling their endeavours to throw obstacles in the way of a general peace. [Morristown Jerseyman.]

As the Anti-Masonick party, if we take their own words for it, have deeply at heart the punishment of those concerned in the outrage committed upon Morgan, we should like to be informed of the reason why they do not take the notorious Giddins in hand. This man, if he is to be believed, which by the way is doubted by some, is more guilty than any one who has as yet been brought out to the public view. He is the man who says he acted as Morgan's jailer—he is the man who turned the key upon his prisoner, when supplicating in the most piteous terms to be released—he turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties, and is now canonized as a Saint by the Anti-Masons, merely because he renounced Masonry! Can men be honest who denounce the whole fraternity of Masons as murderers, and at the same time harbour such a viper as Giddins in their bosoms! If they wish to convince the people of the honesty of their intentions, why not make an example of this man, instead of enriching him for his crimes by way of Anti-Masonick Almanacks? This subject is exciting considerable inquiry among the people; and they ask an explanation. Will you give it? [Batavia Times.]

JEFFERSON COUNTY. The annual town elections which took place in the several towns in this county on the 3d inst. were contested with more than usual asperity. The hydra headed monster anti-masonry, reared its snaky crest in almost every town, and a bold push was made to secure a majority of the board of supervisors. It is a fact, however, as creditable to the good sense of the community, as it must be gratifying to the friends of liberal principles, and the enemies of proscription and intolerance, that in only five of the eighteen towns of which the county is composed, have they succeeded; and in almost every town where they obtained large majorities at the fall election, they have been beaten. [Watertown Freeman.]

VARIETIES.

Chinese Proclamation. The chief magistrate of the city of Canton, in China, as is usual every new year, has published a proclamation to the citizens. He refers to the infamous practices of thieves, vagrants, and local blackguards, and calls upon his people to reform their habits in the following singular phraseology:—"After this proclamation let all aim to renew the skin of their faces, and avoid that repentance which is as useless as a man's attempting to bite his own navel. Ye dwellers in market places, take good heed to your doors, and shut them carefully morning and evening. If vagabonds, as before, swindle, rob and annoy, seize them, and drag them before a magistrate. If liars connive and combine, I shall, on the moment of detection, flog them till they die. I am resolved to show them no indulgence. Let every one trembling obey. Oppose not. A special proclamation."

A person who calls himself an idler has made the follow-

ing calculations: there are in London, according to the latest and most authentic records, 4,692 inns, taverns, and publick houses; 2,211 tailors; 1750 grocers; 1,715 bakers; 1,568 boot and shoe makers; 1,426 merchants; 1,343 butchers; 1,318 physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, &c.; 1,212 carpenters; 1,008 cheesemongers; 8,100 lawyers, barristers, special pleaders, &c. It would therefore appear, that the number of those who are reputedly skilful in "taking away our life," is less than half the number of those who, with some truth, are accused with taking away the means whereby we live.

Liberality. The committee appointed to procure subscriptions for the suffering poor in New-York, recently waited on a poor man, whose property was estimated at something short of a million. He gave them a dollar. Then waited upon a widow, who, it was said, could not afford to give any thing. Her mitre was cheerfully bestowed—TEN DOLLARS! The best of the joke is, that another poor man, who thought the publication of the above incidents related to him or his brother, stopped his newspaper, the Commercial Advertiser, in which they first appeared. It happened to be neither himself nor his brother.

[East Patriot.]

Voyages of Discovery. According to a statement in a French paper, there are at present no less than thirteen vessels actually employed in voyages of discovery. Of these France has three, England five, Russia two, Sweden one, Holland one, and the United States one. It remains to be seen, whether the last mentioned expedition will ever put to sea. We want yet the example of Spain, Portugal, and the small Italian states.

[Southern Patriot.]

Mining.—By a statement of the Directors, and other calculations of the United Mexican Mining associations, in England, it appears that the expenses from August 1st to October 18th last year, exceeded the receipts in the three principal districts of Zacatecas, Guanajuato and Sambarote, to the amount of \$191,926; and in some smaller districts, 60,000, making a loss of \$251,926, in little more than three months.

[Boston Bulletin.]

Centenary of Methodism. It is stated in some of the papers, that the year 1829 will form the great Centenary of Methodism, which first commenced at Oxford, under the Rev. John Wesley; but this is a mistake, as it appears from the Quarterly Tickets of that body, that "Wesleyan Methodism was established in 1739," not 1729.

[Boston Palladium.]

Murder and Sociability. A late Irish newspaper contains the following paragraph:—"On Thursday, the Lord Lieutenant visited Carton, where he shot in the morning, and afterwards spent the day with the Duke of Leinster."

From the Albany Argus of yesterday.

DEATH OF LIEUT. GOV. TAYLER.

The venerable patriot and citizen JOHN TAYLER, expired at 7 o'clock last evening, after a short illness, at his residence in this city, full of years and of honour, but in the vigour of his faculties.

Gov. Tayler was a chief of the Revolution; and he exhibited in the purity of his life, the simplicity of his habits, and his mental energies and physical strength, the traits of character peculiar to the great men of that period. He entered the 67th year of his age on the 4th day of July last; and until within the past week, was abroad in the discharge of the duties of a citizen.

In all the period of the revolution, he was zealous and efficient in the service of his country. In 1776 he was a delegate to the provincial congress: In 1777 a conspicuous member of the committee of safety, a body of fearless patriots, who at the hazard of their lives, exercised the executive powers, from the subversion of the colonial government until the adoption of our first state constitution; and he was a member of the convention that framed that instrument.

For many years prior to 1813, he was a member of the state senate, from the then eastern district. In that year, he was elected lieutenant-governor of this state, in which office he was continued, by successive elections, until January, 1823, when he retired from public life. From February, 1817, until July following, he administered the government of the state, in consequence of the resignation of gov. Tompkins.

In December last, he was chosen by the electoral college of this state, an elector of president and vice-president; and the vote which he gave on that occasion for gen. Jackson, was the last official act of his life.

It may be said of him—but the remark will apply to few of any age or country—that for the last sixty years he has been, almost without interruption, in the discharge of civil trusts, of the highest public importance.

Of his private life, his praise is on the tongues of all who knew him. It was an example of piety, benevolence and charity—of useful, and until the infirmities of age prevented, of active, citizenship.

CONTENTS OF THE IRISH SHIELD, FOR FEBRUARY. Published monthly, by Caleb Bartlett, No. 70, Bowery, New-York. Price, \$3.50 per annum.

HISTORY of Ireland, Chapters I and II; Fatal Curiosity, (an Irish Historical Tale); Grecian Females and manner, No. II; Literary and Biographical notices of Irish; Authors and Artists, No. V. (Hugh Hamilton); Irish Topography, No. II; Ecclesiastical Edifices of Dublin, No. II (Christ's Church); Essays on the present state of Ireland, No. I. Irish Affairs—Letter from the Most Rev Dr Curtis to the Duke of Wellington; the Marquis of Anglesey's letter to the Most Rev Dr Curtis, Speech of Mr O'Connell, M.P. at the meeting of the Catholic Association of Ireland; Speech of Mr Sheil; of Mr Steele; Mr David Latouche; Address of the Catholic Association of Ireland, to the friends of civil and religious liberty in the city of Charleston; Extract from the Catholic Journal relative to Mr. O'Connell; Association of the Friends of Ireland in New-York; The Drama (Park Theatre); To the Patrons of the Irish Shield. Editorial Copy. Original Poetry—Lives in Memory of Mary, Queen of Scots; The Drooping Rose; Fare thee Well; What is Love; A Lover's Oath; A Tear: Epigram, addressed to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

POETRY.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Tableau, au l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie." *Madame de Staël.*

There was musick on the midnight;
From a royal fane it rolled,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly it tolled.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hushed the listener's breath;
For the musick spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight:—
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it neared the Minster-gate,
Whence broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Sweep down in many a wave;
Leading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewelled robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest.

But a peal of lordly musick
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from th' encircling hand,
Stept Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death, Death! canst thou be lovely
Unto the eye of Life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mein at strife?
—It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
Lost the strong heart should fail;
King Pedro with a jealous eye
Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
To her, his martyred one.
But on the face he looked not
Which once his star had been:
To every form his glance was turned,
Save of the breathless queen;
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
'Twas not for him to bear.

Ah! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed—bear back the Dead
Unto the chamber deep,
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep.

There is musick on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,

As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go,
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, the queen of clay.

And tearlessly and firmly,
King Pedro led the train—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lowered the dust again.
—'Tis hushed at last, the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wert and art!

From the Connecticut Mirror.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Who bleeds in the desert, faint, naked and torn,
Left lonely to wait for the coming of morn?
The last sigh from his breast, the last drop from his heart,
The last tear from his eye-lid seemed ready to part.

He looks to the east with a death-swimming eye,
Once more the blest beams of the morning to spy;
For penniless, friendless, and houseless he's lying,
And he shudders to think that in darkness he's dying.

Yon meteor!—'t is ended as soon as begun—
Yon gleam of the lightning!—it is not the sun—
They brighten and pass—but the glory of day,
It is warm while it shines, and does good on its way.

How brightly the morning breaks out from the east!
Who walks down the path to get tithes for his priest!
It is not the robber who plundered and fled—
'T is a Levite. He turns from the wretched his head.

Who walks in his robes from Jerusalem's halls?
Who comes to Samaria from those sacred walls?
There is pride in his step—there is hate in his eye—
There is scorn or his lip, as he proudly walks by;
'T is thy Priest, thou proud city, now splendid and fair;
A few years shall pass thee, and—who shall be there!

Mount Gerizin looks on the vallies that spread
From the foot of high Ebal to Esdrelon's head,
The torrent of Kishon rolls back on the plain,
And Tabor sends out its fresh floods to that main,
Which, purpled with fishes, flows rich with the dyes
That flash from their fins, and shine out from their eyes.
Flow sweet are the streams, but more pure is the fountain
That gushes and swells from Samaria's mountain.

From Galilee's city the Cushite comes out,
And by Jordan washed Tizrah, with purpose devout,
To pay at the altar of Gerizim's shrine,
And offer his incense of oil and of wine,
He follows his heart, that with eagerness longs
For Samaria's anthems, and Syria's songs.

He sees the poor Hebrew; he stops on the way,
By the side of the wretched, 't is better to pray
Than to visit the holiest temple that stands
In the thrice blessed places of Palestine's lands.
The oil that was meant for Mount Gerizim's ground,
Would better be poured on the sufferer's wound;
For no incense more sweetly, more purely can rise,
From the altars of earth to the throne of the skies,
No libation more rich can be offered below,
Than that which is tendered to anguish and wo.

From the London Literary Gazette.

OPENING OF THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

To us in ancient stories he marvels many told
Of glorious achievements of the mighty men of old—
Both of featings and fightings, both of blood and of tears:
I too will tell my story, if you vouchsafe your ears.

In Burgundy to womanhood a noble maiden grew,
So fair, that in no country was nought more fair to view;
Chrimbild was she called, a lovely maiden she,
And for her many noble knights were doomed their death to dre.

If many loved the maiden, no marvel that I hold,
For she was gazed on daily by heroes good and bold:
She was surpassing lovely—she was a noble maid,
And good as she was lovely;—her truth no tongue gainsaid.

There was a boy in Netherland, a boy of kingly kind;
His father was King Siegesmond, his mother Siegelind:
Within a noble city, far round the nations known,
In Santen by the Rhine, to manhood he was grown.

I tell you of this hero, how beautiful he was,
For blaming of his beauty all over was no cause;
Full strong and full stately was the comely bold young man;
Ha! what mighty honour unto this world he wan.

Siegfried he was called, this champion so good;
He wasted kingdoms many in the virtue of his mood;

He in his strength and glory rode many a realm around;
Ha! what a furious horseman for Burgundy was found!

Ere yet this dauntless hero had a beard his cheek upon,
With his own hand I tell ye such wonders he had done,
That ever more about them we might both sing and say;
But we must pass them over until another day.

In Siegfried's fairest season, in the spring-time of his days,
Where many wonders spoken of him and of his praise—
What honour he had conquered, and how lovely was his frame.

And red was many a lady's cheek when men but named his name.

He now was so y-waxen, that he to court did ride,
Where him with admiration fair dames and maidens eyed;
They wished, when they beheld him, to lead the boy astray;
But he was modest-hearted—that was his shield and stay.

'Twas on the seventh morning, to Worms upon the sand,
He came with all his company, riding by his hand;
With gold their armour gleamed, and proudly ate each one.
And stately stept their horses the level sands upon.

Their shields they were new; they were broad and they were bright;
And beautiful their helmets, as besemeth noble knight;
Thus Siegfried the bold to King Gunther's castle came:
I wis a comelier riding was never than that same.

"Now, greatly do I marvel," said King Gunther, out of hand,

"Why you, most noble Siegfried, hast ridden to this land;
Or what you wish to come at in Worms here on the Rhine."
Then to the host thus spake the guest:—"A simple tale be mine:

"Men many times did tell me, within my father's land,
That round the great King Gunther there rode a peerless band:

No other knights could match them—such men I'd fain be near—

No outlawed knight durst beard them—and therefore am I here.

"For I too am a soldier, and born to wear a crown,
Which from right noble fathers, a worthy line, comes down:
But none shall say I owe it to nothing but my line;
But that of right of prowess, too, both crown and land are mine."

From the London Literary Gazette.

SIMPLE BALLAD.

Young Rosa was gay, and her heart always light,
Her cheek ever blooming, her eye ever bright,
And her laugh was so joyous, so wild, and so free!
Youth, beauty, and mirth,—oh! she had them all three.

But Colin, false Colin, soon stole all away;
For, guiltless no longer, no longer she's gay;
With her innocence all her enjoyment went too,
Forsaken, heart-broken, what could Rosa do?

Then the rose on her cheek, ah! how soon did it fade!
While her dim, sunken eye her soul's anguish betrayed:
And she who had seemed never destined to sigh,
Felt the first wound of sorrow, and felt it to die.

But o'er the green grave that poor Rosa contains,
The flowers that wave are her beauty's remains;
No mortal, the villagers say, placed them there,
Like her Nature's children, like her they are fair.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3 Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

34.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.

March 9, 1823.

JOHN F. PORTER.

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILDS, AT THE CORNER OF NORTH MARKET AND STEUBEN STREETS, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Three Dollars a year.* To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, IN ADVANCE*—otherwise, *Three Dollars.* **JOB PRINTING** neatly executed at this office.

* Don Pedro of Portugal, after his accession to the kingdom, had the body of the murdered Inez taken from the grave, solemnly anointed and crowned.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1829.

NO. 9.

MASONICK RECORD.

ADDRESS

Of the Freemasons of Monroe county, to the publick, on returning their Charters. Adopted by a Convention of Delegates from several Lodges, held in Rochester, on Friday, 13th of March, 1829.

The following Masonick Lodges of the county of Monroe, namely, Welles Masters Lodge, Hamilton Royal Arch Chapter, Monroe Encampment of Gates; the Monroe Chapter and Monroe Lodge at Brockport, Henrietta Lodge, Morning Star Lodge at Pittsford, Penfield Union Lodge, and Brighton Lodge—having determined to surrender their charters, and being unwilling to submit tamely to the sweeping denunciations which have been so prodigally lavished against them, and inviting a free but impartial inquiry into their views and reasons, have respectively assigned to committees the task of announcing publicly the leading considerations which have guided to this determination.

In entering jointly upon the discharge of this duty, devolved upon us, it is not conceived that the occasion calls for an elaborate review, nor indeed for a serious refutation, of all the absurd imputations and extraordinary charges which have been so industriously arrayed against the fraternity: neither is it proposed to indulge in angry rebukes and bitter sarcasms against the doubtful motives and unkind passions which obviously have and still do direct the movements of the master spirits of the exclusive party, styling themselves anti-masons. Such a course, although justifiable by the law of retaliation, would not mitigate past evils, and might perhaps aggravate anticipated ones which we are unaffectedly anxious to avert.

With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to advance, as tenable propositions, that an utter disregard of public opinion, when once clearly settled and ascertained, is, on the part of the citizen, unwise under any form of government—that especially under such an one as it is our common happy condition to enjoy, (being one, emphatically of opinion, controlled by the genius, sustained by the energies, and regulated by the intelligence of the people,) a reckless opposition to the confirmed public sentiment cannot be defended, and that it is not only unwise to treat it with indifference, but, where no violation of principle is involved, to set it at defiance is to be culpably obstinate.

Doubtless, occasions frequently arise, when personal gratification and convenience, even though their indulgence be not inhibited by law, must yield to other and higher claims arising out of our relation to society. Such alternative, we believe, now presents itself to the freemasons of Monroe county. After deliberate discussion and anxious reflection, we have unanimously arrived at the conclusion that public opinion at this time unequivocally calls upon them to relinquish their masonick rights.

It is not to be disguised that this concession has cost us a considerable effort, particularly while smarting under the lash of persecution and proscription: but, appealing as we do to the justice of an enlightened community, it is due to the dignity of the tribunal before which we are thrown, to stifle the suggestions of private grief at the shrine of public duty.

Having thus signified the acquiescence of the before enumerated lodges in what appears to be the publick will, our task as a committee would seem to be accomplished: yet not evading the most rigid scrutiny, and because we believe it to be in the contemplation of those whom we represent, *we do solemnly aver*, that the alleged and probable perpetration of the death of William Morgan by the hand of violence, has been uniformly condemned by us and by them as an offence alike obnoxious to the principles of masonry, to the laws of the country and the laws of God. Nor will we say—considering the abiding sensation which that unaccountable outrage has produced—that we could regard as discreet, or even blameless, further manifestations of a determined disposition, on the part of any in this country, to brave public opinion by a continued maintenance of their institutions.

That a virtuous indignation should have been roused by the commission of the offence in question, was both natu-

ral and laudible, nor is it matter of surprise that the impunity and concealment which the offender or offenders have courted, should have heightened that indignation; but the evil to which this feeling has been liable, is, to confound the innocent with the guilty—insomuch, that a sentiment which owed its birth to the noblest attributes of cultivated humanity, has ripened into a monstrous infatuation, carrying in its train multiplying mischiefs of the most alarming character. Under its baleful influence, reason seems to have lost her empire, and charity to have resigned her seat. The peace and harmony of neighbourhoods and of society have been disturbed—mutual confidence has been impaired—in some instances, the ordinary intercourse and relations of social life have been interrupted—brother has been arrayed against brother, and father against son. Churches and religious communities have been distracted—confidence in our judicial tribunals has been weakened—many of our most worthy citizens have been unsparingly vilified and wantonly traduced—honest men in various parts of the state, who have been the ornaments of the church and the pride of our senates—men who have ever been the fast friends of freedom, of science, and of literature, have been denounced as malefactors, and sunk to the level of outlaws. Our popular elections have exhibited a degree of violence, and been conducted with a spirit of acrimony seldom if ever before witnessed.

As might reasonably be expected, unprincipled men have laboured to increase, rather than allay, the popular excitement, and to bend it to their own selfish purposes.

The wonder is, that in this age, and in this country, so much success should have attended so little integrity.

At all times, and in all countries, there are unfortunately some (few in number, we trust, when compared with the great body in civilized communities) whose natural aliment is anarchy and discord, and whose consequence is conspicuous when vice prevails. To such, we do not address ourselves. Our appeal is to the *friends of peace and good order*; and if the waters of strife are to be poured out without reserve, embittering all the relations of life—if an unrelenting crusade is to be carried on against a numerous and respectable portion of our fellow men; merely on account of their speculative opinions—the responsibility will not rest upon us.

Let it not be supposed that we mean to admit that there is any thing in masonry, as we have severally received and understood it, immoral in its tendency, in any wise dangerous to either civil or religious liberty, or opposed to the christian religion.

We however frankly express our conviction that that religion needs no aid from the institution nor from the arm of civil government. We do most solemnly believe that religion to be of divine origin, and that it will prevail without the aid of secular associations; and we would deeply deplore the occurrence of any contest which should alienate its professors from their relation to the church to become political partisans. The danger that a further continuance of masonick institutions, within what has been called, not inaptly, “the infected district,” might produce such deprecatory result, is not only probable, but apparent.

A leading principle of the order forbids all interference with the political concerns of the country, or intermingling with the same as a political party.

Until the present epoch, the question has never been asked, in relation to a candidate for office, whether he was a mason or not. Politics have never entered within the walls of our lodges. As a matter of history we mention that Washington, Franklin, Hancock, Putnam, Green, Warren, Lee, Jefferson, Hamilton, chancellor Livingston, Tompkins, Clinton, Van Ness, Jackson, Clay, Van Rensselaer, and a vast many other distinguished men whose names have all been before the American people, were masons, enjoying the highest honours of the republic; and yet there is no one but slightly acquainted with past events who does not know that they and their pretensions were violently assailed by masons, who were politically opposed to them.

If this historical fact be not sufficient to put down the false charge of masonry's being a political institution, we shall despair of being able to pierce the veil of bigotted incredulity.

We repeat, until this time the question has never been asked in relation to a candidate for office, whether he was a mason or not.

The ground now assumed by the malcontent portion of an old but fallen party, lately represented at Albany by a convention of disappointed political aspirants, for the purpose of reviving their exploded doctrines under a new name, preparatory to a last desperate effort for power, must, in some measure render the masonick institution, if persisted in, political in its character. One of the prominent obligations taken by that convention, we understand to be, that, “at every future election, general or local, an anti-masonick ticket shall be run.” Let the members of that convention reconcile that vow with their religious professions and civil obligations. We, as masons, cannot take up their gage. As men, however, we will fearlessly rally around the standard of republican truth, to watch the insidious approaches of this “brotherhood of hope:” and they, having hoisted the faded banner of their long prostrate party, and put in requisition the scathed and scattered remnants of its oft-defeated troops, must take the risk of again sharing its discomfiture.

We are aware that, from many of our brethren, the course herein indicated, demands a sacrifice of the pride of opinion which will be most reluctantly made; because they feel and know that they are the proscribed and devoted victims of an unholy ostracism; yet, while yielding submission to the imperious judgment which intolerance has pronounced, let them remember that there lies before them a wide field for illustrating practically that wholesome rule (cherished by all good men) which enjoins upon us “to restore harmony to society, when interrupted, if practicable.”

We are equally aware that there are others, unimpeachable and unimpeached, except that they happen to be masons, who are not prepared to make the required sacrifice. It is not for us to condemn the decision of the latter class;—and whilst we respect theirs, have only to regret that they cannot adopt our conclusions. We undertake not to speak for masons residing in other parts of the state; but of those in this county, who are tenacious of their rights and determined to breast the tide of oppression which is swelling around them, we cannot be mistaken when we say that they are ready to render the homage of their gratitude to that portion of the community, not united with the order, who have stood by them “through good report and through evil report.” Will you, then *masons*—we cannot call you *free masons*—will you, we ask in the spirit of good will, shrink from the sacrifice of unessential privileges, when that sacrifice must place you in an attitude to co-operate successfully with those who have proved themselves faithful champions of your civil rights in the hour of peril? Permit us to say to you in the same spirit—You may yet, for a brief season, fondly cling to the social bonds which unite your order; but fell suspicion has fastened upon you her jaundiced gaze, is deaf to remonstrance, and has decreed their dissolution. You are hotly pursued by the evil genius of a rapacious prejudice, which nothing can propitiate short of your unconditional submission. Be therefore “wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove.” Repress the indignant ebullitions of your insulted feelings—Take counsel from that calm spirit of patient forbearance which has hitherto marked your deportment, and ere the rod of oppression, which is suspended over you, descends, repair with us to the threshold of conciliation and expostulation. Sit with us openly under the shade of the constitution; and if our common humiliation can in any way aid in rescuing that venerated instrument from the deleterious touch of innovation—if our self devotion shall but partially contribute to the final triumph of principle—we shall find abundant relief in the consolations which always attend conscious rectitude.

That this appeal will be indulgently received by all, or that its object will not be willfully misinterpreted, and its import wickedly perverted by the minions of faction, we have no reason to hope. In this censorious world, those who aim only to deserve respect for their motives and conduct, are more apt to attain success than those who essay to command it also.

In conclusion, we humbly apprehend that many of the considerations which influence our decision address themselves equally to the patriotism of every mason; for if it

shall in any good degree tend to disabuse the public credulity, to correct the scattered poison, or to allay the popular ferment which has so long convulsed our prosperous and otherwise happy community, we shall regard the sacrifice and surrender of an undoubted right, thus offered up on the public altar, as amply recompensed; and if it shall in the slightest degree tend to arrest the progress of that fearful despotism which runs riot over our fair land, holding in bondage the minds of fanatics and the purses of dupes, and threatening to engraft upon our statute-book arbitrary acts, at war with the spirit of our political institutions, we shall look upon the sacrifice and surrender as mere dust in the balance, when weighed with the invaluable privileges yet enjoyed by us all, under the benign operation of equal laws, honestly administered, and with the inestimable blessings dispensed by a Republican Constitution.

DELEGATES FROM GATES.

Wm. B. ROCHESTER, WILLIS KEMPSHALL,
VINCENT MATTHEWS, WILLIAM ATKINSON,
SIMON FORD, JACOB GOULD,
ASHLEY SAMSON, WILLIAM BREWSTER,
ELIAS BEACH, EBENEZER WATTS,
W. E. LATHROP, ROBERT MARTIN,
VOLNEY S. ALLCOTT, M. ELDRIDGE.

HENRIETTA.

JAMES SPERRY, RO-SWELL WICKWIRE,
OZIAS S. CHURCH, EBENEZER GOODING,
LYMAN HAWLEY,

PITTSFORD.

SYLVESTER WALKER, JOSEPH S. BEACH,
JOHN ACER,

PENFIELD.

ASAHEL S. BEERS, ABRAHAM ANDREWS,
FRANKLIN CLARK, DANIEL DUFFEE,
JACOB B. BRYAN, HENRY WARD,
SAMUEL H. SGOVILLE,

CLARKSON AND SWEDEN.

ABEL BALDWIN, JAMES SEYMOUR,
GUSTAVUS CLARK, SILAS JUDSON,
PELATIAH ROGERS, DANIEL FREEMAN,
JOSHUA FIELD, JOHN BOWMAN.

BRIGHTON.

SAMUEL BECKWITH, ELIAS FOOTE,
ROSWELL HART, JOSEPH G. WHEELER,
JOHN HATCH.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

At a meeting of *Hope Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows*, on Monday evening, March 9, the following officers were duly installed for the ensuing term, by the M. N. G.:—

Murdoch M'Pherson, M. N. G.; Enos Ferrier, V. G.; Alexander Cameron, Secretary; Phillip Johnson, Treasurer.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

RAIL-ROAD, CANALS,

AND THE ADVANCE OF THE GENERAL WELFARE OF "WE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES."

There are constructed or now constructing, with all the surveys completed, all the necessary laws passed, and all the funds raised and ready, with enough done to show the whole character and cost of the work, *three thousand and five hundred miles* of Canal and Rail-road in the U. States. Most of this communication is made by the public authorities; not more than one-fourth by companies; and, as far as experience speaks, we are warranted in saying it will generally yield interest on the expenditure. We deduce from the facts before us the following curious results—that the average cost per mile of our canals is about \$13,000, and of our rail-roads \$20,000; whilst similar works in England have cost more than four times as much; that our population of twelve millions have attempted more than England with *twenty three millions*, and infinitely more in proportion than the population on the continent of Europe: that, according to the population, we are doing nearly as much again as England; and that, if we take abstractedly the work of New-York, that State has done, proportionably to her population, *eight times* as much as England. Notwithstanding that so much is done and doing, we feel that the spirit of the country is just awakened; we speak confidently of doubling *more than all this within the next ten years*. Already have we actually projected, surveyed, and ascertained the cost and practicability of about four thousand miles more of artificial communication. The Federal and local Governments and individual companies vie with each other in such works. The effect of such emulation in this

scattered nation has been remarkable; it has stimulated our whole population; has carried a sort of creative faculty with it into the interior; has brought into notice and given value to numberless articles of agricultural and native productions that never before were estimated or brought into market; it has diffused an activity and enterprise among the people, corresponding with the increased facility of communication afforded; and by canals and rail-roads intelligence has been carried and diffused among some of our most uncultivated settlements—developing our coal, iron, and many other dormant resources, and founding upon new sites those arts and manufactures which create an extensive home market, and enrich our commerce with all kinds of beneficial interchanges. Such new, extensive, and connected means of communication insure that comfort and independence to the great body of the people for which they looked in vain while dependent on foreign commerce for necessities. Already the result it uniting and amalgamating our citizens of different and distant States, imparting to them a unity of design, a community of interest, and a celerity of movement, that must insure to us both refinement and political influence worthy of such a people, the proprietors of such a country. By completing this system of intercommunication by land and water, embracing whole States and communities, a home market will be established that will comprehend a circle of interior commerce infinitely more ample than any which the States of Europe now enjoy; because affording a greater variety of climate and a far richer class of native productions.

The time seems rapidly approaching when, by means of steam and canals, each great district of our extensive country, North and South, East and West, developing its own peculiar riches, shall throw them into the wide circle of interchange, and swell the active current of our internal commerce. Pennsylvania will then widely distribute her iron, coal, marble, lead, glass, lumber, flour, wool, butter, beef, and the result of all her handicraft employments: New York enter the market with her salt, flour, gypsum, and bales of foreign commerce: New England, with her fish, oil, lumber, ships, and manufactures: New Jersey, with her zinck, coppers, and horses: Maryland and Virginia, with their tobacco, flour, Indian corn, herring, and hams: North Carolina, with her gold, cotton, tar, lumber, and wine: South Carolina and Georgia, with their cotton, rice, sugar, indigo, and live oak: Louisiana, Florida, and Mississippi, with their sugar, molasses, rum, cotton, rice, indigo, coffee, olive oil, and wine: Kentucky and Tennessee, with their flour, whiskey, hemp, tobacco, salt, coal, iron, mules, horses, and live stock: Ohio, with her pork, lard, butter, cheese, flour, cattle, wool, horses, salt, and coal: Missouri, and Illinois, with their lead, iron, fur, and lumber: Indiana, with her corn, whiskey, and pork: and Michigan and the Lakes, with their fish, furs and copper. Add to the above all the richness and diversity of form into which our fabricants and artists will elaborate many of their products, and the splendor that foreign ingenuity may throw over some of them—and we shall but anticipate that picture of internal commerce which the enterprise and will of a free people have already begun, and within twenty years, at furthest, must complete. This development, dependent, not upon tariff, but time, a few fleeting years will consummate. Such prosperity—the result of our growth, our wants, our free institutions and well established enterprise—may be calculated upon, now, with moral certainty. No system can retard, nor much accelerate it. [*Amer. Quar. Review, No. LX.*]

LITERARY.

From the Western Monthly Review.

IMPEDIMENTS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The following plain and unvarnished remarks discard all pretensions to any thing more, than their intrinsic truth and importance.

Reviews have a certain and clearly recognized influence upon public taste and opinion. But still, we think, that of the more respectable news-

papers, bears, compared with them, upon our literature, as a hundred to one. We are glad to see, in many of the leading papers, the precept of right management in regard to puffing, although, unhappily, in most instances, their example stands directly opposed to it. Of all the practices of the parent country, there is none, in which we are more servile and base imitators, than in the vile habit of puffing. In most instances editors give in to this abominable practice; and become the servile instruments of authors and booksellers, without the poor apology of any thing, like adequate compensation for it. In England, so rapid is the concentration and interchange of public sentiment, puffing is comparatively an inefficient engine. Opinion there is so summarily pronounced, orally, that an unjust review, or an unmerited puff soon reacts, and injures only the writer. Consequently, public opinion there directs the reviews and journals; whereas here, from causes to be mentioned hereafter, the reviews and journals in a great measure control public opinion. There it is the organ and response. Here it is the engines that influences and procures the announcement of the oracle. But even here, we trust, it will soon work its own cure. Even now the eye of the more wary and experienced readers runs over what is upon literature, with little more exertion of operative faith, than while reading the tales of the "Arabian Nights." The fate of the shepherd's boy, who always cried "*Wolf*," has already befallen reviewers and puffers. They are not believed, even when they happen to speak the truth.

Besides confounding the talented and the untalented, besides destroying all faith in what is publicly written on books, and laying on precisely the same thick coat of bedazzling upon whatever drops from the press, another very serious evil results from this system. The hundred editors follow each other's suit, as, we believe, the gaming phrase is. Suppose there are some of higher principle, or more enlightened mind, of richer endowment and better taste, who would be glad to say of all, that comes from the press, the simple truth, with as much kindness as the case would admit. What would be the consequence? In such a country as ours, those, who have any motive of interest in operation, cannot stand alone, against general example. If there were one editor, able, and disposed to print at his own charges, and hardy enough to be sustained against the general hiss, by a good conscience, he might speak out righteously, and have the comfort of being his own reader. But, more's the pity, actual editors are neither the one, nor the other. They cannot print, unless the people will buy; and have not the slightest ambition to be buffeted for conscience' sake. To avoid being thought insolent, ill-natured, and assuming to know more than the rest, they are compelled by moral considerations, to chime in with the rest; and are found echoing the same heartless and unmeaning hue and cry. Why will the public countenance this shameless tyranny over intellect?

We were lately favoured with an extract from a paper, purporting to be literary; and in a certain quarter of a country, and with a certain class of people, sustaining no small name, which instructed an author, that they had prepared a review of his books, which they suspended, hoping, that he would send his book; and intimating, that it would be better for him, to be speedy in this courtesy. We omit all the slang of the article, giving only its spirit. This may pass for wit in the Atlantick country. But, thank Heaven! with us of the West, horse, alligator, snapping turtle and all, the writer of such a stupid and vile jest would be thought to have penned it under the influence of intoxication. There never was a man, capable of writing a decent review of a book, who had not more enlargement of mind and generosity of sentiment, than to be influenced, in publishing his judgment of a book, by the vile consideration of the author's having given or withheld a copy of it. We say nothing against a practice of which it is our interest to think well. We only protest against the baseness of being in the slightest degree influenced by such a consideration.

Some authors have an inconceivable industry, to labour for puffing. They will move heaven and

earth from Dan to Beersheba, to obtain it. To keep the thing brisk, they will *etiam inferos cieunt*, stir up even the embers of the lower country. Hence an ephemeral reputation, which answers many of the purposes of true fame, especially upon the point of interest. Hence it is, that abroad, and beyond the seas, our real writers are the last to be known; and the industrious aeronaut authors contrive to navigate their bags of wind over the ocean, and come back upon us in the echo of the trumpet of fame. While they, who in their indolence, or pride, or miscalculation, no matter which, draw themselves up and wait for the progress of enlightened reason and truth, in all probability, instead of fame and bread, will get nothing, but a cold stone; and have, moreover, the backward satisfaction of seeing the eyes of their more successful supplanters stand out with fatness.

Whatever be the cause, it has so happened among us, that the estimate of the million in regard to books and writers has been any thing, rather than just. We wish to be fully understood, and will therefore give some examples. We have no doubt, that a hundred similar instances might be produced, in proof, that our literary tribunals have been either inefficient or unjust.

William C. Bryant, the poet of our country, if we might not say of the age, has been sufficiently lauded by the reviewers; and is known and rightly estimated by the *élite* of our readers. But we deem that our chances have been uncommon to know the sentiments of the million. Among them we could name a great number of American poets who are much better known. Whence happens it? Probably from the circumstance, that a too fastidious taste inclines him to write too little; the reverse of the crying sin of authors, writing too much. Probably, too—we have not the honour to know him—something of the shrinking pride, usually appended, as a drawback upon high talent, will not allow him to stoop to the labour and industry, which would have procured him a grand hallelujah chorus, *cantato fortissimo*, and rung his name indelibly on the tympanum of the million. In our country, nothing is more certain, than that the temple of fame is taken by violence. In politics and literature alike, we have neither benediction, nor inheritance of the earth for the meek. A man, who will not blow his own trumpet, or pay, in money, or many gallipots of sweet ointment, for other trumpeters, must make up his mind, to have his banner unlit, his trumpet unblown.

We feel it to be a duty, to point out another glaring instance of the inefficiency, or injustice of our literary tribunals. Dr. Beasley, of Philadelphia, in his "Search of Truth," has proved at once, that a *great book* is and is not a *great evil*. He has produced, unquestionably, the best book, that has been written in our country upon the virgin subject of metaphysics. He defends Locke against Reid, Stewart and the Scottish Savans. His work is one of prodigious labour, patience and research, an encyclopedia upon the subject of metaphysics; and we may confidently add, an eloquent and talented book. It is written, too, in a liberal and philosophic spirit, where the subject of Christianity is introduced, which, in a century to come, every body will be ashamed not to have entertained. Had this work been brought forward, under right circumstances, a reprint of an English or Scottish work, we entertain no doubt, that it would have gone from the booksellers' shelves with acclamations; where it now reposes, covered with inglorious and profitless dust. This Review is the only one in the United States, which has taken any notice of a book, among the first of labour, learning and research, that our country has produced. It cannot be advanced in apology, that the system is erroneous. In that case it should have called for protest and refutation. Whence is it, that such a book has fallen dead-born from the press, under the very eye and purview of the prince of the sanhedrim of reviewers, and withal a fabrick of the city of brotherly love, which takes heed, in general, to extend due protection to its own manufactures?

One happy result follows. Neglected authors may lay to their souls the pleasant unction, that they are not alone in misfortune; nor will it be slight alleviation of their case, to be found in such

company as Dr. Beasley, in total neglect. Our thoughts suggest multitudes of similar instances of unworthy neglect. A decided effort has been made, to foster and sustain a real, *bona fide* American literature. But there are still among our reading people far too great a proportion of literary foplings, who look with disdain upon every thing, but the gauzy, gossamry fabrick of the parent country, as sometimes we see a mannikin, who will wear no clothes but those made in London.

Concluded next week.

THE GATHERER.

MORALIZING.

"We take no note of Time
But by its loss."

No class of people complain more of the shortness of time than the idle. They are never ready for exertion: believing that to-morrow will be more abundant than to-day they procrastinate, and thus lose the moments, that, judiciously employed, might insure them success, in vain expectation of that propitious season when they shall have full leisure to perform some mighty enterprise, or greater facilities to execute some favorite project. But such golden opportunities are awarded only to the minions of fortune—the working-day world must not expect to enjoy them. The majority of those, who have emerged from the crowd, owe their elevation almost solely to the improvement of short intervals, and the employment of apparently trivial means. Perseverance will accomplish what energy alone fails to perform.

It is peculiarly necessary that those who would cultivate a taste for literature should form habits of industrious application, and be careful to fill the blank of existence. The means of education, and the rewards of education are, by our institutions, afforded to all our citizens. Were there a corresponding enthusiasm to be "learned and wise," we might, as a nation, unquestionably soon rank high in scientific attainments, and general literature, and the sarcasms of European writers, when directed against our intellectual achievements, would at least cease to be merited.

[Ladies' Magazine.

SIR RICHARD JEBB

Was very rough and harsh in manner. He said to a patient, to whom he had been very rude, "Sir, it is my way." "Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make *that your way*." Sir Richard was not very nice in his mode of expression, and would frequently astonish a patient with a volley of oaths. Nothing used to make him swear more than the eternal question, "What may I eat? Pray, Sir Richard, may I eat a muffin?" "Yes, Madam, the *best thing* you can take."—"O dear! I am glad of that. But, Sir Richard, you told me the other day that it was the *worst thing* I could eat!"—"What would be proper for me to eat to-day?" says another lady.—"Boiled turnips."—"Boiled turnips! you forget, Sir Richard, I told you I could not bear boiled turnips."—"Then, Madam, you must have a d— vitiated appetite."

Sir Richard being called upon to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingeniously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not."—"My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please."

He was first cousin to Dr. John Jebb, who had been a dissenting minister, well known for his political opinions and writings. His Majesty George III. used sometimes to talk to Sir Richard concerning his cousin; and once, more particularly, spoke of his restless, reforming spirit in the church, in the university, physic, &c. "And please your Majesty," replied Sir Richard, "if my cousin were in heaven, he would be a reformer!"

[Wadd's Memoirs.

"NO TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS."

Mr. B—, of Bath, a remarkable large, corpulent, and powerful man, wanting to go by the mail, endeavoured to secure a place a short time before it started. Being told it was full, he determined to get admission, and opening the door, which no one near him ventured to oppose, he got in. When the other passengers came, the ostler reported that there was a gentleman in the coach: he was requested to come out; but having drawn up the blind, he remained quiet. Hearing, however, a consultation on the means of making him alight, and a proposal to "pull him out," he let down the blind, and, laying his enormous hand on the edge of the door, asked who would dare to pull him out, drew up the blind again, and, waiting some time, fell asleep. About one in the morning he awoke, and calling out to know whereabouts he was on the journey, he perceived, what was the fact, that, to end the altercation with him, the horses had been put to another coach, and that he had spent the night at the inn door at Bath, where he had taken possession of the carriage. [16.

BROKER.

The origin of this word is contested; some derive it from the French *brayer*, "to grind;" others from *brocader*, to cavil or *riggle*; others deduce broker from a trade *broken*, and that from the Saxon *broc*, "misfortune," which is often the true reason of a man's breaking. In which view, a broker is a broken trader, by misfortune; and it is said that none but such were formerly admitted to that employment. The Jews, Armenians, and Banians are the chief brokers throughout most parts of the Levant and the Indies. In Persia, all affairs are transacted by a sort of brokers, whom they call "*delal*," i. e. "*great talkers*." Their form of contract in buying and selling is remarkable, being done in the profoundest silence, only by touching each other's fingers:—The buyer, loosening his *pamérin*, or girdle, spreads it on his knee; and both he and the seller, having their hands underneath, by the intercourse of the fingers, mark the price of pounds, shillings, &c., demanded, offered, and at length agreed on. When the seller takes the buyer's whole hand, it denotes a thousand, and as many times as he squeezes it, as many thousand pagods or rousees, according to the species in question demanded; when he only takes the five fingers, it denotes five hundred; and when only one, one hundred; taking only half a finger, to the second joint, denotes fifty; the small end of the finger, to the first joint, stands for ten.

PIGS.

One day when Giotto, the painter, was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by, and one of them, running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pig on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing, "People say these beasts are stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life."

SENTIMENT AND APPETITE.

We remember an amiable enthusiast, a worshiper of nature after the manner of Rousseau, who, being melted into feelings of universal philanthropy by the softness and serenity of a spring morning, resolved, that for that day, at least, no injured animal should pollute his board; and having recorded his vow, walked six miles to gain a hamlet, famous for fish dinners, where, without an idea of breaking his sentimental engagement, he regaled himself on a small matter of crimped cod and oyster sauce.

FORTIFICATION.

The walls of Tenchira, in Africa, form one of the most perfect remaining specimens of ancient fortification. They are a mile and a half in circuit, defended by 26 quadrangular towers, and admitting no entrance but by two opposite gates.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE UNDINE OF STAUFFENBERG.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Never did braver knight break a lance than Prince Drimingen, Count de Stauffen. He was young, accomplished, rich, and handsome: he might have aspired to the favour of the fairest and most noble lady in the kingdom; but this very circumstance seemed to present obstacles to his choice. Like a bee in a garden filled with choicest flowers, he wandered from one to another, never wearying in the pursuit of sweets, but still fickle and doubtful on which to rest. Perhaps had the fair dames of the court paid him less attention, and not allowed him to perceive the high estimation in which he was held, it would have been different; but alas! then, as now, men were apt to be spoiled by adulation, and Pierre was an example of this fact. He had been left to his own guidance, from a very early age, by reason of the death of both his parents. Surrounded, as he was, by every temptation, it would not have been very surprising had he given in to the prevalent vices of the court; but he escaped these, and might have been perfectly happy but for caprice, which was, however, not always uninfluenced by ambition.

One day, returning late from hunting, he was accidentally separated from his companions. Overcome with thirst and fatigue he perceived a fountain, shaded by lofty and beautiful oak trees, at which he dismounted. He had tied up his horse, and was about to drink, when, to his surprise, he saw, seated on the opposite bank of the fountain, a damsel of wonderful beauty. He bowed low to her, and she returned his salutation, at the same time calling him by his name. The astonished count asked who she was and whence she came? "I live near at hand," she replied; "I have frequently seen you, at this fountain, with your dogs and huntsmen, and thus it is that I have learnt your name." They continued conversing for some time, each moment increasing the count's admiration; when, on hearing voices in the neighbouring thicket, she suddenly vanished. The count was surrounded in the next minute by his hunting companions, who had been vainly seeking him for some time, and they hinted that he must have been amusing himself at their expense, as they had been in the neighbourhood of the fountain all the time; and they insisted that they must have been heard before, if he had not been obstinately and wilfully deaf. One of them said jestingly, that perhaps he had been visiting the bottom of the fountain in quest of one of its fair inhabitants, as many of the neighbouring peasants declared positively that females of surprising beauty had been frequently seen on its banks, and that on the approach of footsteps they always disappeared beneath the waters. The count impatiently interrupted them, by asking whether they had not seen a female as they approached the fountain. This, however, only gave new vigour to their jokes; and at length, having sought in vain for the lovely girl, or for some trace of her dwelling, which he said was near at hand, the count, tired with his companions' mirth, and full of surprise and perplexity, returned to his palace.

He could not, however, for one moment, forget the fairy form and angelic countenance of the fountain beauty; his wayward heart now fancied itself fixed, and he impatiently passed the hours, till daylight enabled him to renew his search. But day after day did he vainly hope to meet her. At the hour he had first seen her he repaired constantly to the fountain, but the unknown was never there. At length, one evening, when he was pensively reclining against an oak, he heard a voice of celestial sweetness, which appeared to proceed from the depth of the water. He rose, looked on every side with the utmost anxiety, but no one was visible, and the voice was no longer to be heard. He turned to repeat himself under the oak, in the hopes that he should again hear the voice, when suddenly he beheld the unknown seated on the stone he had just left. She appeared in a most lively humour, and replied to all his questions with a fascinating badinage that captivated the count still more than her former behaviour: he

confessed his passion, she instantly became thoughtful and silent: at length, she told him to meet her at the same hour on the following day.

The chevalier was true to the appointment: at break of day the fair unknown appeared from the coppice, and so beautiful she looked, that Pierre thought he beheld an angel. The ringlets of her lovely auburn hair sparkled with the morning dew, and were bound with a wreath of blue-bells. She fixed her innocent and expressive eyes on the enamoured count, who was silent with admiration. At length he ventured to take her hand, and speak of his passion. She made him sit down by her, and thus replied to him:

"I am not a child of earth: the waters gave me being, and in the waters is my home. I am an Undine, and therefore unfit to wed with the Count of Stauffenberg. He should have with his bride, wealth and broad lands: we of the waters have neither gold nor jewels, nor house nor castle. Him we love truly we wed, and when we wed we give hand with heart, and heart with hand. But reflect well, Sir Knight. If you pledge your faith to me, your love ought to be as pure as this limpid water, and as true as the steel of your sword. A single infidelity, after we were united, would inevitably cause your death, and would make me eternally miserable. For it is the fate of our tribe, that our joys and our griefs know no end."

The count swore that it would be equally impossible to him to live without her, or to be unfaithful. The nymph then gave him her hand. He pressed her with tenderness to his bosom, spoke to her of the delightful situation of his castle, and of the happiness by which she would be surrounded as its mistress; and after a long conversation they parted, having first named the day for their nuptials.

On the eve of this day the count found on his table three baskets, most elegantly ornamented, one filled with gold, another with silver, and the third with precious stones of every variety. He perceived that what she had said to him respecting her being without wealth, must have been only to ascertain whether he loved her disinterestedly, for these baskets and their contents would have sufficed for a princess' dowry. She soon afterwards appeared, attended by a numerous suite, and requested to speak in private with the count. He conducted her to another saloon, where she entreated him once more to reflect on what he was about to do, ere it should be too late to retract. "If your love for me," she said emphatically, "cools for one moment, or is transferred to another, you are inevitably lost; and the sign of your approaching death will be, seeing no other part of my person but my right foot."

The chevalier again repeated his protestations of fidelity with all the tenderness and ardour of a first and violent love; and as the lady wished to believe him true, she was not long in giving him credit for all the vows he uttered. The marriage was solemnized with the utmost splendour; days and months passed in a succession of pleasures; the young wife became each day more beautiful and amiable, and the birth of a son seemed to place their happiness beyond a possibility of doubt. But, alas! nothing can be certain. A war broke out on the frontiers of France. Pierre was brave, and now ambition divided his heart with love. The countess did not choose to oppose his desire for fame, but at parting she shed many tears, entreating him not to forget his wife, nor the lovely pledge of their affections.

Pierre passed the Rhine at the head of a small and well-chosen troop, and fought under the banners of a French duke. In every engagement he distinguished himself, and in one saved the duke's life. The peace, which was soon afterwards concluded, was also brought about by his exertions; and the duke, full of gratitude, and thinking he could not pay him too much respect, offered him the hand of his youngest and fairest daughter in marriage, as a reward for his many services. Pierre's inconstancy now showed itself, and his behaviour now offered the most singular contrasts; for at the same time that he meditated the desertion of his lovely and confiding wife, the ingenuousness of his character would not allow him to deceive the duke, by concealing his marriage. He,

therefore, faithfully related all that had passed. The duke shook his head; but as he much wished for the count's marriage with his daughter, he obstinately closed his eyes to the injustice of the proceeding, and declared that the whole affair must have been the work of magick, and that the eternal welfare of the count's soul depended on this most dangerous connexion being dissolved. The chaplain, when consulted, assured the chevalier that the whole of this magical delusion would vanish on his receiving the holy benediction of the church. Pierre allowed himself to be persuaded without much difficulty, and the ceremony of betrothing was performed; the nuptials were deferred for a fortnight.

On the eve of the day appointed for the marriage, one of the count's people arrived from Stauffenberg, with the intelligence that his wife and child had disappeared from his palace on the very day of his betrothing. This information confirmed the idea that the whole was the work of magick.

Pierre, believing that he was rid of them now, and thinking of nothing but his young bride, set out with a light heart to a country palace of the duke's, where the marriage was to be celebrated. As they were all seated at table, the count, being not the least merry of the party, accidentally cast his eyes on the wall of the saloon, and beheld starting from it a beautiful foot, the graceful form of which he remembered but too well. In vain did he rub his eyes, and endeavour to persuade himself that his sight deceived him; still, to his horror and dismay, this ominous appearance long remained. At length it vanished. The count emptied goblet after goblet of the choicest wine, endeavouring to drown his gloomy presentiments, and at length partly succeeded. In the evening they had to return to the duke's palace. A small and gently flowing brook crossed their path. All the company, with the exception of Pierre, passed over the bridge, but he chose to ford the stream. None opposed him; but as he reached the middle, the waters, before so placid, seemed agitated by a violent tempest: waves rose as high as those of the vexed ocean, when the north wind tosses it from its very bed. The company gazed in horror from the opposite bank, and saw the count struggling with the raging element. He uttered a shriek of despair; his horse was seen to plunge, and disappear for a moment beneath the waters; in the next he gained the opposite bank; but of the unfortunate count no trace remained.

From this time every one cautiously avoided the stream; but the few who, by chance or necessity, have passed near the spot where the unhappy count disappeared, say that each night, when the moon shines brightly, a lovely female form is seen to glide over the waters. Most true it is, that plaintive notes, of celestial sweetness, are often heard; and all the maidens of Stauffenberg, to this day, devoutly believe in the tale, and cite it as a proof of the fate which attends faithless lovers.

THE REPOSITORY.

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS.

All members of the human family should remember, that the human race is, as to time and nature, but as one totality; for, since every man and woman had two parents, each parent two parents, and so on in geometrical progression, hence every individual, high or low, must necessarily be descended from every individual of the whole population as it existed but a few hundred years before, whether they were high or low, virtuous or abandoned; while every precreative individual of the existing race must be the actual progenitor of the entire race which may exist at the same distance of future time. What motives for charity, for forbearing from injuries, for benevolence, for universal love.

The bed of sickness, with its increased sensibility of nerves, is a delicate test of man's conscience, and of self approbation or reprobation. Requiring sympathy himself, he now sympathizes with others; and unable to direct his thoughts to external things, they are forced upon himself.

Great is then his solace, and efficacious his medicines, if he has no other reflections than such as are supplied by his justice, liberality, and benevolence; but accumulated will be his sufferings, and dangerous the result, if crimes and misdeeds force themselves at such a time on his mind; while in any delirium of fever he will rave on those subjects, and, without vision, will often perceive, by the mere excitement of his brain, the spectres of the injured making grimaces before him.

If you are rich, and want to enjoy the exalted luxury of relieving distress, go to the Bankrupt court, to the court for Insolvent Debtors, to the jails, the workhouses, and the hospitals. If you are rich and childless, and want heirs, look to the same assemblages of misfortune; for all are not culpable who appear in the Bankrupt and Insolvent Lists; nor all criminal who are found in jails; nor all improvident who are inmates of workhouses and hospitals. On the contrary, in these situations, an alloy of vice is mixed with virtue enough to afford materials for as deep tragedies as ever poet fancied or stage exhibited; and visitors of relief would act the part of angels descending from heaven among men, whose chief affliction is the neglect of unthinking affluence.

Marriage is a circumstance of life, which, in its actual course, involves the feelings and fortunes of human beings more than any other event of their lives. It is a connexion generally formed by experience, under the blindness and caprice of passion; and, though these conditions cannot be avoided, as forming the bases of the connexion, yet it is so important, that a man is never ruined who has an interesting, faithful, and virtuous wife; while he is lost to comfort, fortune, and even to hope, who has united himself to a vicious and unprincipled one. The fate of woman is still more intimately blended with that of her husband; for, being in the eyes of the law and the world but second to him, she is the victim of his follies and vices at home, and of his ill success and degradation abroad. Rules are useless, where passions, founded on trifling associations and accidents, govern; but much mischief often results from fathers expecting young men to be in the social position of old ones, and from present fortune being preferred to virtues; for industry and talent, stimulated by affection, and fostered by family interests, soon create competency and fortune; while a connexion founded on mere wealth, which is often speedily wasted by dissipation, habits of extravagance, and the chances of life, necessarily ends in disappointment, disgust, and misery.

Wretched is the man who has no employment but to watch his own digestions; and who, on waking in the morning, has no useful occupation of the day presented to his mind. To such a one respiration is a toil, and existence a continued disease. Self-oblivion is his only resource, indulgence in alcohol in various disguises, his remedy, and death or superstition his only comfort and hope. For what was he born, and why does he live? are questions which he constantly asks himself; and his greatest enigmas are the smiling faces of habitual industry, stimulated by the wants of the day, or fears for the future. If he is excited to exertion, it is commonly to indulge some vicious propensity, or display his scorn of those pursuits which render others happier than himself. If he seek to relieve his inanity in books, his literature ascends no higher than the romances, the newspapers, or the scandal, of the day; and all the nobler pursuits of mind, as well as body, are utterly lost in regard to him. His passage through life is like that of a bird through the air, and his final cause appears merely to be that of sustaining the worms in his costly tomb.

The decline of life, and the retrospections of old age, furnish unequivocal tests of worthiness and unworthiness. Happy is the man, who, after a well spent life, can contemplate the rapid approach of his last year with the consciousness that, if he were born again, he could not, under all the circumstances of his worldly position, have done better, and who has inflicted no injuries for which it is too late to atone. Wretched, on the contrary, is he, who is obliged to look back on a youth of idleness and profligacy, on a manhood of selfish-

ness and sensuality, and on a career of hypocrisy, of insensibility, of concealed crime, and of injustice above the reach of law. Visit both during the decay of their systems, observe their feelings and tempers, view the followers at their funerals, count the tears on their graves; and after such a comparison, in good time make your own choice.

Constant change is the feature of society. The world is like a magic lantern, or the shifting scenes in a pantomime. TEN YEARS convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one. TWENTY YEARS convert infants into lovers, and fathers and mothers, render youth the operative generation, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men into crawling drivellers, and bury all the preceding generation. THIRTY YEARS raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into merely bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers and grandmothers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them to decrepitude and imbecility. FORTY YEARS, alas! change the face of all society; infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names so cherished are forgotten, and unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the exhaustless womb of nature. FIFTY YEARS! why should any desire to retain their affections from maturity for fifty years? It is to behold a world which they do not know, and to which they are unknown; it is to live to weep for the generations passed away, for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends, in the grave; it is to see every thing turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune, and the absolute despotism of time; it is, in a word, to behold the vanity of human life in all its varieties of display!

CHARACTER.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

MR. ABERNETHY.

Of Mr. Abernethy's independence and strict veneration of what is right, we have many examples. Among others, the following is characteristic:—A certain noble personage, now enjoying a situation of great responsibility in the Sister Kingdom, had been waiting for a long time in the surgeon's anteroom, when, seeing those who had arrived before him, successively called in, he became somewhat impatient, and sent his card in. No notice was taken of the hint; he sent another card—another—another—and another; still no answer. At length he gained admission in his turn; and, full of nobility and choler, he asked, rather aristocratically, why he had been kept waiting so long?—"Wh-e-w!" responded the professor; "because you didn't come sooner, to be sure. And now, if your lordship will sit down, I will hear what you have to say."

One thing Mr. Abernethy cannot abide, that is, any interruption to his discourse. This it is, in fact, which so often irritates him, so often causes him to snarl. "People come here," he has often said to us, to consult me, and they will torture me with their long and foolish fiddle-de-dee stories; so we quarrel. And then they blackguard me all about this large town; but I can't help that."

That Abernethy is odd all the world knows, but his oddity is far more amusing than repulsive, far more playful than bearish. Let the reader imagine a smug, elderly, sleek, and venerable-looking man, ap roaching seventy years of age, rather (as novel writers say) below than above the middle height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and upright in his carriage withal; with his hair most primly powdered, and nicely curled round his brow and temples: let them imagine such a person habited in sober black, with his feet thrust carelessly in a pair of unlaced half boots, and his hands into the pockets of his "peculiar," and they have the "glorious John" of the profession before their eyes. The following colloquy, which occurred not many days since, between him and a friend of ours, is so characteristic of the professor, that we cannot resist its insertion:—

Having entered the room, our friend "opened the proceedings." "I wish you to ascertain what is the matter with my eye, sir. It is very painful, and I am afraid there is some great mischief going on."—"Which I can't see," said Abernethy, placing the patient before the window, and looking closely at the eye. "But—" interposed our friend.—"Which I can't see," again said, or rather sung the professor. "Perhaps not, sir, but—"—"Now don't bother!" ejaculated the other; "but sit down, and I'll tell you all about it." Our friend sat down accordingly, while Abernethy, standing with his back against the table, thus began. "I take it for granted that, in consulting me, you wish to know what I should do for myself, were I in a predicament similar to yourself. Now, I have no reason to suppose that you are in any particular predicament; and the terrible mischief which you apprehend, depends, I take it, altogether on the stomach. Mind,—at present I have no reason to believe that there is any thing else the matter with you." (Here my friend was about to disclose sundry dreadful maladies with which he believed himself afflicted, but he was interrupted with "Diddle-dum, diddle-dum, diddle-dum dee!" uttered in the same smooth tone as the previous part of the address—and he was silent.)—"Now, your stomach being out of order, it is my duty to explain to you how to put it to rights again; and, in my whimsical way I shall give you an illustration of my position; for I like to tell people something that they will remember. The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and egad! every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the injury in the kitchen,—remedy the evil there,—(now don't bother,) and all will be right. * This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, by Gad you play the very devil with it, and with the whole machine besides. Vegetable matter ferments, and becomes gaseous; while animal substances are changed into a putrid, abominable, and acrid stimulus. (Don't bother again!) You are going to ask, "What has all this to do with my eye?" I will tell you. Anatomy teaches us, that the skin is a continuation of the membrane which lines the stomach; and your own observation will inform you, that the delicate linings of the mouth, throat, nose, and eyes, are nothing more. Now some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others inflammation of the eyes—all arising from irritation of the stomach. People laugh at me for talking so much about the stomach. I sometimes tell this story to forty different people of a morning, and some won't listen to me; so we quarrel, and they go and abuse me all over the town. I can't help it—they came to me for my advice, and I give it them, if they will take it. I can't do any more. Well, sir, as to the question of diet, I must refer you to my book. (Here the professor smiled, and continued smiling as he proceeded.) There are only about a dozen pages—and you will find, beginning at page 73, all that it is necessary for you to know. I am christened "Doctor My-Book," and satirized under that name all over England; but who would sit and listen to a long lecture of twelve pages, or remember one-half of it if when it was done? So I have reduced my directions into writing, and there they are for any body to follow, if they please.

"Having settled the question of diet, we now come to medicine. It is, or ought to be, the province of a medical man to soothe and assist Nature, not to force her. Now, the only medicine I should advise you to take, is a dose of a slight aperient medicine every morning the first thing. I won't stipulate for the dose, as that must be regulated by circumstances, but you must take some; for without it, by Gad, your stomach will never be right. People go to Harrowgate, and Buxton, and Bath, and the devil knows where, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration at their surpassing efficacy. Now these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are taken readily, regularly, and in such quantities, as to produce the desired effect. You must persevere in this plan, sir, until you experience relief, which you certainly will do. I am often asked—"Well, but Mr. Abernethy, why don't you practise what

you preach?" I answer, by reminding the inquirer of the parson and the sign-post: both point the way, but neither follow its course."—And thus ended a colloquy, wherein is mingled much good sense, useful advice, and whimsicality.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1839.

"ALBANY COUNTY, ALL HAIL!" "For the satisfaction of his friends abroad" governor Southwick last week published a paragraph about the Bethlehem election, which is as true as his sayings generally are. The anti-masonick party in this county is made up of the same sort of men as compose it in other parts; and the publick good is the last thing it will be suspected of favouring. The Bethlehem election was not made an anti-masonick question; for be it known, that anti-masonry in that town is mere dust in the balance. The facts are simply these:—Two brothers were nominated, one by some Adams men and the other by some Jackson men, as candidates for the office of supervisor. The majority of each party was naturally enough dissatisfied at this compound of family division and family monopoly; and without reference either to politics or anti-masonry, jointly nominated a third candidate. After the nomination was made, about a dozen anti-masons met and concurred in it. This last candidate was elected, and would have been, had anti-masonry went the other way. He is neither a mason nor an anti-mason, and has too much good sense and respect for himself to be caught in the ranks of a dissolute faction.

The antimasonick party has the faculty of claiming every thing which does not belong to it, and of disclaiming every thing which is its undoubted property. When Gov. Southwick wrote this paragraph he had no hope of obtaining belief here—as he plainly declares, his stuff was calculated for another meridian, where he imagined falsehood would have as much influence as truth. Such a man must be corrupt both in head and heart—the evil principle has possession of his very bones.

MORE LIGHT! A few weeks since the anti-masonick newspapers raised a great hue and cry about the disappearance of a Mr. Murphy, of Pittsburgh. It was said that Murphy was a printer, and had expressed his determination to set up an anti-masonick paper for the purpose of enlightening the good people of the west and south, and that, as a natural consequence, the masons had kidnapped him, Morganized him, &c. The zeal with which the story was circulated, and the display of words made on the occasion, were quite characteristic of the necessities of its authors. Whiskerando pruned the sufferer of all his useless qualities, and dressed him up with a new character; governor Southwick canonized him; and he was duly recognized as a sort of secondary Morgan, by all the anti-masonick authorities, from Lewiston to the Atlantic. But in spite of all endeavours to the contrary, the truth will out, sooner or later; and it is now ascertained that Murphy, instead of being spirited off by the masons, for reasons best known to himself quietly took his departure from Pittsburgh, and is safely pursuing his way in a steamboat on the Mississippi. The idea of Murphy's being taken away for the reasons stated, is ridiculous enough to refute itself, independent of all contradictory facts. Unless anti-masonick newspapers are more respected in and about Pittsburgh than they are here, very little need be apprehended from their influence. Even governor Southwick is not believed by his most egregious dupes more than one time in ten; and those possessed of common sense never believe him, under any circumstances.

From the Fredonia Censor.

Anti-Masonick abductions. It will be recollected that some time last season, a great hue and cry was raised by the anti-masonick papers about one Elisha Adams, who, it was more than intimated in those papers, had been carried off and murdered by the masons; but who was afterwards discovered to be living in Vermont, minding his own business, and not much liking the disgraceful manner in which those papers disposed of him.

Another imposition of this kind has just attempted being

played off by the anti-masonick papers, but which has been detected sooner than the other. One Isaac Murphy, it was recently asserted, was suddenly missing from Pittsburgh, and because he had talked of establishing an anti-masonick paper, it was at once intimated that he had been *taken off* by masons. It now turns out that this Murphy has just been ascertained to be on board a steam boat, with other passengers, on the Mississippi.

By and bye, when the excitement is in danger of dying away, if no other means can be got hold of to keep it alive, some vagabond will be hired to abscond and secrete himself, and the masons will be charged with murdering him. But even this would be more justifiable than again mutilating a *dead body* to make it pass for that of another person.

ROWLAND STEPHENSON. As this individual has attracted considerable notice for some time past, a summary of the principal facts and events which have given him the celebrity he *suffers* will not be uninteresting to our readers. We have looked over, we believe, most of the accounts current respecting him, and shall give a summary of their most interesting particulars, without permitting prejudice to guide us out of the betwixt and between course of impartiality. It appears that Stephenson, in his days of prosperity was a very friendly and good sort of man, fond of sociability and good living—the first and the last at the feast. It is not easy to say whether his style of life or imprudent loans to his friends caused his ruin; as, however, he had an unconquerable aversion to gaming, and seems to have been always very willing to accommodate his friends with loans that suited rather their interests than his, there is reason to believe that it was not dissipation, in the common meaning of the term, which made way with the seventy thousand pounds that are missing. The New-Monthly Magazine for February states that Mr. Hunter, the proprietor of the Colosseum at London, has acknowledged that Stephenson made some advances to his undertaking; and the writer thinks that if Mr. Hunter was not prevented by delicacy from stating the amount of those advances, it would be found that they constitute the greatest part of the sum which Stephenson is charged with having improperly appropriated. But the cause of Stephenson's defalcation and the extent of his guilt cannot be guessed at with any certainty, and it is therefore alike illiberal to expatiate his faults or trifle with his character. We shall therefore pass over the thousand and one anecdotes of doubtful truth, and proceed with a summary of what appear to be facts.

On the 26th of December last, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Stephenson called upon Mr. Thomas Welch, a personal friend, and solicited his protection. In a letter addressed to the London Courier, and dated January 9, Mr. Welch represents himself as being under great obligations to Mr. Stephenson, who was at that time his surety to the amount of 9,000 pounds. The following is an extract from Mr. Welch's letter.

"He assured me that a circumstance had occurred which rendered it impossible for him to return to Lombard-street, for he had used some property of the house during the late run, which, in one fortnight after the payment of the dividends, he could have replaced, but the discovery of his having so used it having taken place at the banking house at 11 o'clock that morning, he had not fortitude to bear the interrogations to which he should be subjected. He had therefore quitted Lombard-street, and if I wished to preserve his life, I should afford him shelter under my roof. I endeavoured to persuade him to allow me to send for his partners, saying that it would be to their own advantage to replace the property so used, and I made no doubt but they might again be friends. He said, rather than see either of them, he would blow his brains out in my parlour, and immediately drew from his pocket a brace of pistols. He then told me that he had already attempted suicide in a pawnbroker's shop in Queen-street, Cheapside, but that the pistols had missed fire. I used every effort to divert him from so horrible a purpose, and to calm his mind, in which I at length succeeded. After a great deal of persuasion, he permitted me to send for his eldest son, and the interview between them being over, I proposed that he should return to his house at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and abide the consequences of the discovery. Having with much difficulty overcome his scruples to this measure, I said I would send for a coach to convey us, when he put his hand into his pocket, saying 'I can not pay for one, as I have but sixpence in the world.' I directly went up stairs to borrow Mrs. Welch's purse. We (Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Hunter, of the Colosseum, and myself) then set out and reached the hospital. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Lloyd (entered the room, and told us that the attempt Mr. Stephenson had

made upon his life in Queen-street was known to his partners, and that they were ransacking the drawers. This communication led Mr. Stephenson to abandon at once his former resolution, and to determine upon immediate flight. But he exclaimed 'that he had no money.' His eldest son instantly emptied his pockets for his father's service. Mr. Stephenson burst into tears, and rejected the offer, saying he could not use his son's pittance. Mr. Lloyd then said, 'I have money, Sir; I have 800 pounds.' 'Then we will both go,' replied Mr. Stephenson. He ordered a few clothes to be got ready, and his carriage, saying he would go one stage with his own horses. He requested me to accompany him a few miles, that he might, when his mind was more collected, give me directions respecting his children. I consented, and Bristol was the road he determined to take. On my proposing to quit him at Hounslow, he ordered the coachman to proceed to Staines with the same horses, and on the road requested of me, in the name of the mutual and long friendship that had subsisted between us, to give him one and the last proof of it, and to accompany him until he was on board some vessel. I could not refuse, and we arrived at Pill at 9 o'clock on Saturday night, and had an interview with the captain of a pilot yacht when I recommended that the boat should be hired for one month, at two guineas a day, the terms proposed by the pilot. Mr. Stephenson said it would be throwing money away unnecessarily, for no doubt they would meet a vessel bound to America within a fortnight. I advised them, when they were at sea, to disclose to the captain the necessity of their going to America, and if he would take them, he should be amply remunerated.

On Sunday morning, the 28th of December, Stephenson and Lloyd went on board the pilot boat, and put to sea. The Courier relates the shifts and turns which Stephenson and Lloyd were found necessary to practise in order to escape detection, previous to leaving England. It is said that Stephenson played the sick man and Welsh the doctor most admirably. "Now and again would the doctor feel his pulse, examine his tongue, and enquire of the patient whether he still felt that excruciating pain in the region of the stomach. The doctor would then give a most mysterious shake of the head, and urge still stronger the necessity of taking the short sea voyage. Stephenson yielded a reluctant assent, and ultimately the poor infirm man was supported to a boat by Lloyd and his friend the doctor. The boat had not proceeded far from shore when Stephenson began to justify the prediction of his physician—the sea voyage was already working his cure—he raised himself in the boat and astonished the crew by a sudden accession of health and strength. He soon satisfied the doubts and scruples of the boatmen. They sailed to Lundy Island, and there met the *Ranger* of Bideford, on board which Stephenson and Lloyd got. The *Ranger* beat about the channel for some time without falling in with a single outward bound ship. Lee, the captain, being unable to continue any longer at sea, offered to take Stephenson and Lloyd to Clovelly, where his brother, who had a fine pilot boat (the *Sally*) lived, and having assured them that Clovelly was a retired and unfrequented place, they consented to be put on shore there."

They landed at Clovelly on the evening of the 31st of December, and were detained there by high winds for two days. It was not without considerable difficulty that they escaped detection during their stay at Clovelly; and they displayed considerable skill in winning the affections of the hostess and guests of the "King's Arms" by a show of liberality; and in managing to study a newspaper which arrived, (containing an accurate description of Stephenson's person, and offering a reward for his apprehension) so effectually that no one else could get a sight of it. Towards evening, on the second of January, the wind having considerably lulled, they again put to sea. They soon met a ship bound to Savannah, where they arrived on the 1st of March. On the 4th, they left Savannah for the west, but had not proceeded farther than seventeen miles when their carriage was overturned, and being considerably hurt, they took lodgings in the house of a Dr. Garbett, where they remained several days.

Previous to Stephenson's arrival at Savannah, Mr. Perkins, the ex-sheriff of London, to whom Stephenson was indebted to the amount of about 15,000 pounds, arrived at New-York, and offered, in addition to an English reward of 1,000 pounds, \$1,500 for his apprehension. It is said that handbills containing an accurate description of Stephenson's

person, and offering these two rewards for his detection, were scattered all along the sea board, and arrived in Savannah a few days after Stephenson and Lloyd. Influenced by a desire to obtain these rewards, the deputy sheriff of that city and three other men, repaired to the house of Dr. Garbett, about two o'clock on the morning of the 11th inst., forcibly took Stephenson from his bed, and carried him in secrecy to Savannah, where, early the same morning, he was carried on board a pilot boat which was in readiness, and directly sailed for New-York. The persons who arrested Stephenson did not pretend to have any legal authority to justify their proceedings. They were armed with cutlasses and pistols, and they threatened to shoot him if he made any resistance. The carriage broke down five times in going seventeen miles.

On the arrival of Stephenson at New-York; he was taken into custody by the British consul, a merchant by the name of Goodhue, and High Constable Hays. It was soon discovered however that he had been forcibly removed from Savannah, and that he was detained by those who had him in custody without sufficient authority. An excitement was awakened in his favour; several members of the bar volunteered their services, and procured a writ of *habeas corpus* against the British consul, Mr. Goodhue, and Mr. Hays, and after some delay Stephenson was brought before the Recorder, and no reason for his detention being given, he was discharged. Mr. Shaw, the Sheriff of New-York, then immediately took him into custody on the suit of Mr. Parkins, and he was committed to the Debtor's Prison. The editor of the New-York Gazette says he was present at an interview between Parkins and Stephenson; it was their first meeting in this country, and the moment Stephenson recognized Parkins he exclaimed, "Hear my story—don't condemn me yet. I solemnly declare I am not the guilty man you suppose me." The editor of the Gazette says—"We were present during the whole interview and heard the conversation between them, and, if the statements made by Stephenson be correct, we feel authorized in saying that his partners are equally guilty as himself. In fact there is not a doubt on our minds that the House was bankrupt some time before his leaving the country."

Stephenson has subsequently been discharged from custody, by the Superior Court of New-York, on a principle of law laid down by Lord Holt and supported by many subsequent decisions, "that if a man is wrongfully brought into a jurisdiction and there lawfully arrested, yet ought he to be discharged; for no lawful thing, founded on a wrongful act, can be supported." Chief Justice Jones delivered the opinion of the Court, which decide "that as he was brought into this jurisdiction illegally, he could not be exposed to any arrest whatsoever, and was entitled to the protection of the Court from any subsequent arrest, until a reasonable time had elapsed for his return to the place whence he was abducted."

Stephenson is about sixty-five years old, of middling stature, and his hair is said to be unusually white. He appears to entertain a strong affection for his family, and says his regard for his children will prevent his doing violence to himself. Measures have been taken in Savannah for the punishment of those guilty of a violation of the laws in his person, and there will probably be some difficulty before the matters growing out of his abduction shall be settled in New-York. He should be punished for his faults; but whatever his crimes may have been in England, they are no excuse for a violation of American laws and American freedom.

☞ The following extract would have been inserted some weeks since had it not been mislaid. It is a source of gratification to see men who are as able as they are willing coming thus fearlessly into the field with an honest and firm determination to brave the shafts of calumny. We believe that in ordinary times masonry does not need support from any quarter; but in these days of falsehood and misrepresentation the welfare of the country demands that the people should be undeceived with respect to it. We wish success to *The State Palladium* from other motives than a friendship towards masonry. We commune with the spirit of the man who can take up the gauntlet in the cause of truth, when it is so generally unpopular.

From the New-England Gazette.

We last week mentioned that a new paper, favourable to the cause Masonry, was about to be established in Norwich.

We have since seen the proposals, by Messrs. Clapp & Co. under the title of "*The State Palladium*," from which we extract the following:

"Though we claim not the appellation of *Mason*, (never having arrived to that honour,) yet, we cannot but view with disgust, the vile attempts to hurl the poisoned arrows of slander, at that honourable and virtuous class of society. The index of conviction prompts and guides us in their behalf,—and while the different departments of our Journal, political and moral, are carefully nursed, the main object of our paper, will be, not to advocate a *sinking* cause (as a few bigoted enthusiasts would have it appear,) but as faithful Sentinels on the Watch Tower of Freedom repel the poisoned darts of calumny, which are now so profusely showered in our land. We believe the cause of *Masonry* needs no other prop, than that great Power which has so long sustained it—although our feeble efforts are voluntarily put in requisition in its behalf. The benefits resulting from the profession of Masonry, cannot but convince every honourable and candid man, of its utility—and until we see further evidence of its *baneful* influence on society, than that which has been so lavishly issued by bigotry, malice, and aspiring demagogues, we shall feel justified in supporting a society, which has for ages, been cherished by men, distinguished for virtue, love of order, and regard for the welfare of the human family."

FOREIGN NEWS. London papers to the 2d and Liverpool to the 3d February have been received at New-York, during the past week. Their contents are chiefly of a speculative nature, and consequently sufficiently contradictory to render every thing uncertain. The king of France in his speech to the legislative chambers thinks that notwithstanding the events which have desolated the east, peace will not be disturbed in the rest of Europe; the newspaper speculations, however, support a contrary opinion, which, it will be seen from the following summary, is not ill founded. There is scarcely a spot in Europe at peace with itself and the rest of the world.

EUROPE.—The Paris Constitutionnel charges upon the Duke of Wellington, a disposition to entangle the French Government in a scheme alleged to have been concerted by the Duke with Prince Metternich of Austria, having for its object, the general purpose of trampling down all attempts on behalf of human liberty, with the specific hope of degrading the French people by the progressive overthrow of their liberal institutions. The Editor of the London Times affects to perceive in this attack of the Constitutionnel, the fanatical hatred of England. He supposes the writer to be a Bonapartist who forgets the annihilation of the Emperor; or, that he is friendly neither to England nor France, and is endeavouring to sow the seeds of discord between the only two powers to whom according to the Times, Greece owes her deliverance; and through whose strict alliance only, the equilibrium of Europe menaced by the Russian war, can be maintained. The Constitutionnel has however had no little influence in causing it to be believed in Paris, that M. de Polignac (a candidate for the department of the Foreign Relations of France) has endeavoured to defeat the Treaty of London of the 6th July. The Times does not hesitate to insinuate broadly, that Russia is the instigator of the attacks in the French Journals, and is quite indignant at *Le Globe* another Paris paper, which declares, that the cause of M. de Polignac's return to Paris "is to enforce upon the French Government the views and policy of that of England—that is, the Austrian Policy;" and the Austrian and English policy are said by the same paper, to be "that which oppresses the Catholics in Ireland and the patriots in Italy—the Greeks in Turkey, and the German Liberals" in other words says the Times, that policy is described to be "the revised system of the Holy Alliance." Whatever else may be the fact, one thing is certain, that the King of France has been obliged to look around for some other candidate than M. de Polignac for Minister of Foreign affairs.

The Pope has appointed Bishops for the South American States, and this is considered at Madrid as conclusive evidence that his holiness has recognized their independence. The Paris papers state, that the Turks are passing the Danube at every point; that the Pacha of Widdin is marching, with 30,000 men, against the principalities; and it is thought, that unless the Grand Duke Constantine arrives in time to stop the invasion, the Russian army will be obliged to recross the Pruth. Tehassan Oglou is said to have notified to the Count Langeron, who was formerly a prisoner in Turkey, his intention to attack him with 12,000 cavalry. The Count immediately took the necessary precaution to resist the attack. There is a general movement of the Turks along the whole line of the Danube, from Widdin to Silistria.

Accounts from Navarino of the 4th January state that the French troops were preparing to evacuate the Morea, but that three companies of Engineers had just arrived who it is said, would remain until the forts of the Peloponnesus were in a complete state of defence; the accounts terminate, with these significant expressions, "We are glad to leave in Greece some French soldiers till Fabvier shall have succeeded in organizing the regular national troops, of which he is to be the chief, a title which he justly deserves." We say significant, for while Russia is invading Turkey, Austria scowling on the principalities and holding on to Italy, and England charged with aiding in the dismemberment of Turkey, it is impossible to forget the intimation given more than a year ago that the allies were bent on the acquisition of territory in the East, and France shews a disposition to make sure of her share. This will be more apparent on perusing the article under the Toulon head.

The avowed object of the French Journals is to detach France from Austria and England, in this attempt at aggrandisement. The Times says the real object is to favour Russia. The spirit with which the Sultan continues the war, shews that the attempts of the European powers to negotiate jointly or severally with him have proved fruitless. How far the choice of the Presidents for the French Chambers may be influential on the policy of France, and of course on the peace of Europe, remains to be seen, but if any judgment of the state of public feeling can be formed by reading the French Journals, there is no reason to expect the continuance of a continental peace.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had been to Windsor to confer with the King immediately previous to the last visit of the Duke of Wellington. The Editor of the Times intimates that the object of the interview was connected with the Catholic question.

It was rumoured that the mother of Don Miguel was intriguing to be made Regent during his illness.

Both Houses of Parliament were to meet for the despatch of business on the 8th of February. It was not expected that the King would be able to open the session in person.

The opinion that the Catholic question would be carried by the Duke of Wellington was gaining ground in the metropolis, and the Duke of Northumberland, the new Vice Ray of Ireland, was believed to be in favour of the measure.

CATHOLICK ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of this body on Thursday, Catholick Rent was received to the amount of 691l., which includes 200l. (a thousand dollars) from the Association of the Friends of Ireland in New York. The proceedings of the meeting had very little interest. Mr. O'Connell gave the following as the correct copy of the Duke of Wellington's letter to the Duke of Leinster:—

"My Lord Duke—I received your letter, also a tin case, conveying the declaration of certain Protestants in favour of what is called Catholick Emancipation.—I have the honour &c. WELLINGTON."

On which Mr. O'Connell said—"Why, the man is mad! (laughter.) Did any one before now, ever hear of a statesman acknowledging a tin case. Any money for a statesman in a tin case, (laughter.) Now I think it is a *hard case* and *poor case*, (cheers and laughter) it is both, to see a Prime Minister analyzing a tin case, when Europe is shaken with convulsions, and trembling like Etna before a new eruption of lava. I wonder will he send us Emancipation in a tin case?" (laughter.)

The proposed connexion between the Ottoman government and the United States of America has suddenly come to an end. The Americans proposed, as the basis of the treaty, the free passage of the Dardanelles to all nations; but this most republican proposition was instantly rejected, with the dignity befitting Turks. The government of Miguel, or rather the anarchy carried on under his name, has not in the least altered its character, though we trust it is drawing towards its end. The prisons are still full, and a lingering death is the only goal delivery. An English paper says, a plot, we are assured, has been formed for waylaying the unfortunate refugees from this country upon the wide ocean. Several vessels were despatched from the Tagues on the 12th inst. for this purpose, to whose commanders there are said to have been given positive orders to sink the whole of the transports without sparing a single life, or taking a single prisoner. When we consider from what country these poor creatures are sailing, and that neither their departure nor the place of their destination are of their own choice we cannot but hope that orders have been transmitted to all our naval commanders to protect the refugees from so horrible a fate.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that by an Imperial Order of the Emperor, the army is to be increased from 450,000, its number the last year, to 700,000.

We are assured that dispatches brought by an extraordinary express announce that the Emperor of Russia had sent orders to the Grand Duke Constantine to put himself at the head of the Polish army, and to march and occupy the Principalities. Letters from Warsaw add, that the army of the Baltic has also received orders to march to the south.

MARRIED,

At Watervliet, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bronk, Mr. HARVEY NASH, Printer, to Miss ROSILLA MANCIUS REUWEE, both of this city.

LADIES' MAGAZINE, conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41, Washington St. Boston—and by Bourne, at the Depository of Arts, 359 Broadway, New York; & Thomas T. Ash, 139 Chestnut-st. Philadelphia. Each number will contain about 50 pages of original matter, the whole making a beautifully executed octavo volume of 600 pages. Price three dollars per annum, to be paid on delivery of the third number.

The contents of the *Ladies' Magazine* will be an original miscellany, calculated to improve the taste and foster the talents and virtues of women; at the same time particular regard will be paid to the diffusion of that knowledge of our own country, its scenery and history, and the character and manners of its inhabitants, which Americans, of either sex, should be careful to acquire. But no sectional prejudices shall be admitted to interfere with the spirit of the work, which is intended to be strictly American.

The constantly increasing patronage which this work has received, during the year it has been before the public, is the best criterion of its merits. The *Ladies' Magazine* is now circulated in almost every city and state in the Union.

☞ Contents of No. 3, for March, 1829.—*Original Miscellany*—The Late Empress Maria Louisa, Moralizing, The Manuscript, No. III.—Frank Culmore, Two Evenings, An Authoress, No. II., Letter to the Editor. *Original Poetry*—The Graves of Payais, Hope, The Alpine Horn, The Icy Bower, Stanzas, My Mary. *Literary Notices*—Memoir of Mrs. Judson, Poems, by Mrs. Louisa P. Smith, Guido, and other Poems, by Ianthe, Mary's Visit—James Somers, The American Monthly Magazine, The Western Examiner, To Subscribers and Correspondents.

POETRY.

THE SEPARATION.

"Lorsque l'on aime comme il faut,
Le moindre éloignement nous tue;
Et ce, dont on chérit la vue,
Ne revient jamais assez tôt."

Molière.

He's gone, dear Fanny!—gone at last—
We've said good bye—and all is over;
'Twas a gay dream—but it is past—
Next Tuesday he will sail from Dover.
"Well! gentle waves be round his prow!
But tear and prayer alike are idle;
Oh! who shall fill my album now?
And who shall hold my poney's bridle?
Last night he left us after tea,—
I never thought he'd leave us—never;
He was so pleasant, wasn't he?
Papa, too, said he was so clever.
And, Fanny, you'll be glad to hear,
That little boy that looked so yellow,
Whose eyes were so like his,—my dear,
Is a poor little orphan fellow.
That odious Miss Lucretia Browne,
Who with her horrid pugs and Bibles,
Is always running through the town,
And circulating tracts—and libels;
Because he never danced with her,
Told dear mamma such horrid scandal,
About his moral character,
For stooping, just to tie a sandal!
She said he went to fights and fairs—
That always give papa the fidgets;
She said he did not know his prayers,—
He's every Sunday at St. Bridget's!
She said he squeezed one's waist and hands,
Whenever he waltzed—a plague upon her—
I danced with him at Lady Brad's,
He never squeezed me—"pon my honour."
His regiment have got the route,
(They came down here to quell the riot,
And now—what can they be about?—
The stupid people are so quiet:)
They say it is to India, too,
If there, I'm sure he'll get the liver!
And should he bathe—he used to do—
They've crossed the river.
There may be bright eyes there—and then!
(I'm sure I love him like a brother?)
His lute will soon be strung again,
His heart will soon beat for another.
I know him well: he is not false—
But when the song he loves is playing,
Or after he has danced a waltz—
He never knows what he is saying.
I know 'twas wrong—'twas very wrong—
To listen to his wild romancing;
Last night I danced with him too long,
One's always giddy after dancing:
But when he begged me so to sing,
And when he sighed, and asked me, would I?
And when he took my turquoise ring,—
I'm sure I could not help it, could I?
Papa was lecturing the girls,
And talked of settlements and rentals;—
I wore a white lace rock—and pearls—
He looked so well in regimentals!
And just before we came away,
While we were waiting for the carriage,
I heard him, not quite plainly, say
Something of Blacksmiths—and of marriage.
He promised, if he could get leave,
He'd soon come back—I wonder can he?—
Lord Hill is very strict, I believe;
(What could he mean by Blacksmiths, Fanny?)
He said he wished we ne'er had met,—
I answered—it was lovely weather!—
And then he had no need to forget
The pleasant days we'd passed together.
He's gone—and other lips may weave
A stronger spell than mine to bind him,
But bid him, if he love me, leave
Those rhymes he made me love, behind him:
Tell him I know those wayward strings
Not always sound to mirthful measures;
But sighs are sometimes pleasant things,
And tears from those we love are treasures.
Tell him to leave off drinking wine,
Tell him to break himself of smoking,
Tell him to go to bed at nine—
His hours are really quite provoking.
Tell him I hope he won't get fat,
Tell him to act with due reflection;

Tell him to wear a broad-leafed hat,
Or else he'll ruin his complexion.
Tell him I am so ill to-day,
Perhaps to-morrow I'll be better;
Tell him before he goes away,
To write me a consoling letter:
Tell him to send me down that song
He said he loved the best of any—
Tell him I'm sure I can't live long,
And—bid him love me—won't you, Fanny?

From the Ladies' Magazine.

HOPE.

BY MRS A. M. WELLS.

There sits a woman on the brow
Of yonder rocky height;
There, gazing o'er the waves below,
She sits from morn till night.
She heeds not how the mad waves leap
Along the rugged shore;
She looks for one upon the deep
She never may see more.
As morning twilight faintly gleams,
Her shadowy form I trace;
Wrapt in the silvery mist, she seems
The Genius of the place!
Far other once was Rosalie;
Her smiles was glad; her voice,
Like musick o'er a summer sea,
Said to the heart—rejoice.
O'er her pure thoughts did sorrow fling
Perchance a shade, 'twould pass,
Lightly as glides the breath of Spring
Along the bending grass.
A sailor's bride, 'twas hers to be:—
Wo to the faithless main!
Nine summers since, he went to sea,
And ne'er returned again.
But long, where all is wrecked beside,
And every joy is chased,
Long, long will lingering Hope abide
Amid the dreary waste!

Nine years, though all have given him o'er,
Her spirit doth not fail;
And still she waits along the shore
The never coming sail.

On that high rock, abrupt and bare,
Ever she sits, as now;
The dews have damped her flowing hair
The sun has scorched her brow.

And every far-off sail she sees,
And every passing cloud,
Or white-winged sea-bird, on the breeze,
She calls to it aloud.

The sea-bird answers to her cry,
The cloud, the sail float on—
The hoarse wave mocks her misery,
Yet is her hope not gone:—

It can not go:—with that to part,
So long, so fondly nursed,
So mingled with her faithful heart,
That heart itself would burst.

When falling dews the clover steep,
And birds are in their nest,
And flower-buds folded up to sleep,
And ploughmen gone to rest,

Down the wide track her feet have worn,
—There scarce the goat may go;—
Poor Rosalie, with look forlorn,
Is seen descending slow.

But when the gray morn tints the sky,
And lights that lofty peak,—
With a strange lustre in her eye,
A fever in her cheek,

Again she goes, untired, to sit.
And watch, the live-long day;
Nor till the star of eve is lit,
E'er turns her steps away.

Hidden, and deep, and never dry,—
Or flowing, or at rest,
A living spring of hope doth lie
In every human breast.

All else may fail, that soothes the heart,—
All, save that fount alone;
With that and life at once we part,
For life and hope are one.

From the New-York Critick.

MIND.

BY WM. LEGGETT.

Let others praise the hue
That mantles on thy face,
Thine eyes of heavenly blue,
And mein of fruitless grace:
These charms I freely own,
But still a higher find;
'Twill last when beauty's flown—
Thy matchless charm of mind.

The damp of years may quench
The brightness of thine eye;
Time's icy hand may blanch
Thy cheek's vermilion dye;
Thy form may lose its grace;
Thy voice its sweet control;
But naught can e'er efface
The beauties of thy soul.

What's beauty but a flower
That blooms in summer's ray;
When pours the wintry shower,
Its charms will fade away:
The mind's a rich perfume
That winter can not chill;
The flower may lose its bloom,
But fragrance lingers still.

Stars gem the vault of heaven
When day's last hues decline;
As darker grows the even,
With brighter ray they shine:
Thus, in the night of years;
When youth's gay light is o'er,
More bright the soul appears,
Than ere it shone before.

The leaves when autumn blusters,
Forsake the tree and die,
But failing, show rich clusters
Of fruitage to the eye:
Thus time, in flying, snatches
Thy beauty, but displays
One charm that all o'er matches—
A soul that ne'er decays.

TO ARCHITECTS. The Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina, being about to erect a MASONICK HALL in the city of Charleston, offer a premium of one hundred dollars for the plan which shall be approved. The lot is about one hundred feet front on Meeting-street, and of sufficient depth from east to west for any required buildings. The front will be to the east, and must present a specimen of the strictest chasteness, simple, but conforming in proportions to the best models. The building must be calculated to contain on the second floor a superb Hall for public purposes, the lower floor for supper rooms, and other conveniences for public parties; the third story must contain a room for the assembly of the Grand Lodge; one or more wings extending from the main building to the west, must contain rooms for the subordinate Lodges, the Chapters, &c. and the lower story to be calculated for kitchens, and other requisite offices. Each plan must be accompanied with an estimate, specifying the value of the materials on which it is founded. To be forwarded to Ed. Hughes, Recording Grand Secretary, on or before the 1st of May next. By order of the Grand Lodge.
BENJ FANEUIL HUNT, G M

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker, No. 3. Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired, N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.
Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

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BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super-extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the American Masonick Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Feb 14 3m3

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.
March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, AT THE CORNER OF NORTH MARKET AND STEUBEN STREETS, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, IN ADVANCE—otherwise, Three Dollars. JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1839.

NO. 10.

MASONICK RECORD.

From the Boston Bulletin.

MASONRY AND ANTI-MASONRY.

At this juncture, when the most shameless and unprincipled attempts to introduce disorder and anarchy among the quietly disposed people of New-England are making in various quarters, it is gratifying to see men of integrity, virtue, patriotism, and intelligence, manfully putting forth their energies to resist the torrent of knavish oppression which certain desperate wretches would fain let loose upon the community.

We are happy, therefore, to be able to present our readers with the substance of the proceedings of a large and respectable meeting of citizens last week, in the town of Randolph, in this vicinity, at which Silas Alden, esq. officiated as moderator, and Aaron Prescott as secretary. The assemblage consisted not only of masons, but of a great portion of individuals not belonging to the fraternity. The subjoined address and resolutions, the spirit of which cannot but meet with the approbation of all honest and enlightened men, were unanimously adopted.

ADDRESS.

The unusual excitement which is now prevailing in this town and vicinity, against a class of men hitherto as respectable in point of talents, wealth, and intelligence, and as peaceable, industrious, and useful citizens, to say the least, as their opposers, seems to call for an expression of unqualified disapprobation from all who have the interest of their country, the peace of society, and the prosperity of religion sincerely at heart. If an opinion were to be formed from the loud and vociferous declamations of many who style themselves *anti-masonicks*, it must be inferred that all the powers of sin were at work to accomplish some mighty achievement, against which they alone had moral courage to array themselves, and that common honesty and veracity were their exclusive inheritance. We have too much charity to believe that the great majority of them, could they divest themselves of their passions and prejudices, would assert the former, or have the hardihood to claim the latter. Many undoubtedly, through ignorance and timidity, have joined in the hue and cry to hunt down freemasonry; some it is apprehended, have done so from interested and selfish motives; perhaps a few from principle. Whether this excitement has arisen from one or all of these sources, it is firmly believed that the public welfare will not be advanced by it, and that the time has arrived when those who are capable of cool and dispassionate reasoning should pause and reflect upon the consequences likely to follow from such a perturbed state of the public mind. Where did it arise? what cause for its continuance? what character has it assumed? can any good follow from it? are questions that may be, with the strictest propriety, yea, ought to be, asked and answered by every one, satisfactorily to his conscience and the immutable principles of rectitude, before he enlists in its cause.

Of its source, few, who live within the sphere of its rage are ignorant, and nothing more need now be said, than that those who are now so violently assailed, as deeply deplore that event as any of their opponents, and would do as much as they, had they the power or means, to bring to light the deed complained of. More cannot in justice be required of any citizen.

To the second inquiry, the answer is too plain to need arguments to prove. Public justice is not likely to be promoted, and may, yea, most probably will suffer by it. It is a maxim as old as the common law, that it is better that ten guilty should escape, than that one innocent person should suffer. Let the anti-masonicks be the judges, whether this rule has not been already most grossly violated, and hundreds of individuals, as innocent of any participation in that or any other crime, as themselves, have not been singled out, and all the obloquy heaped upon them that the tongue or the press could utter. Yea, even charges the most revolting to humanity directly or indirectly, alleged against them, without the least shadow of foundation, beyond the vague surmises of an over-heated zeal. There is undoubtedly a cause other than the avowed one, which

the leaders of the party could, if they would, assign for their zeal and activity in its ranks. This, it is firmly believed, is no other than political ambition, and is designed to be a ladder for climbing into offices which the aspirant had too much reason to fear he should fail to arrive at, so soon as he wished, if at all, by the influence of his character and the legitimate exertions of his talents. The distinction which can thus be attained is to us no subject of envy; nor does it require the gift of second sight to foresee, that the people could have no cause to rejoice in the end at their success.

Were justice the principle, and candour the guide of the anti-masonicks, there would be no cause of complaint. No such extravagant pretensions would be made, nor sweeping denunciations fulminated, as are now heard in public places, and stand conspicuous in the columns of certain pamphlets. Our religious societies would not exhibit such an appalling spectacle of division and contention, nor the sacred rights of the church be deserted through fear of meeting one whom, but a short time since, those who were accustomed to meet as christian friends and brothers, cheerfully greeted as a worthy disciple of christianity. Our town meetings would not have become the scene of tumult and confusion, nor a portion of our citizens become the object of distrust and hatred. The surest right of enjoying private opinion unmolested, would not have been trampled upon, and denied to any, even the meanest citizen; nor the unalienable right of individuals to form voluntary associations for purposes not repugnant to, or prohibited by, the laws of the land, been cherished. Neither would arguments have been urged against one charitable institution, which were applicable against every other that has ever yet been established. There would have been no need of sending special messages from town to town, to sound the alarm and unfurl the banners of party. The credulous would not have been imposed upon by the false representations, nor the timid alarmed by the array of crimes which were never thought of, much less committed by those on whom they were charged.

But to the shame of our country be it spoken, a far different spirit has actuated them. Individual feelings have been most grossly outraged. Reputation, the dearest of all earthly possessions, has been wantonly assailed, and the foulest epithets and the most malignant aspersions, thrown upon men whose character stood foremost in the ranks of piety and virtue, philanthropy and patriotism. Our judicial tribunals have been stigmatized as violating their most sacred duties by the administration of justice to suit the interests and views of particular men. Our legislatures have been arraigned as betraying their sacred trusts, and lending their aid to secure personal interests by the sacrifice of those of the public. These and similar charges are industriously circulated through the country, with a spirit of zeal and intolerance infinitely better adapted to the meridian of Spain, than to that of a free and enlightened republic; and more suitable for a director of the holy inquisition, than for a sentinel upon the watch-tower of liberty.

If this be the spirit and temper that govern the anti-masonick party, need it be asked what good can be produced by it. Would it not be more proper to enquire what evil it may not entail upon society? Will such spirit cherish friendship and peace between individuals in the social circle, or in neighbourhoods; promote unanimity in towns in the discharge of their corporate duties; lead to a judicious selection of those who are best qualified to fill responsible stations under our state and national government, which every town is called upon to make? Has it the power to unite men in the pursuit of the best means to improve the moral and religious virtues of the people; to instil into the minds of our youth a love of truth, sobriety, honesty, and a regard to the rights and privileges of others? Will it prepare the mind of any one more readily to receive useful instruction, to discriminate between truth and falsehood, and to practise that charity so forcibly inculcated by Christianity? The answer must be in the negative. What then is there in the nature of the case, that can justify the arraignment of so numerous a class of men as is embraced by the *Masonick Fraternity and their friends*, in the manner that has been done? Is it because they are members and advocates of a society avowedly moral and charitable; whose

principles have been published to the world for ages; of a society which has never shrunk from a candid and impartial inquiry into the nature and tendency of its code and whose members have uniformly maintained as high a rank for piety and virtue as any other class of citizens, and have ever been conspicuous for their endeavours to meliorate the condition of their fellow men? No! Is it because they have no right to limit the appropriation of their funds to specific objects, or to prescribe terms of admission, and to exact a solemn promise from a newly admitted member that he will be true and faithful to his engagements? No! Is it because there may be a few among them, who prove to be bad men, whom no tie can bind, and no restraint can keep within the sphere of their duty? If this be the cause, with one fell swoop strike out of existence every civil, religious, and charitable institution on earth—for all in like case offend. Is it because they will not prove faithless to their trust, and declare that to be worthless which they highly appreciate—that to be bad which they are convinced is good—that to be false which they know to be true—and dare to have and maintain an opinion of their own—that they are thus persecuted and proscribed? Let a candid and enlightened public decide who are in the right.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, that the present opposition to masonry has been excited from motives of personal aggrandizement, and political ambition; and that it is now supported with the same views, the ignorant and credulous having been marshalled as recruits necessary for the organization of a force, in their opinion, sufficient for effecting its destruction.

Resolved, that the present opposition to masonry is unmerited; that it is a deadly worm which lies deep at the root of all institutions, either political, moral, or religious; that it threatens the destruction of those rights and privileges guaranteed to us by the federal compact; that it is oppressive to a large, and we may say respectable portion of the community, by placing upon them burdens more heavy and undeserved, than those which induced our fathers to adopt the wilderness as a land of refuge; and that it has already unfurled its banners, and proclaimed to the world that none are worthy of trust or office—none fit for the jury box—none shall preach the gospel, or sit at the communion-table—none shall enjoy any of the rights and privileges of free citizens, under a free, a Republican Government, but such as are enrolled in their ranks, and join in the crusade against this moral, this benevolent institution.

Resolved, “that there are many who, under the predominancy of their religious zeal, are induced to the adoption of measures, and to the utterance of opinions incompatible with the benign and equitable precepts of that religion which they profess;” who do the cause they espouse much injury, and furnish infidelity with one of its most deadly weapons against christianity, viz: that its precepts have no influence whatever, upon the lives, and conduct of its professors.

Resolved, that we deeply regret that Christian professors should be so far deceived by the *anti-masonick* publications of the day, as to unite with them in decrying masonry;—while one of its most clamorous enemies has had the hardihood to request the Editor of the ‘Masonick Record’ to publish an atheistical journal, will not the Christian *anti-mason* pause and reflect for a moment on the company into which he may possibly fall?

Resolved, that we view with deep concern the attempt now making by many to obstruct the operations of a moral and benevolent institution, venerable for its antiquity, and praise worthy for its charities; instead of being induced to aid its efforts in the cause of humanity.

Resolved, that we will use all lawful means and exert our best endeavours to quell the present excitement; that we will hold in estimation all moral, benevolent, upright, and honest men of whatsoever party they may be; either as candidates for any office of trust or profit, or when called into action under our general or state governments, or when chosen or appointed to any station, either civil judicial, or religious; and that we deprecate in the strongest terms the principles of all persons who are not actuated by the same motives: and that we anxiously look forward to that period when like sentiments will be expressed by all, and the

peace and harmony of the community, more especially of this our town, will be restored; and those selfish intriguing spirits, who have been the main spring in producing recent difficulties, will be unnoticed and unknown, and be suffered to receive, as a sufficient reward for their services, that silent contempt which they so justly deserve.

SILAS ALDEN, *Moderator.*

AARON PRESCOTT, *Sec'y.*

Randolph, March 13, 1829.

LITERARY.

From the Western Monthly Review.

IMPEDIMENTS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Concluded from our last.

Mr. Everett is a generous critic; and writes too well himself, to have any occasion for envy, or injustice towards other writers. We have mentioned him, because we consider him at the head of those, who stand firmly for a genuine American literature. If his leading were followed, we should not only be independent in this respect, but, to say the least, we should equal, if not transcend our model. Let a full experiment be made. It is unfortunate for this desirable consummation, that the fine talents of that gentleman have been enlisted in the arena of politics and ambition. All that can now be hoped, is, that in his new career he will yield his talents to no party; but remain, as he will one day be recognized, as we trust, the man of the nation. We have never doubted, that the people are ultimately and essentially just, both in politics and literature.

But the most material impediment in the way of American talent remains to be mentioned; an impediment constantly increasing in influence. We have no literary metropolis; but instead of it, ten or fifteen provincial capitals. England has but two; and three or four days bring the literary men from the remotest extremities to the common centre. The inhabitants of our different capitals travel too; but it is on journeys of business, health, or pleasure, in which the interests of literature have no concern. The interest of each one of our capitals, whether consciously or not, exerts an influence opposite to that of each other. Nothing can be more miserably unfortunate, than this clashing and competition. An author, the favourite of one capital, and sustained by its whole influence, travels in the flying stage or steam boat, in twelve hours, out of the orbit of his little universe. To his astonishment, he, who was the centre of movement at home, finds himself in another planet, to which he is a lunarian; and he, in turn, knows nothing of the man, who is every thing in this new sphere. Idle and trumpery books multiply in these places, which there is a common interest in the booksellers, and through them among the literary men, to hold in reputation; and an interest equally felt to keep the books of the other capitals out of the market. There is no one of the large and intelligent booksellers, who does not understand this, and endeavour to turn his knowledge to account.

There is no necessity for enlarging upon this theme. Every man, who has surveyed the whole ground, and thought maturely upon the subject, cannot but have perceived, that circumstances, more prejudicial to American literature, can scarcely be imagined. The great mass of purchasers, it is admitted, partake not at all of this feeling, and only inquire whether the book is worth buying. Where shall the buyer obtain the information, but from the town bookseller, who stands strong for the monopoly of his own capital? or the provincial newspaper and review, who still make a part of the same system, and are surrounded by the same atmosphere? Where shall the purchaser find a verdict, that may not be bought for a book, or a stick of molasses candy? No where, until an influence shall be found, to counteract this of so many provincial capitals.

But why not find such a place in Washington? Why not find it, where all the talents meet; and where collision, interest and ambition elicit all, that can be struck out of the aspirants? Whatever may be the reason and the cause, every one knows the fact, that literature is the last thing discussed,

or cared for, beyond the mere giving an indifferent opinion upon the books and authors of the day. The members of the national legislature and government have more, than they can accomplish, to manage us, the sovereign people—the *outs* to get in, and push the *ins* out; to write letters to their constituents, study speeches, and attend the amusements. Literature! ask any one, how much it is worth at the seat of government! No. They have business of another sort of importance at Washington, to occupy all their time and all their thoughts. What shall we say of our provincial legislatures, if the atmosphere is somewhat Gothick at Washington? It is said, that some members have gone to these places, like the famous Mr. Tenant, tolerable scholars, and have forgotten every thing there, and been obliged, on their return, to go back to their horn book. If the political manual exercise makes them adroit politicians, heaven knows, it has any tendency, rather than to impart any of the generous feeling and liberalizing intellectual enlargement of literature. We could relate a great many very neat anecdotes about literatures, and legislators, and even governors of neighbouring states; but we are admonished not only not to speak evil, but not even to smile at the expense of dignities.

We relate one, however; for the truth of which we vouch not, but only, that we had it, as such, from a very high authority from the state in question. An erudite committee for imposing a name upon the political capital, just voted in an uninhabited position in the wilderness, met for the discharge of their duty. One of their number, it is presumed, a wag, asked, if they would not prefer a name, associated with the noblest recollections of literature? The idea struck them with pleasure. Said he, "There was in the olden time a people, remarkable for their attachment to books, literary institutions, science, the liberal arts, in short, a most polished and Athenian people." "Who were they?" "They were called Vandals." "Let us call our town Vandal." "Perhaps, it were better to soften the word, and give it a vocal termination—Vandalia, for example." It was carried by acclamations; and the charmingly situated metropolis of one of the states of the Union, surpassing in physical beauty and advantages, bears that name.

Could there be such a delegation, as that from the well known writers and editors of the different states and divisions of our country, who should meet annually at Philadelphia, to pass upon the books and other literary productions of the past year, and give counsels for the unborn productions of the coming year, we deem that such a censurate might do something towards breaking down sectional, and building up in its stead a national literature. They could put the veto of public opinion upon hundreds of trumpery books, to the manifest saving of paper and ink; and they would bring to light much talent and capability, that is now as the unwrought gem of the mine. We are aware, that writers are *irritable genius*; that there would be plenty of rivalry, jealousy, gibes, jokes, and intellectual gladiatorship. It is not so in all associations, where important interests are discussed!

Literary meetings, in fact, have proved in all time proverbial for their amenity. The saying of Cowper, that men grow to the niche which Providence calls them to fill, has as much truth as poetry in it. Men have been found in all countries, and in all time, to imbibe the spirit of their station. These men would feel, that little prejudiced and illiberal views of literature would not become censors, acting in such assumed characters and responsibilities. Honourable men will always strive to act according to their station; and many an officer has fought under epaulettes and an uniform, who would have run away in a common garb. These men, being charged that the republic of letters shall receive no detriment, will call forth generous thoughts and broad principles commensurate to their responsibilities. Why should there not be such a delegation? All other associations have found such regulations necessary—law, physick, divinity, and literature, if we ever have any, must be a distinct profession, as much as either of these.

The books which they patronized, would go, because they would not dare attach their names to such as ought not to go. A genuine American classical literature would finally result from such a system as this, which would be fraught with incalculable benefits. The things we believe, has been attempted in Germany, the most book-making country in the world. But there are a thousand reasons why the provincial capitals of Germany should not have an interest so adverse to the general literature of the country, as ours. The monarchick spirit of the whole consolidated empire of principalities extinguishes in the birth much of that rivalry and opposition and clashing of interests, which exist in our provincial capitals.

There is need enough, even yet, notwithstanding all that is said of our wonderful illumination, that more should be done for the progress of knowledge and taste. Ask any of our editors, who has extensive relations with the publick, if there is not a great deal yet for the community to learn? Look at the bigotry, fury and party rage, that surround us upon every side, and see what kind of march of mind is going on. There is a little light, to be sure, dawning upon the publick mind. Pity one could not return to the earth, after a century or two. There is no doubt, that the waggish historians of that time, while they peruse much of what is now written, and read of what is now publick sentiment, in many of our communities, will talk of this century, as the dark ages, in which a small number of the people, branded as heterodox and infidels, first broached the opinion, that men had an unalienable right from the Author of their being to think for themselves.

THE GATHERER.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

The January number of the *Oriental Herald*, a magazine specially devoted to the affairs of India, published in London, by Mr. Buckingham, author of "Travels in Assyria, Media, Persia," &c. speaks in glowing terms of "the merchant mariners of America."

"To engage in the trade of China, and the eastern islands," says the editor, "with any prospect of advantage, it is necessary to be free from all descriptions of restraint—that every sea should be open to our merchants—every port be familiarized with our flag—that, as far at least as our own law can ensure it, we should have unqualified access to every nation of the earth—be confined to no prescribed routes—detained to no ancient stations, but be at liberty to sail where we will, to return which way we please, and to stay as long as our exigencies may require. Be it remembered that we have not here to compete with the old, worn out nations of the continent. A new people, thirty years ago 'in the gristle,' but now 'hardened in the bone of manhood,' are our bold and adventurous rivals. Distinguished by an energy of character, an indomitable spirit of perseverance, to be dismayed by no difficulties, discouraged by no delay, free as the winds of the immense oceans which bound their coasts, the merchant mariners of AMERICA seem insensible to fatigue, seek no repose, but are engaged in one uninterrupted circumnavigation of commercial enterprise. 'Whilst we follow them,' says Burke, 'among the trembling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits—whilst we are looking for them between the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold—that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantick an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both poles. We know, that, whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantick game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries—no climate that is not witness to their toils.' Such was the portrait of America in her infancy, while

yet in the nursery of Great Britain. Since that time whatever may look like poetry in the description has been more than realized. Not 'squeezed,' as we have been, 'by the restraints of a watchful and suspicious government,' but suffered to take their own way to perfection, the Americans, under cover of our own mischievous restrictions, by the excellence and variety of their assortments, have obtained a preference over us in all the ports of continental Europe, engrossed the better portion of their trade with the immense regions which lie beyond the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan, and pushing their successes to the Thames, selected from the warehouses in which our manufactures mouldered, the materials which invigorate their competition, and extend and animate their foreign and domestick commerce."

BABOONS AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

On the hills near Simmons Town, at the Cape of Good Hope, (says Lieut. Shipp, in his Memoirs,) whole regiments of baboons assemble. These rascals, who stand six feet high, and are abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property: and even in spite of this they have frequently stolen our blankets and great coats, or any thing else they could lay their claws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her blanket and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were ever on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it into the hills, which are high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party, armed with sticks and stones to attack them, with the view of recovering the property, and inflicting such chastisement as might be a warning to them for the future. I was on the advance, with about twenty men; and I made a *detour* to cut them off from caverns, to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while the others kept their post; and we could distinctly see them collecting large stones and other missiles. One old greyheaded one in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and was known by the name of Father Murphey, was seen distributing his orders, and planning the attack with the judgement of one of our best generals. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the *corps de main*, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from Father Murphey was a signal for a general encounter, and the host of baboons under his command rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shouting in indication of victory; and during the whole night we heard dreadful yells and screaming, so much so that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blanket; for we saw eight or ten of them with pieces of it upon their backs, as old women wear their cloaks. Among the number strutted Father Murphey. These rascals annoyed us day and night; and we dared not venture out unless a party of five or six went together. One morning Father Murphey had the consummate impudence to walk straight into the grenadier barracks, and he was in the very act of purloining a sergeant's regimental coat, when a corporal's guard (which had just been relieved) took the liberty of stopping the gentleman at the door, and secured him. He was a most powerful brute, and, I am persuaded, too much for any single man. Notwithstanding his frequent misdemeanours, we did not like to kill the poor creature; so, first having taken the precaution of muzzling him, we determined on shaving his head and face, and then turning him loose. To this ceremony, strange to say, he submitted very quietly; and, when shaved, he was really an exceedingly good looking fellow; and I have seen many a "blood" in Bond-street not half so prepossessing in his appearance. We then started him up the hill, though he seemed rather reluctant to leave us. Some of his companions came down

to meet him; but, from the alteration which shaving his head and face had made in him, they did not know him again, and accordingly pelted him with stones and beat him with sticks in so unmerciful a manner, that poor Father Murphey actually sought protection from his enemies, and he in time became quite domesticated and tame.

PICTURE OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

One nobleman, of great abilities, wanders about as Merry Andrew. Another harrangues the mob stark naked from a window. A third lays in ambush to cudgel a man who has offended him. A knot of gentlemen, of high rank and influence, combine to push their fortunes at Court by circulating stories intended to ruin an innocent girl; stories which had no foundation, and which, if they had been true, would never have passed the lips of a man of honour. A dead child is found in the palace, the offspring of some maid-of-honour by some courtier, or perhaps by Charles himself. The whole flight of panders and buffoons pounce upon it, and carry it in triumph to the royal laboratory, where his Majesty, after a brutal jest, dissects it for the amusement of the assembly, and probably of its father among the rest! The favourite Dutchess stamps about Whitehall, cursing and swearing. The ministers employ their time at the council board in making mouths at each other, and taking off each other's gestures, for the amusement of the King. The Peers, at a conference, begin to pummel each other, and to tear collars and periwigs. A speaker in the House of Commons gives offence to the Court; he is waylaid by a gang of bullies, and his nose cut to the bone. The ignominious dissoluteness, or rather, if we may venture to designate it by the only proper word, blackguardism, of feeling and manners, could not but spread from private to public life. The second generation of the statesman of this reign were worthy pupils of the schools in which they had been trained, of the gaming table of Grammont and the tiring room of Nell. In no other age could such a trifer as Buckingham have exercised any political influence. In no other age could the path to power and glory have been thrown open to the manifold infamies of Churchill (the Duke of Marlborough.) The history of that celebrated man shews, more clearly perhaps than that of any other individual, the malignity and extent of the corruption which had eaten into the heart of the publick morality. An English gentleman of family attaches himself to a prince who has seduced his sister, and accepts rank and wealth as the price of her shame and his own. He then repays by ingratitude the benefits he has purchased by ignominy, betrays his patron in a manner which the best cause can not excuse, and commits an act not only of private treachery, but of distinct military desertion. To his conduct, at the crisis of the fate of James, no service in modern times has, as far as we remember, furnished any parallel. The conduct of Ney, scandalous enough, no doubt, is the very fastidiousness of honour in comparison to it. The perfidy of Arnold approaches it most nearly. In our age, and country, no talents, no services, no party attachments, could bear any man up against such mountains of infamy. Yet even before Churchill had performed those great actions which, in some degree, redeem his character with posterity, the load lay very lightly on him: he had others in abundance to keep him in countenance. Godolphin, Oxford, Danby, the trimmer Halifax, the renegade Sunderland, were all men of the same class. [Edinburgh Review.]

PRIVILEGES OF HERETICKS.

At all the Roman church festivals, the foreign heretick has the privilege of admission, in preference to the native true believer. This preference is particularly obvious at the portal of the Sixtine Chapel, when the celebrated Miserere is performed. On this occasion an English or German physiognomy passes the lances of the Swiss guards more readily than Roman stars, and not from any motives of corruption or complaisance on the part of the military, but by special instructions from the higher powers.

This grievance has suggested the following pasquillo, which lately appeared in Rome.

Pasquino says to Marforio, "Where are you going, brother, with your black dress and your patent swords?"

Marforio.—"I am going to the Sixtine Chapel to hear the Miserere."

Pasquino.—"You go in vain. The Swiss guards will push you back; and the Pope's cavaliers will very politely send you about your business."

Marforio.—"Never fear, brother! I am sure to get in, because I turned heretick yesterday."

ARAB WOMEN.

The Arab Women, on the banks of the Nile, add to delicacy of form and natural elegance, a striking simplicity of dress. The poorest wear nothing but a long blue chemise, with a veil of the same colour,—one corner of which veil they hold in their mouths when they meet any men, especially Europeans. A large mask of black taffeta covers the faces of the richer females, leaving nothing to be seen but the eyes and the forehead. Earrings, several necklaces of shells or paste, intermingled with amulets of silver or of polished copper, bracelets various and multiplied; the chin, the hands, and a part of the arms, tattooed with blue, the eye-lashes tinged with black,—such are the particulars which complete the dress of an Arab female, and which, notwithstanding their apparent fantasticalness, produce an original and graceful ensemble.

GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.

Lieutenant Beachey, in his *Travels in Cyrene*, recently published, has thrown some curious light on the ancient account of these celebrated gardens. It appears, that, like many other wonders, ancient and modern, when reduced to simple truth, they are little more than common occurrences. Baron Humboldt and Mr. Bullock have reduced the floating gardens of Mexico to mud banks, with ditches between; and lieutenant Beachey makes it appear, that the gardens of the Hesperides are nothing more than old stone quarries, the bottoms of which have been cultivated.

PREPARATION OF CINNAMON.

The rough bark is first scraped off with knives, and then, with a peculiar instrument, the inner rind is stripped off in long slips; these are tied up in bundles, and put to dry in the sun, and the wood is sold for fuel. The operation was thus explained to bishop Heber by the cinnamon peelers; but in the regular preparation, the outer bark is not scraped off; but the process of fermentation, which the strips undergo when tied up in large quantities, removes the coarse parts. The peelers are called Chaliers.

ENGLISH INTOLERANCE.

There must be something marvellously bad in our boasted government, if a policy that is safe in states of every description be unsafe here. Prussia, a despotism—France, a limited monarchy—and North America, a democracy, have all set us examples of full religious toleration; and yet we pretend that there is something in our political system, which we baptise "the pride of ages" and "envy of nations," that cannot subsist unless it be buttressed by narrow sectarian feelings, bigotry, and a little persecution. [Scotsman.]

The lean are not less exposed to ridicule than the corpulent. A reverend doctor of divinity, of very ghostly appearance, was one day accosted by a vulgar fellow, who, after eyeing him from head to foot, at last said, 'Well, doctor, I hope you have taken care of your soul!' 'Why, my friend,' said the amiable shadow, 'why should you be so anxious that I should take care of my soul?' 'Because,' replied the other, 'I can tell you that your body is not worth caring for.'

The Calif Merwin II, it is said, could never see a sheep without wrapping his hand in the corner of the robe, and tearing out the kidney, which he instantly devoured. After eating his *bonne bouche*, he used to call for a clean habit; and, in consequence of this becoming attention to personal neatness, when he died, ten thousand greasy vests were found in his wardrobe. [Wadd's Memoirs.]

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Boston Statesman.

LEWIS AND ELIZA.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

It was a delightful day in September; the sky was half lost in the pleasant haze that the sun called up from the earth, and the warm winds was around in the forest, culling the yellow leaves from the branches; and ever as the tall limbs waved, the golden atmospheres would filter through, and drop upon the grass, as they were the waters of another and pleasanter world, which were floating in the air of this. Long had been the journey of the sun, and as he passed on in the blue sky, through the billowy clouds, he seemed to look back with a wishful glance for the majesty he was leaving.

"Dear me! that sun will never go down—I wish it was sunset," said a beautiful blue eyed creature, who was loitering in the forest. She was only seventeen, and the most bewitching creature in a thousand miles; and I pledge my faith, that after having once looked upon her, you would not sleep quietly for a number of weeks—perhaps six or seven. She sat down in the shade of a willow, with flowers strewed around and her yellow hairs waving like sunlight in the wind. At her feet, a pleasant rivulet murmured along to its fall; and as it leaped down into the shadowy cavern below, its whitening sheet struck upon a rock, and incessantly formed itself into diamonds and pearls of the most glowing colours—as transient and as beautiful as the mid-summer rainbow. Eliza would sit for minutes and gaze upon the stream, and trace it through the leaning grass, to a distant elevation, down which it filtered, glittering in the sun, as though the ice of silver were melting, and running out from the bosom of the mountain. And when the tiny waves passed by her, she would sometimes throw to their wishful motion the leaf of a rose, or a honeysuckle, and look with delight on their wrinkle of recognition. At length she became weary: the heat of the sun was oppressive; the music of the waterfall was lulling; the grasshopper sung his drowsy hum, and she fell off into a slumber as quiet as the lake wave that ceases from its undulations.

I will not tell how beautiful she appeared, as she slept on the mossy bank. I will not speak of the holy movings of her bosom, as the heavy shadowing of blissful dreams at times would wander through it, how deliciously the light and coral were blended in her cheek, nor how the pure coral trembled in her lips,—with what careless grace the favoured winds lifted her sunny tresses, because I cannot. She was holy, and her innocence was a gem for which she might throw down the gaudy to the fairest one in earth or heaven. Yet she slept.

The sun had gone out from the world and a dreamy silence was over all the hills. The still spirit of evening was forth upon the mountains; and filled the woody vales with a mysterious loneliness. The sky was silently blue, and the moon and the stars seemed to have been sheltered in the bosom of heaven, till the gaudy majesty of the sun had entirely failed from the earth. But they came out, one by one, and threw their voiceless language to the beautiful places of the world; to the sea, and the wavering foundations thereof. And then the moon came up, and glimmered over the slumbers of the universe. Voices were heard in the valley, and by the dim light of the moon two lovely beings were seen stealing along the edge of the forest, in earnest conversation.

"No Lewis, not for the world. I would not leave my poor old mother for the world. And father, although he's so cross, and hates you foreigners so, I know 'twould break his heart, if I should run away and leave him now."

"No—do not say so—do not Eliza, for I cannot live without you, and you know we can never get the consent of that surly old fellow to our union."

"Take care, Lewis,—you know I must love my parents, and how can I love those who would teach me disrespect to those who gave me existence?"

"O, fudge, with your morality,—come Eliza, tell me—that you will be mine."

"Yours, why, Lewis—ah—I don't know—I'm sure I don't want to say no, and I dare not say anything else, while father thinks as he does. If you could only contrive to please him once, I don't think he would have any objection; and if he didn't I'm sure I should not," said the artless creature, looking into his face with her laughing eyes, Lewis was full of delight, and grasped her hand with more earnestness as she spoke this. He was a generous fellow, and worthily calculated to win the better feelings of a girl like Eliza. He was a bright-eyed "waif upon the world," and all that he knew of himself, was that he had been left upon the shores of America while he was yet a child. He remembered a little only of the sea, and the dangers thereof, and he owed his preservation to a noble hearted man who had taken him from the beatings of the "pitiless storm" and given him bread and education. That patron was now dead; and Lewis was left with competence and character, to find his path through life as he would. He had travelled, and it was on a lonely walk, in mid-summer, that he first saw the angelic creature, whose beauty, like loadstone, held him with more than iron bonds. He felt instantly as though seeds of fiery silver had been scattered in his bosom and his blood flew like lightning to the uttermost vein of his body. He found occasion for addressing her, and her engaging manner at once set the seal of adoration on his heart. Her father however was averse to the union; Lewis was a stranger, he knew not whence, and the old gentleman's fastidious notions of birth were so violent as to obscure the young stranger's merits, and cause him to set his face entirely against any connexion whatever. He had even gone so far as to deny to him the common courtesies of society, and endeavoured to prevent their meeting. It is strange, however, how such old churls do but throw sand against the wind to return into their own eyes, when they endeavour to extinguish the unquenchable flame of love. Like any other principle it does but increase from opposition; it laughs at authority; it changes shapes and hues; it may be in the storm, and the earthquake, but the same sun that lit the seas, and threw its colouring to their lonely depths and untrodden halls, before the storm, will still be there when the storm is done. It may by circumstances be stopped, but it does, like the earnest flowing river, only gather strength for a greater flow, and one that shall sweep resistance before it, as clouds before a northern blast. Seldom is it so far delayed as to forget its wonted channels, nor shall the bed thereof become dry and parched, before again the rush of the torrent is heard, and the pleasant murmuring waves again come along to kiss the pebbles, and glad the leaning grass, and embrace the meek lily that stoopeth over their banks.

And so it was in the present case. It needed but few words on the part of Lewis, to convince the amiable and wronged girl, that when parental authority looks not to the happiness of the object of its exercise, it is no longer to be heeded.

It was an afternoon in August, and still and beautiful the bounty of the sun slept upon the earth and sea, and a sweet purple haze hung round the horizon. I was travelling in one of the Atlantick states, by the shore of the ocean, and looking forth where the green waves seemed almost blazing in the earnestness of the sun; and I sat down on a mossy rock to look abroad over its surface, and the grandeur and summer beauty that was visible all over that eternity of rivers. I had been but a few moments in my cogitations, when the sound of a laughing voice fell on my ear, and in a few moments there passed before me two beings whose presence almost persuaded me that I was under the influence of a dream. They however noticed me, and prevailed upon me to accompany them to their residence. It was a sweet retirement, for the summer season, from the turmoils of the city, overgrown with vines and flowers through which the sunlight struggled fitfully, as their foldings were parted by the playful breezes, that came laden with the purity of the sea, to wanton in the home of happiness. I knew them—they were married—and their kind and affectionate deportment told me also that they were happy. They played Gretchen-Green that very night in which I

and my readers left them talking in the moonshiny woods, and the old man, after a suitable season of obstinacy, admitted them to his affection.

MORAL—Let parents beware of obstinacy in the love-affairs of their children.

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Bulletin.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

A long communication has been published in the *Courier des Etats Unis*, and translated for the National Gazette, purporting to be a defence of Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers, against the attacks of M. de Norvins, contained in his history of the Emperor Napoleon. As we infer from the defence, M. de Norvins charges the Emperor with impolicy in placing Joseph to be king of Spain; and he charges Joseph with weakness, which caused the loss of that country to France, and the loss of Paris to the allies. To these points the defence is principally directed; and, being written by a person who received the statements mostly from the mouth of Joseph, the whole of which was subsequently revised by him, it bears an interest and authority that must commend it to a careful perusal. We can give only a meagre abstract.

It is asserted, that Joseph received the crown of Spain, through the urgent entreaties of the royal family of Spain. The dissensions in that family, which affected the whole nation, were so irreconcilable, that it was out of the power of Napoleon to replace Charles, who with the Queen had resolved not to return to Spain unaccompanied by Manuel. Every member of the contending party, desired that Joseph should ascend the throne; and it was confidently asserted, and believed, by the most intelligent noblemen of the kingdom, that the several parties of Charles, Ferdinand, and Manuel, could be induced to suspend hostilities, only by the ascension of a foreign lord. The partisans of both father and son, the representatives of the Junta of Bayonne, and the most important Spanish classes, had particular communications with Joseph, and urged an immediate entry into Spain. Under these circumstances no other course seemed left for the Bonapartes, than to concur with the strongly expressed wishes of the royal family and the people.

In reply to the general charge of weakness, and the assertion that "Joseph was the occasion of the loss of Spain," it is stated, that on many occasions he evinced great personal bravery and coolness, especially in visiting every part of the kingdom of Naples, at a time when it was infested by hords of assassins, and with only an inconsiderable escort; and that if he commanded unsuccessfully at Vittoria, historical justice should have induced M. de Norvins to state, that he conquered Andalusia, and triumphed at Talavera, at Almonacid, and Ocana. Spain was lost by circumstances over which Joseph had no controul. The French army was divided, and the different departments did not co-operate; it was not placed under the supreme command of Joseph until it was too late; the letters of Joseph were intercepted and his partisans discouraged; the English government inflamed the jealousy of the Spaniards; and the unfortunate surrender of several important places, by occasioning the concentration of the troops upon Madrid, gave advantage to the enemy. At this crisis the army of Spain was weakened by the withdrawal of the troops and best officers for the expedition to Russia; and in consequence, the partisans of Joseph lost their confidence and either opposed him or remained neuter.

In 1814, he differed with Napoleon on the expediency of removing the Empress and her son from Paris; he also recommended, that peace should be obtained at any rate, and expressed an opinion in favour of the ancient limits of France; but many of the Emperor's former courtiers had deserted his cause, and it was found impossible to gain even so much in favour of the Imperial family, as to have Napoleon second proclaimed, and the Empress appointed to the regency; and he was obliged to obey the strict injunctions of his brother, to remove them from Paris. The letter conveying

these commands was read to the council of twenty-two, convoked by the Empress and obedience was indispensable. Defections in various parts of France, prevented the Emperor from joining his family, as had been intended; and peace being demanded at all hazards, the abdication alone could satisfy the domestick as well as the foreign enemies of Napoleon.

M. de Norvins affirms, that Paris might have been defended; and if we do not misrecollect, Scott asserts the same thing; but it is contradicted by this writer, and letters are given, communicated between Napoleon and Joseph, to confirm the statement, that the only hope of the Emperor was in attacking the rear of the allied army, and cutting off their line of communication. The most implicit confidence seems to have existed between the brothers, and the defence with the letters appended are extremely interesting.

The National Gazette gives information that Joseph is about to publish Memoirs, concerning the affairs in which he was concerned, from documents in his possession. We shall eagerly anticipate such a work, not merely from the authority it must have, but from the high standing and exceedingly good character of this, now, American citizen.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

A BACHELOR'S JOYS.

In the cathedral city, where I visited a friend some years since, there were forty-five single women, from sixteen to fifty, and only three marriageable men. Let any one imagine the delight of receiving the most flattering attentions from fifteen women at once, some of them extremely pretty and agreeable; or, I should rather say, from forty-five, since the three bachelors, politically avoiding all appearance of preference, were courted equally by nearly the whole phalanx of the sisterhood. One of the enviable men, being only just of age, was indeed too young to excite hopes in the more elderly ladies, but another more fortunate, if he knew his happiness, (*"sua si bona norit,"*) was exposed to the attacks, more or less open, of every unmarried woman. Alas! he was insensible to his privileges; a steady man of fifty-five, a dignitary of the church, devoted to study and shy in his habits, he seemed to shrink from the kind attentions he received, and to wish for a less favoured, a less glorious state of existence. His desires seemed limited to reading the Fathers, writing sermons, and doing his duty as a divine; and he appeared of opinion that no helpmate was required to fulfil them. But still the indefatigable phalanx of forty-five, with three or four widows as auxiliaries, continued their attacks; and his age, as I before observed, was fatally encouraging to the hopes of each.

The youngest looked in their glasses and remembered the power of youth, and beauty; the middle aged calculated on the good sense and propriety of character of their object, and were "sure he would never marry a girl;" and the most elderly exaggerated his gravity, thought of his shovel hat, and seemed to suppose that every woman under fifty must be too giddy for its wearer. Meanwhile what a life he led!—his opinions law; his wishes gospel; the cathedral crowded when he preached; churches attended; schools visited; waltzing calumniated; novels concealed; shoulders covered; petticoats lengthened—all to gain his approving eye. The fact is, his sphere of useful influence was much enlarged by his single state: as a married man, he could only have reformed his wife; as a bachelor, he exercised undisputed power over every spinster in his neighbourhood. He was, indeed, unconscious of, or ungratified by the deference and incense he received; but the generality of men are less insensible, and half the homage he so carefully rejected would have been sufficient to intoxicate with delight and self-complacency the greater part of his fraternity. What object in nature is more pitiable than a London old bachelor of moderate fortune and moderate parts, whose conversational powers do not secure him invitations to dinners, when stiffness of limb and a growing formality have obliged him to retreat from quadrilles. The rich, we know, thrive every

where and at all seasons, safe from neglect, secure from ridicule.

I speak of those less strongly fortified against the effects of time; those who, scarcely considered good speculations in their best days, are now utterly insignificant, concealed and jostled by a crowd of younger aspirants; overlooked by mamas except when needed to execute some troublesome commission; and without a chance of receiving a word or glance from their daughters unmarked by that provoking ease and compassionate familiarity, which tell them, better than words, that their day of influence has closed for ever. Let such unhappy men fly from the scenes of former pleasures and power, of former flirtation and gaiety, to the quieter and surer triumphs of a country-town. Here crowds of young women, as certainly devoted to celibacy as the inmates of a nunnery, accustomed from necessity to make beaux out of the most unprecedented materials, and oncoct flirtations in the most discouraging circumstances, will welcome him with open arms, under-rate his age, over-rate his merits, doubt if his hair is grey, deny that he wears false teeth, accept his proffered arm with an air of triumph, and even hint a wonder that he has given up dancing. To their innocent cheeks his glance will have the long-lost power of calling up a blush; eyes as bright as those which beamed upon his youth will sparkle at his approach; and tender hearts, excluded by fate from palpitations for a more suitable object, must per force beat quicker at his address. Here let him revel in the enjoyment of unbounded influence, preserve it by careful management to the latest possible moment, and at length gradually slide from the agreeable old beau into the interesting invalid, and secure for his days of gout, infirmity, and sickness, a host of attentive nurses, of that amiable sex which delights and excels in offices of pity and kindness; who will read him news, recount him gossip, play back-gammon or cribbage, knit him comfortable, make him jellies, and repay, by affectionate solicitude and unselfish attentions, the unmeaning, heartless, worthless admiration which he bestowed upon them in his better days.

From the London Quarterly Journal.

SLEEP.

A question has been raised how much sleep is required, and how long it is necessary to be in bed, for the purpose of rest and refreshment. Eight hours have been allotted for the labourer, and six for the scholar and gentleman. Very few gentlemen, however, are satisfied with this scale; and a capacity for sleeping makes the greater part of the community inclined to double the period. The capacity for sleeping, like the capacity for eating and drinking, is to be increased by indulgence. Much depends upon habit. Some people can sleep when they will, and wake when they will; and are as much refreshed with a short nap as a long one.—Sea-faring people have this property from education. I have known persons who never indulged in a second sleep. One gentleman, who entertained a notion that a second nap was injurious, invariably got up as soon as he awoke, no matter how early the hour—winter or summer. Others again will sleep for four and twenty hours. The celebrated Quin had this faculty. "What sort of a morning is it, John?" "Very wet, Sir," "Any mullet in the market?" "No, Sir," "Then, John, you may call me this time to-morrow." So saying, he composed himself to sleep, and got rid of the ennui of a dull day in the arms of Morpheus. One gentleman, in the Spectator, used to sleep by weight. "I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair." A lazy old woman used to apologize for lying in bed by saying that "she lay in bed to contrive." Strange as this old woman's excuse was, an example followed by one of the most extraordinary geniuses of this country, viz. Brindley, of whom it is recorded, that when any great difficulty occurred in the execution of his works, having little or no assistance from books, of the labours of other men, his resources lay with

in himself. In order, therefore, to be quiet, and uninterrupted whilst he was in search of the necessary expedients, he generally retired to his bed; and he has been known to lie there one, two, or three days, till he had obtained the object in view. He would then get up and execute his design without any drawing or model. There are different kinds of sleepers, as well as different kinds of sleep; some cannot sleep from home—others cannot sleep at home; some can sleep on a board, and snore on a carpet; while others tumble and toss on a soft bed, as if the down disconcerted them. Some again cannot sleep in a noise; others cannot sleep out of it. A miller awakens the moment his mill stops; and a tradesman from Cheapside cannot sleep in the country, because "it is so plaguy quiet." Somnambulists, or sleep-walkers, usually sleep with their eyes open, but without vision. Shakspeare, who may be considered a very good medical authority, makes Lady Macbeth a somnambulist with her eyes open—"but their sense is shut." This is not always the case, however, and there is a singular exception, in the instance of Johannes Oporinus, a printer, who being employed one night in correcting the copy of a Greek book, fell asleep as he read, and yet ceased not to read, till he had finished not less than a whole page, of which, when he awoke, he retained no recollection. There are many curious histories of sleeping prodigies on record. The Philosophical Transactions have several; in one, a man slept from August till January. There is a case, read before a Society of Physicians in 1756, of Elizabeth Orvin, who began her sleeping in 1738, by a four days' nap, and for ten years afterwards never slept less than 17 hours out of the four-and-twenty. Dr. Brady relates, that some strange methods were resorted to, to rouse her—such as rubbing her back with honey, and in a hot day exposing her to a hive of bees, till her back was full of bumps—making pincushion of her, and performing acute-puncturation, with pins and needles—flagellation, and "other odd experiments," which the Doctor informs us he thinks better "to pass over in silence," all of which might as well have been spared, for she was very sulky and good for nothing when she was awake. This sulkiness however, should be noticed, as being connected with the complaint. Previously to this somnolent disease, many of the persons have become uneasy, sullen, and surly. In all, the mind has evidently been affected; and in some, where there has been extreme abstinence, their waking hours have been characterised by decided mental aberration.

From the New-England Galaxy.

DEATH AND THE DOCTORS.

Men are foolish animals enough in all conscience; but in nothing is their folly so apparent and unpardonable, as in yielding to disease. Every malady that has turned flesh to clay since men first died, may be deliberately kicked out of doors in this age of nostrums, by the help of any one of at least twenty specifics,—each of which is perfect and absolute, rendering all the rest unnecessary. A while ago we read among the certificates appended to the advertisement of some medicine, one which ran as follows:—"I Timothy Break-tobits, certify that last June as I was travelling on the Newburyport turnpike, I was thrown from my horse into a ditch, and was so completely mashed up, that after strict examination, I found I had but one bone in my body more than an inch long, and that was sticking into my right eye. While in this afflicted condition, my friend, Toby Whistlefort, esq. happened to come along, and taking hold of my nose, to pull me thereby into the road, I found myself at once able to stand! Mr. Whistlefort had that morning lifted from a table with the same thumb and finger, a vial of the inestimable "Chemical and Hydrostatick Concentration of Hornbugs;" and such were the virtues of this invaluable medicine, that my bones immediately resumed their places, the soreness in my flesh left me, and I reached home in good season rather better than I had been for some years." At the time, and since until lately, we thought all this a mere joke! But it must have been true; we only wonder it was not verified by an oath administered by Justice Whistlefort. The last Nantucket Enquirer convinces

us. We saw in that paper,—and doubtless might have seen in a hundred others—an advertisement of “him of the Panacea,” setting forth his dealings with a Mrs. Blank; (the advertisement gives the name though we do not.) At eight years old or there away, she began to swell and suppurate about the head, neck &c. and keeping on without stay or stint, in a dozen or fifteen years she became a mere sore;—there was no such thing as finding features, palate, &c. this side of the “receptacle of things lost on earth.” Mr. Adams was not at hand to tell her where that was, and she seemed in a hopeless condition. Lips, tongues &c. mere ulcers, nose boneless and flat, but little voice left, and unable to smell or taste,—having in fact no better organs for these functions than the shoulder-blades, and they seemed to have received “notice to quit”—what could be expected or desired for the little left to such a person, but that it should make haste to go where the rest had gone. But no. The Panacea took hold of her; she was not all dead, and more this wonder of wonders considers quite superfluous; and in eight weeks she returned home in perfect health! Who will henceforth undertake to put bounds to the power of medicine or to human gullibility. If any man hereafter dies till he has seen his descendants of the twentieth generation, let him be buried where four roads meet, with a great stake through his body, as one who has departed this life for no better reason than because he had a mind to.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1829.

TO LET—The rooms now occupied by us as a printing office. Inquire at this office, or of J. F. Porter, in the basement story of the building.

The office of the Masonick Record will be removed to No. 3 Beaver-street, on the first of May.

Those of our subscribers who intend to change their places of residence on the first proximo will please to inform the carrier or leave notice at this office, in order that they may be regularly served with their papers.

In the National Observer of March 13, there appeared an article of nearly three columns length, purporting to be a renunciation of masonry by one Henry F. Yates, of Montgomery county. As we were acquainted with the personal character of this Mr. Yates, we took no notice of his renunciation when it was published, and we should not now intrude it upon the attention of our readers, had not one of its falsehoods been extensively copied into the anti-masonick prints. Mr. Yates says,

“No honest and conscientious mason, who attended the Grand Lodge in 1827, in the city of New-York, can and dare deny the fact, on his corporal oath, that the Grand Lodge did vote and pay to Eli Bruce (one of the conspirators and connivers at the abduction of Morgan) \$250, to indemnify him, in part, for his losses and removal by Gov. Clinton, from his office as sheriff of the county of Niagara. This assertion I do not make on slight grounds, and as the offer has been made, from another quarter, I repeat it, and challenge the Grand Lodge to place this question in a tangible shape, by authorizing their Grand Master, Secretary, or any other of their officers, to agree to a feigned issue in the supreme court, and the fact will be proven to their shame, and to the satisfaction of a court and jury.”

Now the Grand Lodge of this state meets but once a year, and that meeting takes place always in June. The G. L. met in June, 1827; Mr. Bruce was not removed from office till in October following, nearly four months after the adjournment of the Grand Lodge. How a man's losses could be valued and paid for before they were even dreamt of, it remains with the sagacity of Mr. Yates to explain. The flourishing challenge offered to the Grand Lodge wears as serious an aspect as it would if sent by colonel Pluck to the President: it is not possible for men to be further removed from each other, then is the Grand Lodge from such fortuitous beings as this Henry F. Yates.

We shall not indulge in needless personalities towards Mr. Yates; but, since he has attempted to make a display of responsibility, it may be beneficial to justice to state, that

in addition to other difficulties with the law, while attendant here on the anti-masonick state convention, he was sued by a baker for a debt of eleven dollars, committed to jail, and bailed to the limits by Daniel Shields, after Solomon Southwick, as we have been credibly informed, had been solicited and refused to be such bail. The debt was finally paid by a member of assembly from Montgomery county, who will probably lose the amount, but may ultimately be the gainer by so doing, by getting rid of Yates' importunities here. At home, Yates is without influence, either as a citizen or a politician; the reader can judge what credence should be given to his statements abroad.

GULL TRAPS. There never was a more disgraceful system of speculation invented than is now carried on in one way and another by means of anti-masonry. Turn which way you will, wherever you see half a dozen anti-masons you will find five of them at least resorting to every stratagem to pick the pockets of the multitude. The love of novelty which is inherent in human nature assists them in their unhalloved proceedings, and there are now within our observation men who are reaping enormous rewards for their perseverance in a regular course of villany. Among others, there is an itinerant fellow in and about Boston, by the name of Jacob Allen, who is getting a better salary than the president of the United States, by retailing what he calls the secrets of masonry. He charges twenty-five cents a head, and we are informed by a Boston anti-masonick paper that his last display in that city was attended by five hundred persons! consequently Allen must have received one hundred and twenty-five dollars as the reward of his villany for one night only! Allen is one of those who are continually preaching up the danger of “religion” and boasting of their own superiour patriotism. It is the custom of the antis to drum up an audience for him wherever he goes, and by their help he is enabled thus shamefully to impose upon the multitude. Will not such evils work their own cure? The intelligence of the people has been greatly overrated if it will suffer such barefaced knavery to exist for any length of time. From the following extract it appears that the authorities of Boston have thought the subject worthy of their notice.

“It seems that Mr. Allen, the new mason-maker, has been to work without license; and on Saturday he was served with a notice, that before he again heats his gridiron, he must obtain leave of the proper city authorities.” [Boston Traveller.

“Religion and law are in danger!” says Mr. Allen, “but I will go to work without license, and if I shall be molested by the city authorities, I will raise a hue and cry about Morgan, masonick persecution, and poor Isaac Murphy! And that will be enough to sanctify the Devil!”

FROM EUROPE. London and Liverpool papers to the 7th of February, have been received at Baltimore. They contain nothing of importance respecting the Russians and Turks. Parliament was opened on the 15th February. The king being unable to attend in person, the speech was read by the lord chancellor. The ministry have at last resolved to attempt a settlement of the Catholic question. In reply to some inquiries of the duke of Newcastle, in the house of lords on the 5th February, the duke of Wellington stated, that it was the intention of his majesty's government to “present to parliament, in the course of the present session, a measure for the adjustment of what is called the Roman Catholic question. That measure would tend to the removal generally of all the disabilities under which the Roman Catholics laboured, with the exception solely of that which rested on special grounds: it would be accompanied also by other measures, rendered necessary by the removal of those disabilities.”

An opinion is entertained by some, that Portugal will eventually be invaded by England, with a view to dethrone Don Miguel and restore tranquility.

The following letter gives a further explanation of the “abduction” of Murphy—we take it from the Rochester Craftsman. The author is a gentleman of the first respectability, and his statements are corroborated by infor-

mation received from other sources. Really, the purity of anti-masonry is of an odd character.

Pittsburgh, March 16th, 1829.

E. J. Roberts, esq., Dear Sir—I observe an article going the rounds of the Anti-Masonick prints, respecting the absence of one Isaac Murphy, esq. from this city, and intimating that such absence was owing to the vengeance of the Masonick Fraternity. Permit me, sir, to inform you that the said Murphy DECAPED from this place some three months since, in order, it is confidently believed, to avoid the payment of his debts, and to keep clear of the law's penalties justly incurred by one of the most audacious swindling transactions, on record. He left the place after having swindled the former editor of the Commonwealth out of his establishment, and entrapped one or two of our citizens out of a considerable sum of money in cash and in the way of security, and leaving unsatisfied claims against him to the amount of \$1200 and upwards. It is known also that Murphy had just received on behalf of a distant client, per order of court, the sum of 800 dollars of theseabouts, which it is believed he has appropriated to his own use, together with a considerable sum more, that he had borrowed for the ostensible purpose of purchasing the Commonwealth, having succeeded in purchasing that paper chiefly on credit. The fellow must have had at least \$1000 in his pocket, when he decamped—a sum probably greater than he ever had previously in possession. This taken into consideration with his heavy debts—his want of professional business—his want of even ordinary talents or attainments—his want of friends here to assist him, and still more—his want of honourable or virtuous principles, (for he was avowedly an infidel) will give you a better idea of the cause of his sudden disappearance than that, urged for effect by the Anti-Masonicks! It is unnecessary to repeat all the arts practised by Murphy to raise money—but the conclusion here is universal that he is an arrant consummate knave and swindler.

Instead of any excitement on the subject of his absence, as is gravely stated in the Cha utauque Phoenix, I have not heard any thing about him for several weeks. No one here believes for an instant, nor ever believed that he was “Morganized” as they are pleased to call it. The idea is superlly ridiculous—Moreover no one knew of his intention to print an Anti-masonick paper. Such an intention not being avowed in his editorial address, and if known, the imbecility of Murphy's character was the best guarantee in the world that he was in no personal danger from any one.

The steamboat Commerce arrived at this city from New-York, yesterday—affording the demonstration that the river is again navigable.

SUMMARY.

DOMESTICK.

Potatoes in Arkansas. We have the authority of a highly respectable correspondent at Cantonment Gibson, for stating, that the United States troops, stationed at that post, have, during the past season, from the cultivation of four and a half acres of ground, gathered eighteen hundred bushels of Irish potatoes—some of which weighed one and a half pounds. [Arkansas Gasr

It is reported that President Jackson will start early in April on an eastern tour.

Mr. Taylor, the contractor to carry the mail between Montgomery and Blakeley, Alabama, finding the rivers impassable for stages, fixed the mail bags upon his shoulders, and swam all the streams from Fort Dale to Rives.

The Washington Telegraph contains the Treaty of Peace, Friendship, Commerce and Navigation, between the United States and Brazil, the ratifications of which were exchanged at Washington on the 18th ult.

A western paper proposes an exchange of lands between the United States and the Mexican government, giving all our territory from the top of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, for that delightful region of country lying between our southwest boundary and the Rio del Norte. This writer supposes that the Oregon will be too distant to compose a part of the Federal Union, while the rich coast lying on the Gulf of Mexico would be quite convenient.

The southern papers mention that general Jackson has been confined to his room for several days past, and that Mr. Monroe, ex-president who has been confined by fever, is convalescent.

The senate of Massachusetts lately amended a bill sent from the house of representatives, by striking out the word larcenary and inserting larceny. The other house agreed to the amendment.

Messrs. Gales & Seaton offer for sale their extensive printing establishment in Washington, except so much of it as will be necessary to publish the National Intelligencer; being deprived of the Congressional printing, they have no further use for it.

An Extraordinary Circumstance.—The New-Orleans Advertiser of Feb. 28 says four months ago, a child two years of age swallowed a needle 21-2 inches long. Yesterday morning the needle was taken out of the right side, just above the hip, where it had forced its way, and was considerably corroded. The child has, for the last three months, taken medicine for the dropsy, her body being much swelled.

The Canadian Giant.—A man is advertised as a curiosity in one the Montreal papers, who is stated to be 6 feet 41-2 inches high, 6 feet 10 inches round the waist, 40 inches round the calf of the leg, and 3 feet 10 round the thigh.—He is 63 years of age, and weighs upwards of 600 lbs. He is to remain only a few days in Montreal on his way to the United States, and thence to Europe.

A REVEREND CONSTABLE.—The Reverend Charles G. Finney, of Reading, Pa. has been elected Constable of that town. He has been for some months zealously engaged in reforming the manners, morals and religion of his people; and they gave him a secular office, by way of experiment, being curious to know, how the word and the precept, the gown and the staff, would work together.

Another Abduction. On Saturday, at Beck's wharf, Philadelphia, a well grown Pig, with a sweet tooth, was feasting on the sugar that had drained from some hogheads. Being rudely driven away, in his hurry to escape, he fell into the river. The owner of a passing boat determined to go the whole hog, grabbed him at once, and bore him away as a lawful prize, despite of the outcries of his owner, and the bye-standers.

The Brewers of Providence (R. I.) are working themselves into quite a foam, and giving vent to immoderate quantities of froth. One firm declares it can produce the best beer, and challenges all others, in a wager of fifty dollars, to make the trial. Another house replies that the wager is insignificant, not worth contending for; and that, owing to numerous orders, it has no time to waste in sporting.

A subscriber of the Kentucky Gazette has written an account of an extraordinary being that appeared in Nicholasville, Kentucky, on the night of the 22d ult. It was in the shape of a man, sixteen feet high. It is probably a traveller from the Ouquaphenoga Swamp, who laid himself down to take a nap in a limestone cave some thousand years since. He has awakened refreshed, and is now prosecuting his journey.

FOREIGN.

India. A law has been made in Canton, condemning those who open shops to sell opium, to death by strangling. Those who are caught smoking, to be exposed two months with wooden collars about their necks, after which they are to be sent to the territories, and given to the soldiers as slaves.

Liberia. By the arrival of the U. States' ship, Shark, at Pensacola, letters are received confirming the death of the Rev. Lot Carey. Prince Abdul Rahaman's letter had been received and translated, with the assistance of a Mahometan priest. The Prince and his family have since embarked at Norfolk for their native land; and have probably arrived there by this time.

Mexico. A letter dated at Vera Cruz, on the 16th Feb. says: "We take the opportunity of informing you that this morning's mail brings us the very pleasing news from the interior, (Puebla and Mexico,) that all is perfectly tranquil. Confidence is fast reviving, and business is once more beginning to resume its wonted activity, and our correspondents write us that all sorts of goods are getting very scarce."

A gentleman from Mexico says that one of the first acts of Guerrero's administration was the solemn acknowledgment of the services rendered to the republic by Commodore Porter, who, with his characteristic promptitude and energy, had greatly contributed to the restoration of good order in the city of Vera Cruz.

Colombia.—The Governor of Porto Cabello, on the 1st of March, published the following:—"News has arrived that the inhabitants of Peru have declared themselves unfavourable to the war with Colombia, and in favour of the Liberator, in consequence of which, the march of the Colombian troops towards Peru has been countermanded. It is also said, that part of the officers and soldiers are shortly to receive their discharge, and that there will be no more drafts from the militia. It is not known whether Bolivar intends going to Peru or not. General Padilla has been shot. By a private letter, it was understood that some of the Colombian officers engaged in the affair at Augustura are to be forthwith sent to Caracas."—The police are very watchful—no person can go or come from the city without a passport; and if any householder receives in his house any person, without giving immediate notice thereof to the police, he is fined fifty dollars.

The British have raised the blockade of Tangiers; the only injury done was probably in preventing our old and excellent friend, Consul Mullany, from shooting snipe along shore in the bay. Besieging Tangiers to bring the government of Morocco to their good behaviour, would be like blockading Amboy Bay to bring the authorities at Albany to their bearings—rather a long shot. Tangiers is a miserable, decayed place; fine as a place of residence, being in a cheap and plentiful country; its situation, in view of Gibraltar and Cape Trafalgar, makes it rather desirable as a place to visit, and there is always a plenty of game to be had. To the antiquarian, it is a place of great interest. Riquing, a Mo-

visco historian of the twelfth century, says, that in his time there was a pillar in Tangiers containing the following inscription: "We are the Canaanites who fled from Joshua the son of Nun, that notorious robber." A colony of those people no doubt came down the Mediterranean to that place.

[N. Y. Eng.]

From the New-York Journal of Commerce.

BURNING OF YORK MINSTER.—We are indebted to an English gentleman now in this city, for the following description of the York Minster, and its almost total destruction by fire on the 2nd of February:

"This stupendous pile, the magnificent remains of past ages, and one of the most splendid architectural structures in Europe, is now little better than a heap of ruins. It was accidentally discovered to be on fire about seven in the morning, by a chorister who was passing the spacious yard, and on his giving the alarm, the massive doors were thrown open, and the whole cathedral was seen filled with smoke. In the south side of the choir, is a low range of rooms formerly used as oratories, but now occupied as vestries. In one of these the fire had originated, and as the opening of the doors admitted a strong current of air, the flames were communicated to the richly carved case of the organ, and before the engines had arrived, this invaluable portion of the cathedral was entirely destroyed, and its vaulted roof enveloped in flames. However, by the prompt and indefatigable exertions of the populace, the engines were successfully brought to bear upon the devastating element, and by nine o'clock its progress was arrested. At one time the flames burst through the roof near the dome, and were to be seen rearing their awful crest high above the noble edifice, and threatening it with complete destruction. The numerous assemblage who had gained admittance to the yard, gazed upon the scene with an intensity of interest that it is impossible to describe: and the multitude of spectators in the streets, though unable to take an active part, continually cheered those whose exertions had nearly exhausted them. The West and East windows were objects of marked attention. The latter exceeds in dimensions any Gothic window in the world; and for beauty, originality of design, and excellence of colouring stands equally univalled. A strong glare of light was continually falling upon the richly stained glass, and revealed its transparent beauties in more than their wonted attraction.

"The Screen, of which you have often heard, as being of elaborate tabernacle workmanship, decorated with pediments, niches, pinnacles and canopies, and containing the mutilated statues of, I believe, fifteen of the English monarchs, was happily preserved. But the organ, so celebrated in the annals of music, being surpassed in compass and richness of tone only by the one in Harlem, but superior even to that in architectural beauty and mechanical contrivance, was entirely consumed. The famous silver pastoral staff, the gorgeous chalice, massive candelabras, the Verger's insignia, Sub-sacrist's silver chain and keys, together with the whole of the communion plate, were also destroyed. The celebrated chair, so valuable from its having been the throne of several of their Saxon Majesties, which stood within the pale of the altar, was at one time ignited, and those parts which escaped the fire, decayed as they were by age, fell to pieces beneath the pressure of the crowd or the ruthless grasp of the firemen. The damage occasioned to the edifice is estimated at £70,000 to £80,000; and should it prove that the antique horn has been burnt, the greater part of the landed revenues will be entirely lost to the Minster. You will doubtless remember that this is the third instance on record, of the York Cathedral having been burnt. If my memory does not deceive me, so far back as 1069, when the Norman garrison was attacked by the Danes and Northumbrians, the cathedral, with a portion of the town, was reduced to ashes. It was however rebuilt by a rich Norman named Thomas, and in 1157 again fell a prey to the flames, with the Abbey of St. Mary and thirty-nine parish churches. At the end of 150 years it was again rebuilt, and the different periods when it was raised can easily be traced, from the alterations in the style of architecture.

The length of the building from East to West, was 527 1-2 feet; its breadth at the East end 105 feet, and at the West 109. The height of the principal tower was 213 feet, of the two western towers 196. Of the body of the edifice 99.—The first information we have of the city being an ecclesiastical establishment is, I think, so far back as 814: and the first bishop, invested by pope Honorius, was Paulinus, who, if I mistake not, figures in history as having converted the queen of Edwin, King of Northumbria, to Christianity. In 1514 the butcher's son arose to the metropolitan dignity, and was installed as arch-bishop of York.

* This window was executed about 1405, at the sole expense of the dean and chapter, and the glass was stained by one John Thornton, who undertook to finish it in three years, at four shillings per week. † There is an antique horn, at least so it is generally termed, though it is believed to have been manufactured from an elephant's tooth. By the possession of this curiosity, the Cathedral holds tracts of lands of immense value, which were granted to the minster by Ulphus, a Saxon prince of Deira.

WHAT NEXT? Some of the anti-masonick presses recommend the establishment of a National Anti-Masonick Tract Society. It cannot longer be denied but what certain leaders of the anti-masonick party are endeavouring to connect the two questions of religion and anti-masonry! How far they will admit of a union any one can easily determine who will take the trouble to examine them separately. One is full of mercy, charity, goodness and universal love to all mankind. The other is full of pride, vindictiveness and hatred. How far such a union will redound to the interests and glory of religion perhaps such men as John Hascall and David C. Miller, can easily foretell. They probably imagine that by connecting the two questions they

may be enabled to bring religion into disrepute, and exalt themselves upon the ruin of its altar. [Batavia Times.]

A good anecdote is in circulation in this county, which comes pretty well authenticated from Albany. A gentleman in that city met a boy in the street, with a bundle of pamphlets on his arm, crying, "Hazelton's Speech on the Morgan affair!" The gentleman, curious to know what could come, in the shape of a speech, from such a source, gave the boy a shilling and took one. The boy went on, reiterating his cry, and the gentleman opening his pamphlet, found nothing but a few white leaves. "Here, boy! here's a mistake; this is all blank!" "No mistake at all, sir," replied the boy—"they are all so!" Those acquainted with our assemblyman, cannot fail of seeing the palpable hit.

[Fredonia Censor.]

One Lauren Dewy, sometimes publisher of a paper, sometimes schoolmaster in the back towns of this county, sometimes a journeyman printer, is now we perceive exclusively employed as editor of an anti-masonick paper at Union Village, in this state. One of his brightest ideas in his editorial debut is, that "he will oppose the existence of any sect or denomination whose object and design may prove to be the acquisition of political power." Such an editor ought to have a pair of leather spectacles, that he might see the designs of the party whose cause he has espoused.

[Ibid.]

The Wayne Sentinel, has renounced anti-masonry, as practiced by the leaders of that party at the present time. The article is well written and deserves a candid perusal.

The Buffalo Republican has also denounced political anti-masonry, and taken a bold and decided stand against the machinations of its corrupt leaders.

The Brockport Recorder has announced its intention of pursuing the same course. Independent presses are multiplying every day.

[Times.]

The town of Sheldon, in this county, has elected the liberal ticket throughout, for town officers—the supervisor being a mason. The whole ticket was carried by four to one.

[Ibid.]

The editor of the Cleveland News-Letter took one pill of anti-masonry, which appears to have completely satisfied him, and he now seems disposed to throw such 'physick to the dogs.'

[Censor.]

¶ The Western Monthly Review, is published in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the close of every month: Each number will contain 56 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages.

Contents of No. 9:—Impediments of American Literature, Good Society, The Pilgrims, The Greek Revolution, Irving's Orations, Culture of Silk, Changes in Matter, and their Causes. Notices of Periodicals—Mrs. Hale's Ladies' Magazine, The Transylvanian, Sabbath School Visitant, Christian Examiner, Unitarian Advocate, Journal of Education.

Gentlemen disposed to patronize this work, are requested to enclose \$3 to the publisher, when the numbers will be regularly forwarded according to the directions given.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market-street, (opposite the Connecticut Coffee-house,) keeps constantly on hand, and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1839.

FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY. The proprietors of this Foundry, offer on liberal terms, the following articles, viz:—Roman and Italic. Fourteen, Twelve, Ten, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, and Four Lines Pica, plain, Canon, Meridian, Double Great Primer, Double English, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, English, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Two Line Letter. Minion, and all larger, Nonpareil, Pearl. Full Face. English and Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion.

Borders and Flowers of every kind. Antiques. Ten and Six Lines, Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, English and Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil.

Blacks. Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, English and Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer.

Open Blacks. Great Primer, Double Great Primer, and Four Lines Pica.

Italians. Seven Lines Pica, Five Lines Pica. Tuscan. Eight Lines Pica, Four Lines Pica.

Shaded Letter. Eight Lines Pica, Four Lines Pica, Double Great Primer, Two Lines Brevier, Two Lines Nonpareil, Eight Lines Pica, Ornamented, Six Lines Pica, Ornamented.

Leads. Six to pica and thicker, Seven to pica, Eight to pica. Quotations: Space Rules, from one to eight ems, Long Primer; Astronomical, and other signs; Spanish and French Accents; Fractions; Composing Sticks from twenty to four inches in length; Cases; Chases; Slice, Brass, and common Galleys; Iron and Mahogany Furniture; Prout's ink; Skins; parchment; points. Presses also furnished.

Several new founts of letter have been cut; and it has been the aim of the proprietors to combine the beauty of the modern, with the clearness and durability of the ancient style of typography, and to produce types at once handsome, legible, and useful. Specimens of these will be sent to printers. The greatest care has been taken in the composition of the metal with which all their founts of letter are cast.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room No. 41, State-street, or at their Foundry, Eagle-street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & Co. Albany, Feb. 14, 1839.

POETRY.

For the American Masonick Record.

TO MY MUSE.

Come, long neglected muse,
Once more I crave thy aid;
And canst thou longer dare refuse,
Thou Heliconian maid,
To aid me in my deep distress,
To share my pains and make them less?

In former days I sung,
And soothed my cares awhile;
Long has my lyre remained unstrung,
Nor fortune deigned to smile;
Again I tune my rustick lays;
O soothe me as in former days!
What though the classic page
To me has been denied;
Thou canst my woes assuage,
With wholesome truths applied;
Let me not shun the rustick bower
Where Truth and Melody have power.

Not on the lists of Fame
Can I expect to shine;
No title "gilds my humble name;"
A humble rank is mine;
But when I visit thy pure cell,
Celestial maid, O please me well

Randolph, Vt.

G. G.

From the (Boston) American Manufacturer.

THE CHURCH YARD.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

It was a clear, calm night of June;
On mound, and wall, and ivy wreath,
Slept the pale radiance of the moon,
Like beauty in the arms of death.
It was a blessed season—such
As spirits choose for wandering forth,
When trembling to their viewless touch
The lyre of heaven is heard on earth.
The churchyard, with its solemn lines
Of pale gray stones—and crumbled wall—
Its dark green mounds—like sacred shrines,
Where weeping love might yield its all,
Bathed in the solemn moonshine, now
Seemed all unfit for earthly things,
Save as a spot for man to bow
His heart to old remembrings.
Of love that bloomed no more for him,
Of severed hearts and sundered faith—
Of all that makes our morning dim—
The harvest and the spoil of death!
There came a man—with hurried tread
He passed above the peaceful dead—
One long, stern glance around he flung,
As if he feared that man should know
The feelings of despair that wrung
His spirit in its hour of woe.
He knelt him by a mound of earth,
And clear the ghastly moonlight fell
Along the brow that shadowed forth
The anguish and the pride of hell!
'T is ever thus when misery treads
So closely on the path of crime;
The tortured heart that inly bleeds
Bears up against the evil time.
It would not that the world should gaze
On crime and passion's burning seal—
Nor let the eye of pity trace
The anguish which it could not heal.
I knew him then—though crime had given
A wildness to his wandering eye,
And years of haunting thought had driven
The light from being's troubled sky.
A name was trembling on his lips—
The name of her who slept beneath,
And then I knew the cold eclipse
That gloomy as the pall of death,
Enwrap his soul—I knew that he
Had seen her early sun go down—
That fiend-like he had joyed to see
Love tremble at his withering frown.
Contrition, mighty as the wrong,
Came o'er his haunted mind at last,
And phrenzied feelings, smothered long,
O'er heart and brain in lightning passed.

Well might he mourn—a fairer flower
Ne'er bloomed to feed the spoiler's pride,
To be the idol of an hour
Then flung—a worthless weed aside.
She died, as high souls always die—
She asked no pity—no relief;
But veiled from friendship's searching eye
The secret of her early grief.
And thus she faded—life went out,
As vanishes some gentle star
When morning's light is drawn about
The pathway of its golden car.

THE OLD SEA-PORT.

BY DELTA.

I.
When winds were wailing round me,
And Day, with closing eye,
Peeped from beneath the sullen clouds,
Of pale November's sky,—
In downcast meditation,
All silently I stood,
Gazing the wintry ocean's
Unbounded barren flood.

II.
A place more mild and lonely
Was no where to be seen;
The caverned sea-rocks beetled o'er
The billows rushing green;
There was no sound from aught around,
Save 'mid the echoing caves,
The plashing and the dashing
Of melancholy waves.

III.
High 'mid the lowering waste of sky,
The grey gulls flew in swarms;
And, far beneath, the brine upheaved
The sea-weed's tangly arms;
The face of nature in a pall
Dim shrouded seemed to be,
As silently I listened there
The dirges of the sea.

IV.
In twilight's shadowy scowling,
Not far remote there lay
An old dim smoky sea-port,
Within a sheltered bay;
Through for past generations
Its blackened piles had stood,
And, though the abode of human things,
It looked like solitude;—

V.
Of lifeless solitude it spake,
And silence, and decay;
Of old, wild times departed;
Of beings passed away;
Of lonely vessels beating up
Against the whelming breeze;
Of tempest-stricken mariners,
Upon the pathless seas.

VI.
I thought of venerable men,
Whose dust lies in their graves;
Who left that now deserted port,
To breast the trampling waves;
How, in their shallops picturesque,
Unawed, they drifted forth;
Directed by the one bright star
That points the stormy North.

VII.
And how, when swept the tempest blast,
Along the groaning earth,
Pale widows with their orphans
Would cower beside the hearth,
All sadly thinking on the ships,
That, buffeting the breeze,
Held but a fragile plank betwixt
Their sailors and the seas!

VIII.
Yet how, on their returning,
Such wondrous tales they told,
Of birds with rainbow plumages
And trees with fruits of gold;
Of perils in the wilderness,
Beside the lion's den;
And huts beneath the palm trees,
Where dwelt the painted men.

IX.
'Mid melancholy fancies,
My spirit loved to stray
Back through the mists of hooded Eld,
Lone wandering far away;

When dim eyed Superstition
Upraised her eldritch croon,
And witches held their orgies
Beneath the waning moon.

X.
Yes! through Tradition's twilight,
To days hath Fancy flown,
When Canmore, or when Kenneth, dree'd
The Celts' uneasy crown;
When men were bearded savages,
An unlightened horde,
'Mid which gleamed Cunning's scapulaire,
And War's unshrinking sword.

XI.
And, in their rusty hauberts,
Thronged past the plaided bands;
And slanting lay the Norsemen's keels
On ocean's dreary sands;
And, in the moorlands dreary,
The cairn, with lichens grey,
Marked where their souls shrieked forth in blood,
On battle's iron day.

XII.
Waned all these tranced visions;—
But, on my pensive sight,
Remained the old dim sea-port,
Beneath the scowl of night.
The sea mews from their island cliffs
Had left the homeless sky;
And to the dirges of the blast
The wild seas made reply.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE BARK OF DEATH.

In Fancy's world a valley lies
Of dark and fearful hue,
Where, noiseless, viewless, vast of size,
A river oozes through.

Across that river to and fro
A bark still gliding keeps;
Yet stirs it not that wave below,
In silence drear that sleeps.

For spectral as a cloud by night
That bark appears to view;
Nor can the form that guides its flight
Be seen the darkness through.

'T is Death! a shadow huge and dim
He sits, to pilot o'er
Enfranchised ghosts, recalled by him
From Time's spright-haunted shore.

O whither glides that spectral bark?
For 'mid the gloom 't is gone!—
Again, through vista lone and dark,
It comes, with Death alone!

Once more to Time's o'ershadowed coast
It speeds!—once more appears,
Surcharged with many a silent ghost,
And towards the Future steers.

And thus, while Time's dread course shall last,
O'er that dark river's tide,
To fill the Future from the Past,
Death's bark shall ever glide.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

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BOOK-BINDING Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market-streets, Albany. **WILLIAM SEYMOUR**, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super-extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Feb 14

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THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by **E. B. CHILD**, AT THE CORNER OF NORTH MARKET AND STEUBEN STREETS, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS—To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, in advance—otherwise, *Three Dollars*. **JOB PRINTING** neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1829.

NO. 11.

MASONICK RECORD.

PUBLICK OPINION.

BROOME COUNTY.

At a meeting of young men of the town of Windsor, in the county of Broome, and its vicinity, convened at the house of Enos B. Rexford, on the 29th day of January, 1829, pursuant to publick notice given, for the purpose of examining into the merits of the institution of Freemasonry, and the reasons and effects of the present excitement against the institution, in which **SENECA DIMOCK** was chosen chairman, and **OVITT COLE**, secretary:—

Resolved unanimously, that in reviewing the institution of Freemasonry, and discussing its merits and demerits, and reviewing its effects as a whole, or its individual members and patrons, we can see no well grounded cause of alarm, or good reasons for opposition to the same.

Resolved, that we view the present excitement against, and opposition to, the institution of freemasonry, and attempts to persecute its members, as improper and unreasonable; and that we will use our utmost exertions and best endeavours to allay and put a stop to the progress of the same.

Resolved, that we view those men who say they are masons, and have renounced the institution, and have undertaken to reveal the mysteries of the order, and have published to the world the oaths that they say they have taken, with distrust and contempt, and do not hesitate to say that they are not entitled to belief, but have set an example bad in principle, of evil example to the rising generation, in destroying all confidence between man and man—destroying the force of arguments, associations, and the most solemn obligations between man and man, and ought to be held in universal contempt by good and virtuous men.

Resolved, that we find amongst the members of the masonick institution men of talents and integrity, and whom the people have delighted to honour; and that our confidence remains in them unimpaired, and that we are led to distrust the motives of those who resolve to withdraw their support and confidence from worthy and respectable individuals in society, merely because they belong to the masonick institution.

Resolved, that those men that are not masons who are actively engaged in exciting and promoting the present opposition, are in our opinion acting upon the faith and declarations of renouncing masons, who have destroyed their own testimony, and will, we trust, sooner or later, see their folly, and despise the traitors.

Resolved unanimously, when we see men prostitute the sacred functions of the ministerial office, and lending their aid and their money to slander an institution and the members thereof; and adding falsehood to calumny, and going from place to place, heading meetings and countenancing resolutions, apparently of a political and mercenary character, as lately witnessed in this place and others adjoining it, we do not hesitate to pronounce them unfit members of civil and religious society, and unworthy of the ministerial character, and ought to be held up to the world in their true character.

Resolved, that this meeting view with ineffable disgust and contempt the assemblages of a set of office seeking demagogues, for the specifick purpose of disfranchising a large class of our fellow citizens, members of the masonick fraternity, men of probity, talents, and high standing in society, and consider that the time will speedily arrive, when such men will find their level, when undue excitement will have subsided, and honest credulity will have returned to a discriminating view of the base and sinister purposes of their leaders.

SENECA DIMOCK, Ch'n.

OVITT COLE, Sec'y.

[The address adopted at the above meeting we shall publish in a future number of the Record.]

RENSSELAER COUNTY.

At a very numerous and respectable meeting of the electors of Stephentown, in the county of Rensselaer, without distinction of parties, at the inn of Ebenezer Bull, for the purpose of nominating town officers, **RUFUS SWEET**, esq. in the chair, and **RANDALL A. BROWN** secretary—

On motion of Dr. Elijah Graves, it was unanimously resolved that a committee of five be appointed to draft and report to this meeting resolutions expressive of their views of anti-masonry. Messrs. Alonzo I. Chadsey, Randall A. Brown, Aurelius Webster, John O. Bligh, and Ezekiel Huntington, jr. were chosen to compose said committee.

After the nomination of town officers was completed, Mr. A. I. Chadsey, from the committee, reported the following preamble and resolutions.

Whereas a party denominating themselves anti-masons, composed of the broken down politicians of all parties, have for a few years past been making fearful progress in our country and more particularly in our state, having their origin in the alleged abduction and assassination of one man by a few individuals, of which we have as yet but presumptive evidence: And whereas, this same party has of late become organized in our town, threatening political destruction to not only masons but to those who will not go all lengths in their proscriptive course. We, therefore, the independent electors of Stephentown, members of all former political parties, feel constrained by the duty we owe ourselves and our country here unitedly and publickly to express our views in regard to anti-masonry.

Resolved, that although we are not masons, and may never belong to that ancient fraternity, we cannot as yet but regard that order on whose records are enrolled the names of those who have been the brightest ornaments and fathers of our country with respect, and that although masons may have erred, yet we must believe that what Washington embraced and Clinton avowed and advocated, are not subversive of our liberties or dangerous to our country.

Resolved, that we consider the shuffling course and wild enthusiasm of the leaders of the anti-masonick party, and their exertions to keep the publick mind excited to such an unnatural and unhealthy pitch, as fully evincing their objects to be wholly self aggrandizement, regardless of the consequences or of the claims and sentiments of others, however qualified.

Resolved, that we consider the connexion or union of politics and anti-masonry as extremely dangerous to the liberties of our country.

Resolved, that we consider all men of moral and respectable standing whether masons or not, if qualified for the discharge of official duties, as having equal claims upon our support and the same right to our suffrages.

Resolved, that we conceive it a duty and an obligation strictly binding upon us as citizens of a free country, to oppose the political operations and schemes of the anti-masonick party on the ground that such measures are an infringement of the rights of a free people, extremely dangerous in their tendency and destructive in their consequences.

We, therefore, acting under a strict sense of our duty and in conformity to the above opinions, mutually pledge ourselves to use all fair and honourable exertions for the above objects.

On motion of captain Benjamin Chase, it was then unanimously resolved, that the above preamble and resolutions be adopted as the sense of this meeting, and that a copy thereof be signed by the chairman and secretary and publication requested in the Troy Budget and Troy Sentinel, Albany Argus and Gazette, and all other papers in the state friendly to the principles they avow.

RUFUS SWEET, Ch'n.

RANDALL A. BROWN, Sec'y.

VERMONT.

Pursuant to publick notice given in the Rutland Herald of the 17th of March, a large number of persons opposed to the existing anti-masonick excitement, convened at the inn of T. L. Reed in Wallingford, Vermont, on Tuesday the 24th March. The convention was called to order and its object

explained by Mr. Nathaniel Pine—when, Maj. **ROBINSON HALL**, of Wallingford, was called to the chair, and **HARVEY BROWN**, of Wallingford, appointed assistant chairman. **E. C. PURDY**, of Rutland, was appointed Secretary.

Nathaniel Pine, Alfred Hull, Chester Spencer, Harvey Brown and Gilbert Roberts, of Wallingford; E. C. Purdy of Rutland, Henry Ballard, of Tiamouth, and Rufus Crowley, of Mount-Holly, were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the convention, and to report order of proceedings.

On motion, the convention was then adjourned, to meet again at the Baptist meeting-house in one hour; and the above named committee proceeded to business.

The convention organized at the meeting-house, pursuant to adjournment, when the order of proceedings was reported, and separate addresses were read by Messrs. Chester Spencer and Nathaniel Pine, agreeable to appointment at a previous meeting.

The committee appointed to draft resolutions, reported the following, which were separately read and adopted:—

Resolved, that as good and peaceable citizens, we consider it our imperative duty to use at all times our best exertions to promote the peace and harmony of society—and especially at the present time, to allay if possible the unhappy excitement on the subject of Freemasonry; without wishing in the least to stifle a free inquiry into the merits of the institution, or to prevent a cool and dispassionate discussion of its principles.

Resolved, that we will patronize such newspapers as we please, unrestrained by "resolves" or party spirit; that we, however, prefer those which encourage the practice of virtue—are guided by just and honourable motives—and do not degrade their columns to the service of unprincipled partisans.

Resolved, that we will encourage such men in office as are best qualified;—that our inquiry respecting a candidate shall be, "Is he honest, is he capable, will he support the best interests of his country?" and not, "Does he belong to this or that society?"

Resolved, that we deeply deplore and sincerely lament that publick confidence has been so much abused, and that the common respect and deference due to the aged should have been so repeatedly disregarded.

[After this resolution was read, a sharp and acrimonious debate was commenced by certain anti-masons, evidently for the purpose of interrupting the proceedings. The resolution was declared adopted, but this not proving satisfactory, the vote was again taken, when it was adopted by a large majority. The anti-masons, a large number being present, now commenced a clamour, which soon heightened into an incessant bawl; whereupon, the chairman, unable to preserve order, promptly adjourned the convention to the inn of T. L. Reed. The more orderly part immediately repaired thither and resumed the business for which they were called together.]

Resolved, that we believe the assertion that all masons who are true to their principles are "sworn cut-throats and assassins," uncandid and untrue; and those who utter such an assertion destitute of that heaven-born charity by which they have publickly professed to be governed.

On motion, Voted, that the proceedings of this convention be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published.

On motion, Voted, that the Secretary be requested to publish so much of the addresses this day delivered as he shall find convenient and proper.

ROBINSON HALL, Ch'n.

E. C. PURDY, Sec'y.

[Remarks by the Editor of the Rutland Herald.]

Previous to our attendance at this convention, we had not conceived it possible for beings in the shape of men to step so far from decency and propriety as characterised the conduct of the anti-masons on this occasion. However warm may be the rage of partyism, yet there are bounds over which the most enthusiastick are not apt to leap—bounds which a just sense of common propriety and politeness prescribes to all. Beastly must be that spirit which drives every latent impulse of generosity from the human breast, and reckless the man who yields to its maddening sway.

This convention was called particularly for those who were "neither masons nor anti-masons." It was expected and desired that such would attend as spectators; and it was equally desirable that they should go no farther than was proper for mere passive witnesses of the doings of the convention. So far as the masons were concerned, this principle was, we believe, strictly adhered to—their deportment was marked by the strictest propriety. The deportment of the anti-masons, to their shame be it said, was

directly the reverse. Upon the publick annunciation that this convention was forthcoming, the leaders of the anti-masonick cabal became alarmed; they saw that the veil of delusion which they had thrown over the eyes of the weak and the ignorant, would be torn away—the mirror of truth held up to view—and their depraved plottings exposed. They trembled for the consequences. What was to be done? The anti-masonick tocsin was sounded—and the haggard clan was assembled together for the express purpose of voting down what could not be opposed by facts or argument. But here they met with a complete failure. This plan was an abortion—they were a puny minority. Goaded and stung to the quick by this failure, the anti-masons (headed by a swinish "limb [tail] of the law," with more bristles on his back than brains in his head,) now commenced a deafening, clamorous bawl. Their conduct would have disgraced an Indian *poto-wow*. Under these circumstances, an immediate adjournment of the convention to another place was deemed absolutely necessary, to preserve order, and answer the ends for which it was called.

We need no more to convince us of the general character of the anti-masonick cabal—no more to convince us that it will soon become like the "baseless fabrick of a vision." It will soon work its own downfall. There is a redeeming spirit even among the anti-masons. Mr. Nathaniel Pine, who read an address to the convention, (which will probably hereafter be published in this paper,) was, a short time since, a warm anti-mason. But the utter recklessness of spirit which characterised the party, led him to pause and reflect. Reflection brought conviction, and he now acknowledges the strong infatuation under which he laboured. He very justly compares the present anti-masonick excitement to that which existed in the days of "Salem witchcraft." Deluded beings!

[A sketch of the remarks of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Pine, we intend to publish in a future number of the Record.]

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

VELOCITY OF SOUND.

The last number of the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal contains a table of the experiments made by Captain Parry and Lieutenant Foster, during the northern expeditions, to ascertain the velocity of sound. These experiments were made at Port Bowen, by means of a brass six-pounder, over a range of 12,892.89 feet. The results given are the mean of four shots in one case, of five in another, and in the rest, of six shots, by each observer. The table gives the points of the wind, its quality, the heights of the barometer and thermometer. For these we refer to the table, contenting ourselves with the mean results, which varied from 12,7617 to 11,7387 and 11,5311 for the time in which the range of 12,892.80 feet was traversed by the sound. At the period of the experiment which gave the first of these results, there was a calm; during the second the wind was light; during the third a strong wind was blowing. The velocity per second in feet, was, in the first instance, 1010.28; in the second, 1090.32; in the third, 1118.10. Omitting the last of the ten results (the last above given) on account of the strong wind, the mean of the other nine give a velocity of 1035.19 feet at the temperature of 17.72 Fahrenheit. The mean of a table of velocities formed from observations made at Fort Franklin by Lieutenant Kendall, who accompanied Captain Franklin in his second journey to the shore of the Polar Sea, gives a velocity of 1069.28 feet per second at the temperature of 9.14 Fahrenheit.

ERIMETRE, OR WOOL MEASURER.

M. Skiadan, land proprietor in the province of Noronege, (Russia,) has lately invented an instrument, the *erimetre*, for the measurement of bodies so small as to be scarcely visible. It measures the ten thousandth part of an inch. The inventor has already used it in several experiments, in which the aid of the microscope would have given merely approximative results; and by it he has ascertained that the thread of the spider's web is thicker than gold leaf. The *Revue Encyclopedique*, in expressing an opinion on the invention, says it appears to be free from the disadvantages to be objected against all instruments that have been hitherto used for the same purpose. The measurement is effected with astonishing promptitude, nicest exactness, without fatiguing the eye. The measure is divided into one hundred

thousandth parts of an English inch. By the assistance of the *erimetre*, the breeders of sheep who desire to improve their stock, may choose, by the fineness of their wool, the best rams to breed from; they may even ascertain the different degrees of fineness of the wool, in different parts of the body of the animal, or if a single hair be of the same diameter throughout its whole length.

CONSUMPTION.

A number of experiments have been made in France on ducks and chickens, by M. Flourens, from which he draws the following conclusions:—first, that cold exercises a constant and decided action on the lungs of the animals; secondly, that the effect of that action is more rapid and serious in proportion to the youth of the animal; thirdly, that when cold does not produce an acute pulmonary inflammation, speedily mortal, it produces a chronic inflammation; which is in fact pulmonary consumption; fourthly, that heat constantly prevents the inroad of pulmonary consumption; that when it has actually commenced, heat suspends its progress, and that sometimes heat even leads to a perfect cure; fifthly, that to whatever height it may have arrived, this malady is never contagious.

FLEAS.

Fleas breed and undergo their metamorphosis in a manner somewhat similar to the silk-worm. A number of eggs being collected from a dog, and put into a pill-box, in a few days produced hairy caterpillars, which were fed with dead flies, and which the caterpillars ate in a very voracious manner. It was observed, occasionally, that they cast their skins; and in about ten days after their exclusion from the egg, they spun and wove themselves little cases after the manner of silk-worms, in which they remained enclosed in the chrysalis state about nine days, and then came forth perfect fleas, armed with sufficient powers to disturb the rest or even the peace of an Emperor.

The muscular power of the flea is almost beyond belief. Latreille mentions a circumstance of a flea of a moderate size dragging a silver cannon, mounted on wheels, that was twenty-four times its own weight; and which being charged with powder, was fired, without the flea being at all alarmed. Socrates appears to have measured the leap of a flea, and found it extended to two hundred and fifty times its own length; a most astonishing leap! It was as if a man of ordinary stature should be able at once to vault through the air to the distance of a quarter of a mile! [Technological Repository.]

A SPIDER WITH TEN EYES.

The last number of the Repository just cited, notices having been seen by the editor, under an opaque microscope, a black spider from Africa, with no less than ten eyes. Of these, four were placed in a square cluster in the front of its head; two on each side of the front, affixed in pairs, on raised appendages; and two large ones were placed behind the head.

THE GATHERER.

From the Liverpool Times.

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

The mischief that the Ants in general occasion, by eating books, papers, silks, or clothes, is nothing when compared with their penetrating the beams of a house or destroying the timbers of a ship; on one occasion they attacked the *Albion*, a British ship of the line, and, in spite of the efforts of the commander and crew, after having boarded, they got possession of her, and handled her so roughly, that had she not been tightly lashed together it was thought she would have foundered on the way home; as it was, when she was brought into port, she was totally unfit for service, and was obliged to be broken up.

It was stated in a London paper of 1814, that the superb residence of the Governor General at Calcutta, the erection of which cost the East India Company immense sums of money, was rapidly going to decay, owing to the attack of *Ants*.

Though the mischiefs of the Ants are so great, they are probably counterbalanced by the good they produce, in quickly destroying dead trees, &c. Such is their celerity in this particular, that in a few weeks, they will carry off and destroy the trunks of large trees. The total destruction of deserted towns is accomplished in three or four years, not the least vestige of a house remaining.

Some persons like the taste of these insects so much that after nipping off the heads and wings, they will eat them with the greatest voracity. They say that they are of an extremely agreeable acidity.

Mr. Smeathman (a gentleman who read a paper before the Royal Society, February 15, 1781, on Ants) relates that a party of them once took a fancy to a pipe of fine old Madeira, for the sake of the staves alone, not caring at all for the wine, and completely destroyed the wood of it. Mr. S. divides these insects into three orders: 1st. the working insects or labourers; 2d. the fighters or soldiers; 3d. the winged or perfect insects, which are male and female, and capable of multiplying the species. The last he calls the nobility and gentry, for they neither labour nor fight. The different functions of the labourers and soldiers, or the civil and military establishments, are illustrated in an attempt to examine their nests or city. On making a breach on any part of this structure with an instrument, a soldier appears and walks round the breach, as if to see if the enemy be gone, or to examine whence the attack proceeds. Soon labourers are ordered up in vast numbers to repair the breach, and a soldier over-looks about 500 in the operation. They carry mortar for the repairs and soon are as secure as ever. If the attack is repeated and an attempt made to reach the royal chamber, soldiers and workmen all congregate round it, and will loyally die in the defence of their king and queen.

Dr. Franklin once put a pot of treacle into a closet, to which several ants got. He shook all out but one, and then tied the pot with a thin string to a nail, fastened to the ceiling, so that it hung down by it. As soon as the Ant was satisfied, it wanted to get out, but for some time could not discover the way. At last it found after many attempts the way to the ceiling by going along the string. Then it ran to the wall, and from thence to the ground. It had scarcely been away half an hour, when a great swarm of ants came out, got up to the ceiling, crept along the string to the pot, and began to eat again. This was done till the treacle was gone; one swarm running down the string, the other up it.

I will now conclude with giving you a short account of their buildings. "With regard to man, (says Mr. Smeathman) his greatest works, the boasted pyramids, fall comparatively short, in size alone, of the structures raised by these insects. They are not above a quarter of an inch in length; but the structures they raise are frequently 10 or 12 feet or upwards above the surface of the earth." If the height of a man was 6 feet, Mr. S. calculates that the buildings of these insects may be considered, relatively to their size and that of man, as raised nearly five times as high as the greatest Egyptian pyramid. Their tunnels would expand to a magnificent cylinder of more than 300 feet in diameter. It may be added, that with respect to the interior construction, and the various members and disposition of the parts of the buildings, they appear greatly to exceed any and every work of human construction.

TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD, &c.

"When our friends we lose,
Our altered feelings alter to our views;
What in their tempers, teased or distressed'd,
Is with our anger, and the dead at rest;
And must we grieve, no longer trial made,
For that impatience which we then display'd?
Now to their love and worth of every kind,
A soft compunction turns the afflicted mind;
Virtues neglected then, adored become,
And graces slighted, blossom on the tomb." *Crabbe*.

"It was the early wish of Pope," says Dr. Knox, "that when he died, not a stone might tell where he lay. It is a wish that will commonly be granted with reluctance. The affection of those whom we leave behind us is at a loss for methods to display its wonted solicitude, and seeks consolation under sorrow, in doing honour to all that remains.

It is natural that filial piety, parental tenderness, and conjugal love, should mark, with some fond memorial, the clay-clod spot where the form, still fostered in the bosom, moulders away. And did affection go no farther, who would censure? But, in recording the virtues of the departed, either zeal or vanity leads to an excess perfectly ludicrous. A marble monument, with an inscription palpably false and ridiculously pompous, is far more offensive to true taste, than the wooden memorial of the rustick, sculptured with painted bones, and decked out with death's head in all the colours of the rainbow. There is an elegance and a classical simplicity in the turf-clad heap of mould which covers the poor man's grave, though it has nothing to defend it from the insults of the proud but a bramble. The primrose that grows upon it is a better ornament than the gilded lies on the oppressor's tombstone.

The Greeks had a custom of bedecking tombs with herbs and flowers, among which parsley was chiefly in use, as appears from Plutarch's story of Timoleon, who, marching up an ascent, from the top of which he might take a view of the army and strength of the Carthaginians, was met by a company of mules laden with parsley, which his soldiers conceived to be a very ill boding and fatal occurrence, that being the very herb wherewith they adorned the sepulchres of the dead. This custom gave birth to that despairing proverb, when we pronounce of one dangerously sick, that he has need of nothing but parsley; which is in effect to say, he's a dead man, and ready for the grave. All sorts of purple and white flowers were acceptable to the dead; as the amaranthus, which was first used by the Thessalians to adorn Achilles's grave. The rose, too, was very grateful; nor was the use of myrtle less common. In short, graves were bedecked with garlands of all sorts of flowers, as appears from Agamemnon's daughter in Sophocles:—

"No sooner came I to my father's tomb,
But milk fresh pour'd in copious streams did flow,
And flowers of ev'ry sort around were strow'd."

Several other tributes were frequently laid upon graves, as ribands; whence it is said that Epaminondas's soldiers being disanimated at seeing the riband that hung upon his spear carried by the wind to a certain Lacedæmonian sepulchre, he bid them take courage, for that it portended destruction to the Lacedæmons, it being customary to deck the sepulchres of their dead with ribands. Another thing dedicated to the dead was their hair. Electra, in Sophocles, says, that Chrysosthemis to pay this honour:—

"With drink off rings and locks of hair we must,
According to his will, his tomb adorn."

It was likewise customary to perfume the grave stones with sweet ointments, &c.

EATING AND WRITING.

Ovid, Horace, and Virgil all frequented the tables of the great; Cato warmed his virtue with wine; Shakspeare kept up his *verve* with stolen venison; Steele and Addison wrote their best papers over a bottle; Sir Walter Scott is famed for good housekeeping; and I know authors who love to dine like lords. Even booksellers do their spiriting more gently for good fare, and bid for an author the most spiritedly after dinner.

There is not a more vulgar mistake than that of confounding good eating with gluttony and excess. It is not because a man gets twenty or five-and-twenty guineas per sheet for a dashing article, and has taste to expend his well-earned cash upon a cook who knows how to dress a dinner, that he is necessarily to gorge himself like a mastiff with sheep's paunch. On the contrary, if he means to preserve the powers of his palate intact, he must "live cleanly as a nobleman should do." The fat-witted people in the City are not nice in their eating, quantity being more closely considered by them than quality. There is, I admit, something in the good man's concluding conjectures that "the sort of diet men observe influences their style." I should know an "heavy-wet" man at the third line; and I can tell to a nicety when Theodore Hook writes upon claret, and when he is inspired by the over-heating and acrimonious stimulus of Max. Hayley obviously composed upon tea and bread

and butter. Dr. Philpots may be nosed a mile off for priestly port and the fat bulls of Basan; and Southey's Quarterly articles are written on an empty stomach, and before his crudities, like the breath of Sir Roger de Coverley's barber, have been "mollified by a breakfast."

[*New Monthly Magazine.*]

SACRED POETRY.

Songs and hymns, in honour of their Gods, are found among all people who have either religion or verse. There is scarcely any pagan poetry, ancient or modern, in which allusions to the national mythology are not so frequent as to constitute the most copious materials, as well as the most brilliant embellishments. The poets of Persia and Arabia, in like manner, have adorned their gorgeous strains with the fables and morals of the Koran. The relics of Jewish song which we possess, with few exceptions, are consecrated immediately to the glory of God, by whom, indeed, they were inspired. The first Christians were wont to edify themselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; and though we have no specimens of these left, except the occasional doxologies ascribed to the redeemed in the Book of Revelation, it cannot be doubted that they used not only the psalms of the Old Testament, literally, or accommodated to the circumstances of a new and rising Church, but that they had original lays of their own, in which they celebrated the praises of Christ, as the Saviour of the world. In the middle ages, the Roman Catholic and Greek churches steadily adopted singing as an essential part of public worship; but this, like the reading of the Scriptures, was too frequently in an unknown tongue, by an affectation of wisdom, to excite the veneration of ignorance, when the learned, in their craftiness, taught that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion;" and Ignorance was willing to believe it. At the era of the Reformation, psalms and hymns, in the vernacular tongue, were revived in Germany, England, and elsewhere, among the other means of grace, of which Christendom had been for centuries defrauded.

[*Montgomery.*]

THE TRIAL.

In Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia, we read the following anecdote of the great Shah Abbas: "Abbas being one day riding with the celebrated Meer Mahomed Bauker Damad on his right hand, and the equally famed Shaikh Bahaudeen Aumilee on his left, desired to discover if there lurked any secret envy or jealousy in the breasts of these two learned priests. Turning to Meer Mahomed Bauker, whose horse was prancing and capering, he observed, "What a dull brute Shaikh Bahaudeen is riding; he cannot make the animal keep pace with us." "The wonder is, how the horse moves at all," said the Moollah, "when we consider what a load of learning and knowledge he has upon his back." Abbas, some time after, turned round to Shaikh Bahaudeen, and said to him, "Did you ever see such a prancing animal as that which Meer Mahomed Bauker rides? Surely that is not the style for a horse who carries a grave Moollah." "Your majesty will, I am assured," said the Shaikh, "forgive the horse, when you reflect on the just right he has to be proud of his rider." The monarch bent his head forward on his saddle, and returned thanks to the Almighty for the singular blessing he had bestowed on his reign, of two wise and pious men, living at a court, and yet untainted by envy and hatred."

SHAVING GRATIS.

During the late war, a barber, who kept a little shop on the Hard, at Portsmouth, exhibited the following notice in his window:—"Broken-down sailors shaved gratis." A poor tar, whose beard was of a week's growth, and who had not a single shot in his locker, seeing this benevolent invitation, entered the shop, described his state, and claimed the performance of the promise. The barber immediately complied; and having lathered his unproductive customer, proceeded to shave him with a razor which he had selected for the purpose, and the edge of which was in no danger of being easily turned. At every rasp the tears were ready

to rush into poor Jack's eyes, and the blood to start upon his chin. In the midst of the operation a dog began to howl most piteously in the street. "What the devil's the matter with the dog?" exclaimed Strap. "Oh!" observed his tortured patient, "I dare say some rascally flinty-hearted barber is shaving him gratis!"

LAUGHTER.

"Laugh and grow fat," is an old adage; and Sterne tells us, that every time a man laughs, he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher, of the last century, used to say, that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter, and hear laughter. "Laughter, Sir, laughter is good for health; it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr. Sydenham, Sir, said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine." Mr. Pott used to say that he never saw the "Tailor riding to Brentford," without feeling better for a week afterwards.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A remarkable instance is given in the Edinburg Scotsman of the sagacity of a dog. At a farmhouse near Falkirk, during the late frost and snow, the hens were all missing from their roost, and could no where be found. In the evening the dog brought into the house in his mouth a hen apparently dead, which he laid down before the fire; he then departed, and brought all the hens successively, laying them before the fire. It turned out that they had been benumbed by the frost, and in that situation had been discovered by the dog, who instantly applied the proper remedy. The warmth of the fire soon brought them all to life and motion.

ERROURS EXCEPTED.

The Alabama Telegraph, under the head of "Mistakes Rectified," states, that "It having been shown to the satisfaction of the Legislature of Alabama, that sundry females of this State had committed mistakes, and married men, who were not originally intended for them, (though it is said that matches are made in Heaven!) acts have been passed declaring eleven of such marriages void, and giving the parties an opportunity of correcting the errors of their youth."

GRAMMATICAL LEARNING.

An author left a comedy with Foote for persual; and on the next visit asked for his judgement on it, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better."—"To the grammar of it, Sir! What! would you send me to school again?" "And pray, Sir," replied Foote, very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

SWEARING BY PROXY.

Cardinal Dubois used frequently, in searching after any thing he wanted, to swear excessively. One of his clerks told him, "Your eminence had better hire a man to swear for you, and then you will gain so much time."

SUPERSTITION.

Grievously are they mistaken who think that the revival of literature was the death of superstition—that ghosts, demons and exorcists retreated before the march of intellect, and fled the British shore along with monks, saints, and masses. Superstition, deadly superstition, may co-exist with much learning, with high civilization, with any religion, or with utter irreligion. Canidia wrought her spells in the Augustan age, and Chaldean fortune tellers haunted Rome in the skeptical days of Juvenal. Matthew Hopkins, the witch finder, and Lilly, the astrologer, were contemporaries of Selden, Harrington, and Milton. Perhaps there never was a more superstitious period than that than that which produced Erasmus and Bacon.

[*Blackwood's Magazine.*]

THE LEGENDARY.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

THE LOVERS' LEAP.

In a part of France not a hundred miles from the fine port of St. Malo, stands a town containing some eight thousand inhabitants. Anciently a fortified place of considerable strength; it is pitched on the pinnacle of a high hill, with its antique battlements, covered with time's livery, the green ivy and the yellow lichen, still frowning over the peaceful valleys around, and crowning the rocky ridge which confines the river Rance. That valley of the Rance is as lovely as any in Europe; now spreading out for miles, it offers a wide basin for the river, which, extending in proportion, looks like a broad lake; now contracting to a narrow gorge, it confines the stream between gigantic rocks, that rise abruptly from its edge, and sombre woods, that dip their very branches in its waters. But it is where the town which I have just mentioned first bursts upon the sight, that the scenery is peculiarly picturesque. Winding through a deep defile of rocks which cut off the neighbouring view, and throw a dark shadow over the stream the river suddenly turns a projecting point of its shores, and a landscape of unequalled beauty opens on the sight. Rich wooded valleys with soft green sloping sides, broken with crags, and diversified with hamlets, are seen diverging in every direction, with the Rance winding forward in the midst of them; while high in air, lording it over all around, rises the stately rock on which the town is placed, with wall, and battlement, and tower, hanging over its extreme verge.

In front, and apparently immediately under the town, though in reality at about two miles distance from it, lies a high craggy piece of ground, which the water would completely encircle were it not for a narrow sort of isthmus, which joins it to its parent chain of hills. This is called the *Courbure*, from the turn which the river makes round it: and I notice it more particularly from being the exact scene of my story's catastrophe.

In the town which I have above described, lived, some time ago, a very pretty girl, whom we shall designate by the name of Laure. Her mother was well to do in the world—that is to say, as things go on in Brittany, where people can live splendidly for nothing at all, and do very well for half as much. However, *Madame* could always have her *pot au feu* and her *poulet à la broche*, kept two nice country lasses, one as cook and the other as *fille-de-chambre*, and had once a year the new fashions from Paris, to demonstrate her gentility. Laure's father, too, had left the young lady a little property of her own, amounting to about eighty pounds per annum; so that being a fortune and a belle, all the youth of the place, according to the old Scotch song, were—

"Wooring at her,
Pu'ing at her,
Wanting her, but could nae get her."

However, there was something about Laure, which some called pride, and others coldness, but which, in truth, was nothing more nor less than shyness, that served for some time as a complete safeguard to her maiden heart. At length the angel who arranges all those sort of things, singled out a young man at Rennes, called Charles —, and gave him a kick with his foot which sent him all the way from Rennes to the town in which Laure abode. It is but thirty miles, and angels can kick much farther if we may believe the Normans. [I cannot stop for it now; but, my dear reader, put me in mind by and by to tell you that story of St. Michael and the Devil, and you shall hear how the saint kicked him from hill to hill for forty leagues or more.]

However, Charles's aunt lived not far from Laure's mother, and many a time had she vaunted the graces of her nephew's person. According to her account, he was as tall and as straight as a gas lamp-post, as rosy as a ribstone pippin; with eyes as bright as a red hot poker, teeth as white as the inside of a teacup, and his hair curling like the leaves of a Savoy cabbage. In short, he was an Adonis, after her idea of the thing; and Laure, having heard all this, began to feel a sort of anxious

palpitating sort of sensation, when his coming was talked of, together with sundry other symptoms of wishing very much to fall in love.

At length his arrival was announced, and *Madame* — and *Mademoiselle* Laure were invited to a soiree at the house of Charles's aunt. Laure got ready in a very great hurry, resolving, primo, to be frightened out of her wits at him; and secundo, not to speak a word to him. However, the time came, and when she got into the room she found Monsieur Charles quite as handsome as his aunt had represented; but to her great surprise, she found him to be quite as timid as herself into the bargain. So Laure took courage upon the strength of his bashfulness, for though it might be very well for one, she saw plainly it would never do for two. The evening passed off gaily, and Laure, as she had determined from the first, went away over her head and ears in love, and left the poor young man in quite as uncomfortable a condition.

I need not conduct the reader through all the turnings and windings of their passion. Suffice it to say, that both being very active, and loving each other very hard, they had got on so far in six weeks, that their friends judged it would be necessary to marry them. Upon this Laure's mother and Charles's aunt met in form to discuss preliminaries. They began a few compliments, went on to arrange the money matters, proceeded to differ upon some trivial points, grew a little warm upon the subject, turned up their noses at each other, quarrelled like Turks, and abused each other like pickpockets. Charles's aunt called Laure's mother an old cat—or something equivalent; and Laure's mother vowed that Charles should never have her daughter; she'd be —. Fie! what was I going to say!

The two young people were in despair. Laure received a maternal injunction never to speak to that vile young man again; together with a threat of being locked up if she was restive. However, the Sunday after Paques, Laure's mother was laid up with a bad cold; and from what cause does not appear, but Laure never felt so devout as on that particular day. She would not have stayed away from mass for all the world. So to church she went, when, to her surprise and astonishment, she beheld Charles standing in the little chapel of the left aisle. "Laure," said he, as soon as he saw her, "ma chere, let us go out of the town, by the back street, and take a walk in the fields." Laure felt a good deal too much agitated to say her prayers properly, and looking about the church, she perceived that, as she had come half an hour before the time, there was nobody there; so, slipping her arm through that of her lover, she tripped nimbly along with him down the back street, under the Gothick arch and high towers of the old town gate, and in five minutes was walking with him in the fields unobserved.

Now, what a long, sad, pastoral dialogue could I produce between Laure and Charles as they walked along; but I will spare my reader that at least. The summary of the matter is, that they determined that they were very unhappy—the most miserable people in existence;—now that they were separated from each other, there was nothing left in life worth living for. So Laure began to cry, and Charles vowed he would drown himself. Laure thought it was a very good idea, and declared that she would drown herself too,—for she had been reading all Saturday a German romance which taught such things; and she thought what a delightful tale it would make if she and Charles drowned themselves together, and how all the young ladies would cry when they read it, and what a pretty tomb they would have, with "Ci gessant Charles et Laure, deux amans, malheureux!" written upon it in large black letters; and in short, she arranged it all so comfortably in her own mind that she resolved she would not wait a minute.

As the Devil would have it, they had just arrived at that rocky point which I have before described, called the *Courbure*, when Charles and Laure had worked each other up to the necessary pitch of excitement and despair. The water was before them, and the only question was who should jump in first; for the little landing-place from which

they were to leap would hold but one at a time. Charles declared that he would set the example—Laure vowed it should be no one but herself. Charles insisted, but Laure, being nearest the water, gained the contested point, and plunged over.

At that moment the thought of what he was going to do came over Charles's mind with a sad qualm of conscience, and he paused for an instant on the brink. But what could he do? he could not stand by and see the girl he loved drowned before his face, like an intruding rat or a supernumerary kitten. Forbid it Heaven! forbid it Love! So in he went too—not at all with the intention of drowning himself, but with that of bringing Laure out; and being a tolerable swimmer, he got hold of her in a minute.

By this time Laure had discovered that drowning was both cold and wet, and by no means so agreeable as she had anticipated; so that when Charles approached, she caught so firm a hold of him as to deprive him of the power of saving her. It is probable that under these circumstances her very decided efforts to demonstrate her change of opinion, might have effected her original intention and drowned them both, had not a boat come round the *Courbure* at that very moment. The boatmen soon extricated them from their danger, and carried them both home, exhausted and dripping, to the house of Laure's mother. At first the good lady was terrified out of her wits, and then furiously angry; but ended, however, by declaring that if ever they drowned themselves again, it should not be for love, and so she married them out of hand.

MISCELLANY.

From Irving's Life of Columbus.

ABORIGINES OF HAYTI.

Columbus had also at first indulged in the error that the natives of Hayti were destitute of all notions of religion; and he had consequently flattered himself that it would be the easier to introduce into their minds the doctrines of Christianity; not aware that it is more difficult to light up the fire of devotion in the cold heart of an atheist, than to divert the flame to a new object when it is already enkindled. There are few beings, however, so destitute of reflection, as not to be impressed with the conviction of an overruling deity: a nation of atheists never existed. It was soon discovered that these islanders had their creed, though of a vague and simple nature. They believed in one supreme being, who inhabited the skies, who was immortal, omnipotent and invisible, to whom they ascribed an origin, having a mother but no father. They never addressed their worship directly to him, but employed inferior deities, called *Zemes*, as messengers and mediators. Each cacique had his tutelary deity of this order, whom he invoked and pretended to consult in all his public undertakings, and who was revered by his people. He had a house apart, as a temple to this deity, in which was an image of his *Zemi*, carved of wood, of stone, or shaped of clay or cotton, and generally of some monstrous and hideous form. Each family and each individual, had likewise a particular *Zemi*, or protecting genius, like the *Lares* and *Penates* of the ancients. These were placed in every part of their houses, or carved on their furniture. Some had them of a small size, and bound them about their foreheads when they went to battle. They believed their *Zemes* to be transferable, with all their powers, and often stole them from each other. When the Spaniards came among them, they often hid their idols, lest they should be taken away. They believed that these *Zemes* presided over every object in nature, each having a particular charge or government. They influenced the seasons and the elements; causing sterile or abundant years, stirring up hurricanes and whirlwinds, and tempests of rain and thunder, or sending sweet and temperate airs and fruitful showers. They governed the seas and forests, the springs and fountains; like the *Neriedes*, the *Dryads*, and the *Satyrs* of antiquity. They gave success in hunting and fishing. They guided the waters of the mountains into safe channels, and led them down to wander through the plains, in gentle

brooks and peaceful rivers; or, if incensed, they caused them to burst forth into rushing torrents and overwhelming floods, inundating and laying waste the valleys.

The natives had their Butios, or priests, who pretended to hold communion with these Zemes. They practised rigorous fasts and ablutions and inhaled the powder, or drank the infusion of a certain herb, which produced a temporary intoxication or delirium. In the course of this process, they professed to have trances and visions, and that the Zemes revealed to them coming events, or instructed them in the treatment of maladies. They were in general great herbalists, and well acquainted with the medical properties of trees and vegetables. They cured diseases through their knowledge of simples, but always with many mysterious rites and ceremonies and supposed charms, chanting, and burning a light in the chamber of the patient, and pretending to exercise the malady, to expel it from the mansion, and to send it to the sea or to the mountain.

Their bodies were painted or tattooed with figures of the Zemes, which were regarded with horror by the Spaniards, as so many representations of the devil; and the butios, esteemed as a kind of saints by the natives, were abhorred by the former as necromancers. These butios often assisted the caciques in practising deceptions upon their subjects, speaking oracularly through the Zemes, by means of hollow tubes, inspiring the Indians to battle by predicting success, or dealing forth such promises or menaces as might suit the purposes of the chieftain.

There is but one of their solemn religious ceremonies, of which any record exists. The cacique proclaimed a day when a kind of festival was to be held in honour of his Zemes. His subjects assembled from all parts, and formed a solemn procession; the married men and women decorated with their most precious ornaments, the young females entirely naked. The cacique, or the principal personage, marched at the head, beating a kind of a drum. In this way they proceeded to the consecrated house, or temple, in which were set up the images of the Zemes. Arrived at the door, the cacique seated himself on the outside, continuing to beat his drum, while the procession entered; the females carrying baskets of cakes ornamented with flowers, and singing as they advanced. These offerings were received by the butios, or priests, with loud cries or rather howlings. They broke the cakes after they had been offered to the Zemes, and distributed the morsels to the heads of families, who preserved them carefully throughout the year, as dreventives of all adverse accidents. This done, at a signal the females danced, singing songs in honour of the Zemes, or in praise of the heroic actions of their ancient caciques. The whole ceremony finished by invoking the Zemes to watch over and protect the nation.

Besides the Zemes, each cacique had three idols or talismans which were mere stones, but which were held in great reverence by themselves and their subjects. One they supposed had the power to produce abundant harvests; another to remove all pain from women in travail; and the third to call forth rain or sunshine when either was required. Three of these were sent home by Columbus to the sovereigns.

The ideas of the natives with respect to creation, were vague and undefined. They gave their own island of Hayti priority of existense over all others; and believed that the sun and moon originally issued out of a cavern in the island, to give light to the world.

This cavern still exists, about seven or eight leagues from Cape Francois. It is about one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and nearly the same in height, but very narrow. It receives no light but from the entrance, and from a hole in the roof, from whence it was said the sun and moon issued forth to take their places in the sky. The vault was so fair and regular, that it appeared a work of art rather than of nature. In the time of Charlevoix, the figures of various Zemes were still to be seen cut in the rocks, and there were remains of niches, as if to receive statues. This cavern was held in great veneration. It was painted and adorned with green branches, and other simple

decorations. There were in it two images or Zemes. When there was a want of rain, the natives made pilgrimages and processions to it, with songs and dances, bearing offerings of fruits and flowers.

They believed that mankind issued from another cavern; the large men from a greater aperture, the small men from a little cranny. They were for a long time destitute of women; but, wandering on one occasion near a small lake, they saw certain animals among the branches of the trees, which proved to be women. On attempting to catch them, however, they were found to be as slippery as eels, so that it was impossible to hold them. At length they employed certain men, whose hands were rendered rough by a kind of leprosy. These succeeded in securing four of these slippery females, from whom the world was peopled.

From the London Observer.

LORD BYRON.

The fierce and sullen spirit that characterised Lord Byron's pen, was death to all the graceful conceptions under which poetry had won our worship so long. She was no more in the lovely and fantastick youth of the muse of the "Last Minstrel," nor in the full and fine proportioned beauty of the riper time that followed. When Byron threw open the valves of the temple, she was the Pythia on the tripod, haggard and wild, with her youth stricken into premature age, and with the words of fate and scorn burning on the lips of a being made at once proud and miserable by the conscious inspiration.

The style became instantly popular for it told of wrong—a tale in which every judge of his own cause feels sudden sympathy; it exaggerated the delights of that life of adventure, for which all men have a lurking fondness; it talked with rapture of the power of beauty, and with enthusiasm of the resistless empire of passion: all popular with the multitude. It harrangued loftily on the glories of holding human opinion in contempt, and of following the impulse of that contempt through all hazards; of fame, as a prize to be sought through good and evil; and of enjoyment, as to be cheaply purchased, by trampling down the irksome duties of common life; of crime, as finding, not simply its palliative, but its authority, in intellectual pre-eminence, and of that pre-eminence, as finding its native distinction in the magnitude, boldness, and firmness of its tread into that world of darkness, where Crime and Confusion sit twin despots on the same fiery throne. Doctrines like those must find partizans in the common corruption and insolence of spirit that make so large a portion of living society; even if they were transmitted from the lips of children.

But Byron uttered them with the power of a true poet. The sternest vigour of language was condensed into his words; the richest, and sometimes the most touching illustrations diversified the sullen fervour of his poetry; and, like the story of the hearers of the Athenian Orator, who were awed at a distance by the majesty of his gesture; nearer still, charmed by the melody of his voice; and nearer still, subdued by the force of his language; the great poet had grasp and captivation for all.

But he produced no followers; his dynasty was cut off with himself: and this, for the obvious reason, that his power was urged to its extreme. He went to the farthest limits at which scorn, spleen, and the rending open of private sufferings and sensibilities, could be tolerated. In him they were endured for the sake of their presumed reality; yet even in him they had begun to be tiresome. But in another, had that other possessed Lord Byron's faculty of verse, or a higher faculty still, the same strain of continual querulousness would have been burlesque, and the tragedy must have closed in laughter. The rejection of society, or by society; the sickly and bilious frame; the domestick quarrel; the insults given and received in an unlucky connexion with an alienated and strangely unconciliating kindred, were essential to Lord Byron's authorship—were the living stimulants of his mental epicurism. They were more, they were its

only food. Like the Theriaki of Constantinople he lived solely upon doses, of which the slightest would have extinguished the career of others. He diversified surcharges of opium by surcharges of corrosive sublimate. And, like the Theriaki, his life was a dream, and that dream alternately of the magnificent and the miserable—a vision of Paradise, and of sorrow unassuaged, remorseless exile, and consuming flame. But while the popularity of this style remained alive upon the publick mind, none other could be attempted with a prospect of success. The human heart loves tragedy. The English are eminently fond of deep and fierce emotion; and after having "supped full of horrors" with the noble bard they could not easily turn to the lighter banquet. But who could be in a condition to follow the career in which this man of misfortune and fame had so long rode at the head of English poetry?—or in what writer, however furnished with domestick evils, could the same compound of ill luck be gathered once more, with any tolerable credibility? Thus sank into its long sleep the poetry of England. The attempts since made to awake it, have been made chiefly by female writers, some of whom have done the female genius honour, by the grace and purity of their pens. But after all, poetry is a masculine art, and is made for something more than the celebration of the birth of the "first rose," or the death of the "last leaf." It is a stately and superb thing, like nature itself; and rejoices in the display of great powers on a great scale. It may not be without its pleasure in the minor beauties of the glorious landscape that lies within the range of its vision: it can enjoy the colouring of flowers and the song of birds; but its true elevation is in the grander features and powers; in the moral storm; in the development of those awful materials of good and ill, which lie hidden in clouds and darkness until the appointed hour; in the discovery of the mighty influences by which the whole moral atmosphere is loaded with sudden gloom chased away by new-born, and scarcely less awful splendour.

From Historical Literary Anecdotes.

MUSICK.

With a view to prove the wonderful power which musick possesses in calming the human passions, Segnoir Martinelli, in his Letters on Italian Musick, offers us the two following examples:

One day when Stradella, the celebrated violin player of Naples, was playing a piece of musick at Naples, he made such a strong impression on a young lady that he gained her heart, soon afterwards her person, and went off with her to Rome.

The young lady's guardian, very much enraged at her conduct, persuaded a young gentleman who had wished to marry her to wash away, with the ravisher's blood, an injury which was equally poignant to them both.

The lover followed Stradella; and on arriving at Rome he inquired where he could meet his rival. He was informed he was to play in a church on that day; he went there, heard Stradella perform, and forgot his revenge. He wrote to the lady's guardian, that on his arrival at Rome, Stradella had quitted the city.

The second example is of Palma, who was also a Neapolitan musician. He was surprised in his house by one of his creditors, who demanded his money, and threatened to arrest him in the most injurious manner. Palma made no answer to his abuse and threats but by singing a tune. The creditor listened to it. Palma sung another air, and accompanied it with his harpsichord; and observing those parts which made the most impression on the heart of his creditor, he at length subdued him; payment of the money was no longer demanded; he asked him to lend him a considerable sum to extricate him from some pecuniary embarrassments, and it was immediately granted.

"If Stradella, with a simple sonata on the violin," adds Segnoir Martinelli, "could tranquillize the furious transports of a justly irritated rival, and who travelled more than a hundred leagues to obtain revenge; if Palma, with a coarse voice, gained the heart of an avaricious creditor, and obtained an additional loan, what could not the melody of the philosophick poet Orpheus effect, who played his own compositions?"

It has been asserted by many writers that music and the sound of instruments contribute to the health of body and mind, by aiding the circulation of the humours, accelerating the motion of the blood, dissipating the vapors, dilating the vessels, and promoting insensible perspiration, so absolutely necessary for the maintenance and preservation of health. The disease of Saul was appeased by David's harp.

Saxon, the grammarian, speaks of a king of Denmark who, on the sound of a flute, would become furiously mad. We are informed by authors of undeniable credit, that the poison of the tarantula is dissipated by music and dancing.

I have read of a person who was subject to a periodical delirium, and on every attack, instead of having recourse to medicine, some violins were played in his chamber. The disease would immediately become less, and in a few hours be totally removed.

Hermophilus, an old medical writer, has advanced this fanciful opinion—"As there is an harmonious motion of the blood, and other humours, it is by no means astonishing that harmony should produce effects on our bodies conducive to health. The movements of the pulse," continues he, "are to certain measures, as poets compose their verses to certain feet; and it may be said that the knowledge of the pulse, and the action of the arteries, which is the pleasantest and most necessary part of physick, depends in some measure on being acquainted with the various musical notes. And those who are accustomed to play the flute or other instruments, have a more sure and delicate feel, and judge better of the pulse of passionate and sick people, than others who are not in such habits."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1829.

TO LET—The Rooms now occupied by us as a printing office. Inquire at this office, or of J. F. Porter, in the basement story of the building.

The office of the Masonick Record will be removed to No. 2, Beaver-street, on the first of May.

Those of our subscribers who intend to change their places of residence on the first proximo, will please to inform the carrier or leave notice at this office, in order that they may be regularly served with their papers.

PUBLIC OPINION. We refer the reader to our masonick department for extracts from the proceedings of meetings held by the friends of civil freedom in various parts of the country. There never was a time when the publick interests called more loudly for an unequivocal and independent expression of the opinions of honest men, and we hail the masculine energy displayed in the extracts which we publish to-day, as the sure evidence of principles and firmness which can and will, in every emergency, preserve the institutions of our country from the unhallowed grasp of unprincipled and dissolute men. The present is not a contest between masonry and its enemies; but between the honest, reflecting yeomanry of the country, and the broken down, disappointed, ambitious and reckless of every political, moral, and religious creed. The privileges of masons are not alone menaced; but the dearest rights of citizenship—all, in fact, that makes life valuable, or even tolerable, is threatened with subversion by the new-fangled inquisitors. Were the destruction of masonry the real object of those who have arrayed themselves in pretended hostility to the institution, we should have some evidence of the fact in their willingness to encourage peaceable measures tending to that end. Instead of this being the case, however, every thing which is not of the most violent and swEEPING character, is ridiculed and misrepresented in every possible way. Those masons who, with more respect for the publick peace than for their own private rights, yielded up their charters in the hope of tranquilizing the publick mind, have not only met with the abuse usually thrown out against members of the fraternity, but, if possible, with misrepresentations still more fulsome and slanderous. The evidence is clear, that not moral evils, but political rights, are con-

tended against. Masonry, whether it continues or ceases to exist, cannot decide the question which is raised. Were masonry to die to-day the same cry of "crucify them! crucify them!" would continue; and nothing can check its rioting march, but the firmness and moral energy of the people.

FRENCH VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY The London Literary Gazette of January 31, states that the voyage round the world, performed by captain Duperrey, in La Coquille, during the years 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825, is now in a course of publication, at Paris. The work will be in four divisions, each edited by different gentlemen of high scientific attainments. The divisions will be, 1, Zoological, in two volumes quarto, with an atlas of about 140 coloured plates; 2, Botanical, in one volume quarto, with an atlas of about 115 plates, of which twenty six will be coloured; 3, The History of the Voyage, in two volumes quarto, with an atlas of sixty coloured plates, to which will be annexed vocabularies of many savage languages; 4, Hydrographical, Nautical and Physical, in one volume quarto, with an atlas of fifty colomblent plates. The work is publishing in numbers, and the Gazette says "Judging from those which have appeared, this will be a publication of great value. The History of the Voyage will be the more interesting, as the navigators had the opportunity of successively visiting and comparing the two opposite coasts of South America; and, farther, of comparing New-Zealand and New-Holland, as well as Oceania with Polynesia. The numerous vocabularies will afford abundant matter for philological study. The Zoological and Botanical numbers which have appeared are exceedingly curious: and the plates are excellent.

WASHINGTON IRVING. An advertisement appears in the New-York papers, signed by this gentleman, and dated Seville, December, 1828, announcing that he has completed an abridgement of his "Life and Voyages of Columbus." It seems that Mr. Irving was informed that some persons in this country had undertaken to fabricate an abridgement, for the purpose of forestalling the market, and reaping themselves the reward which justly belongs to him. In speaking of this ungenerous attempt he observes,

"I have felt the more hurt at this attempt to supercede my work with the publick, from having always considered it as a peculiar offering to my countrymen, whose good opinion, however the contrary may have been insinuated, has never ceased to be the leading object of my ambition, and the dearest wish of my heart, and I must confess that, in assiduously labouring at this history of the first discovery of our country, I have been chiefly animated by the hope, that the interest of the subject would cause the work to remain among my countrymen, and with it a remembrance of the author, when all the frail productions of his fancy might have perished and been forgotten.

FIRE! The Lafayette Theatre, in Laurens street, New-York, with several adjacent buildings, was entirely destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The whole damage occasioned by the fire is estimated at \$200,000. The Theatre was owned by Henry Yates, Esq. and was not insured.

Solomon Southwick has turned missionary—not christian—but anti-masonick. He goes east, west, north, or south; any where and any way to accommodate his friends and get an "honest penny." There should be a new order of priesthood created for the especial benefit of anti-masonry, and Solomon should be made chief—his profound veneration for sacred things would enable him to exercise a powerful influence in favour of religion!

The house of representatives of Pennsylvania legislated a little lately on Webster's dictionary, Cobb's spelling book, and the Bible. Attempts were made to buy some of each, at the publick expense, for the use of the members, but they failed. We wish the legislature of New-York would buy Cobb's book and the Bible for the benefit of the anti-masonick "Spartans" belonging to their "honourable body." The spelling book would be of great service to their logick; and the Bible would no doubt prove very satisfactorily that "anti-masonry sprung from the throne of God."

VARIETIES.

Denmark. It appears from the last census of the population of Denmark, at the close of 1828, that the number in the old Danish provinces was 1,521,278; in Holstein 374,745; in Launberg, 35,640; in Iceland, 49,826; in the Faroe Islands and Greenland, 11,240—in the West India Colonies, 46,290—making a total of 2,049,350. If to this be added the population of Danish Guinea and the East India settlements, it will amount to 2,100,000. Copenhagen contains a population of 104,674. The number of priests in Denmark Proper is 1,600, and about 800 more are scattered in the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and the Colonies.

The French Scientific Expedition to Egypt. Letters have been received at Paris from different persons who form part of this expedition, to the middle of November; but we do not find that they contain accounts of any new discoveries of interest. In addition to the letters already published some of the French papers contain communications of less pretension, from other gentlemen, who appear to have been equally struck with the wonders of Egypt. It would seem from their descriptions of Cairo, that the gaieties and amusements of the French Palais Royal fall far short of the festivities of the Egyptian city.

Freedom of Education. Several societies in Paris have combined to offer a prize of 1500 francs for the best essay in favour of freedom of education. The principal topics to which they wish the competitors to direct their attention are, the right or expediency of the legislative, the executive, or any other publick authority intermeddling with education; the necessity for any precautions or regulations upon the subject; the evils which such supposed necessity has hitherto occasioned; and the best means by which those evils may henceforth be avoided.

Geneva. The following comparative table of the average duration of life at Geneva (Switzerland) during the last two hundred and sixty years, is very remarkable. The growing improvement affords a striking proof of the benefits resulting from the progress of civilization and the useful arts.

		Average duration.	
From 1500 to 1600	- - - -	18 years	5 months.
1601 — 1700	- - - -	28	5
1701 — 1760	- - - -	32	8
1761 — 1800	- - - -	33	7
1801 — 1814	- - - -	38	6
1815 — 1826	- - - -	38	10

Commercial Enterprise. During the domination of Bonaparte, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton-twist, &c. were sent by sea from London to Salonica (in European Turkey,) whence these goods were carried on horses and mules, across Servia and Hungary, into the whole of Germany, and even into France; so that goods were consumed at Calais, coming from England, only seven leagues distant, which goods had made a circuit equivalent, as far as expense went, to a voyage twice round the world!

English Language in Germany. The best proof how much the English language is now liked and understood in Germany is, that there was published, for this year, at Heidelberg (Grand Duchy of Baden,) an English Almanack, under the following title: the English Fireside upon the Banks of the Rhine: an Almanack for the year 1829; exhibiting a Choice of English and German Tales, Poems, and Historical Anecdotes, selected by J. Hedmann, M. A.; embellished with superb Engravings. Besides this, most of the best English classicists, old and new ones, have been reprinted in Germany at very low prices.

Constantinople. It appears by a calculation made so recently as August last, that the population of Constantinople, including all the suburbs which had been variously estimated at from 400,000 to 600,000,—does not exceed 380,000; and that the number of houses, of every description, is about 85,000. The number of persons capable of bearing arms in Constantinople, in proportion to the entire population, is said to be very small.

Fishing in Winter. It is the opinion of two celebrated French ichthyologists, M. M. Bloch, and Lacepede, that the mackarel, and some other gregarious fishes, do not, as is commonly believed, migrate from their respective seas, but merely quit the vicinity of the shores at the approach of winter, and lie amongst the mud, at the bottom of deep winter, till revived by the warmth of the ensuing spring.

STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

At a meeting of gentlemen from different parts of the state, held at the Supreme Court room in the Capitol, on Thursday the 2d of April, for the purpose of organizing a State Temperance Society—

The meeting was called to order by the Rev. Dr. Proud-fit, of Salem, and after a few appropriate remarks, on his motion, the Hon. John Woodworth, of the city of Albany, was appointed chairman. On motion of Mr. John T. Norton, B. P. Johnson, esq. was appointed secretary.

On motion of Mr. Hubbell, of the assembly, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Hewett, Resolved, that it is expedient to form a State Temperance

Society, on the principles of the American Temperance Society.

Both of the above gentlemen made able and eloquent addresses in support of this resolution.

On motion of S. M. Hopkins, esq. of Albany, seconded by Mr. Skinner, of the assembly, a constitution which he presented to the meeting, was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Mather, of the senate, seconded by Mr. Beach, of Auburn, a committee was appointed to nominate suitable persons for officers.

The committee retired a short time, and on their return, Dr. Proudfoot, from said committee, reported the names of the following gentlemen for officers, which report was unanimously agreed to.

Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, of Albany, President.
John Watts, jr. M. D., of New-York, William Jay, of Westchester, David Buel, jr. of Troy, Asa Fitch, of Salem, Henry Huntington, of Rome, Ben Johnson, of Ithaca, Henry Dwight, of Geneva, Ashley Sampson, of Rochester, Vice Presidents.

John F. Bacon, E. C. Delavan, Ananias Platt, Henry Trowbridge, Friend Humphrey, Richard V. De Witt, Archibald Campbell, Executive Committee.

T. W. Olcott, of Albany, Treasurer,
William C. Miller, Recording Secretary.
Israel Smith, Auditor.

Chancellor Walworth rose and signified his acceptance of the office of president, to which he had been appointed.

JOHN WOODWORTH, Ch'n.

B. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

Substance of Chancellor Walworth remarks on accepting the office of president.

He expressed his regret, that other duties would prevent him from bestowing much of his time upon the important objects for which the society had been organized. But he said he would take that occasion to express his entire concurrence in what had already been stated by those who addressed the meeting. That the immoderate use of ardent spirits was the direct cause of disease and suffering, in a great variety of cases; no one could doubt but he could testify from experience, that even a moderate use was not necessary either for comfort or health. He said he had not drank a gill of ardent spirits of any kind for five and twenty years; that during a considerable part of that time, he had resided in the cold climate of the North; that he had also travelled in the warmer regions of the South and West, and inhaled the noxious vapours which arise from the sluggish streams of the Illinois, the Oakaw, and the Wabash; that he had frequently been subjected to great bodily fatigue, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather; but in none of these situations had he found it necessary to resort to the use of ardent spirits, even as a medicine. He added, that he had travelled in that part of the United States where the use of ardent spirits is carried to the greatest excess, in a sickly season, when disease and death were found in nearly every house, and he was told it would be impossible to preserve his health unless spirits were mixed with the water he drank; but that the contrary was the fact. He would not say that ardent spirits were never useful as a medicine; but he had no hesitation in expressing his belief that the use of them was never absolutely necessary, and he had no doubt it was generally deleterious to health. He said he could also testify as to the demoralizing effects of ardent spirits: that during the five years in which he presided in the higher criminal courts of this state, it had been his painful duty to consign many of the unfortunate victims of intemperance to the state prison, and some to the gallows: that from the facts disclosed in the course of judicial investigations, he had been able in at least three-fourths of all the cases of convictions before him, to charge the commission of the crime, directly or indirectly, to the use of ardent spirits. And he concluded by saying, that he considered it the duty of every friend of humanity, to exert whatever influence he possessed to stay this physical and moral pestilence, which is spreading through the land, and filling the country with disease and crime.

FOREIGN NEWS. By late arrivals at New-York, Liverpool papers to the 31 of March have been received. The following are the principal items of interest.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in answer to a question put to him by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons on the 27th of February, stated, that it was the intention of some one member of his Majesty's Government to make an explanation on the FIFTH OF MARCH of the nature of the measure which his Majesty's Government had in contemplation with respect to the removal of the Catholic disabilities.

Both Houses of Parliament were daily occupied for a considerable portion of time in receiving petitions for, and against the Catholic claims. A warm election had taken place at Oxford for a member of Parliament from the University—Sir Robert Inglis succeeded against Mr. Peel, whose defeat is attributed to the fact of his favouring the Bill intended to be introduced for the relief of the Catholics, and so warm was the election on that ground that the neighbours of Sir Robert Peel (the father of the Cabinet Minister) voted against Mr. Secretary Peel by request of Sir Robert, and the

Clergy and other strong personal friends of the Secretary voted against him, expressing their confidence in his integrity, but considering him under the irresistible influence of the Duke of Wellington and a majority of the Ministry. The result of this election it was thought would have an effect on the provisions of the bill to be introduced for removing the Roman Catholic disabilities. The death of His Holiness Pope Leo XII was announced at Vienna on the 10th February. The Russians and Turks were busily employed in preparing for a vigorous campaign.

Russia insists on her original terms, viz: The freedom of the Black Sea; the observance of treaties by the Porte, and compensation for her expenses.

The Greek towns were said to be rising from their ruins. Mr. O'Connell and the English Catholics had been reconciled.

He was about setting out for Calais to evade a call to the House of Commons.

The borough of Westbury had been resigned to Mr. Peel after he lost his election at Oxford. Sir Manasse Masses Lopez had resigned in his favour.

NAPLES, Feb. 5. The Ambassadors of the three Powers now in this city have frequent conference, and are said to have sent a report to their Courts a few days ago. It is affirmed that they propose in it not to unite Candia with the Greek territory. A Courier is sent every week from this city to Greece, and some also arrive from that country.

The Catholic Association was dissolved on the 12th of February.

LIMITS OF GREECE. On the continent the line is to run from Arta to Volo, the Greeks are to keep the Cyclades Islands.

The King of England is to decide who shall hold Candia and Samos. Greece is to pay 40,000 sterling annual tribute in lieu of the Turkish property which will thus come into its possession.

The President of Greece has ordered an assembly of the Panhellenion.

Fire at York Minister. Jonathan Martin is fully committed to take his trial for having wilfully set fire to York Minister. After the depositions of the witnesses had been taken, he made the following confession in the most cool and collected manner possible: "I set fire to the Minister in consequence of two remarkable dreams. I dreamt that one stood by me with a bow and a sheaf of arrows, and he shot one through the Minister door. I said I wanted to try to shoot, and he presented me the bow. I took an arrow from the bow and shot, but the arrow hit the flag, and I lost it. I also dreamt that a large thick cloud came over the minister, and extended to my lodgings. From these things I thought that I was to set fire to the Minister. I took them things away with me, for fear somebody else should be blamed. I cut off the fringe and tassels from the pulpit and the Bishop's throne, or what you call it, for I don't know the names, as a witness against me to show that I had done it by myself." He delivered this explanation in a tone and manner which seemed to bespeak the absence of all feeling on the subject. After it had been reduced to writing and read over to him, he with the utmost readiness pointed out a trifling deviation from his statement, saying, "That's wrong, sir." Upon suggesting his correction, and the altered document being read, he said, "That is all right," and on being asked to come to the table to sign it, he did so with great firmness. The several witnesses were then bound in their own recognizances to prosecute and give evidence, and Martin was committed to the city jail under the provisions of Act 60th, Geo. III. at 1st Geo. chap. 14.—Hull Packet.

Colonel William King, who has been absent since the commencement of the winter, arranging his concerns in Arkansas, whither he went by the advice and consent of his bail, has returned, and is now awaiting his trial, at his residence in Youngstown. Let this be compared with the infamously slanderous assertion which has gone the round of the anti-masonic papers, that this gentleman had fled the country, and left his bail in the lurch. [Craftsman.]

ANTI-MASONICK SAYINGS. The bombast of the scribbles about anti-masonry is as ridiculous as a Spanish proclamation. One of them says that "glory and triumph await them—that Connecticut has started up as if a great bugle had sounded—that political Anti-masonry in Massachusetts is like a fire in a forest—that Vermont is crackling, thinking and seeing."—Southwick says that "Anti-masonry sprung from the throne of God!" and Whiskerando declared that the corpse of poor Timothy Monro would make "a good enough Morgan till after election!" These sayings are all of a piece. [Rochester Republican.]

HARD NAMES. The political Anties are extending their plan of attack. They have now pointed their artillery at the Odd Fellows and Phi Beta Kappa societies. This may create some trouble in the camp, as it is rumoured our trusty village treasurer, (Dr. "F. F. B.") that pillar of Anti-masonry, is himself a brother of the Phi Beta Kappa tribe. It is expected that he will "renounce" forthwith, and "excitement" be raised against the Phi Beta Kappatarians, as, whether their society be diabolical or not, it certainly has a very "hard name." (Vide the speech of Bates Cooke, "the happy man," in the Anti-masonic Convention.)

We learn that governor Southwick held forth at Union Village last week; and that previous to the delivery of his speech, several printed copies which he had brought along with him for sale, were hawking about the town at fifty cents each. It consisted of the usual tirade against all who were not his followers. [Saratoga Sentinel]

DIED,

In this city, on Thursday, the 9th inst., ELIZA, consort of JOHN M. NEWTON, aged 28 years.

From the Albany Argus of yesterday.

DEATH OF MR. GROSS.

At the opening of the House yesterday, immediately after prayer, Mr. EDWARDS announced the death of the Hon. EZRA C. GROSS, member of that body from Essex county. Mr. E. accompanied the announcement with a brief but appropriate sketch of the character of the deceased. This having been unanimously passed, and a committee of arrangements appointed, the House adjourned.

Mr. Gross expired at his room in the Albany Coffee House, at half past 8 o'clock yesterday morning, after a few days illness of delirium tremens. He was in his seat in the house on Saturday, and temporarily occupied the speaker's chair for a short time on that day.

Mr. G. was in the 39th year of his age. At the early age of 26 he was elected to the Congress of the U. S. from the district comprising the counties of Essex, Clinton, &c. There he distinguished himself, and gave the promise of a brilliant and useful career. He has been returned to the Assembly of this state from Essex for the two past years. He possessed great intellectual powers. He was a debater of rare talent and originality; and seldom rose in the house without arresting our attention. But the tongue of eloquence is mute; and talent and wit have gone down prematurely to the tomb!

THE IRISH SHIELD, FOR MARCH.

Contents.—History of Ireland, Chapter III. and IV. Ossianic Fragments, No. I. (translated from the ancient Irish of M'Dairry, for the Shield.) Literary and Biographical Notices of Irish Authors and Artists, No. VI. (The Rev Arthur O'Leary.) Irish Topography, No. III. (Local and Historical Sketches of the Islands of Scattery.) Ecclesiastical Edifices of Dublin, No. III. (St. Andrew's, and other Churches.) Essay on the Ancient Architecture of Ireland, No. I. Grecian Females and Manners, No. III. (translated from the French.) Desultory Thoughts on the Poverty and Prosperity of Poets, Extract from Kathleen O'Neil, an Irish Historical Play, Grand Celebration of St. Patrick's Day, by the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty in the city of New-York, Irish Affairs—Part of a Speech of Mr. O'Connell, at a meeting of the Catholic Association. Mr. Steele, Mr. Shiel, Postscript; Original Patch Work, The Drama.—(Madame Feron and Madames Knight and Austin.) Poetry.—An Ossianic Garland, Translation from the Italian of a Sonnet by Milton, A Sentimental Sonnet.

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Two line letters—Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

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Tables—Double Small Pica.

Black—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, Pica Long Primer.

Open Blacks—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer.

Red letters—Six line Pica ornamented, Two line Brevier and Two line Nonpareil double shade; Two line Nonpareil meridian shade; Double Great Primer, Two line Brevier, Two line Nonpareil, and One line Brevier, single shade; Two line Minion and Two line Pearl italic single shade; Double Small Pica roman, and One line Brevier italic Antique shaded.

Script—English, on inclined body, (cast on a new plan.)

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Borders and Flowers—From Six line Pica to Pearl, all cast in copper matrices.

Checks—Canon and Double English, plain and opened.

Fractions and Leaders of all sizes, from English to Pearl, English, Pica and Long Primer Piece Fractions; Spanish and French Accents, and Accented Vowels, Figure Vowels, Superior Figures, Dashes, and Astronomical and other Signs, of various sizes; Long Primer Space Rules. Also, Leads ten to Pica, and thicker; Quotations; Brass Rules, &c. and Ornaments and Cuts, in great variety.

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Large additions in the variety of type have been made since the specimen of this foundry was published of which specimens are now nearly completed and will soon be sent to printers; the punches of which are cut by the senior partner of this firm, whose reputation as a superior setter and well established; and the whole business being under our immediate superintendence, no pains is spared to make our type in every way worthy the attention of printers. An important improvement in the composition of the type-metal has also been made, and some other ingredients being added, which render it both stronger and tougher, and of a finer grain. Type cast at this foundry is warranted to be as solid as any cast in the country, and that they will not settle in height from the pressure in using. Particular care is also taken to have the type well dressed, and the founts regularly put up.

Old type is received in exchange for new, at 10 cents per lb. Orders, by mail, or left at the foundry, No. 8 Liberty-st, will receive prompt attention.

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The type upon which this paper is printed was cast at the above foundry.

POETRY.

From Grol's T. es of the Great St. Bernard.

THE GITANA'S* SONG.

No! tell me not of lordly halls—
My minstrels are the trees;
The moss and the rocks are my tapestried walls,
Earth's sounds my symphonies.

There's musick sweeter to my soul
In the weed by the wild wind fanned,
In the heave of the surge, than ever stole
From the mortal minstrel's hand.

There's musick in the city's hum,
Heard in the noon-tide glare—
When its thousand mingling murmurs come,
On the breast of the sultry air.

There's musick in the forest stream,
As it plays through the deep ravine,
Where never summer's breath or beam,
Has pierced its woodland screen.

There's mighty musick in the roar
Of the oaks on the mountain's side,
When the whirlwind bursts on the foreheads hoar,
And the lightnings flash blue and wide.

There's mighty musick in the swell
Of the winter's midnight wave—
When all above is the thunder peal,
And all below is the grave.

There's musick in the dawning morn,
When the lark his pinion dries—
In the rush of the breeze through the dewy corn,
In the garden's perfumed sighs.

There's musick on the twilight cloud,
When the clanging wild swans spring,
And homeward the screaming ravens crowd,
Like squadrons on the wing.

There's musick in the solemn sweep
Of the mountain water-fall,
As its billows struggle, and foam and leap,
From the brow of its marble wall.

There's musick in the depth of night,
When the world is still and dim,
And the stars flame out in their pomp of light,
Like thrones of the cherubim.

There's musick in all, earth, ocean, air;
From the tempest's thunder roll,
To the breath of the evening prayer—
'Tis the musick of the soul!

* Spanish word for Gipsy.

THE FISHER GIRL.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, or destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor."

My home is on the ocean's shore,
My father's cot beside the wave,
Where winds of winter loudest roar,
And crested billows hoarsest rave.
My brothers, beautiful and brave!
At Trafalgar, by Nelson's side,
Too early won a watery grave,
And fell in boyhood's pride.

Ill could my mother's heart sustain
A blow so sudden and severe;
She died! and I alone remain
My Sire's else childless home to cheer:
I wept, but he could shed no tear,
Though I might hear his stifled groan,
When slowly from my mother's bier
He turned to me—alone!

But poverty, whate'er its grief,
Must labour for its daily bread;
Its hours of mourning must be brief
However dear the humble dead:
And childhood's tear, though freely shed,
Is soon forgotten—day by day,
As o'er our lowly roof it sped,
Some sorrow stole away.

And now I would not change my lot
For that of wealth's most splendid home:
More dear to me our sea-side cot
Peace than for grandeur's proudest, loftiest dome:
Where, where hour by hour I roam,
Not only met with the abashed white foam,
Members of the fraternity, but and free.
Sensations still more fulsome and on high
Is clear, that not moral evils, with the breeze,

Are lovelier to my partial eye
Than verdant clumps of leafy trees;
The solemn sound of tossing seas,
The Fisher's song, the Gull's loud cry,
My childish fancy better please
Than inland melody.

Then think me not of hope forlorn,
Or weighed by toil and sorrow down;
With basket on my arm, each morn
I gaily seek the market town:
None greet me with an angry frown,
But all my humble labours aid;
Pity the king who wears a crown,
But not the fisher maid.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

THE PARTED YEAR.

I stood upon the sunless shore
Beside oblivion's sea,
And saw its sluggish waves break o'er
The by-gone yesterday—
The last of the departed year
Join in the lapse of time's career,
The passed eternity.

It was a melancholy sight
To see it part from day,
And dim among the depths of night
Fade with its dreams away,—
And dark and shapeless with it go
A thousand hopes, once rich in glow,
Born in its hour's decay.

A cold thrill to my feeling taught
How much there was of mine
Gone with that year, of perished thought,
And ill delayed design,
A part, too, of the vital flame
Quenched beneath time's incessant stream,
A march towards decline.

From out these waves no palmy isle
Uphears its sunny head,
Where shipwreck Hope may light her smile,
Boundless, and drear and dead,
The billows break without a roar,
"Nameless" is stamped upon the shore,
And "Death"—there all is dead!

And Love turns trembling from the sight,
Hiding his face with fear,
And beauty shrinks in pale affright,
And Fame stands silent near,
And Glory's laurels shrink and die,
Changeless alone one brow and eye,
But they are of Despair.

All watch the last skirts of the year,
The wreck of minutes done,
In those deep waters disappear
For ever from the sun,
Leaving a dead tranquility,
As when a mighty ship at sea
Has just gone wildly down.

From the New-York American.

SULIOTE WAR SONG.

I.

'Twas morn! and the mountain peaks
Were vized with purple light,
When the deep glen rung,
And the war shout sprung,
Unbroken from height to height.

II.

Each Suliote knew the sound
That summoned his ready brand
And they rushed along,
To their battle song,
Like waves to a stormy strand.

III.

The Arnaut host had neared
A pass of the guarded glen,
When the loud steel clashed,
And the hot blood plashed,
In the trample of Suli's men!

IV.

Through the Albanese reeling ranks
The mountain men came down,
As wild winds sweep
Through the forest deep,
When the autumn leaves are brown.

V.

And the countless crescents that shone
Through billows of boiling blood,
Seemed—so broken and bright—

Like reflected light,
On the eve-empurpled flood.

VI.

There were blood-filled turbans there,
And many a broken brand
Lay scattered around
The bleeding ground,
Fast clenched in the lifeless hand!

VII.

Then shout for the conquering men,
Besprent with that gory rain,
As lions appear
When the slaughtered deer
Lie strewn on the smoking plain.

VIII.

They stood like their own wild hills,
Unhurt while tempest rides,
While the lightnings flash
And the thunders crash
Around their mighty sides.

SIGMA.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANOBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market street, (opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House.) Keeps constantly on hand, and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

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Several new founts of letter have been cut; and it has been the aim of the proprietors to combine the beauty of the modern, with the clearness and durability of the ancient style of typography, and to produce types at once handsome, legible, and useful. Specimens of these will be sent to printers. The greatest care has been taken in the composition of the metal with which all their founts of letter are cast.

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Albany, Feb. 14, 1829. A. W. KINSLEY & Co.

35

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N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

36

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market-streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super-extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Feb 14

3m3

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1829. JOHN F. PORTER.

37

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1829.

NO. 12.

MASONICK RECORD.

THE PROTEST

Of Members of the Masonick Institution in the county of Ulster, and their APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

Fellow Citizens—The time has arrived when it has become our duty to address you. High and unfounded charges have been preferred against us as masons, as men, and as christians. These we design to repel. We address you in defence of our reputations and our rights; which are dear and sacred to us, as individuals and as members of this community. We ask not to array you under our banners; nor do we desire to enlist passion or prejudice in our favour. We ask only to be dispassionately heard, while we appeal to your judgement in the language of candour and truth.

For a long time—perhaps too long—we have witnessed in uncomplaining silence, though with extreme regret and mortification, that these charges have been forced into extensive circulation, with the most unexampled zeal and untiring perseverance. Of the motives of those who, at this time, are carrying on a war of extermination against Freemasonry, we shall not speak. Doubtless they are various.

We regret that our opposers have not adhered to the lofty pretensions to "honesty of purpose and fairness of investigation" with which they started; and to the assurances they gave, that "while they combated" what they called "the errors and follies of a useless institution, private character and individual rights should be sacredly regarded." These assurances have not been realized. It is obvious to the most common observer, that the warfare is carried on against us, by heated and inflammatory appeals to ignorance and prejudice, rather than by cool and rational investigation; until at last it is resolved, that every man belonging to this order is unworthy of public confidence and trust. In the illusive work of fancied reform, they are endeavouring to bind down freedom of opinion, and are trampling under foot even the rights of those in no way connected with the institution, because they hesitate or refuse to support their measures of questionable origin and purpose, and of doubtful tendency and expediency. None are allowed to look back at the institution, and enquire if it is right and proper to array themselves against the order or against its members. The right of inquiry is denied. All who do not conform to their views are denounced, and nothing short of unconditional submission can suffice.

We shrink not from investigation. We do not object to decent and rational discussion. We have no wish to abridge the rights of others. We seek not to restrain any one in the full enjoyment of his privileges and immunities. We war not with private or public opinion, whatever it may be. Yet having, as we trust, ever manifested in all our relations in life, our solemn sense of our accountability to God and our country, we do not thus merit indiscriminate denunciation and proscription. The institution of freemasonry has existed long, and has eminently received the sanction of the great and good. Its precepts enjoin us to bear, with unresisting patience, the reproaches of its enemies, from whatever cause their opposition may proceed. But we are assailed not only as masons but as men. Our rights as citizens are sought to be taken from us. Our moral and religious principles are questioned. Our characters are daily and openly assailed. It is declared that our meetings are a "shield and cover to crime"—our arms "the weapons of death"—our practice "impiety and sacrilege"; and that with us "murder is a duty, defamation a system, and vengeance a sworn obligation!"

We have therefore thought it a solemn duty that we owe not only to ourselves, our families, our friends and our posterity, but also to you, to enter our protest against such charges, and to make this appeal. The senseless, vulgar and unmeaning abuse with which we are pursued, we leave to correct itself. We are furnished with a sufficient protection against its malignity by the very absurdity in which it is enveloped, and which must render it disgusting and loathsome to every well regulated and candid mind. Many things are alleged against us which are neither tangible nor definite, and which can, therefore, neither be proved nor disproved. "Much has been exhibited to the world, pur-

porting to be disclosures of the secrets of masonry, which is shocking to the feelings of the christian and philanthropist, and which, if true, would have driven from its pale long ere this every member possessing the least moral principle or refinement." To answer every particular of these charges would be an endless task, exceeding all reasonable bounds and limits, and which, therefore, we think cannot be required of us. But to all those which have been thus directly brought against us, we give an absolute and unqualified denial. The prominent ones shall receive a more particular notice.

We are charged with holding principles at variance with religion and virtue. This, in the sincerity of our hearts, we declare to be unfounded. The principles of the institution inculcate pure morality and virtue—peace on earth and good will towards men—devotion to God, and fervent charity. Not, as is ignorantly affirmed, a charity limited in its exercise; but embracing all mankind. A charity which forbids us to shut up our bowels of compassion to the enemies even of our foes. Which teaches us not to "execute vengeance," but to exercise forbearance; not to "defame" friends or enemies, or to speak evil of any. A charity which requires us to do good to ALL, but more especially to the brotherhood.

Nor does masonry inculcate any new doctrines. It does in no respect pretend to supersede the word of God, or to set up claims to equality with the christian religion. We know not, nor have we ever heard or known of the existence of such doctrines amongst masons. Nor do we believe that they now do or ever have existed. Many eminently pious men have heretofore been, and still are connected with this society, who would never have countenanced or supported any thing opposed to the pure principles of christianity.

It is also charged upon us that the institution has an undue influence in politics. This we also deny. Political subjects are not allowed even a discussion within the walls of lodges. Our members belong to the various political parties. This, of itself, would render it impossible to bring its influence to the aid of either. And on this subject also we would appeal to your own observation. Have you not known members of the same lodge politically opposed to each other? Have you not known them, at all times, to enjoy, as freely as others, their political opinions and rights in opposition to those who belonged to their order? Have you not observed them, not only to vote, but also to exert all their political influence against candidates who were members of the institution, and at the same time warmly to support in opposition to them those who were not masons? Reflect for a moment; and we presume you will yourselves pronounce this charge unfounded.

It is also charged that masonry interferes with and obstructs the administration of justice, and the execution of the laws, and that it has a controlling influence even in the jury box. We most solemnly declare that we have never known or heard of any instance of the kind; nor is such conduct warranted by any principle of the order. And we further declare that the principles of the institution require of every member, that he should not only be a peaceable and orderly subject of the government under which he may live, but enjoins it upon him to render a cheerful and ready obedience to its laws. In accordance with these principles we could never countenance crime, or lend our protection to its perpetrators. On the contrary, we have always considered it our imperious duty to bring to justice every offender against the laws of our country. And according to our knowledge of the institution, we unhesitatingly declare that it affords no protection to murder or treason, and is in no respect a sanctuary for crime of any grade or degree. What corruptions may have crept in elsewhere we know not; and we trust that we cannot be held responsible for the abuse or corruption which designing men in any particular place, may have committed or introduced for their own sinister purposes. The true principles of the order we believe to be the same now as they were centuries ago—as they were when the institution was first founded. To these principles we adhere. Let the institution be judged accordingly, and let its members accordingly be acquitted or condemned. But let not the innocent suffer because bad men may have crept in unawares, and have been guilty of a

flagrant violation of the laws. No society, civil or religious, could exist on any other principle, or could stand a test as severe as that which our opposers apply to us.

In relation to the abduction of William Morgan, and the violence committed on his person and against the laws, we possess no other information than yourselves. We have never received any information, directly or indirectly, except through the same channel with the public at large. From what we have thus obtained, we are, however, constrained to believe, that a lawless outrage has been committed; but by whom—to what extent—under what circumstances, or when or where, we know not more than yourselves. We trust that we will be credited when we say that it has been committed contrary to every known principle of our Order; that we reprobate and deplore the act as sincerely as any other members of this community, and that we do as anxiously hope that the offenders, although they may be of our Order, may yet be brought to justice.

As to the allegation that the most important offices in our government have been held by Masons, we will only say they have been filled by virtuous citizens. We have reason to rejoice that so many of our Order, have, at all times, been deemed worthy to fill places of high trust and responsibility; and that, under the favour and guidance of a kind Providence, they have been the instruments of carrying out our beloved country safe through all perils and dangers; and of advancing her to prosperity and glory.

In her glory and prosperity we have a common interest with you all. We have like yourselves an interest in the stability and perpetuity of her institutions. We are fathers; We are husbands; We are brothers; We also are sons. Like yourselves, we have sprung from those, some of whom fought and bled for the blessings we enjoy; Some of whom have entered into their rest—but, of whom, others yet remain to admonish us that we are the descendants of FREEMEN, of pious and virtuous ancestors; and that we were born in a land of civil and religious liberty.

We have now spoken. We have addressed you as citizens, as men, and as christians. By your judgement we are willing to abide. We have not, nor shall we seek a controversy with any. We have spoken that we might be heard. We are men of like passions with yourselves. Our reputations are as dear to us, and our sensations are as acute when wrongfully accused. Judge then what would be your feelings, if you were placed in our situation, conscious of your innocence, and assailed with most unfounded calumny.

(Signed.) Peter A. Overbagh, R. A. and K. T., John Sudam, R. A., Lewis Mason, R. A., Chauncey Mason, R. A., Herman M. Romeyn, R. A., Edward Greene, R. A., Pierce Catlin, R. A., Henry J. Davis, R. A., Lewis Hale, R. A., John Beekman, R. A., Seth Couch, R. A., Ebenezer Hall, R. A., William Woodworth, R. A. and K. T., Joseph Castle, R. A., Henry S. Backus, R. A., Abraham Elmendorf, R. A., Isaac Levet, R. A., Peter R. Decker, R. A., Thomas M. Holt, R. A., Samuel Elmore, R. A., William Wise, R. A., Casparus Winfield, R. A., Reuben H. Hine, R. A., James Edmonds, M. E., Peter W. Short, M. M., William I. Kerr, F. C., Joseph Peet, M. M., Elias Slout, M. M., Lewis Edson, M. M., Joel Babcock, M. M., David S. McKinstry, William W. Gerow, D. A., Hartshorn, Daniel Hunt, Samuel S. Freer, M. M., Philip B. Masterson, David Demarest, Henry H. Clapp, Thomas Fowler, Isaac B. Bloom, James Holden, John Van Gaasbeck, jr., William M. Eckert, William N. McDonald, James Elmendorf, R. A., John Van Buren, W. M., Peter Elmendorf, F. M., John Chipp, F. M., Benjamin Schepmeyer, M. M., Isaac Dubois, M. M., Matthew Stiles, M. M., Garret De Witt, James W. Baldwin, Philip Newkerk, Hiram Dubois, Cornelius I. Elmendorf, M. M., John C. Van Kuren, M. M., Caleb Meritt, M. M., William Swart, Jacob Snyder, John Trumpbour, John Kiersted, John T. Romeyn, M. M., Daniel A. Devo, Jacobus Hardenbergh, M. M., Derick Dubois, M. M., Samuel R. Reding, M. M., Martin Moner, M. M., John Tappan of Rhinebeck, George I. Peltz, Stephen McCarty, Lemuel Wheeler, William Kipp, Abram Persons, Egbert Dederick, Nottingham Ostrander, William S. Burhans, Jonathan Farrington, Alexander H. Smith, John I. Dumond, M. M., James Chipp, M. M., Hiram Green, R. A., Birdall Coruelli, R. A., Abraham Rose, R. A., John Howell, Wells Lake, M. M., William Waring, M. M., Samuel Johnson, W. Watkins, Jacob J. Schoonmaker, Alexander Cameron, William L. Jennings, John Relyea, Benjamin Relyea, Gilbert Mulford, Benjamin Aldriei, Lewis C. Dubois, Daniel A. Dayo, Albert Anderson, Daniel

Fowler, Henry Darling, R. A., David Wilklow, jr., Lewis Atkins, Philip Yapple, Ira Munson, Stephen S. Adece, Nathaniel Roos, Joel Hoornbeck, John L. Barnes, Peter P. Ockerman, Joseph Yapple, John Fuller, Samuel Aldrich, John Young, Jacob Ockerman, Ezekiel Deyo, Abraham G. Munson, Jabez Munson, Evert Decker, jr., Daniel R. Bond, Daniel Tuthill, jr. Simon Mullen, Jonathan, Baird, Frederick D. W. Atkins, Derick Rosa, Daniel N. Deyo, Matthew Rea, Nathan Harlow, John Vanderbergh, Abiel H. Hand, Jacob J. Hasbrouck, James Perrine, L. M. H. Butler, Jeronimus A. Secord, William Slater, Daniel Lefever, Philip S. Hasbrouck, Stephen I. Martino, Philip Dubois, Angus Cameron, James Hasbrouck, jr. Philip Hasbrouck, Constant Church, John Degroot, Abraham Jansen, Abraham Teller, Abraham J. Hardenbergh, David M'Kinstry, David M. Wherry, Henry M. Depuy, Philip Van Keuren, Jacob Wiggins, Jacob R. Hardenbergh, Nicholas Hardenbergh, David Birch, Benjamin B. Hasbrouck, Henry Adece, Abraham T. Van Keuren, James N. Mitchell, Thomas Hart, Jacob Decker, Daniel Taylor, Henry Van Ness, Dubois Bruyn, Jacob H. Deyo, Benjamin R. Van Keuren, Isaac A. Terwilliger, William Hixon, R. A., Jacob E. Bogardus, M. M., Jacob A. Law, M. M., Charles Hartshorn, M. M., A. I. Gilchrist, M. M., David Patchin, M. M., Samuel N. Rockwell, M. M., Daniel Martin, jr. M. M., Benjamin R. Sevier, M. M., Milton L. Edson, M. M.

MASONICK CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany, at the Masonick Hall.]
Temple Encampment, 2d Friday in each month.
Temple Chapter, 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month.
Temple Lodge, 1st and 2d Tuesday in each month.
Mount Vernon Lodge, 1st and 3d Thursday in each month.
Masters Lodge, 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

ODD FELLOWS' CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany.]
Hope Lodge, Monday evening in each week, at Montgomery Hall.
Philanthropic Lodge, Wednesday evening in each week, corner of Lodge and State-streets, over Osborn and Grays.
Clinton Lodge, Friday evening in each week, Masonick Hall.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

We have just conversed with a gentleman from Cumberland county, who informs us that, in boring through rock for salt water, a fountain of Petroleum, or volatile oil, was struck, at the depth of 130 feet. When the augur was withdrawn, the oil rushed up 12 or 14 feet above the surface of the earth, and it was believed that about 75 gallons were discharged per minute, forming quite a bold stream from the place to the Cumberland river, into which it discharged itself. The fountain or stream was struck four or five days previous to the departure of our informant, at which time the quantity of Petroleum discharged had not perceptibly diminished. Falling into Cumberland river, the volatile oil covered a considerable portion of the surface of the stream, for many miles below. If ignited, it would present a magnificent, if not an appalling spectacle.

British oil, which is extensively used as a medicine, is manufactured of Petroleum.

We have seen a specimen of this oil—it ignites freely, and produces a flame as brilliant as gas light.

Our informant states, that in the same neighbourhood in which this immense fountain of Petroleum has been discovered, Dr. John Croghan has succeeded, by boring, in obtaining an abundant supply of salt water, at a depth of more than 200 feet, which now rises about 25 feet above the ordinary level of the Cumberland river. The works, we are assured, will prove highly beneficial to the surrounding country, and profitable to the enterprising proprietor.

We add the following from Quincy's Lexicon Physico-Medicum:

[Petroleum, or oleum Petros. Rock Oil; a fluid bitumen or mineral oil, exuding from the clefts of rocks, or from the earth, or found floating on the surface of waters in different parts of Europe, and more plentifully in warmer countries; similar in its general properties to the oils extracted by distillation from bit coal, amber and solid bituminous members of the ore fluid *Petrolea* have been distinguished still more, name of Naptha, and the thicker by altum, or Pisseltum. Their gen-

eral virtues are those of stimulants, externally, in rheumatic pains, palsies, &c., and are sometimes prescribed internally in nervous complaints, and as diuretics.] [Louisville (Ky.) Advertiser.]

OHIO OIL STONE.

A committee of the Lancaster Mechanick's Beneficent Society, appointed to examine specimens of the Ohio Oil Stone, report that the quarry from which the stone is taken, contains a variety in colour and quality. One is like that found in the vicinity of Namur, but decidedly superior for the same purposes. Other specimens are of a finer quality. The committee express unanimously the opinion that the Ohio oil stone generally possesses "a peculiar uniformity of quality, which renders it decidedly preferable to the generality of Turkey oil stone thrown into our market."

FRICTION OF SCREWS AND SCREW-PRESSES.

An examination of the friction in screws having their threads of various forms, has led M. Poncelet to this very important conclusion, namely, that the friction in screws with square threads is to that of equal screws with triangular threads, as 2.90 to 4.78, proving a very important advantage of the former over the latter, relative to the loss of power incurred in both by friction. [Brande's Journal.]

FULMINATING POWDER.

According to M. Landgerbe, a mixture of two parts nitre, two parts neutral carbonate of potash, one part of sulphur, and six parts of common salt, all finely pulverized, makes a very powerful fulminating powder. M. Landgerbe adopts the extraordinary error of supposing that these preparations act with more force downwards, than in any other direction. [Bull. Univ.]

MATURATION OF WINE.

M. de St. Vincent, of Havre, states, from his own experience of long continuance, that when bottles containing wine are closed by tying a piece of parchment or bladder over their mouths, instead of using corks in the ordinary manner, the wine acquires, in a few weeks only, those qualities which is only given by age in the ordinary way after many years. [Nouveau Jour. de Paris.]

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

From General Miller's Memoirs.—Second edition.

BULL-FIGHTS AT LIMA.

The taste for bull-fights, introduced by the early Spaniards, is retained by their American descendants with undiminished ardour. The announcement of an exhibition of this kind produces a state of universal excitement. The streets are thronged, and the population of the surrounding country, dressed in their gayest attire, add to the multitudes of the city. The sport is conducted with an eclat that exceeds the bull-fights in every other part of South America, and perhaps even surpasses those of Madrid. The death of the bull, when properly managed, creates as much interest in the ladies of Lima, as the death of the hare to the English huntress, or the winning horse to the titled dames at Newmarket or Doncaster. Nor can the pugilistic fancy of England take a deeper interest in the event of a prize-fight, than the gentlemen of Lima in the scientific worrying of a bull. It is curious to observe how various are ideas of cruelty in different countries. The English, for instance, exclaim against the barbarity of the bull-fight, as compared with the noble sport of cock-fighting, badger-baiting, &c. But their enlightened horror could not exceed the disgust shown by a young South American, who witnessed a casual boxing-match between two boys in Hyde Park, surrounded and encouraged, as he expressed himself, by well-dressed barbarians. It is amusing to witness the complacency with which one nation accuses another of cruelty, without taking a glance at customs at home. The bulls destined for the ring are obtained principally from the woods in

the valleys of Chincha, where they are bred in a wild state. To catch and drive them to Lima, a distance of sixty leagues, is a matter of no inconsiderable expense. A bull is given by each *gremio*, or incorporated trading company of the city. The *gremios* vie in decorating their donation, which is bedizened with ribbons and flowers; across its shoulders are suspended mantles richly embroidered with the arms of the *gremio* to which it belongs, all of which become the perquisite of the *Toreador* or *Matador* who slays the bull. The price of admission is four reals, or two shillings; but an additional charge is made for seats in the boxes; and the managers pay a considerable tax to government on every performance. Early in the afternoon of the day fixed upon for a bull-fight, every street leading to the amphitheatre is crowded with carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. All are in the highest state of excitement, the highest glee, and in full dress. The business of the ring commences about two o'clock in the afternoon by a curious sort of prelude. A company of soldiers perform a *despejo*, or a military pantomime. The men having been previously drilled for that purpose, go through a variety of fanciful evolutions, forming the Roman and Greek crosses, stars, and figures, so describing a sentence, such as *viva la patria*, *viva San Martin*, or the name of any other person who happens to be at the head of the government. As a *finale*, the soldiers form a circle, face outwards, then advance towards the boxes, preserving their circular order, which they extend, until they approach close enough to climb up to the benches. Every movement is made to the sound of the drum; the effect is exceedingly good. A band of musick is likewise in attendance, and plays at intervals. The prelude being over, six or seven *toreador* enter the arena on foot, dressed in silk jackets of different colours, richly spangled or boarded with gold or silver lace. One or two of these men, and who are called *matadores*, are pardoned criminals, and they receive a considerable sum for every bull they kill. About the same time various amateurs, well mounted on steeds gaily caparisoned, fancifully and tastefully attired, present themselves. When all is prepared, a door is opened under the box occupied by the municipality, and a bull rushes from a pen. At first he gazes about as if in surprise, but is soon put upon his mettle, by the waving of flags and the throwing of darts, crackers, and other annoyances. The amateur cavaliers display their horsemanship and skill in provoking and in eluding his vengeance, in order to catch the eye of some favourite fair one, and to gain the applause of their friends and the audience. They infuriate the animal by waving a mantle over his head, and when pursued they do not allow their horses to advance more than a few inches from the horns of the angry bull. When at full speed, they make their horse revolve upon his hind legs, and remain in readiness to make a second turn upon the animal. This operation is several times repeated with equal agility and boldness, and is called *capear*. The amateurs then promenade around to acknowledge the plaudits bestowed. The species of sparring on horseback with the bull, is practised only in South America. Indeed in no other part of the world is the training of the horses, or the dexterity of the horseman, equal to the performance of such exploits. Effigies made of skin and filled with wind, and others made of straw, in which are live birds, are placed in the arena. The bull tosses them in the air, but being made heavy at the base, they come to the ground always retaining an upright posture. The straw figures are furnished with fire-works, which are made to take fire when the birds escape from within, and it sometimes happens that the bull has the flaming and cracking figure upon his horns. Sometimes the bull is maddened by fire-works being fastened on him, which go off in succession. The crackers being expended, the animal usually stands gazing around with rolling tongue, panting sides, and eyes sparkling with rage. He is then faced by the principal *matador*, who holds a straight sword in one hand and a flag in the other; as the bull runs at him with full speed, the *matador* coolly, but with great celerity, takes one step to the left, holding the flag just over the spot he occupied when the bull took aim. Being foiled,

the bull wheels round, and charges his tormentor a second time, who again skillfully eludes being caught on the horns: this is repeated about three times, to the great delight of the audience. At length the matador assumes a sort of fencing attitude, and at the critical moment, plunges his sword into the bull's neck, near to its shoulders, when it falls dead at his feet. Handkerchiefs are waved, and applauding shouts resound from every side. Four horses richly harnessed then appear. The dead bull is quickly fixed to traces, and dragged out at a gallop, cheered by continued acclamations.

"Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by."

Other bulls are killed in the same way by successive matadores. One is generally despatched by means of a long knife grasped by the matador, so that when his arm is extended, the blade is perpendicular to the wrist. The bull being worried for a time, the matador, instead of receiving him on the point of a sword as before, steps one pace aside as the bull runs at him, and adroitly plunges the knife into the spinal marrow behind the horns, and the animal drops dead instantaneously. Another bull is next attacked by mounted picadores, armed with lances. Their legs are protected by padding. Their horses are of little value, and cannot easily get out of the way of the bull. Neither do the riders often attempt it; to do so being considered cowardly. The consequence is, the horses generally receive a mortal gore; part of their entrails are frequently torn out, and exhibit a most disgusting spectacle. The riders run considerable risk, for their lances are inadequate to killing the bull, which after being gored and mangled, is finally despatched by a matador.

The next bull, as he sallies from the pen, is encountered by six or eight Indians with short lances, who kneel down like the front rank of a battalion to receive a cavalry charge. One or two Indians are usually tossed; the others follow up the bull, and when he turns upon them, they drop on one knee and receive him as before. They are seldom able to despatch him, and a matador steps forward to end his sufferings. Some of the Indians are often much hurt: they invariably make themselves half drunk before they enter the circus, alleging that they can fight the bull better when they see double. Again, another bull is let into the ring for the lanzada, or trial of the lance, the handle of which is very long and strong, fixed into a wooden socket secured to the ground, and supported by an Indian torero. The head of the lance is a long blade of highly tempered steel; and made sharp as a razor. Before the bull is permitted to leave the pen; he is rendered furious by a variety of torments. When he has been sufficiently maddened, the doors are thrown open, and the animal makes a rush at the Indian, who is dressed in scarlet, and directs the lance as he kneels on the ground. The raging bull runs at him; but he steadily points the lance, so as to receive the bull on its point. Such is the force with which he plunges at his opponent, that the lance generally enters at the head, and breaking through skull and bones, comes out at the sides or back. Finally, a bull with tail erect, comes bellowing and bounding in, with a man strapped on his back. The animal jumps and capers about, making every effort to rid himself of his burthen, to the no small amusement of the spectators. The rider at length loosens the straps, and the bull is attacked on all sides by amateurs and matadors on foot and on horseback. When a matador has killed a bull, he bows to the government box, then to the municipality, and then all around, receiving plaudits in proportion to the skill he has shown, and the sport he has afforded. Advancing then to the box of the municipality, he receives his reward from one of the members, who is appointed as judge on the occasion, which consists of a few dollars thrown into the arena. When the spectators are particularly gratified by the performance, they also throw money into the ring.

M. Tissot, a celebrated French physician, who was the intimate friend of Zimmerman, relates the case of a literary gentleman, who would never venture near a fire, from imagining himself to be made of paper, and being fearful he should melt.

CHARACTER.

From the "Second Judgement of Babylon the Great;" by the author of "Babylon the Great."

APPEARANCE OF ROTHSCHILD.

Septick, go to the Royal Exchange almost any morning you please, and among some score of persons, whose appearance will not very greatly elevate your notions of the dignity and grace of human nature, you will see some one, whose face and figure alike baffle your powers of description; and his whole man and manner make you instinctively repeat the vulgar tetrastich.

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
The fact itself I feel full well—
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

The thing before you stands cold, motionless, and speculationless as the pillar of salt into which the avaricious spouse of the patriarch was turned; and while you start with wonder at what it can be or mean, you pursue the association, and think upon the fire and brimstone that were rained down. It is a human being of no very Apollo-like form or face. Short, squat, with its shoulders drawn up to its ears, and its hands dived into its breeches pockets. The hue of its face is a mixture of brick-dust and saffron, and the texture seems that of the skin of a dead frog. There is a rigidity and tension in the features, too, which would make you fancy, if you did not see that were the fact, that some one from behind was pinching it with a pair of hot tongs, and that it were either ashamed or afraid to tell. Eyes are usually denominated the windows of the soul; but here you would conclude that the windows were false ones, or that there is no soul to look out at them. There comes not one pencil of light from the interior, neither is there one cintillation of that which comes from without reflected in any direction. The whole puts you in mind of "a skin to let;" and you wonder why it stands upright, without at least something within. By and by another figure comes up to it. It then steps two paces aside, and the most inquisitive glance that ever you saw, and a glance more inquisitive than you would have thought of, is drawn slowly out of the erewhile fixed and leaden eye, as if one were drawing a sword from a scabbard. The visiting figure, which has the appearance of coming by accident rather than design, stops but a second or two; in the course of which looks are exchanged, which, though you cannot translate, you feel must be of most important meaning. After these, the eyes are sheathed up again, and the figure resumes its stony posture. During the morning, numbers of visitors come, all of whom meet with a similar reception, and vanish in a similar manner; and last of all the figure itself vanishes, leaving you utterly at a loss as to what can be its nature or functions.

That singular figure is Nathan Myres Rothschild, the Jew, who holds the purse to all the kings on the continent, and opens or closes it just as he lists: and who, upon certain occasions, has been said to have more influence in this country than the proudest and most wealthy of its nobles—perhaps more influence than the two Houses of Parliament taken together. He takes that post, to be in the midst of his scouts; those visitors who appear to come casually, are all there by appointment. They communicate their information, receive their instructions, and hasten to act; and probably at each application of them to the grand calculating machine, it was willed that a million of money should change masters, or that a potentate who calls himself absolute, should alter his purpose, dismiss his minister, or change the system of his politics. Ungainly as his external man is, and detached as it seems from business, and incapable of thought, it is the case perhaps of the most curious, and certainly the most powerful calculating machine that ever existed.

The prodigies of calculation which have from time to time been exhibited, all sink into nothing before this one. They could play with numbers, in a manner wonderful enough, no doubt; but their play was unproductive, was nothing but a meteor marvel to be soon forgot; but this wields the purse of the world, and by means of that, all the powers in it. Along, too, with the intuitive magick of

numbers which this singular being possesses, there must be a magick over the passions of men: but what it is, or how it works, the possessor will not tell, and nobody else can.

Even this secrecy, however, forcible and fell as it is, cannot last forever. The former high priests of Mammon have suffered reverses, have been swept of all their wealth, driven to despair, and perished by their own hands; and therefore the man who lives upon the produce of his daily industry, must be more happy, and may be more secure than Rothschild the Jew, amid all his wealth and power. So much for the very acme of the remnant of Jacob.

THE GATHERER.

DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

The heir apparent of the crown of France derives his title of Dauphin from the following very singular circumstance. In 1349, Hubert, second count of Dauphiny, being inconsolable for the loss of his heir and only child, who had leaped from his arms through a window of his palace at Grenoble into the river Isere, entered into a convent of Jacobins, and ceded Dauphiny to Philip, a younger son of Philip of Valois (for 120,000 florins of gold each of the value of twenty sols, or ten pence English,) on condition that the eldest son of the king of France should be always after styled "the Dauphin," from the name of the province thus ceded. Charles V., grandson to Philip of Valois, was the first who bore the title in 1530.

Sir Joseph Banks used to tell a story of his being at Otaheite with Capt. Cook, when it was accidentally discovered to be the king's birth-day, on which it was suddenly agreed to have a jollification; every soul on board got fuddled, except three men who were on duty. The next day they came on deck, and begged to speak to the captain. "Well," said the captain, "what have you got to say?" "Please your honour, you were all drunk yesterday, all except we three; will your honour be pleased to allow us to get drunk to-day?" Sir Joseph, who was standing by, was so tickled with the oddity of the request, that he begged they might be indulged, and that he would subscribe two bottles of rum and two bottles of brandy. The boon was granted, and in less than three hours, these messmates balanced accounts, being as drunk as their hearts could wish. [Mr. Wadd.

Some years ago the following inscription, engraved on the fragment of a stone, was discovered amongst the relics of an antiquarian, and was considered by him as a great curiosity, and enhanced in value by its translation having puzzled the best scholars of the age:—

BENE.
A.T.H. T.H. I.S.S.T.
ONERE. POS. ET
H. CLAUD. COSTER. TRIP
E. SELLERO
F. IMP
IN. GT. ONAS. DO
TH. HI
S. C.
ON. SOR.
T. I. A. N. E.

Some supposed it to refer to the Emperor Claudian, till a lad one day spelt it out: "Beneath this stone repositeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller, of Lumpington, as doth his consort Jane."

TIME.

It is the remark of a sensible authoress, (Miss Hawkins,) that every day resembles a trunk which has to be filled; and when we fancy that we have packed it to the uttermost, we shall find that by good management it might, and would, have held more. Our quotation is from memory, but correct as to simile and substance; and we consider the remark not less striking than quaint.

CORPORATION LEARNING.

The mayor of a country town, conceiving that the word *clauses* was in the plural number, would often talk of a *claw* in an act of parliament.

THE LEGENDARY.

EL BORRACHO.*

Not long since, a couple resided in the suburbs of Madrid, named Perez and Juana Donilla; and a happy couple they might have been, had not Perez contracted a sad habit of drinking, which became more and more confirmed after every draught of good wine; and such draughts were certainly more frequent than his finances were in a state to allow. Night after night was spent at the tavern; fairly might he be said to swallow all that he earned by his daily labour; and Juana and himself (fortunately they had no children to maintain) must have been reduced to absolute mendicity, but for the exemplary conduct of the former, who contrived to support her spouse and herself upon the scanty produce of her unwearied industry. It ever a sentiment of gratitude for undeserved favours animated the bosom of Perez Donilla, he took, it must be confessed, a strange method of declaring it; not only would he, upon his return from his lawless carousals, grumble over that humble fare, the possession of which at all he ought to have considered as scarce less than a miracle, but, in his madness, unmerciful strappings were sure to be the portion of his miserable wife. Poor Juana bore these cruelties with a patience that ought to have canonized her under the title of St. Grizzle: she could not, indeed, forbear crying out, under these frequent and severe castigations; nor could she refrain from soliciting the aid of three or four favourite gentlemen saints, who, little to the credit of their gallantry and good-nature, always turned a deaf ear upon her complaints and entreaties, not a word, however, of the inhuman conduct of her worse half did she breathe to mortal ear. Neighbours, however, have auricular organs like walls and little pitchers, tongues like bells, and a spice of meddling and mischief in them like asses; so that no wise person will suppose the conduct of Perez Donilla to his wife was long a secret in Madrid. Juana had two brothers and a cousin resident in the city—Gomez Arias, chief cook to his reverence the Canon Fernando; Hernan Arias, head groom to Don Miguel de Corcoba, a knight of Calatrava; and Pedro Pedrillo, a young barber-surgeon, in business for himself. Gomez and Hernan, hearing of Juana's misfortunes, said, like affectionate brothers, "God help our poor sister, and may her own relations help her also; for if they do not, nobody else will, and she certainly can't help herself." The like words they repeated to Pedro Pedrillo, until he, being a sharp, handsome young fellow, and particularly fond of showing forth his fine person and finer wit, agreed to visit his cousin, and contrive some plan to extricate her from the cruelty of Perez. Making himself, therefore, as fascinating as possible, he marched directly to the house, or rather cabin, of Juana Donilla, and stood before her, smiling and watching her small thin fingers plaiting straw for hats, some minutes ere she was aware of his presence. "Pedro!" exclaimed she, with a countenance and voice of pleasure, as she recognized the intruder. "Ay, Pedro it is, indeed, Juana; but, improved as I am, O, mercy upon me, how black you are looking!" "Black, cousin? Nay, then, I'm sure 'tis not for want of washing. Come, come, Pedro, no jokes, if you please." "By St. Jago, fair cousin, I'm as far from a joke as I am from a diploma; and my business in this house, as in most houses, is no jest, I assure you. In a word, the cries which you utter when suffering from the insane fury of your sottish husband have reached even me, and I'm come to offer you a little advice and assistance. No denial of the fact, Juana; those black bruises avouch it without a tongue."—Juana held down her head, colour mounted into her cheeks, tears suffused her eyes, her bosom heaved convulsively, and for some moments she was silent from confusion, shame, grief, and gratitude. At length, withdrawing her hand from the affectionate grasp of Pedro, and dashing it athwart her eyes, she looked up and said mildly, "Thanks, many thanks, dear cousin, for your kindness. I cannot

dissemble with you; what would you have me do? I could not beat him in return; and, oh! save him from the arm of my brothers!"—"What have you always done?"—"Borne his stripes, and called for help upon St. Jago, St. Francis Xavier, St. Benedict, and St. Nicholas!"—"And did you never invoke the three holy Maries?"—"Never." Then that's what you ought to have done," returned Senor Pedrillo, with the utmost gravity. "Now mind me,—call upon them for aid next time your husband maltreats you."—"Alas!" sighed the afflicted wife, "that will most surely be to-night. I've not much faith in your remedy, Pedro; but may be there's no harm in trying it."—"Farewell, then, my poor, pretty, patient, black-bruised cousin," cried Pedrillo; "next time you see the doctor, let him know how his remedy has sped;" and with a comical expression of countenance, half melancholy, have mirthful, the "trustful and well-beloved cousin" departed.

Late that night, Perez Donilla entered his own habitation as intoxicated and belligerent as ever. "Where's my supper?"—"Here," said his wife, trembling, as she placed before him a few heads of garlick, a piece of salted trout, a little oil, and a crust of barley bread. "What's all this, woman?" exclaimed Perez, in a voice of thunder; and with glaring eyes and demoniacal tury he dashed the fish at her head, and the rest of his supper upon the floor. "Wretch! how durst you fatten upon olives and ragouts, and set trash like this before your husband?"—"My dear," replied Juana, meekly, "I am starving; nothing have I tasted since breakfast."—"Don't lie, you jade! Where's the wild-fowl and the Bologna sausage sent you by that rogue, Gomez? Stolen were they from the canon's kitchen, and you know it! And where's the skin of excellent Calcavella, from the Caballero's overflowing vaults? Give it to me this instant, you hussy, you vixen, you—"—"Indeed, indeed," cried the unfortunate wife in deep anguish, "I take all the saints in heaven to witness—"—"That, and that, and that," interrupted the furious tyrant, lashing her severely, according to custom, with a thick thong of leather, and now and then adding a blow with his fist; "let's see if that will bring me a supper fit for a Christian, and a draught of Don Miguel's Calcavella!" Juana remembered Pedrillo's advice, and after roaring out more loudly than usual for aid from St. Jago, St. Francis, St. Benedict, and St. Nicholas, shrieked at the highest pitch of her voice, "May the three blessed Maries help me!" No sooner were the words uttered, than in rushed three apparitions, arrayed in white, but so enfolded in linen, that it was impossible to determine whether they represented men or women; of their visages, only their eyes were visible, peering frightfully from the white covering of their heads; each brandished a good stout cudgel, and each, without uttering a word, falling quick as thought upon Perez Donilla, repaid him the blows he had lavished on his unhappy wife with such interest, as would have sealed his fate indubitably, had not she interposed; but upon the entreaties of that exemplary wife, the three holy Maries remitted the remainder of their flagellation, and retired, leaving Perez senseless on the floor. Poor Juana was agonized at beholding the state to which her graceless partner was reduced, and hauling him, as well as her own exhausted strength would permit, upon his miserable pallet, washed the blood and dust from his wounds, and watched his return to consciousness with unexampled tenderness and dutiful fidelity. Perez at length opened his eyes, and said, in the mild voice which was natural to him when sober, "My Poor Juana, I wish you could fetch your cousin Pedro to see me; I think I shall die." Juana was half distracted at this speech; and running to the next house, bribed a neighbour's child by the promise of a broad-brimmed straw hat, to shade his complexion from the sun, to run for Doctor Pedrillo. Pedro soon arrived, and was evidently more puzzled respecting his deportment than the case of his patient. Sundry "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," and sundry eloquent glances of his bright black eyes, were covertly bestowed upon his fair cousin; anon, with ludicrous solemnity, he felt the pulse of Perez, shook his head, and, in short, imitated with inimitable exactness

all the technical airs and graces of a regular graduate of Salamanca. "Cousin," cried he at length, with a sly look at Juana, "I pity your plight—from my soul I do; but your case is, I am grieved to say, desperate, unless I am informed of the cause of these monstrous weals, bruises, slashes, and chafings, in order that my prescription may—"—"The cause of them," said Perez, almost frightened to death, "is, having to my cost a saint of a wife."—"How! that a misfortune? explain yourself, my poor fellow."—"Readily," replied Donilla, "if that will help to heal me." He then explained minutely the circumstances of the case, concluding thus:—"Not but what I am, after all, remarkably indebted to Juana, for had she only called the eleven thousand Virgins to her assistance, their zeal would undoubtedly have divided my body amongst them; since, then, my wife has such friends in heaven, I shall henceforth be careful how I enrage them again." Perez Donilla kept to his resolution, and the Three Maries, whom, without doubt, the intelligent reader has recognized through their disguise, lived for many years to rejoice in the blessed effects of a severe, but merited infliction.

MISCELLANY.

AFRICA AND SLAVERY.

We extract the following article from a notice of Clapperton's Travels, in a late London Weekly Review.

We are not yet in possession of sufficient materials for a complete picture of the moral condition of the people of Africa. The relations of travellers, composed with different views and with different feelings, frequently contradict each other; and the speculations of naturalists and philosophers, necessarily based upon those relations, are equally at variance. Upon one point—the religion of the negroes—the diversity of opinion is extraordinary; some imagining the black man of central Africa to be a brutal, godless savage; while others, and among these, the unsophisticated author of the work before us, describe him as under the influence of very strong religious feelings, although these feelings are disguised and perverted by superstition and ignorance. Capt. Clapperton, it is true, remarks in one passage, that the negro never prays, except when he is in fear, or in want of something; but, as man's fears and wants are numerous, and of continual recurrence, more especially in the state of society in which the negro is placed, we should infer from this, that his devotions must be frequent. Perhaps, could we discover the real history of the human heart in more civilized countries, the greater number of men would at least be found to be more fervent in their prayers, and more assiduous in the outward demonstrations of religious feeling, when want or affliction has visited them, than on ordinary occasions.

Virey and Bory de St. Vincent, who differ on most points, agree in describing the African negro as an irreligious savage; while the former, at the same time, infers from the extreme superstition of this unhappy race, a degree of intellect inferior to that possessed by the whites. Their gods, he tells us, are certain little grotesque figures, called *fetiches*; or mere animals, as serpents, crocodiles, lizards, birds, &c.; and he adds, that for a bottle of brandy, a native of Senegal will make profession of any religion, and forswear it next day for the same price. But what does all this prove? That the negro is naturally destitute of the religious feeling? Quite the reverse. The poor uninformed savage, experiencing the necessity of paying worship to something, and wanting that force of mind, by which the Deity is discovered through the multitudinous forms and operations of nature, bows down before those material beings or substances which exhibit the most powerful or useful qualities. The ancient Egyptians, who are said by many writers to have numbered rats and onions among their deities, have never been denominated an irreligious people; nor are the Hindoos, whose gods are often of a nature equally invulnerable, suspected by these naturalists of the stupid sort of atheism with which they reproach the negroes. There is in fact no nation without religion.

* The Drunkard; the Spanish origin of this story is thus endeavoured to be recognized in its title.

though, it must be allowed, that a rational, pure, and undefiled worship exists among but very few of the tribes of mankind.

The unfavourable opinions that prevail respecting the morals of the negroes are better founded. The institution of marriage, the basis upon which the whole social system is erected, is contemned, or, rather, unknown, throughout the greater part of Pagan Africa—which, to speak the truth, appears to be nothing but one boundless brothel, chastity being altogether unknown, or not respected. Hence that monstrous absence of natural affection, which allows parents to track their own offspring, and coolly to see the child from their knee carried away into slavery in a foreign land. Lying, cheating, thieving, are not considered disgraceful in many parts of Africa; and murder is not punished with death.

Capt. Clapperton is not, however, one of those who deny to the negroes the possession of estimable qualities. On the contrary, he more than once repeats his expressions of gratitude towards them for their kindness and generous hospitality; and during his last illness, when his faithful servant expressed suspicion that he had been poisoned, he earnestly repelled the insinuation. The suspicion, however, does not appear to have been altogether extravagant; and, although the imprudent conduct of the traveller himself, in lying down to sleep, after great bodily fatigue, in a damp, swampy place, may be quite sufficient to account for the disorder that carried him off, the character of the wretches who composed Sulton Bello's court would induce us to think it at least very possible that some kind of poison may have been employed to hasten the progress of the disease.

But, with whatever other vices we may reproach the negro, it is the trafficking in human beings that is the damning sin of Africa; and of this the negroes themselves appear to be secretly conscious, for the slaves that were passing towards the coast, or elsewhere for sale, during the period of the mission, were seldom visible to the strangers, being, it is supposed, hurried along by night, chained neck to neck, and compelled to carry heavy burdens. Such of these degraded wretches as remain in the country are often treated with less rigour than, from the general habits and character of the African, we should have been led to expect; but the reports of their attachment to their masters, and their reluctance, while in this condition, to betray any trust reposed in them, which would appear to mark them out as creatures born for servitude, are far from being correct, as not a night passed, while Capt. Clapperton was in the country, during which many of these poor wretches did not run away, taking with them whatever they could conveniently bear in their flight.

It is not a little extraordinary that mankind should generally have associated the idea of blackness with slavery. The ancient Huns were divided into the white and the black; not that they really differed from each other in colour, but that the former were free, the latter enslaved. The same terms have been metaphorically applied to countries: whence *White Russia*, *White Walachia*, have been used to signify *Free Russia*, *Free Walachia*.

The advocates of slavery maintain, that, in creating us superior in intelligence to the negroes, nature herself justifies our assuming dominion over them, in the same manner as we assume it over the inferior animals. Bernardin de Sainte-Pierre, a curious observer both of man and nature, observes, that in the Isles of France and Bourbon, the dogs of the negroes, conforming themselves to the condition of their owners, or discovering their inability to protect them effectually, yield the superiority to the dogs of the whites. The argument of Grotius, that persons born in servitude ought not to escape from their condition until they repay their masters the price of their education and maintenance during childhood, would justify our kidnapping a man in the street, shutting him up in our houses, and refusing to let him go until he had paid for his lodgings. For that which we are compelled to receive, we can owe nothing.

From time immemorial Africa, however, has been the nursery of slaves. The Phenicians purchased slaves from thence, and the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Persians, had their black eunuchs.

The Carthaginians employed blacks in the commercial expeditions and in working their mines; and from the Periplus of Hanno, a Carthaginian navigator, who was commissioned to make discoveries in Southern Africa, we learn that the condition of the negroes was exactly the same in those remote times as it is now. The Greeks and Romans brought home slaves and gold from their African conquests; and the Arabs, whose victories followed on the heels of those of Rome, converted the whole continent of Africa into one vast store house, where men were enclosed; like bales of merchandise, to be removed at the pleasure of their masters.

About the close of the fourteenth century, and in the beginning of the 15th, the Portuguese commenced their conquests with the little islands on the coast of Africa, whence they carried away slaves to be employed in agriculture at home, or in the Canary Islands. The fortress of Almina was built on the coast of Africa by the Portuguese in 1481, and, forty years afterwards, the regular trade in human beings, which has been carried on to the present time, was begun by Alonzo Gonzales. Anderson, in his History of Commerce, observes, that it was in 1508, that the first negro slaves were transported from Africa to St. Domingo. Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Spain, was the first who introduced negro slaves into Peru, in 1510, soon after the conquest of the country. The discovery of America, and the introduction of the sugar-cane and the cotton-tree into that country, were fatal to the African race, who, it was soon found, were better able to endure heat, and perform severe manual labour, than the Aborigines of America. From that period to the present, Africa has been yearly drained of her population to supply the sugar plantations of the West Indies and America, notwithstanding the Christian exertions of the government of England; but to describe this traffick, and the evils to which it gives birth, is not at present our object.

The Fellatas, according to Capt. Clapperton, are nearly white; in fact, quite as fair as the Portuguese or Spaniards. They have neither the thick lips, nor the woolly hair of the negroes; and some of their young women are described, in Lander's Journal, as "graceful and beautiful." This seems to prove that climate is not the cause of blackness, woolly hair, and peculiar anatomical conformation of the negro; for the Fellata race endure the same degree of heat, subsist upon the same food, and conform to the same manners as the negroes. Blumenbach, in his Essay on the Varieties of the Human Species, asserts that the woolly hair is not peculiar to the negro, but is found among the copper-coloured inhabitants of the Duke of York's Island, in the Pacific Ocean; while many black races possess long and flowing hair. This opinion appears to require confirmation. It is true that certain natives of India, who all have long, flowing hair, are exceedingly dark; but the colour of the Hindoos is very different from that of the negro, being a deep bronze—in producing the lighter or darker shades of which, the sun seems to have no influence. The opinion of the same great naturalist, that there are negroes with red hair, appears also to be somewhat disputable; though we cannot doubt that many mulattos may be found with hair of that colour.

From the Banquet of Xenophon.

RICHES.

"Don't you pray heartily against riches!" says Callais; "and if you should happen to dream you were rich, would you not sacrifice to the gods to avert the ill-omen?" "No, no," replied Garnides; "but when any flattering hope presents, I wait patiently for the success." Then Socrates, turning to Antisthenes—"And what reason have you," said he, "who have very little or no money, to value yourselves as more virtuous and wealthy than those who are rich?" "Because I am not in the coffers of those we call rich or poor, but in the heart only; for I see numbers of very rich men, who believe themselves poor, nor is there any peril or labour they would not expose themselves to, to acquire more wealth. I knew two brothers, the other day, who shared equally their

father's estate. The first had enough, and something to spare; the other wanted every thing. I have heard likewise of some princes so greedy of wealth, that they were more notoriously criminal in the search of it than private men: for though the latter may sometimes steal, break houses, and sell free persons to slavery, to support the necessities of life, yet these do much worse; they ravage whole countries, put nations to the sword, enslave free states; and all this for the sake of money, and to fill the coffers of their treasury. The truth is, I have a great deal of compassion for these men, when I consider the distemper that afflicts them. Is it not unhappy condition to have a great deal to eat, to eat a great deal and yet never be to be satisfied? For my part, though I confess I have no money at home, yet I want none; because I never eat but just as much as will satisfy my hunger, nor drink but quench my thirst. I clothe myself in such a manner that I am as warm abroad as Callais, with all his great abundance. And when I am at home, the floor and the wall, without mats or tapestry, make my chamber warm enough for me. And as for my bed, such as it is, I find it more difficult to awake than to fall asleep in it. But don't mistake me, gentlemen, for governing my passion in this and in other things, I am so far from desiring to have more pleasure in the enjoyment, that I wish it less; because, upon due consideration, I find those pleasures that touch us in the most sensible manner, deserve not to be esteemed the most worthy of us. But observe the chief advantage I reap from my poverty; it is, that in case the little I have should be taken entirely from me, there is no occupation so poor, no employment in life so barren, but would maintain me without the least uneasiness, and afford me a dinner without any trouble. For if I have an inclination at any time to regale myself and indulge my appetite, I can do it easily; it is but going to market, not to buy dainties (they are too dear) but my temperance gives that quality to the most common food; and, by that means, the contentedness of my mind supplies me with delicacies that are wanted in the meat itself. Now, it is not the excessive price of what we eat that gives it a relish, but it is necessity and appetite. Of this I have experience just now, while I am speaking; for this generous wine of Tharsos, that I am now drinking, the exquisite flavour of it is that I drink it now without thirst, and consequently without pleasure. Besides all this, I find it is necessary to live thus in order to live honestly. For he that is content with what he has, will never covet what is his neighbour's. Further, it is certain the wealth I am speaking of makes men liberal. For Socrates, from whom I have all mine, never gave it me by number or weight, but, whenever I was willing to receive, he loads me always with as much as I can carry. I do the same by my friends; I never conceal my plenty. On the contrary, I show them all I have, and at the same time I let them share with me. It is from this, likewise, I am become master of one of the most delightful things in the world: I mean that soft and charming leisure, that permits me to see every thing that is worthy to be seen, and to hear every thing that is worthy to be heard. It is, in one word, that which affords me the happiness of hearing Socrates from morning to night, for he, having no great veneration for those that can only count vast sums of gold and silver, converses only with them whom he finds are agreeable to him, and deserve his company.

From the American Manufacturer.

LIFE.

"Oh! why should we seek to anticipate sorrow—
Or why should the dark-rolling clouds of to-morrow
O'er-h drow the sunshine and joys of to-day?"

Thus sung Henry Neele, one of England's gifted spirits; and, if we were to judge from the above quotation—a jovial, good natured fellow, who made the most of the present time, without troubling his head about the future. Yet, how was the fact! Henry Neele ended with his own hands a miserable existence, and rushed, uncalled for, into the presence of his Maker. People may say what they will, this life of ours is a rough-and-tumble sort of business—and the fact ought to be

generally known, that no disappointment may be felt—where little or nothing is expected. Those who imagine they can pass on in the great thoroughfare of life, as smoothly and easily as the car of a modern railway, will find themselves most egregiously mistaken. The world is not what painters and poets would make it. There is nothing dreamy and visionary about it. It is palpably real, and far—very far from romantick.

There is nevertheless something melancholy in the reflection that the visions of our early years must fade one after another, until nothing but the cold and substantial reality is left us—nothing but the remembrance of having passed over a land of flowers, crushing them under our feet, and bending forward to catch a glimpse of something beyond—until the enchanted region was left behind, and the spirit, which presides over the past, like the angel at the gates of Paradise, had barred our return thither. Well, it is a lesson we must all learn, and the sooner we are acquainted with it, so much the better for our pilgrimage. It is wiser by far to look out on the rising tempest, when it comes growling and muttering up the horizon, than to veil our eyes until the earth is quaking to the stroke of its thunderbolts, and the red pathway of its lightning becomes visible above us.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1829.

TO LET—The Rooms now occupied by us as a printing office. Inquire at this office, or of J. F. Porter, in the basement story of the building.

The office of the Masonick Record will be removed to No. 2, Beaver-street, on the first of May.

Those of our subscribers who intend to change their places of residence on the first proximo, will please to inform the carrier or leave notice at this office, in order that they may be regularly served with their papers.

THE TABLES ARE TURNED! The recent town elections at the west have played the deuce with anti-masonry. It has been met and conquered in its very camp. In Monroe, Genesee, Livingston, Chautauque, Ontario, Wayne, Niagara, Erie, Orleans, Seneca, Cayuga, Saratoga, &c. making up the noted infected district, the spirit of regeneration has swept all before it. In the village of Batavia, the residence of the famous Col Miller, the toleration ticket has succeeded by a handsome majority. In Warsaw, the residence of Elder Barnard, an anti-masonick book maker, and one of the most zealous of the faction, the toleration ticket has been elected by large majorities. The truth is, the friends of equal rights are rousing into action in every part of the state and country. Prejudice is dying away in all quarters; the spirit of truth is abroad, and every thing declares, that anti-masonry (as Myron Holly said of Masonry) will ere long be "numbered with the past evils of our country."

Such affairs as the Munchausen story of Henry F. Yates may, according to the old saying that "every dog has his day," live for a week or two; but the common discernment of mankind will eventually detect their falsity, and punish those who have made use of them to support anarchy and persecution. Considering the "signs of the times," we think it would be advisable for the editor of the *Elucidator* not to be too hasty in swearing to lies merely because he imagines they may serve his present interests. Governor Southwick once said that Morgan, being set adrift by the masons upon Niagara river, stemmed the tide and mounted the cataract, but, strange as it may seem, nobody believed him. Henry F. Yates now says that the Grand Lodge of this state paid a certain individual two hundred and fifty dollars to indemnify him against losses which were not sustained until four months after the Grand Lodge closed its session; and the editor of the *Elucidator* may rest assured that the people will not believe Mr. Yates any more than they did governor Southwick. Masons do not, more than others, possess the power of foretelling events; and we believe it is not customary for men deliberately to provide against unexpected reverses, four months before they

happen. Yates' story, independent of the refutation which it meets with in the high and honourable character of the Grand Lodge, is such a one as should not, from its palpable absurdity and contradiction, be believed; and it is matter of astonishment that men in their senses should countenance it, or that an editor who plumes himself upon his christianity, as we understand Mr. Hotchkins does, should so far forget truth and his duty to his fellow beings, as to make use of it to blind the eyes of the people, in order to cheat them of their rights and destroy individual character.

A man who calls himself Avery Allyn is trying to immortalize himself by swearing about sundry items of the Morgan affair. He seems to be very anxious to hang a Mr. Howard; and we don't know whether to wish him success, or not. Mr. Allyn has heard some one say that Morgan was murdered, and his conscience is so very tender, that he is determined to be an accessory till somebody is hanged. Now, in the course of our life we have discovered that those who talk so much about their conscience in the newspapers have generally little or no conscience at all, and we are inclined to the belief that Mr. Allyn has not a great deal of the article; if he had, he would not be so willing to swear to things of which he is confessedly ignorant. If some one must be hanged, we don't know of any one who has a better right to submit to the necessary personal inconvenience, for the particular gratification of Mr. Allyn, than the gentleman himself. We therefore advise him to think of Judas, and take the matter into consideration.

His Excellency of the National Observer tells what a Yankee would call "a whapper," while speaking of the late Mr. Gross in his yesterday's paper. Mr. Gross did hear the "blood and thunder" speech of the Observer gentleman, but so far from making use of the language which the orator attributes to him, we know, from the best evidence in the world, that he turned to a friend who stood near him and expressed the most decided contempt for Solomon Southwick, the matter of his speech, and the character and objects of the convention. Mr. Gross was elected to the house in opposition to an anti-masonick candidate; and had he lived, would not only not have been an anti-mason, but he would have been among those who have so nobly declared themselves opposed to faction and misrule. It is insulting the memory of the dead to class him with those who were not worthy to brush the dust from his shoes while living. None but a vain and shallow egotist would stoop to the system of self puffing which Mr. Southwick has uniformly pursued. It seems to be half the business of his life to collect plasters for his reputation. How mean and despicable does such a being appear, when compared to a man like Mr. Gross! The deceased will be remembered as an honour to the state until his name shall be lost in the mazes of events:—the living will be despised while living, and when dead, be in charity forgotten or remembered only as an evidence of the degradation to which man may be reduced, when his mind is perverted from its healthy and sane course.

DONATION. The editor of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, says, we have received the sum of \$38 60, by the hands of a committee of charity of the Boyer Lodge of Freemasons, No. 1, in that city, (composed of people of colour,) with a request that one half of the sum should be appropriated to the Female Assistance Society, and the other half to the Dorcas Society of females of colour, whose business is to make up wearing apparel to enable destitute children to attend the African schools under the charge of the Manumission Society.

LITERARY SUMMARY. S. G. Goodrich & Co. of Boston, have in press a *Life of Bolivar*, written by "General H. L. V. Ducoudry-Holstein, ex-chief of the staff of Bolivar, and now professor of Modern Languages at Geneva college," in this state. The editor of the New-England Galaxy, judging from a perusal of a few chapters already struck off, thinks "the work will be highly interesting to the publick, and give a more intimate, connected, and satisfactory account of the affairs of Columbia since the com-

mencement of the revolution, than any that has been hitherto published."

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer says he lately met with a manuscript *Life of Washington*, in Latin, written in Ohio, by Mr. Francis Glass, A. M., professor of languages. The writer in the Intelligencer says the biography is written in an easy and flowing style, and "discovers a nice acquaintance with the best Roman authors, as well as a perfect familiarity with more modern Latin;" and, as he understands it is to be sent to Messrs. Carey and Lea for publication, he hopes that "some of the learned Thebans of Philadelphia will cast their eyes upon it and introduce it into their schools, if in their opinion it should merit such distinction."

A life of the great philanthropist Howard, is preparing for publication in Boston. The author is the Rev. Lewis Dwight, Secretary of the Prison Discipline,—a man whose talents and benevolent feelings eminently qualify him for such an undertaking. The work will be in about 300 pages 12mo.; accompanied by a copperplate engraving of the great man whose deeds it commemorates, and probably also by one of the second Mrs. Howard, who co-operated in his benevolent designs, till her death.

An edition in six volumes of Walter Scott's miscellaneous prose works is in the press at Boston. The contents are, volume I, *Life of Dryden*; volume II, *Life of Dean Swift*; volume III, *Memoirs of Samuel Richardson*, Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollett, Richard Cumberland, Oliver Goldsmith, Samuel Johnson, Laurence Sterne, Henry Mackenzie, Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve, Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, Alain Rene Le Sage, Charles Johnstone, Robert Bage; volume IV, *Memoirs of Charlotte Smith*, Sir Ralph Sadler, John Leyden, Miss Anna Seward, Daniel Defoe, The late Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry, Lord Somerville, King George III, Lord Byron, The Duke of York; volume V, *Letters*. Battle Ligny. Battle of Waterloo, &c. &c.; volume VI, *An Essay on Chivalry*, Romance, The Drama. It is not true that Sir Walter is writing an Autobiography. The late London papers state, that he is to write a preface for a new edition of his Novels, now in press, giving an account of various interesting circumstances connected with their origin.

We have received the first three numbers of the Virginia Souvenir and Ladies Literary Gazette, published semi-monthly at Richmond, Va. It is edited by Mr. Stephen F. Mitchell, who recently distinguished himself as the conductor of that unique affair, the "Spirit of the Old Dominion."

Irving's Columbus and Cooper's Novels have been lately translated and published in Germany.

Count Philip de Segur, author of a *History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia*, is about to publish a *History of Russia, from the Earliest Period to the Reign of Catharine*. An English translation is to appear simultaneously at London.

A translation of Milton's *Private Correspondence*, with notes by John Hale, esq. is in the press and will soon appear at Philadelphia. It is to make a volume of about one hundred and sixty pages.

If we had time we would manufacture a few words of condolence for our very small and particular friend of the Niagara Courier. We are afraid the little fellow will be for packing up his duds unless they treat him better at Lockport. His party was completely routed at the late election. We should be sorry to hear of his departure, for he is quite harmless where he is, and there is no telling what a dust he might kick up if he should get farther west, among the mountains and the indians.

EUROPE. The ship Grecian arrived at New-York from Liverpool on Monday evening last. She sailed on the 5th ult. bringing advices two days later than the former arrival: but nothing of much interest had transpired, if we except the movements in relation to the Catholic question. A great excitement pervades all England against that bugbear of the imagination, called *Papery*; which seems to be a monstrous a thing on the other side of the waters as masonry is on this. The royal family is split on the subject, an

the "noble brothers" spit words at each other quite courageously in the House of Lords. The ministry is made up of Jack Catholics; and the king and the heir apparent, who were on the fence for a long while, have both jumped off on the Irish side. But notwithstanding the support of the government, there is much reason to doubt whether emancipation will be granted, to the extent demanded by the Catholics. If it be not granted there is but one alternative; the nature of which can not be mistaken by any one who is acquainted with the Irish character. There will be either freedom or fighting.

Russia and Turkey continue their preparations for another campaign.

Portugal is in its old uneasy state.

DOMESTICK. Gold Mines. The number of gold mines in N. Carolina is daily increasing. A letter from Charlotte, in that state, says, "Every farmer in the neighbourhood of this village that has a little barren hill on his plantation, is sure to find gold. The sign of gold is by its having white flint rock on it; so that when a farmer finds one of these on his land, what he formerly asked five hundred dollars for, he will ask as many thousands for, and actually gets it. There are several rich companies from the north and south, and even foreigners, who are very busy purchasing. They are working by steam, horse, and water power, to pretty good advantage."

Tailoring. A Mr. Chabot, of Baltimore, has lately published a book on this art, from which it appears that he has greatly simplified the system of measuring. He requires only three measures to enable him to make a full suit, and occupies but one minute in taking them. The editor of the Baltimore Chronicle says he was not a little amused to see Mr. Chabot stretch a measure over a friend's arm to fit him with a pair of pantaloons.

Muscadel Grapes. The muscadel grape vine has been raised, near Adamsville, South Carolina, from the seed of the raisin. A late paper from that quarter says, "the vines are apparently thrifty and flourishing, and bid fair to produce fruit this season. We sincerely hope that the attempt to naturalize this delicious exotick may be crowned with success, and at the same time recommend to our agricultural readers a further trial of the experiment."

The best Castor oil now used is made in this country. Several years since this medicine was a very nauseous one; it not unfrequently caused the throats of patients to smart by reason of its rancidity. It is now sold destitute of every unpleasant smell, and as transparent as water. Old associations still cause many persons to shudder at its name, yet we hear of some who regard the flavour of it as similar to that of walnuts, and one in particular declares that he could relish it on bread. No disputing tastes like these.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Statesman says, although he has never seen Wooden Nutmegs, or Bass-wood pumpkin seed, he was lately favoured with the sight of Wooden Combs, so well done as almost to escape detection. The vender of them, he says was a "tall straight and sleek" fellow, who, when asked if he had any wooden pumpkins, replied that he "hadn't neither, but he had down aboard the schooner, some Wooden Pomatum." [Am. Man.]

The Macon Telegraph relates that there is an old gentleman living in Monroe county, Georgia, aged 104 years, who oversees his farm, works, reads without spectacles, hears well, retains most of his teeth, is married to his third wife, and has 18 or 20 children, the youngest not yet fourteen years old.

Contempt of Court. The editor of the New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser made some remarks relating to a criminal trial; for this he was arrested, brought before Court and summarily sentenced to six hours imprisonment. This power exercised by courts of denying to an individual the trial by jury, and above all constituting themselves judges in their own cases is, of all errors, the most extravagant and dangerous. [Philadelphia Aurora.]

Decrease of Slaves in South Carolina. It appears from the Reports of the Comptroller of S. Carolina, that the number of slaves in that State decreased in one year, from 1824 to 1825, thirty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven; and in the next year, one thousand one hundred and twenty-nine. Total decrease in two years, 33,856; being more than one eighth of the whole number, (260,282) in 1824. All this is attributed, by Mr. Seabrook, of S. C. to the Tariff of 1824. [Journal of Commerce.]

An Anti-Masonick Meeting was recently held at Coatsville, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, at which several resolutions, &c. in the usual strain, were agreed to. The

name of the Secretary was Richard Pin—he means undoubtedly to stick a pin in all the masons of that county.]

MEXICO. Advices from Mexico to the 9th March, state that since the election of Guerrero to the presidency, every thing has been quiet in that republic. Pedraza had embarked at Tampico in the British Packet, for England. It was thought that in consequence of the departure of Pedraza the law for expelling the Spaniards, which had passed the house of representatives, would not be adopted by the senate. Many Spaniards are emigrating to Vera Cruz but without any obligations on the part of the government Guerrero was to enter into the discharge of the executive duties on the 1st inst.

WEST INDIES. Kingston (Jamaica) papers have been received to the 17th February. Great distress prevails among the coffee growers in the island of Dominica; and at a meeting of the legislature, a petition was presented on the 24th January, praying that body to endeavour to obtain from the British government permission to export all their slaves to some other colony. The sugar planters presented a counter petition, asking the legislature not to entertain that of the coffee planters, as it would occasion ruin to the last petitioners. From these documents may be learnt in one view, says the Kingston paper, the progress to ruin to which all the West India colonies are rapidly approaching. The cultivation of coffee will not remunerate the growers. In 1812, the slave population of Dominica exceeded 27,000, but on the last of December, 1828, that number had become reduced to 12,200.

UPPER CANADA. Returns have been made to the parliament of the Upper Province, from which it appears the population of that province is 220,897, viz. Midland district 30,969; Western district, 11,972; London district, 19,813; Niagara district, 20,175; Home district, 22,927; Gore district, 31,544; Newcastle district, 13,836; Johnstown district, 18,214; Bathurst district, 29,032; Ottawa district, 3,732; Eastern district, 19,159. There are 308,508 acres under cultivation; 1,628,956 acres uncultivated; the rateable property amounts to \$5,840 04; the number of horses, 13,848; horned cattle, 75,256; grist and saw mills, 488.

EAST INDIES. Calcutta papers to December 9 have been received at Boston. The Bengal Hurkaru of Dec. 9th, laments the inaccuracy of some portions of the late lamented Bishop Heber's Journal—and says, "it is much to be regretted that his amiable widow had not submitted his manuscript to the revision of judicious, experienced and well informed friends. Every statement published on the authority of a name so revered, on account of the worth and talent of him who bore it, must carry great weight with it among thousands who may never see the proof of its inaccuracy, and an injury may thus be inflicted on public rights and private feelings, which the departed Prelate would have been the last man in the world to have been the intentional cause of."

It was reported at Calcutta that the King of Ava had sent Envoys to Siam, to form a treaty of alliance, with a view to drive the British from the Burman Territory. The King apologised for the success of the English formerly, by referring to a prophecy that he should be overcome by a nation wearing hats! The Envoys were ordered away from Siam, and their overtures rejected.

A powerful pamphlet is in circulation in India, on the subject of Free Trade, and a Colonization of India with Europeans. Against this it is said, the measures would have the tendency to raise and carry forward a spirit of independence.

There is a censorship of the press established at Madras. The Bengal Hurkaru, of Dec. 8, speaking of it, says:—

"The Madras Gazette of the 19th ult. received on Saturday, again displays in sundry places evidence of the censor's vigilance. One article of two columns is entirely struck out, and their white space seems to plead with eloquent silence against these cruel mutilations. The Editor should in future adopt for his motto, we think, the following couplet:—

In mercy spare us when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest,

for upon his devoted head the visitations of censorial power appear to fall most frequently and most heavily. [Pal.]

THE LATE LEO XII. Late Paris papers inform us, that on the evening of the 11th of March last, according to ancient usage, and a special bull of the late Pope, the bowels of the defunct Pontiff Leo XII. were inclosed in an urn and carried to the Church of St. Vincent and St. Anastasius. The next day the body was embalmed, dressed, and exposed upon a state bed in the Sixtine chapel, to which the people were all admitted. On the 18th the Cardinals assembled at the Vatican, and held their first general assembly. The pontifical ordinances relative to the con-

clave were read, and sworn to by all present. Cardinal Zucchi, master of the ceremonies, broke the fisherman's ring, which was handed to him by the Cardinal Camerlinguis. He then sealed up the seal of the Apostolic chancery; the box of petitions (*cassete de supplicibus*) and that of briefs were also sealed up. Monseigneur Capelletti was confirmed in his function as Governor of Rome, and M. Angelo Mai, the librarian of the Vatican, was chosen to pronounce the funeral oration of the deceased pontiff. Three Cardinals were appointed to make the necessary constructions for the Conclave which is to be held in the Quirinal palace. The Cardinals then went to the Sixtine chapel, where the body of his Holiness was lying. The clergy of the basilisk of the Vatican also went there and the absolution of the body was then made. Afterwards, the mortal remains were adorned with the pontifical ornaments, and transported to St. Peters. The clergy of that church preceded the corpse, which was borne by eight almoners, and followed by all the Cardinals. The body passed along the *scala regia*, and was placed on a bed under the grand dome; the mortuary absolution having been repeated, the Cardinals retired—the body was afterwards carried into the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, and placed near the iron grating, in order that the people might approach to kiss its feet.

MASONICK PERSECUTION. There is in this city one anti-mason. This man, who, by the by, keeps store, and sometimes sells "blue ruin" by the small glass, without license, was, we are informed, complained of for disposing of "the creature," on account of his want of a license, and will perhaps be mulcted in the sum of \$25. This personage is now making a piteous story about being persecuted by the masons; because, having himself, broken "the law in such case made and provided," he is made to suffer the consequence. [Hudson Gazette.]

Kamschatka. The Russian government has sent a skillful gardener to Kamschatka, to instruct the inhabitants in the art of cultivating the earth to the greatest advantage. The climate of Kamschatka is not so severe as is generally supposed; and many vegetable productions may be raised there, with proper management.

Warts and Corns. It is stated that the bark of the willow tree, burnt to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar, and applied to the parts, will remove all warts, corns, or excrescences, on any part of the body.

✂ AMICUS was received too late for insertion this week. He shall have a place in our next.

✂ There is a communication in the postoffice in this city directed to us and post marked Sackets Harbour, for which the P. M. demands ninety-five cents. As its contents are unknown to us, we decline buying it.

DIED.

In Downingtown, Pennsylvania, on the 19th inst. Doct. GEORGE A. FAIRLAMB, senior editor of the Independent Journal, aged 42 years. Dr. Fairlamb was a native of Chester county, Pa., and for the last twenty years he practiced medicine in that vicinity; his science as a physician was of the first character, and his benevolence as a man will ever be remembered by the public. His talents were not of an ordinary kind; he was remarkable for the natural vigour of his mind, the correctness of his judgement, and the firmness and inflexible honesty which distinguished him in his passage through life. At the request of the deceased his body was interred, on the 18th inst. in the burying ground attached to the masonick hall, in the village of Downingtown. Many of his masonick brethren, and a very numerous circle of relatives and friends, attended, to testify their respect and friendship for his memory.

In Salem, Massachusetts, on the 1st inst. EDWARD AUGUSTUS HOLYOKE, L. L. D., the learned Philosopher, the active Philanthropist, and the good man, in the one hundred and first year of his age. The beloved and venerated man was born at Marblehead, in 1728. The house in which he was born is still standing. He was graduated at Harvard University, in 1746, and settled in this place in 1749, where he has ever since, for a period of 80 years, resided, useful, beloved, and honoured. He was married, the first time in 1755, and a second time in 1759. He had by the second marriage 12 children, of whom only two survive. His only child he had by his first wife died in infancy. He has lived in his mansion house in Essex-street, for the last 66 years, and at one period of his practice, he has stated, there was not a dwelling house in Salem which he had not visited professionally. For a long period he nearly engrossed the medical practice of the place, and is known to have made an hundred professional visits in a day. This was in May or June of 1783, at which time the measles prevail epidemically. He passed his long life in almost uninterrupted health, without any of those accidents and dangers which his skill was exerted to remedy and remove in others, and his old age has been almost without infirmity, and literally without decrepitude. [Salem (Mass.) Gazette.]

POETRY.

CHANGE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers;
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
To former beauty; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

When those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear now,
When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow—
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
And thy heart turns back pining to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass:
Oh! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
How rose-touched the page of thy future must be!

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But flowers that flourish, but hopes that are fair;
And what is thy present? a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave;
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour,
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead!

Oh! long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lovest now;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their mark;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark;

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost:
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth has past by—
What saith the Arabian? Its memory's a sigh.

THE CHUCHYARD.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

The shadow of the church falls o'er the ground,
Hallowing its place of rest, and here the dead
Slumber, where all religious impulses,
And sad holy feelings, angel like,
Make the spot sacred with themselves, and wake
Those sorrowful emotions in the heart
Which purify it, like a temple meet
For an unearthly presence. Life, vain Life,
The bitter and the worthless, wherefore here
Do thy remembrances intrude?

The willow shade is on the ground,
A green and solitary shade;
And many a wild flower on that mound
Its pleasant summer home has made.

And every breath that waves a leaf
Flings down upon the lonely flowers
A moment's sunshine, bright and brief—
A blessing looked by passing hours.

Those sweet, vague sounds are on the air,
Half sleep, half song—half false, half true,
As if the wind that brought them there
Had touched them with its music too.

It is the very place to dream
Away a twilight's idle rest;
Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
Without a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift, 's our own,
Without its low and petty cares;
Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown
To hide the weary face she wears.

Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
Those fellow-waves of life's drear sea,
Its froth and depth—where Love is what
Love only in a dream can be.

I can not muse beside that mound—
I can not dream beneath that shade—
Too solemn is the haunted ground
Where Death his resting-place has made.

I feel my heart beat but to think
Each pulse is bearing life away;
I can not rest upon the grave,
And not feel kindred to its clay.

There is a name upon the stone—
Alas! and can it be the same—
The young, the lovely, and the loved?—
It is too soon to bear thy name.

Too soon!—oh no, 'tis best to die
Ere all of life save breath is fled:
Why live when feelings, friends, and hopes,
Have long been numbered with the dead?

But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright—
No cheek, no soil had either known;
The angel natures of yon sky
Will only be to thee thine own.

Thou knew'st no rainbow-hopes that weep
Themselves away to deeper shade;
Nor Love, whose very happiness
Should make the wakening heart afraid.

The green leaves e'en in spring they fall,
The tears the stars at midnight weep,
The dewy wild-flowers—such as these
Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.

For human tears are lava-drops;
That scorch and wither as they flow;
Then let them flow for those who live,
And not for those who sleep below.

Oh, weep for those whose silver chain
Has long been loosed, and yet live on—
The doomed to drink of life's dark wave,
Whose golden bowl has long been gone!

Ay, weep for those, the wearied, worn,
Dragged downward by some earthly tie,
By some vain hope, some vainer love,
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE LAMENT OF ONE WHO "CAN GET NO EMPLOY."

So woe-begone a gentleman

I'm sure you never knew,
I am a wretch that has not got
A single thing to do!

I never drink,—for I have not
A grain of sense to spare;
I never smoke; poor earthly joy!
It all dissolves in air!

I never swear,—I reckon that
The stupidest of sins;
I will not game, I've nought to lose,
And no one ever wins!

I can not swim,—my system has
A tendency to cramp!
I never sail,—that getting drowned
Does always strike so damp!

I will not skait,—besides, in June
I could not if I chose;
I take no snuff—for trugamine
Is not a hungry nose.

I can not study,—for my head's
The worst of thoroughfares;
I never hunt,—I hold my life
Worth thirty thousand hares.

I never shoot,—my poultener's boy
Does all that dirty work;
I hate all politicks,—the Greek,
The Russian, and the Turk.

I can not talk from morn till night,
What have I got to tell?
Nor hear another! better lodge
Next door to old Bow Bell!

I never dance; what! bob my legs,
And bounce about the floor!
I never sing,—a singing man's
A nuisance and a bore.

I play no fiddle, squalls and squeals
Will not repay one's labours;
Nor whining flute, what right have I
To tantalise my neighbours?

I can't compose,—I can not see
Where lies an author's bliss;
Compose! why, bless my foolish pen!
Why only look at this!

WINE.

BY BUTLER.

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly to caress
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew
His wearied mind and body too,
Should (like the cider tree in Eden
Which only grew to be forbidden)

No sooner come to be enjoyed,
But the owner's fatally destroyed.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1833.

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BOOK BINDING. Signs of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 12 1/2 cents a volume. Feb 14 3m3

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1833. JOHN F. PORTER.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 433 South Market street, (opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House.) Keeps constantly on hand, and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1833.

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, successors to R. STARR & Co. in the above foundry, continue the business in its various branches, and are prepared to execute orders for the following type, at the regular prices, on a credit of six months, or at a discount of 7 1/2 per cent, for cash, viz:

Roman and Italic—Twenty, Fourteen, Ten, Eight, Seven, Five and Four lines Pica, Canon, Double Paragon, Double Great Primer, Double English, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, English, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Two line letters—Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Full face capitals—Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion.

Antiques—Ten and Eight lines Pica roman, Five line Pica italic, Four line Pica, Double Great Primer, Double Small Pica, Great Primer and Pica, with lower case: and Long Primer, Brevier and Nonpareil.

Italians—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Two line Brevier, and Two line Nonpareil.

Tuscan—Double Small Pica.

Black—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, Picae Long Primer.

Open Blacks—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer.

Shaded letters—Six line Pica ornamented, Two line Brevier and Two line Nonpareil double shade; Two line Nonpareil meridian shade; Double Great Primer, Two line Brevier, Two line Nonpareil, and One line Brevier, single shade; Two line Minion and Two line Pearl italic single shade; Double Small Pica roman, and One line Brevier italic Antique shaded.

Script—English, on inclined body, (cast on a new plan.)

Greek—Pica.

Borders and Flowers—From Six line Pica to Pearl, all cast in copper matrices.

Checks—Canon and Double English, plain and opened.

Fractions and Leaders of all sizes, from English to Pearl, English, Pica and Long Primer Piece Fractions; Spanish and French Accents, and Accented Vowels, Figure Vowels, Superior Figures, Dashes, and Astronomical and other Signs, of various sizes; Long Primer Space Rules. Also, Leads ten to Pica, and thicker; Quotations; Brass Rules, &c. and Ornaments and Cuts, in great variety.

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STARR & LITTLE.

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THIS PAPER

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VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1829.

NO. 13.

MASONICK RECORD.

TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLICK.

The subscribers, being members of the Congregational Church, and of the lodge of Freemasons, in this place, are desirous of giving their testimony to the perfect compatibility and harmony of the two institutions:

We have most of us been members both of the lodge and of the church for a series of years; and although we lament our want of perfect conformity to the principles inculcated in both institutions, yet we trust that in both our hearts and lives have been amended, and brought nearer to that standard which in both is received as the rule and guide of our faith. We do not regard freemasonry as being equal to christianity in importance; but we do regard it as a charitable and moral institution of which a christian may avail himself to very great advantage.

Our lodge is opened and closed with prayer, and instruction is always given, relating in a greater or less degree to the principles contained in the Sacred Scriptures; and it is believed that in these respects a great uniformity prevails among all the lodges in this country. With these facts before us, we cannot but be exceedingly grieved and astonished at the course pursued by some of our brethren of different religious denominations. We are constrained to believe that some of the individuals who have renounced masonry, have at least believed themselves to be actuated by honest motives; and we should be wholly at a loss to account for this, if we did not know that some of the most unhappy scisms that have rent the christian church, have originated from the most frivolous causes; and that minds apparently well balanced and firm, have in all ages been known to yield to the impulse of popular phrenzy.

But to the great majority of seceding masons, we fear that even this limited charity cannot be extended; and that prospects of personal or sectarian advancement have more influenced their minds than that pure and undefiled religion that seeketh not her own. We believe that both the church and the lodge would be the better for being rid of members whose principles sit so loosely upon them, that they are willing to violate the sanctity of an oath, because they can do so without being called to answer for the perjury at a human tribunal.

THOMAS P. TURNER, ORANGE HUBBARD, T. P. BARTHOLOMEW, WILLIAM H. LATHAM, GEORGE O. STRONG, LOVED GAGEY, JARED HOSFORD, THOMAS KENDRICK, THEODORE CUSHING, SYLVESTER SLAFTER, HEZEKIAH PORTER, SAMUEL FARNSWORTH, JOHN TYLER, WILLIAM TAYLOR, ORANGE HEATON.

MEMBERS OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

EZRA HUTCHINS, JOHN ROSS, OLIVER CARLTON, Thetford, Vermont, April, 1829.

From the Craftsman.

RENOUNCING MASONS.

Demagogues have succeeded in destroying the peace of society, and in producing domestic and fraternal discord in the most revolting forms. Slander and falsehood have become the great engines in the operations of the faction which every friend of virtue and good order must regret to acknowledge, the dominant one, around us. The characters of good men, in all ranks, have been traduced—the press, which should enlighten our understandings and stand the faithful sentinel, not only of our liberties, but of our morals and our manners, has become the vehicle of slander, of cant, and of the lowest slang that ever disgraced the fish markets of Billingsgate. In proof of the last we need only remind our readers, that while masons are assailed with specific charges, conveyed in the vilest language, respectable and by far the most numerous class of our citizens, for no other reason than that they choose to hold themselves aloof from the present excitement, are stigmatized in ridiculous slang, by the wretched nicknames of "Jacks" and "Bats," and other similarly indecent and indecorous appellations. Our legislature has been harassed by petitions to enact

laws which are contrary to our constitution and to the spirit of our institutions: but of all the melancholy consequences of the present excited state of feeling in the community of the western part of the state, none is more to be deplored than the obliquity with which crimes are regarded; such as would in a wholesome state of the public mind, carry with them infamy, reprobation and punishment. The degraded (and for the honour of the country, we add, small) number of abjuring masons are particularly obnoxious to this last remark.

Let us calmly look at the predicament in which these men have placed themselves; they assert that they have voluntarily most solemnly sworn, invoking their God to witness their truth, to perform certain acts, and never to disclose certain things; that now, believing they committed a sin in so doing, they hasten to violate this solemn oath and promise; to make reparation for one crime by committing a far greater one. On their own confession must we not regard them in one of two lights, either as wantonly asserting a deliberate falsehood in saying they have taken such oaths, or as guilty of gross perjury in violating them?

In using the word perjury, we do not imagine that in a legal point of view that epithet can be applied to these persons; but in a moral sense it undoubtedly can. Though these individuals are not liable to be sent to the state prison for their crime, we solemnly ask them—is the sacrifice of their consciences in this world, and the jeopardy in which they place their eternal souls, in the next, any the less? Is not truth every where enjoined in the book of life? "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay." Will a just and impartial Deity, in judging the awful crimes of falsehood and perjury, ask whether the violated oath was offered on the altar of a lodge, or in the presence of a civil magistrate? We cannot believe he will. In each case God has been called on to witness the sincerity of the promise, and a violation in either case is "taking his name in vain," and treating his power with lightness and disrespect.

But, it is said, that these men have made promises which they now see were wrong, and they are justified in violating them. Fellow citizens! can you extend the hand of friendship towards, or acknowledge as an associate, the man who shelters himself behind such a plea? What is to become of truth and good faith if such a subterfuge is admitted? Is not your bosom friend entrusted with your secrets which he promises to keep? Does not your debtor promise to pay you? Has not the wife of your bosom vowed love and fidelity to you? and may not all these ties be broken on the same inducement? Not one of all these promises was more solemnly or more voluntarily made than the abjuring Mason asserts his own to have been, the violation which he asks you to sanction and approve. He asserts the promise itself to have been wrong and therefore not binding. Admit this position, and the man who owes you shall fancy he committed a crime in promising to pay you the money which he wants for other uses: your wife shall imagine that she might have made a better or more profitable marriage, and therefore her vow is not binding: your friend shall, on the same plea, violate your confidence: in short, the ties of society will be broken, and the inducements to truth, rectitude and honour for ever destroyed. We ask Thurlow Weed, or any of his fellow labourers, to say, conscientiously, would they or could they believe (in conversation or under oath) a man who asserts, in the same breath, that he has sworn to do one thing while he has done another—has called his God to judge him as he performed his promise, which promise he afterwards unnecessarily, deliberately and wantonly violated?

It is the fashion of the day to cant of "public opinion." Where is that stern virtue, shunning communion with guilt, that should crush beneath it, with the load of abhorrence and ignominy, the unblushing infidel, who openly avows his participation in a foul murder, and heightens his guilt by the most unblushing falsehoods? Where slumbers that just and virtuous indignation which should hurl from the pulpit the hypocrite, who can, while owning himself the falsest of the false, dare to continue his province as a teacher of the word of the God of truth? Alas! an unjust and fanatical excitement, increased by the exertions of demagogues for their own unholy purposes, has diverted public opinion from the just view of crimes like these, and blind-

ed it to the awful consequences which follow moral degradation, and want of truth and virtue.

Many who style themselves anti-masons are doubtless such from principle. Such of these as have never been masons, though we regret the extent and probable consequences of the delusion into which they are fallen, nevertheless we respect while we oppose them. And of such we boldly prophecy, that when the feverish excitement under which they are now acting, shall have passed, as it surely will pass, they will regret most deeply their misjudging violence: they will again view crime as it should be viewed: they will again refuse communion and intercourse with the liar or the perjurer, (be he the avowed infidel, the hypocrite profaning the pulpit, or the weak man deluded to crime) whom they will regard with the loathing and disgust we must ever feel for them. The time is not far distant when the abjuring mason shall be the bye-word to all, and even anti-masons shall treat him (as many even now feel towards him) as unworthy of regard, confidence, office or credit.

TO THE PUBLICK

At a regular communication of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 215, held in the Lodge Room in Bethany, in the county of Genesee, March 18, A. L. 5829, the subject relative to the expediency of returning the charter of said Lodge was brought up, and a full and ample discussion had thereon: Whereupon it was unanimously.

Resolved, that the Lodge view with deep regret, the unprincipled cause which has led to the present excitement; which has caused such divisions, not only in a political point of view, but that it has been permitted to take a still wider range and far more distressing to community. The Holy Sanctuary has not been exempted—in that sacred tabernacle where the wings of the dove were wont to hover around the altar of God, nothing is now to be heard but the harsh voice of extermination, anarchy and confusion. The members of churches have become so disaffected towards each other, that the union which had been so fondly believed to have been cemented by the blood of Christ, has been broken to a degree perhaps never heretofore witnessed. And although the Lodge view with contempt that part of community, who are willingly led by a gang of infidels, who revere neither God nor the religion of his son—who are continually fanning the coals of anti-masonry for the most contemptible purposes, they at the same time feel willing to make any sacrifice consistent with their republican and religious sentiments, to appease the feelings of that part of community, who, from honest motives, have laid their hands on masonry. Notwithstanding we are sensible that this honest part of community, are acting from mistaken ideas relative to our institution—yet we are willing to bend to their opinions, provided that such bending shall not interfere with our civil and religious rights. But we are of the opinion, that the returning of our charter and withdrawing ourselves from the institution without legal authority, would be unmasonic and unprincipled in the extreme; and that public opinion can never demand this sacrifice to be made. Therefore this Lodge recommend to their sister Lodges, the propriety of retaining their charters, with a strict and regular attention on all communications, as the strongest testimonials of their attachment to the craft.

Resolved, that we regret with sorrow, the course which some of our Ontario brethren have lately taken, in absenting themselves from masonry, and recommending the same to be done by others, in returning of charters, &c.; and, although we entertain opinions of the highest value for those of this class with whom we are acquainted, yet we can never approve their measures, however pure their motives may have been.

Resolved, that as the religion of our Saviour and the principles of masonry, teach us to submit to whatever form of government we may chance to fall under, and as we feel and enjoy in common, with our fellow citizens, the blessings which flow from a republican government, we shall ever view with contempt, all such demagogues who style themselves anti-masons for the purpose of destroying our republican union. That such is the character of the principal leaders in the present excitement, we are aware; and we are not sensible that the returning of our charters, and ab-

sending from the institution of masonry will add a two-fold strength to this unprincipled faction, and will in the end have a greater tendency to overthrow our republican government than any other means that has been resorted to by the enemies thereof, since the United States became a free and independent nation.

Resolved, that the foregoing be signed by the secretary and published.

BLANCHARD POWERS, Sec'y.

THE SURRENDER OF CHARTERS.

From the Farmers' (Steuben co.) Advocates.

In times of excitement like the present, difference of opinion must and will always exist. It may be that we are in error, but we do look upon the measure adopted and recommended by the Monroe masons, as in itself wrong, and as a precedent fraught with much danger to our republican institutions. Without going into a full expose of our feelings on the subject, we barely state, that whenever any set of individuals are called upon by coercive measures, to yield up any part of their constitutional privileges, (however unimportant those privileges may be) and in obedience to that call, they do so yield them up, we cannot but believe that it establishes a precedent, highly dangerous to society, and to the perpetuity of our present form of government. The Phi Beta Kappa Society is, we believe, an institution altogether literary in its objects, without any reference to principles or professions of masonry. It is still, however, a "secret society." Now, if masons will yield up their rights, the precedent is at once established, and the members of this literary society are in consequence compelled to a similar sacrifice. There are also numerous other secret societies, all of which, by virtue of this one precedent, would be driven to a surrender of their constitutional privileges. After these triumphs, is it not more than probable, that the same spirit of persecution and proscription will become so strengthened as to extend its revolutionizing influence to the religious and political institutions of our country? If a few men are allowed to say what shall not be, they may also dictate what shall be. They may say (as some have said) that there shall be an established national religion. They may say that none but the professors of that religion shall be elected to office, as they say now, masons shall not be. They may then say with truth, *We will have a King to rule over us.* And then the King, and the Crown, and the Coronation will form the closing scene—and the freemen of the earth—where are they?

Political Anti-masonry seems to be on the decline every where. Southwick still raves, and brags that the strength of the party is now greater in Albany than it was last fall. It was then about eighty strong. [People's Press.]

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Officers of *Solon Lodge*, in Athens, Greene county, for the present year:—

Henry White, Master; Dudley Demming, Senior Warden; Peter G. Coffin, Junior Warden; Nathan Clark, Treasurer; William H. Spencer, Secretary; Abraham Spoor, Senior Deacon; Henry Van Loon, Junior Deacon; Alfred Allen and William Fraser, Stewards; Lyman Wait, Master of Ceremonies; Isaac Everts, Tyler.

Officers of *Herschell Lodge*, in Hartford, Washington county, for 1829:—

Slade D. Brown, Master; Benj. Carter, Senior Warden; Daniel M. Brown, Junior Warden; Aaron Ingalsbee, Treasurer; John Carlisle, Secretary; John Norton, Senior Deacon; John Dickson, Junior Deacon; Richard Allen, Tyler.

Officers of *Phoenix Lodge*, in Lansingburg, Rensselaer county, for 1829:—

Alexander M'Call, Master; Samuel H. Mulford, Senior Warden; Gershom F. Holmes, Junior Warden; David Fanchier, Treasurer; Samuel S. Bingham, Secretary; Eriq Morey, Senior Deacon; Enoch Lamb, Junior Deacon; Sylvanus Travis and Daniel King, Stewards; Robert Snell, Tyler.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Officers of *Clinton Lodge*, No. 7, of Independent Odd Fellows, in the city of Albany, elected and installed April 3, 1829:—

Daniel P. Marshall, M. N. G.; John F. Porter, V. G.; John O. Cole, Warden; Jacob Henry, Treasurer; Eli Perry, Secretary.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

NUTRITIOUS SUBSTITUTE FOR FLOUR.

Amongst the most useful and nutritious substitutes for wheat, and which has the advantage of correcting the unwholesome properties of bad flour, is rice. During the scarcity of wheat in July, 1795, one of the measures adopted at the founding Hospital, with a view of lessening the consumption of flour, was the substitution of rice puddings, for those of flour; which, by the table of diet, were used for the children's dinner twice a week. The flour puddings, for each day, had taken about 168 lbs. weight of flour; the rice puddings, substituted in their place, required only 21 lbs. of rice, to make the same quantity of pudding: the result of the experiment being that if a baked pudding made with milk, one pound of rice will go very near as far as eight pounds of flour. Rice contains a great deal of nutriment in a small compass, and does not pass so quickly off the stomach as some other substitutes for wheat do. It is a good ingredient in bread. Boil a quarter of a pound of rice till it is quite soft; then put it on the back part of a sieve to drain it; and when it is cold, mix it with three quarters of a pound of flour, a tea-cup full of yeast, a tea-cup full of milk, and a small table-spoonful of salt. Let it stand for three hours; then knead it up, and roll it in about a handful of flour, so as to make the outside dry enough to put into the oven. About an hour and a quarter will bake it and it will produce one pound fourteen ounces of very good white bread. It should not be eaten till it is two days old. [Companion to the Almanack.]

COLOUR OF THE EYES.

It is a remarkable fact, and no less so, as having remained so long unnoticed, that in Britain the dark-coloured eye is always found to prevail in the neighbourhood of a coal mine, and where coal is used as the general fuel: while, on the other hand, the light or blue eye belongs to those districts, in which that mineral is not used; and notwithstanding the number of persons continually pouring into the coal districts, from other parts of the country, in consequence of the demand for labour, yet the prevalence, in the former, of the dark eye, especially among the children, is so evident, that whoever will take the trouble to make the observation will most assuredly acknowledge the accuracy of this statement. In what way the sulphurated hydrogen, &c. occasioned by the coal fire, affects the pigment of the iris, it is not now my intention to inquire. I consider it sufficient, for my present purpose, to establish the connexion between the use of coal and the dark colour of the eye; though, from repeated observations, I feel assured, that there are more curious facts connected with the subject than have yet come under the notice of physiologists; and which, when properly developed, will considerably alter the bearing of many opinions, hitherto entertained.

[Rev. T. Price, on British Physiologi.

OLD FEATHERS BETTER THAN NEW.

If the feathers become dirty, matted, or have lost their elasticity, by age or use, they should be emptied into a hog'shead, and washed with warm soap suds, agitated by means of a rake or garden hoe, and afterwards rinsed in clear water. Then press them dry with the hand, and put upon the floor of an empty and well lighted room, and now and then be whipped and stirred up; and when thoroughly dry, put again into ticks. They are better than new feathers, deprived of the oil, which abounds in the latter. [Am. Farmer.]

TEST OF PERFECT VACCINATION.

All persons should insist on the family surgeon using the test discovered by Dr. Bryce, of Edinburgh. It consists in vaccinating on the other arm, from the first one vaccinated. If the first had been perfect, both pustules will ripen precisely at the same time, if this does not take place, the constitution has not been properly affected, and vaccination must be repeated. This simple and easy security ought never to be neglected.

THE GATHERER.

THE BIBLE.

From a volume entitled *Mnemoteka*, by F. G. Coale, of Baltimore, just published.

Bible history ceases 340 years B. C. Septuagint version made 284; first divided into chapters, 1253. The first English edition was in 1536; the first authorized edition in England was in 1539; the second translation was ordered to be read in churches, 1549; the present translation finished, September, 1611; permitted by the Pope to be translated into all the languages of the Catholic states, Feb. 28, 1759. The following is a dissection of the Old and New Testament:

	In the Old Testament.	In the New.	Total.
Books	89	27	68
Chapters	929	260	1,189
Verses	23,214	7,959	31,173
Words	592,493	181,253	773,746
Letters	2,723,100	838,380	3,561,480

The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6081 verses, and 125,185 words. The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible, is the 117th Psalm; the middle verse is the 8th of 118th Psalm; the middle line is the 2d book of the Chronicles, 4th chapter, and 16th verse; the word *and* occurs in the Old Testament 35,535 times; the same word in the New Testament occurs 10,684 times; the word *Jehovah* occurs 6855 times.

Old Testament.—The middle book is Proverbs, the middle chapter is the 29th of Job; the middle verse is in the 2d book of Chronicles, 20th chapter, and 18th verse; the least verse is the 1st book of Chronicles, 1st chapter, and 1st verse.

New Testament.—The middle is the Thessalonians, 2d; the middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of the Romans; the middle verse is the 17th of the 17th chapter of the Acts; the least verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of the Gospel by St. John.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike.

The book of Esther has 10 chapters, but neither the words Lord nor God in it.

The following is a chronological list of different versions and editions of the scriptures: First translated into the Saxon language 939. Hebrew—first printed Hebrew Bible done at Soncinum in Italy, at Naples, 1487; complete of the whole Bible, at Soncinum, 1488; at Venice, by Bomberg, 1518—and at the same epoch in Spain, under Cardinal Ximenes; in 1526—28, the first edition of B. Chaim; Basil, 1534; in 1549, by B. Chaim; in 1572, the Royal of Spanish Polyglott, 8 vols. at Antwerp; third edition of B. Chaim's Bible, 1618; in 1623, at Venice; Amsterdam, 1724-27; Paris 1641, 10 fol. vols. Polyglott; London, Polyglott, 1757.

Bibles, Hebrew, in quarto—Paris, R. Stephens, 1539—1534; Antwerp, 1571; Geneva 1619; Amsterdam 1635, and again 1639; Venice 1639, Amsterdam, by Athias, 1661 and 1667; Frankfurt 1677; Berlin 1699; Leusden's last edition of 1705; Dr. Kennicott's, 1776—1780; Parma, by De Rossi, 1784—1785—1786.

Bible, Greek, first printed was the Complutarian in Spain, 1514, Venice 1518; Strasburg 1526; Hamburg 1596; Frankfurt, 1597; Rome 1587—1588; Paris 1628; Oxford 1707; Franeker 1709.

Bibles, Latin, see Vulgate. Bibles in the modern language of Europe were first printed in Holland 1478; French 1498, German 1524; Italian 1530; English, by Tindall, 1534—by Miles Coverdale, 1535; Swedish 1546; Spanish at Ferrara, 1553; Welsh 1568.

Bibles, Oriental, are Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Coptic, Sahidic or Upper Egypt, Ethiopic, Armenian, Georgian, Persian, &c.

Bibles, Indian, by the Society for propagating the Gospel in New England, at Cambridge, 1661-1664; in the Natick language; by Elliott at Cambridge, in 4to 1685.

Bibles, first printed in the United States. In consequence of the revolutionary war, Bibles became scarce and dear. Robert Aitkin, printer of Philadelphia, September 12th, 1782, published an edition. The Reverend Dr. William White, and the Reverend Mr. Duffield had been appointed to

examine it, and reported favourably. Congress itself recommended the book to the people, but neglected to provide for competition in the sales; made peace, and British Bibles coming into the market, the meritorious publisher was severely injured.

From the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette.

SINCERITY.

I will never consent, while I breathe, to treat a scoundrel with deference, at the expense of an honest man; to disappoint a friend—to spare the feelings of a fool, because he is a fool, and a stranger—no, not even a stranger—an intruder.

Now, you are in earnest—now, I believe you.

That I am. I see friendship, love, common sense, and common honesty sacrificed, every hour, to what is called politeness. I see women, every day—out of respect, as they say, to their husbands—tricked out with better dress, with better looks—and with better humour, to receive strangers, than to receive a husband—the rogues—persuading the good, easy fool, when they give other men a cleaner table cloth, and a better dinner, that they do it out of love and respect to him!

Abominable!—they treat the lord of their affections, the partner of their bed, the father of their children, worse than any other man—they do indeed—there's no denying it:

'Tis all a wicked, profligate, cold-hearted lie, and they know it. They call it hospitality. Worse and worse. Hospitality is not ostentation. Hospitality is simple and sincere. No—they want to please a stranger—to deceive him, even for an hour; to appear better off in the world, richer, and more comfortable than they really are. They are secretly tired of home—of that plain, quiet, comfortable, beautiful decency, which makes home so dear to a man. Such women are sure to be sluts and hypocrites, just in proportion to the difference they make between their household and the world—the stranger and their husband. They go slipshod, about the house—their caps o' one side—hair flying loose—and themselves fitter for a horse-pond, than a marriage bed, or a dinner table,—till, in mercy to their husbands, some stranger knocks at the door.

Oh, but if you ask a man to dinner with you, you must give him something better than pork and beans.

Not if I eat pork and beans myself.

But he'll be offended.

Let him. He's a fool, if he expects to be treated at my own house, by my own wife, better than myself am. Sir, I can tell, by looking at the plate of a man, exactly how he is esteemed by the woman at the head of the table.

Of course. The higher she esteems him, and the more she loves him, the better he will be helped.

Exactly the reverse. The husband will be worst off; and if there be any particular, dear friend—who comes often—somebody to whom the family are under great obligation, you may know him by the drumsticks in his plate—the muddy cider—and the small claws of the lobster.

But, after all, if we can't be free and easy with our friends, with whom can we be so?

Free and easy!—Codfish and potatoes! Is that what you call being free and easy. Make your friends eat pudding and goose out of the same plate. But so it ever is—we always treat them worst, who treat us best—a man will borrow money of his best friend, to pay the rascal that has put him in jail—and then, let his friend whistle for the money—or come to a downright quarrel with him, if he should refuse to lend him any more for the same purpose.

GERMAN SCHOOLS.

A law respecting schools has existed, more or less, in the states of the south of Germany, for above a century, but which has been greatly improved within the last thirty years. By this law, parents are compelled to send their children to school, from the age of six to fourteen years, where they must be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, but where they may acquire as much ad-

ditional instruction in other branches as their parents choose to pay for. To many of the schools of Bavaria large gardens are attached, in which the boys are taught the principal operations of agriculture and gardening in their hours of play; and, in all the schools of the three states, the girls, in addition to the same instructions as the boys, are taught knitting, sewing, embroidery, &c. It is the duty of the police and priest of each commune or parish, to see that the law is duly executed, the children sent regularly, and instructed duly. If the parents are partially or wholly unable to pay for their children, the commune makes up the deficiency. Religion is taught by the priest of the village hamlet; and where, as is frequently the case in Wurtemberg, there are two or three religions in one parish, each child is taught by the priest of its parents; all of which priests are, from their office, members of the committee or vestry of the commune. The priest or priests of the parish have the regular inspection of the school-master, and are required by the government to see that he does his duty, while each priest, at the same time, sees that the children of his flock attend regularly. After the child has been the appointed number of years at school, it receives from the schoolmaster, and the priest of the religion to which it belongs, a certificate, without which it cannot procure employment. To employ any person under twenty-one, without such a certificate, is illegal, and punished by a fixed fine, as in almost every other offence in this part of Germany; and the fines are never remitted, which makes punishment always certain. The school-master is paid much in the same way as in Scotland; by a house, a garden, and sometimes a field, and by a small salary from the parish, and by fixed rates for the children.

A second law, which is coeval with the school law, renders it illegal for any young man to marry before he is twenty-five, or any young woman before she is eighteen; and a young man, at whatever age he wishes to marry, must show, to the police and the priest of the commune where he resides, that he is able, and has the prospect, to provide for a wife and family.

[Louden's Mag. Nat. Hist.

PERSIAN STORY-TELLERS.

In the court there is always a person who bears the name of 'story-teller to his majesty;' and the duties of his office require a man of no mean acquirement. Though passionately fond of public exhibitions, the Persians have none that deserve the name of theatrical entertainments: but though strangers to the regular drama, their stories are often dramatick, and those whose occupation is to tell them, sometimes display so extraordinary a skill, and such varied powers, that we can scarce believe, while we look on their altered countenances, and listen to their changed tones, that it is the same person who at one moment tells a plain narrative in his natural voice, then speaks in the hoarse and angry tone of offended authority, and the next subdues the passions he has excited by the softest sounds of feminine tenderness. The art of relating stories is attended both with profit and reputation. Great numbers attempt it, but few succeed. It requires considerable talents, and great study; none can arrive at eminence except men of cultivated taste and retentive memory. They must not only be acquainted with the best ancient and modern stories, but be able to vary them by introducing new incidents, which they have heard or invented. They must also recollect the finest passages of the most popular poets, to aid the impression of the narrative by appropriate quotations. The person whose office it is to amuse his majesty with these stories is always in attendance, it is equally his duty to beguile the fatigues of a long march, and to sooth the mind when disturbed by the toils of publick affairs, and his tales are artfully made to suit the disposition and momentary humour of the monarch. Sometimes he recites a story of the genii, at others he speaks of the warlike deeds of former sovereigns, or of the love of some wandering prince. Often the story is of coarser materials, and the king is entertained with low and obscene adventures.

[Malcolm's History of Persia, New edition.

CITIES OF PERSIA.

Persia has, in all ages, been remarkable for the magnificence of its cities. Ispahan, which was for several centuries the capital, though it has ceased to be the royal residence, is still the most populous of them. When seen from a distance, the lofty palaces, and the domes of the numerous mosques and colleges, derive additional beauty from being half-veiled by shady avenues and luxuriant gardens. Though the first impressions be weakened by a nearer view, and by contemplating the ruins of former grandeur, enough remains to excite great admiration. The fine bridges over the Zainderood are still in good repair. Almost all the colleges have been preserved. Many of the former palaces are yet perfect, and some new ones have been erected by the governor, Hajee Mahomed Hoysein Khan, as if to tempt the monarch to make this city once more his residence. No buildings can be more striking than some of these palaces. The front room, or hall, is in general open, and supported by pillars, carved and gilded in the most exquisite manner; while the large glass windows, through which it receives a mellow light, are curiously stained with a variety of colours. Before each there is an open space, with a fountain, near which the domesticks stand to watch the looks and words of their lord, who is generally seated at one of the windows. [Ib.

GENERAL JACKSON.

The following anecdote of President Jackson is taken from a London military magazine, the *United Service Journal*, for March. We are by no means willing to answer for the truth of it, and publish it merely as a specimen of the tough stories which sometimes gain credit abroad. Who can wonder that such stories are told, as long as our electioneering campaigns are so productive of materials?

One day a person was placed at the bar for some pretty considerable number of murders—a very common species of delinquency in Kentucky; who, on being sentenced, contrived, by a vigorous use of his arms and legs to get out of court and make off. The Sheriff instantly invoked the aid of the surrounding citizens to retake the criminal, and several bounded forth for that purpose. Judges in America are not encumbered with wigs and gowns; and Jackson, who had started with the rest, soon headed the chase. The fellow, finding himself hard pressed by 'Hickory,' (the nick name by which Jackson was known) turned short round and offered fight; when the Judge, having first summoned him to surrender, and he having refused, Jackson coolly drew one of his pistols from his pocket and shot him through the head. He then returned to the court, and resumed his seat, and heard with imaginable gravity the report of the Sheriff of the attempted evasion of the criminal, how he was pursued and, refusing to submit to lawful authority, was shot through the head by a certain citizen, Andrew Jackson, whose aid the Sheriff had legally called for.

INVENTION OF THE GUILLOTINE.

The invention of the instrument used for capital punishment in France is usually attributed to a French physician, Dr. Guillotin, who was prompted by the humane object of shortening the sufferings of felons condemned to forfeit their lives. The guillotine was invented some years before the commencement of the French Revolution; but it was not employed until the events of that disastrous period led to its introduction. It would, however, appear that the guillotine is an older invention than is generally supposed. Historical records of the kingdom of Saxony state, that in the year 1343, five thieves were beheaded at Zittau by an axe, which, by some mechanical contrivance, descended on the necks of the culprits; and in the village church of Mildenau, in Saxony, there is an altar-piece representing young Isaac bending his head beneath a decapitating machine. It has also been frequently remarked, that a similar instrument, called the *Maiden*, was used in Scotland for decapitation.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST DINNER.

From the Atlas.

[In the well-wrought and highly interesting composition that we here condense from the London Magazine, a correspondent gives a valuable and striking lesson. Thousands who might pass heedlessly over a sober essay designed to inculcate the same reflections, will have them irresistibly impressed on their minds by such a picture as is here spread before them. Its most affecting display, and darkest shades, may all be found in the realities of life.]

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connexions, and other local interest, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed, one day when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations: That they should dine, alternately, at each other's houses on the *first* and *last* day of the year; that the *first* bottle of wine uncorked at the *first* dinner, should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the *last* of their number: that they should never admit a new member; that when one died, eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should meet, and so on, and that, when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the *first* time he so dined alone, lest it should be only one, he should then uncork the *first* bottle, and, in the *first* glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations, was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment—that of the hapless wight who was destined to uncork the *first* bottle at his lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolick compact was entered into; and as their pleasure yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their *first* and *last* feasts of ensuing years. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They wanted in conjectures of what changes time would operate; joked each other upon their appearance when they should meet—some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout—others poking about with purblind eyes, which even spectacles could hardly enable to distinguish the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison—some with portly round bellies and tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of mourning, for the death of a great-grand-daughter or a great-grand-son.

"As for you, George," exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother in law, "I expect I shall see you as dry, withered, and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere outside of a man!" and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any, at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash of his fall, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along—but it was instantly stopped.

The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but Fortescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and, startling as the accident was, they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened. They heard the sound of his hands and feet. They hailed him. An answer was returned, but in a faint gurgling voice, and the exclamation "Oh God!" struck upon their ears. In an instant, two or three, who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation had proceeded. One of them was within an arm's length of Fortescue—he saw him

—he was struggling and buffeting the water; before he could be reached, he went down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom—but the tide must have drifted the body onwards, for it could not be found!

They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept, and, having procured the necessary apparatus, they returned to the fatal spot. After the lapse of above an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation, but in vain; and they now pursued the remainder of their course to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fulness of health, of spirits, and of life! Amid their severer grief, they could not but reflect how soon one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of the little festive circle!

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue; eleven of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, five on one side, and only four on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the united influence of wine, a circle of select friends, and a season of prospective gaiety.

A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous "offerings to the manes of poor George Fortescue," as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potations of fine old hock, and "capital madeira," they had ceased to discover any thing so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

[The rest of the evening passed off very pleasantly in conversation, good humoured enjoyment and conviviality, and it was not till towards 12 o'clock that "poor George Fortescue" was again remembered.]

They all agreed, at parting, however, that they had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each other upon instituting so delightful a meeting, and promised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing evening, when they were to celebrate the new year, whose entrance they had welcomed in bumpers of claret, as the watchman bawled "past twelve o'clock!" beneath the window.

They met accordingly, and their gayety was without any alloy or drawback. It was only the *first* time of their assembling, after the death of "poor George Fortescue," that made the recollection of it painful: for, though but a few hours had intervened, they now took their seats at the table as if eleven had been their original number, and as if all were there that had been ever expected to be there.

It is thus in every thing. The *first* time a man enters a prison—the *first* book an author writes—the *first* painting an artist executes—the *first* battle a general wins—nay, the *first* time a rogue is hanged—(for a rotten rope may provide a second performance, even of that ceremony, with all its singleness of character)—differ inconceivably from their *first* repetition. There is a charm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight, inseparable from the *first* experience, (hanging always excepted, be it remembered,) which no art or circumstance can impart to the *second*. And it is the same in all the darker traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy and anguish in the *first* assaults of sorrow, which is never found afterwards. In every case, it is simply that the *first* fine edge of our feelings has been taken off, and that it can never be restored.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any percep-

tible change. But alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness, for on that very day their friend, companion, brother almost, was hanged! Yes! Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange which passed into his hands for £700, passed out of it for £1700; he having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds, and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the words of it. The forgery was discovered—brought home to Rowland—and though the greatest interest was used to obtain a remission of the fatal penalty, poor Stephen Rowland was hanged. Every body pitied him: and nobody could tell why he did it. He was not poor; he was not a gambler; he was not a speculator; but phrenology settled it. The organ of *acquisitiveness* was discovered in his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg. He could not help it.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship, and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme: and having thus interdicted the only thing which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight.

* * * Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible character. Raven locks had become grizzled—two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm madeira carried it against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favour—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politicks and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand bags—the fire more in request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. The rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woollen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking canes, to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the stone, and expired beneath the knife—a third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only surviving and beloved daughter—a fourth was carried off in a few days by a *cholera morbus*—a fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained a judgment in his favour by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful possessor of ten thousand a year—ten minutes afterwards he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it, as he grasped convulsively a bundle of Exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every night placed for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as

they themselves tremulously declared) to celebrate for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year; to observe the frolick compact, which, half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond! Eight were in their graves! Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh); and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of their past as it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them—and their future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable; two could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the last dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house, and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained, for eight and fifty years, the bottle they then had uncorked, re-corked, and which he was then to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow; and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all: Their lusty and blithsome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn,—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood, whose source was in his own); and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the LAST DINNER!

MISCELLANY.

From Brander's Journal.

WINE DRINKING.

Use a little wine, for thy stomach's sake. 1 Tim. v. 23.

So says St. Paul—and this seems to have been the opinion of the most ancient philosophers and physicians. A moderate use of it has been sanctioned by the wise and good in all ages. Those who have denied its virtues are those who have not been able to drink it. Asclepiades wrote upon wine, the use of which he introduced with almost every remedy, observing, that the gods had bestowed no more valuable gift on man; for it is said of him, that he liked that wine best, which he drank at other people's cost—a notion adopted by the oinophilous Mosely, who, when asked, "What wine do you drink, doctor?" answered, "Port at home—claret abroad!"

Hippocrates, the father of physick, recommends a cheerful glass; and Rhases, an ancient Arabian physician, says, no liquor is equal to good wine. Reineck wrote a dissertation "De Potu Vinoso;" and the learned Dr. Shaw lauded the "juice of the grape." But the stoutest of its medical advocates was Tobias Whitaker, physician to Charles II., who undertook to prove the possibility of maintaining life, from infancy to old age, without sickness, by the use of wine!

It must, however, be remembered, that Whitaker was cordially attached to wine, and a greater friend to the vintner than to the apothecary, having as utter a dislike to unpalatable medicines, as the most squeamish of his patients; therefore, Dr. Toby's evidence must be taken with caution, independently of the courtly spirit that might have led him to adapt his theories to the times.

It has been questioned whether the use of wine was known to the antediluvian world; but there can be no doubt, in the corrupt state of man, that wine would have its share in his debasement, and it may be very strongly inferred, from the circumstance that Noah planted a vineyard, and, moreover, "that he drank of the wine, and was drunken," (Gen. ix. 20.)—a sad stain in the character of a man who was "perfect in his generation;" and which also proves that, in the earliest period of the world, the very best of men were liable to fall into error and excess.

But the antiquity and propriety of wine-drinking is not matter of question. The archbishop of Seville, Antonio de Solis, who lived to be 110 years old, drank wine; and even that wonderful pattern of propriety, Cornaro, did the same; but the question is about quantity. Sir William Temple was pleased to lay down a rule, and limit propriety to three glasses. "I drink one glass," says he, "for health, a second for refreshment, a third for a friend; but he that offers a fourth is an enemy."

As in eating, so in drinking, in the question of quantity—much depends on the capacity of the stomach. A very abstemious friend of mine, not long since, dined *tete-a-tete* with a gentleman well known for his kindness and hospitality, and not less so for his powers of bibulation. After dinner, at which a fair share of many excellent wines was taken, Port and Madeira were put on the table, and before the host, a *magnum* of Claret. My friend drank his usual quantum; three glasses of Madeira, during which time a great portion of the *magnum* had disappeared; and soon afterwards, being emptied, the host said, "I think we can just manage a bottle between us." The bottle was brought and very shortly disappeared, without the aid of the visiter.

We have nothing, however, in modern times, at all equal to the account given of some of the ancients. The elder Cato, we are told, warmed good principles with a considerable quantity of good wine.* But Cicero's son exceeds all others; so much so, that he got the name of *Bicongius*, because he was accustomed to drink two congii at a sitting. Pliny, and others, abound in grand examples, that prove we have degenerated at any rate in this respect, for these conviviales were neither sick nor sorry. Even that eminent debauchee, Nero, was only three times sick in fourteen years. "Nam qui luxuriae immoderatissime esset, ter omnino per xiv, annos languit; atque ita, ut neque vino, neque consuetudine reliqua abstereret."

The Abbe de Voisenon, a very diminutive man, said to his physician, who ordered him a quart of ptisan per hour, "Ah! my friend, how can you desire me to swallow a quart an hour! I hold only a pint."

Wine has not only been considered good for the body, but has, from the earliest period, been thought invigorating to the mind. Thus we find it a constant theme of praise with poets. Martial says—

Regnat nocte calix, voluuntur bibula mane,
Cum phœbo Bacchus dividit imperium;
All night I drink, and study hard all day;
Bacchus and Phœbus hold divided sway.

Horace has done ample justice to it; and even Homer says—

*Cato allowed his slaves, during the Saturnalia, four bottles of wine per diem.

†Two congi are seven quarts, or eight bottles!

The weary find new strength in generous wine.

Upon the principle, no doubt, of expanding the imagination, we find, so early as 1374, one Geoffrey Chaucer had a pitcher of wine a day allowed him. Ben Jonson, in after times, had the third of a pipe annually; and a certain share of this invigorating aliment has been the portion of Laureates down to the present day.

Nor are the poets the only eulogists of wine. Some of the greatest names in history are to be found in the list. We find Mr. Burke furnishing reasons why the rich and the great should have their share of wine. He says, they are among the *unhappy*—they feel personal pain and domestic sorrow—they pay their full contingent to the contributions levied on the mortality in these matters; therefore they require this sovereign balm. "Some charitable dole," says he, "is wanting to those, our often very *unhappy brethren*, to fill the gloomy void that reigns in minds which have nothing on earth to hope or fear; something to relieve the killing languor and over-laboured lassitude of those who have nothing to do."

This observation of Mr. Burke's introduces it to our notice as a remedy—as a medicine, in the hands of a physician. Thus we find particular wines recommended by particular doctors, having a fashionable run as specifics—at one time all the gouty people were drinking Madeira; and many a man persuaded himself he had a fit of *flying gout*, for the sake of the remedy.* Somebody, however, found out that Madeira contained acid, and straight the cellars were rummaged for old Sherry. This change was attributed to Dr. Baillie, who had no more to do with it than Boerhaave, as he has been known to declare. Sherry, and nothing but Sherry, however, could or would the *Podagres* drink.

Dr. Reynolds, who lived and practised very much with the higher orders, had a predilection for that noble and expensive comforter, Hoc! which short word, from his lips, has often made the doctor's physick as costly as the doctor's fee.

Wine has also been recommended, by the highest medical authorities, as alleviating the infirmities of old age.

A Greek physician recommended it to Alexander as the pure blood of the earth.

Though an excess in wine is highly blamable, yet it is more pardonable than most other excesses. The progressive steps to it are cheerful, animating, and seducing; the melancholy are relieved, the grave enlivened, the witty and gay inspired—which is the very reverse of excess in eating: for, Nature satisfied, every additional morsel carries dulness and stupidity with it. "Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil," says Shakspeare.

"King Edgar, like a king of good fellows," adds Selden, "or master of the revels, made a law for Drinking. He gave orders that studs, or knobs of silver or gold (so Malmesbury tells us,) should be fastened to the sides of their cups, or drinking vessels, that when every one knew his mark or boundary, he should, out of modesty, not either himself covet, or force another to desire, more than his stint." This is the only law, before the first parliament under king James, that has been made against those swill-bowls,

Swabbers of drunken feasts, and lusty rowers,
In full brimmed rummers that do ply their oars,

"who, by their carouses (tippling up Nestor's years as if they were celebrating the goddess *Anna Perenna*,) do, at the same time, drink others' health, and mischief and spoil their own and the publick."

An argument very much after this fashion was held by the learned Sir Thomas More. Sir Thomas was sent ambassador to the Emperor by king Henry the Eighth. The morning he was to have his audience, *knowing the virtue of wine*, he ordered his servant to bring him a good large glass of Sack; and, having drunk that, called for another. The servant, with officious ignorance, would have dis-

*An eminent London painter in London, a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, got a receipt for the Painter's Cholick (cholera pictorum,) which contained all sorts of comfortable things—the chief ingredients being Cogniac brandy and opium. It did wonders with the first two or three cases; but he found the success of the remedy so increased the frequency of the complaint, that he was compelled to give up his medical treatment, for as long as he had the *Specific*, his men were constantly making wry faces at him.

sued him from it, but in vain; the ambassador drank off a second, and demanded a third, which he likewise drank off; insisting on a fourth, he was over-persuaded by his servant to let it alone; so he went to his audience. But when he returned home, he called for his servant, and threatened him with his cane. "You rogue," said he, "what mischief have you done me! I spoke so to the emperor, on the inspiration of those three glasses that I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world. Now, you dog! if I had drunk the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern all the world."

The French, a very sober people have a proverb—

Qu'il faut, a chaque mois,
S'enivrer au moins une fois.

Which has been improved by some, on this side the water, into an excuse for getting drunk every day in the week, for fear that the *specifick day* should be missed. It would, however, amuse some of our sober readers, to find this made a question of grave argument—yet, "whether it is not healthful to be drunk once a month," is treated on by Dr. Car in his letters to Dr. Quincy.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1829.

✂ The office of the Masonick Record will be removed to No. 3, Beaver-street, on the first of May.

✂ Those of our subscribers who intend to change their places of residence on the first proximo, will please to inform the carrier or leave notice at this office, in order that they may be regularly served with their papers.

Regeneration continues its salutary course in the west, bearing down corruption and anti-masonry in all quarters; and notwithstanding the endeavours of the faction to smooth over its own reverses, and collect its fragments together again in the shape of a party, the symptoms of its approaching dissolution can not be concealed. Its miserable and desperate dupes may cling to it as their only hope; its hired libellers may rave and misrepresent the truth, and affect to make light of its losses; but the fact can not with any consistency be denied, that the honest and intelligent people have proclimated the evil of the day and the scourge of the land, and resolved as such to sweep it from this fair portion of the earth. Its weakened majorities in some, and its total discomfiture in other portions of the infected district, would be sufficient evidence of this fact, did none other exist; but, besides, we have further proof in the effectual check it has met with in places where it has recently for the first time attempted to rear "its serpent crest." This change in the publick mind is not the effect of momentary passion or extraordinary zeal: it is the wholesome fruit of sober and calm reflection, and of that feeling of patriotism and universal toleration which gave us our liberties and which has preserved them inviolate to the present day. The same reflection and the same patriotic feeling, true to themselves and the land of their birth, will pursue their glorious victory until every remnant of prejudice and persecution, however specious its claims upon existence, is buried in the unfathomable depths of oblivion.

CATHOLICK EMANCIPATION. The advices received from England during the past week have removed all doubt as to a speedy compliance on the part of the British government with the claims of the Irish Catholics. The relief bill is supported in the House of Commons by a majority of more than two to one; and though much excitement throughout the kingdom has been caused by the projected plan of concession, the opposition does not appear to be sufficiently formidable to create any fears as to the final success of the measure. In the House of Commons on the 5th of March, Mr. Peel delivered a brilliant speech, of several hours duration, in favour of the Catholics, and it is supported by a majority of the learning and ability, as well as numbers, in the House of Lords. The following is a sketch

of the relief bill which has probably ere this passed into a law:

1. its basis is the removal from the Roman Catholics of civil disabilities, and the equalization of political rights.

2. Roman Catholics are to be admitted into both houses of parliament.

There are to be no restrictions as to numbers.

Catholics becoming members of either House are to take an oath, to support and defend the succession of the Crown—abjuring the sentiment that Princes excommunicated by the Pope may be deposed and murdered by their subjects,—denying the right of the Pope to any civil jurisdiction in the British Kingdom,—disclaiming, disavowing, and solemnly abjuring any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment as settled by law, &c. &c.

3. Roman Catholics are to be incapable of holding the office of Lord Chancellor, or of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

4. They may hold all Corporate Offices—may be Sheriffs and Judges.

5. But they are not to hold places belonging to the Established Church, the Ecclesiastical Courts, or Ecclesiastical foundations, nor any office in the Universities, the Colleges of Eton, Winchester, and Westminster; nor any School of Ecclesiastical Foundation. The laws relative to Roman Catholic right to presentations are to be retained. In cases where any Roman Catholic shall hold an office with which Church patronage is connected, the Crown is to have the power of transferring the patronage. No Roman Catholic to hold any office to advise the Crown in the appointment of Offices connected with the Ecclesiastical Church of England and Ireland.

6. The existing Penal Laws affecting Roman Catholics are to be repealed.

7. Roman Catholics are to be put with respect to property, on a footing with Dissenters.

8. Catholic Members of Parliament are not to be obliged to quit the House upon any particular question. (Mr. Wilmot Horton's suggestion upon this subject is held to be objectionable.)

9. There is to be no Declaration required against Transubstantiation.

10. Upon the subject of Ecclesiastical Securities, the Roman Catholics are to be placed on the footing of all other dissenters.

11. There is not to be any vote, nor is there to be any interference with the intercourse in spiritual matters between the Roman Catholic church and the See of Rome.

12. The Episcopal titles and names, now in use in the Church of England are not to be assumed by the members of the Roman Catholic church.

13. When Roman Catholics are admitted to corporate and other offices, the insignia of such offices are in no case to be taken to any other place of worship than the Established church. No robes of office are to be worn in any other than the English church.

14. The Jesuits and Monastick communities—the names and numbers of the individuals belonging to the existing communities are to be registered—Communities bound by religious or monastick vows, are not to be extended, and provision is to be made against the future entrance into this country of the order of Jesuits—The Jesuits are now to be registered.

15. *Elective Franchise—Forty Shilling Freeholders.* The Elective franchise is proposed to be raised from *Forty Shillings to Ten Pounds.*

Freeholders are to be registered, and the registry is to be taken before the Assistant Barrister of the Irish counties, with power of an appeal, in certain cases, from his decision, to a higher tribunal.

✂ Thurlow Weed came to this city on *Sunday* last, [very christian-like] and remained here for two or three days. The object of his visit was to oust Solomon out of the Observer. A secret meeting of the managers was held, (all opposed as they are to such dark proceedings) when it was discovered that His Excellency would work a little the cheapest, and poor Weed was compelled to throw himself upon the charity of the Bisselites again. We cannot but compassionate the modest barber to Timothy Munroe on the many reverses to which he seems to be subject; but the mutability of human affairs is sometimes very unaccountable. His friends at Rochester have tried every means to get rid of him, for more than a year past. One attempt was made upon Troy, another upon Utica, and now a third, (for aught we know, a fiftieth) upon Albany. But all will not do; he's bad coin—he won't pass abroad, and is destined to remain a dead weight upon the charity of the leaders at Rochester.

✂ We have had upon our table for two or three weeks, a quarter of a sheet, entitled *Annals of Liberty, Generosity, Publick Spirit, &c.*—a compilation of instances of

publick and private liberality, collected and published "for the purpose of exciting, by force of examples, a spirit worthy of this age, and this thrice blessed country." We shall hereafter publish an abstract of these Annals, and in the mean time inform our readers that, if they are acquainted with any instances of generosity worthy of being recorded, communications on the subject will be thankfully received by M. Carey, Esq. of Philadelphia.

✂ The Rev. Mr. B. B. Hotchkiss says "the day for the triumph of hypocrisy is past" and "principle has found devout worshippers in the land." Nothing is more evident from the recent expression of the publick opinion, and this doctor of anti-masonick divinity will be still better convinced of the fact by the middle of November next.

✂ Mr. Avery Allyn anticipates "future events" from "the measures he has taken with regard to masonry," but he does not say whether a total eclipse and a comet are to be among them. Some of these anti-masons are more powerful than Archimedes. If we are to credit their own words, moving the universe is mere pastime.

✂ The attention of the miscellaneous reader is directed to the advertisement, in another column, of the *Ladies Magazine*. There are several publications in the United States, of a similar character, but we know of none so worthy of support from the Ladies as Mrs. Hale's Magazine.

✂ The Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea fought a duel on the 21st of March. Its real, but remote cause, was the Catholic question. The Earl accused the Duke of improperly favouring the cause of emancipation in encouraging the establishment of the King's College, London. After a good deal of talk, their Lordships met in Batsea-fields, at eight o'clock in the morning of the above day. The distance was twelve paces; the Duke fired at the Earl, but did not hit him, and the Earl fired in the air; an apology from the Earl followed, and the Duke set off for Windsor, and the affair thus ended—very much as affairs of the same kind sometimes end between striplings, at Hoboken.

PORTUGAL. On the 20th March despatches were received by the British Government from Lords Strangford and Porsonby, at Rio Janeiro. They contain the particulars of an interview between the Emperor of Brazil and the Portuguese deputation. The Emperor assured the deputation that "he had resolved to act in such a manner as to show the world his determination to fight for the rights of his daughter (the young Queen of Portugal) and to enter into no compromise with the usurper of the crown of Portugal." From this declaration it was supposed the Emperor would immediately declare war against Don Miguel.

LITERARY ITEMS. A catalogue of the graduates of colleges in New-England, and the state of New-York together with the names of their presidents, is proposed to be published by Mr. George Haugh, of Concord, N. H. It will make an octavo volume of 300 pages, and be sold for \$1.50.

A Mr. Kendall, author of "Letters on Ireland," is preparing for the English press *A General History of America*. A History of the Huguenots of the Sixteenth Century, containing a Narrative of the sufferings of the French Protestants during that period will be shortly published in England.

A volume of poems entitled *The Rivals of Este, and other Poems*, by James G. Brooks and Mary E. Brooks, has just been published in New-York. Mr. Brooks is one of the editors of the Morning Courier, and Mrs. Brooks is the writer who has figured so creditably under the signature of *Norna*. The volume is well spoken of by those who have read it.

Dr. T. Romeyn Beck's work on Medical Jurisprudence has been translated into German, and published at Weimar, in two volumes, octavo.

The first volume of Mr. Jefferson's works has just issued from the press.

The first number of the American Monthly Magazine, edited by N. P. Willis, was published at Boston on the 15th

instant. The papers of that city speak of it in high terms. We believe it has not yet appeared in this quarter.

A bundle of manuscripts in the hand writing of the illustrious John Locke, containing the original MS. of his Essay on the human Understanding, with all its corrections, and many letters written during his banishment in Holland, as well as some letters of Algernon Sydney, Lord Shaftesbury, and others, has lately been discovered in England.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

A "LIGHT" IN CHENANGO. The first number of the "Anti-Masonick Telegraph," a passing neatly printed hebdomodal, recently arrived in this city from Norwich, Chenango county, where it was ushered into this breathing world under the guardianship of Messrs. E. P. Pellet & B. T. Cooke.

One of the above named gentlemen lately resided in this city, where he was respected and esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and where he has left many to wish him prosperity and happiness, but few who can conscientiously extend their charity to the cause which now owns him for a champion. We will, however, do his sound judgement the justice to say, that we believe him to be about as deeply interested in the existence or downfall of Freemasonry, as any other sensible person totally ignorant, and consequently totally indifferent on the subject. He has "cast his bread upon the water" in the hope of pecuniary gain; but we forewarn him that he will find "the excitement" a troubled sea—and if his store does not return to him diminished, rather than increased, we shall give him joy. Friendship for his person would lead us to regret the unfavourable issue of any enterprise in which he is concerned, but a regard for correct principle, and commiseration for a deceived portion of the community, forbid that we should give him "God speed" in this his undertaking.

AMICUS.

DOMESTICK ITEMS. The Albany Times and Literary Writer closed its brief existence on Saturday last. The complaint—want of patronage—by no means a new disease.

A Massachusetts schoolmaster, who was lately indicted for beating one of his scholars with a cart rope till he fainted; very piously requested that the trial might be opened with prayer! Ten to one, that he is an anti-mason, and as much of a christian as most of his brethren.

A company for the cultivation of the wine in Maryland incorporated by the legislature of that state with a capital of twelve thousand dollars, was to go into operation in the early part of the present month.

Nearly seven millions of the publick debt are to be paid off on the 1st July next.

At a meeting of the members of the Bar in the city of New York, on the 17th inst. "it was resolved that the present delays in the prosecution of causes in the Court of Chancery, notwithstanding the distinguished abilities, of the Chancellor, amount to a denial of justice—and that in the view of the meeting the appointment of a Vice Chancellor would remedy this evil. A committee was appointed to transmit the sentiments of the meeting to the Legislature."

Louis McLane, of Delaware, has been appointed, by the president Minister to England, in room of James Barbour the present incumbent, who has been removed.

Henry Lee, of Virginia, has been appointed Consul General of the United States, at Algiers.

The celebrated Robert Owen arrived at Cincinnati, Ohio, about the first inst. The object of his visit is said to be, to discuss the merits of the Christian religion with the Rev. Mr. Campbell, agreeably to an engagement entered into a year since.

A man who was a few years since blessed with 20,000 dollars lottery money, lately applied to the editor of the Portsmouth Journal for twelve and a half cents to pay for a night's lodging!

It may be well for the Morganites to bear in mind the case of Chandler vs. Petit, recently tried before the Superior Court in the city of New-York, in which the plaintiff recovered twelve thousand five hundred dollars, from the defendant, for a malicious prosecution.

The Kennebec Journal, Augusta, states that fortunately for the world, the proper use of N. E. Rum has been discovered at last, and that is to kill lice upon calves!

Herr Cline, who is performing on the corde elastique at Washington, danced a paddy doo with his grandmother, on the 12th inst. The heels and heads of some old people says a Boston editor, are growing wonderfully light: they must take heed, lest a cloven foot should trip them up in some of their pigeon-wings.

"Rough and tumble play" seems to be no more lawful than

it is agreeable. A stage driver in Delaware has been condemned to pay one hundred dollars, for injury caused to another carriage by his improper attempts to drive past it. And a stage owner was condemned at Catskill, a few days since, to pay three hundred and fifty dollars, and the costs of two prosecutions, for personal injury and inconvenience caused by the upsetting of a stage between this city and Catskill about six months since.

A celebrated group, by the sculptor Canova, of the *Graces*, has been purchased by Doct. J. Y. Clarke, at Rome, and presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. This modern work forms a valuable addition to the extensive collection of that valuable association.

The Legislature of Louisiana have incorporated a company to light New-Orleans, and the suburbs, with gas. Increase of physical as well as of intellectual light, tends to preserve good order in every community.

There is now living in Providence, (R. I.) a man aged about fifty-eight years, who was never out of the State of Rhode Island, never sick, or took medicine; never shaved by any but himself; never sued or was sued; has been up before sunrise every day in the last forty years; and has not tasted any kind of inebriating liquor for thirty years.

FOREIGN ITEMS. Bombay papers received at London state that a part of a mountain in the district of Ryrghar fell on the 28th July last, and destroyed a whole village, containing eighteen houses, sixty-five persons, eighty-six head of cattle, and twenty goats.

Dr. Louis, who was sent to Gibraltar by the French government, for the purpose of observing the fever there, has written letters to the French Royal Academy of Medicine, affirming that the fever which some months since raged at Gibraltar was really the Yellow fever of America and the West Indies.

It is said the petition to parliament, of the Devonshire anti-catholics, which was signed by 25,800 persons, measured ninety yards in length, thirty in breadth, and weighed seventy-two pounds. According to a new statistical account of the existing Jews their number throughout the world is at least 2,700,000, belonging to the different sects.

In Inverness, Scotland, at the Martinmas market, a woman bought 14 pounds of butter, and on reaching her home in Ross-shire found one third of her purchase was *mashed potatoes*.

In a case lately tried in Dublin, a gentleman, called as a witness, was asked whether his brother, the plaintiff, lived happily with his wife. He replied that they seemed to live "as happily as any couple of married people could."

A writer in a late Cayuga [anti-masonick] Republican says, "A good many years ago I read a story of a circumstance that took place somewhere in Germany or Switzerland—I am not very certain which"—and goes on to relate a story of a band of robbers that had certain signs and obligations—and very charitably concludes that they were masons. Not satisfied with this, he abuses the masons for returning their charters and discontinuing their meetings—represents them as "banditti," and nothing short of confessing themselves such, will satisfy him—they must confess that they are knaves before they are to be trusted. Now, we call on all men of sense and intelligence to ponder and reflect on what is to be the state of society when such incendiary publications are circulated in the newspapers. Will not all the social relations be severed asunder by such inflammatory publications. If one portion of our fellow citizens are taught to view another portion as bandits and robbers, think what must be the feelings of the accused and the accusers!—Such things are calculated to set every man against his neighbour, and turn this fair portion of our country into a perfect hell of discord and violence. And will sober thinking men encourage such a state of things? We believe they will not. At least we know that the respectable citizens of this town, without regard to sect or party, masons, or not masons, are determined to act together in opposing the overbearing and persecuting spirit of political anti-masonry. [Cayuga Patriot.]

The loathsome contagion of Anti-masonry has spread itself to the once happy and very delightful place called Union Village, in Washington county, N. Y. An anti-masonick meeting was held in one of the churches, on All Fools day, whereat the worthy Elder Barber, premeditated to hold forth—but "want of time" prevented, and his sermon thereafter appeared in the columns of a print established there by the faction, in order to "scatter firebrands, arrows and death" among a peaceable and harmonious people. His Excellency Governor Solomon Southwick, edited the gaping throng with one of his stock harangues—so long, that the devout Elder could not, as we learn, "get in a word edgewise." Deacon Parker presided, assisted by Doctor Corliss and Justice Hyatt; and by the help of all this law,

physick, and divinity, a resolution was adopted, certifying that Solomon was bold and patriotic, that his address was able and eloquent, and that he has stood by to defend "the people's rights since the excitement!" What a barbarous quiz! [Boston Bulletin.]

At an anti-masonick meeting, held at the Mansion House, in Rochester, on the evening of the 11th instant, for the purpose of making arrangements for town election, Mr. H. B. Pierpont, an elder in Bissell and Parker's Church, made his appearance and formally renounced masonry. He did not, however, communicate the fact that he had been several years since, expelled from the lodge for immoral conduct. [Craftsman.]

Renunciation of Anti-Masonry. The Rochester Republican, of the 7th inst., contains a renunciation of Anti-Masonry, signed by seventy-two individuals, all of the town of Greece. The Republican observes of the subscribers, that they will be recognised as among the best citizens and most substantial farmers of Greece—some of whom have been elected to office by the anti-masons in that town.

DIED,

At Troy, on Sunday evening last, after an illness of three days, ESAIAS WARREN, esq. in the 58th year of his age, an old and highly respectable inhabitant of that city, and for many years its Mayor, Mr. Warren was also President of the Bank of Troy since its establishment in 1808. That community has lost a valuable member, one who was looked up to as the principal founder of the place, and the parental guardian of its interests.

From the Portland Yankee.

Mr. BENJAMIN TITCOMB, Jr. a preacher of the Gospel, a man of extraordinary talents and worth, is just dead—aged forty two; leaving behind him one fact in his biography, of so much value at this particular time, that every paper of our country should assist in giving it circulation. It is this—for six or eight years of his life, he was a *helpless and hopeless drunkard*. But he grew ashamed of wallowing with the beasts that perish—got up—shook off the indurated filth of eight long years—returned to life, as it were—became a preacher of the Gospel, and to the last hour was an example of perfect and severe temperance. Let no man be discouraged therefore. At one time, while he was studying law with the present Chief Justice of Maine he was regarded, as beyond all comparison, the cleverest young man here. But he was a drunkard. After this, he studied law with somebody at the Eastward—he continued to rise in reputation—but he was still a drunkard. It was about this time that I knew him: and I never knew a more hopeless case. There appeared to be no way of reaching him. His pride was no more, his dignity, his self-respect, his moral courage—hope itself, was extinguished. Yet he awoke; and, after years of heroic self-denial, died, sober and virtuous, and generally respected man. After all, however, his death proceeded from intemperance. The reformation, though it came in season for his character, came too late for his health; and he has gone down to a premature grave, under the blasting and withering curse that he voluntarily fastened upon himself at a period when, if he had not gone astray from the rocky paths of high and peculiar virtue, he might have been just what he pleased.

LADIES' MAGAZINE, conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41, Washington-st. Boston—and by Bourne, at the Depository of arts, 359 Broadway, New York; & Thomas T. Ash, 130 Chesnut-st. Philadelphia. Each number will contain about 50 pages of original matter, the whole making a beautifully executed octavo volume of 604 pages. Price three dollars per annum, to be paid on delivery of the third number.

The contents of the *Ladies' Magazine* will be an original miscellany, calculated to improve the taste and foster the talents and virtues of women; at the same time particular regard will be paid to the diffusion of that knowledge of our own country, its scenery and history, and the character and manners of its inhabitants which Americans of either sex, should be careful to acquire. But no sectional prejudices shall be admitted to interfere with the spirit of the work, which is intended to be strictly American.

The constantly increasing patronage which this work has received, during the year it has been before the public, is the best criterion of its merits. The *Ladies' Magazine* is now circulated in almost every city and state in the Union.

Contents of No. 4, for April, 1829.—*Original Miscellany*—The Intellectual Character of Woman, Alexander Standish, or, Love in Olden Times, Recollections, No. I.—Our Village School, Fancy's Flight, The Warning, Letter to the Editor, Empress Maria Louisa, Young Ladies' Seminaries, The Blind. *Original Poetry*—The Gifts of Spring, Heart's Ease, The Daughter, The Tamed Eagle, The Dying Girl, Song of a Swiss Peasant, To Woman, 'Elegant Leisure.' *Literary Notices*—The Family Monitor, The Village Choir, Thatcher's Treatise of Bees, To Readers and Correspondents.

W. C. Little, Agent Albany.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW, is published in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the close of every month: Each number will contain 56 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages.

Gentlemen disposed to patronize this work, are requested to enclose Three Dollars to the Publisher, when the numbers will be regularly forwarded according to the directions given.

Contents of No. 10.—*Revolution of the Republic of Columbia, The Keys, a Vision of Samaritanus, Duke of Saxe-Weimar's Travels in North America, Life of Erasmus, Origin of Rhyme, Malte-Brun's Universal Geography, Address before a Peace Society, Society in India—Institution of Castes, Philosophy of Human Knowledge, Eulogy on the late Timothy Pickering, The Requiem.*

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

GOOD-NIGHT.

*"One sweet face fasteth
Sleep's misty sea."*

When the watch lights of Heaven
Their starry vigils keep;
And to wearied man is given
The blessed boon of sleep;

Then Lady, as thine eyelids close,
And veil their light in mild repose;
Think, (and the thought will make me blest)
Think that my kiss is on them prest.

The trav'ler as he mourning leaves
His loved, his native land,
As pledge of kindest wish receives
The parting, out stretched hand.

So as thy spirit hastes away
From frowns and cares of busy day,
My mental kiss shall wish for thee
Bright dreams of thrilling ecstasy.—

Albany, April, 1829.

YOU'LL COME TO OUR BALL.

*"Comment! c'est lui? que je le regarde encore!—c'est que va-
riant il est bien change; n'est-ce pas, mon papa?"**Les premiers Amours.*

You'll come to our ball;—since we parted,
I've thought of you, more than I'll say;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since it's over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall;—
I know you're a terrible rover;
But, Clarence,—you'll come to our Ball;

It's only a year, since at College
You put on your cap and your gown;
But, Clarence you're grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown:
The voice that was best when it faltered
Is fuller and firmer in tone;
And the smile that should never have altered,—
Dear Clarence,—it is not your own;
Your cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
You must have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with Pup;
I've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up.
In spite of the terrors of Auntie,
I've ridden the filly you broke;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favourite oak:
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl;
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished;
We've set up a National School;
And waltzing is utterly banished;
And Ellen has married a fool;
The Major is going to travel;
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout;
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;
Papa is laid up with the gout;
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;
And Fanny is sick with the measles,—
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties;—The Lily,
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm;
Miss Manners who always abused you
For talking so much about Hock;
And her sister who often amused you,
By raving of rebels and Rock;
And something which surely would answer,
An heiress quite fresh from Bengal;—
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world!—from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth:
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth:
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it can not turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sullen degrees.
Time treads o'er the grave of Affection;
Sweet honey is turned into gall;—
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads;—
To-day you have critical ears;
You once could be charmed with our sallads;—
Alas! you've been dining with Peers;
You trifled and flirted with many;
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was *one* you liked better than any;
Perhaps you've forgotten *her* now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song;
They tell me (and what does it matter?)
You like to be praised by the throng:
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
They tell me you're loved by a Blue;
They tell me you're sadly immoral,—
Dear Clarence, *that* cannot be true!
But to me you are still what I found you
Before you grew clever and tall;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you;
And you'll come—*won't* you come?—to our Ball!

LIFE.

What art thou, Life? pale Vanity!
Dim shadow of the things to be;
Weak as the wind, and sightless as the wave:
Thy gold but yellow dross; thy fame,
The rattling chain that binds the slave;
Thy pomp and pride a dreaming idiot's game.

What art thou, Life? Time's trumpet-tone
Echoes o'er glory's work undone;
Breaks down the haughty city's battled wall,
Buries in dust the chieftain's sword;
Bids throne and solemn altar fall,
Till Ruin sits o'er all, resistless lord.

What art thou, Life? Thy richest wreath
Soon plucked by that pile conqueror Death;
Thy softest winds soon chilled by winter snows.
Deluder of young eyes. Thy summer morn
Scarce lightning in the East the rose,
When from its cloud the thunder-peal is born.

What art thou, Life? A showery Spring
Of Paradise! An angel's wing
Still shrouded in our garniture of clay,
Yet to the stars to be unfurled;
A moment of eternal day;
An atom of God's new-created world!

NEW-ENGLAND MEN.

The following stanzas of the poet HALLECK will be recognized as a fair and faithful picture, as far as it goes, of New-England independence.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year;
They reverence their priest, but disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear:
They have a natural talent for foreseeing,
And knowing all things;—should Park appear
From his long tour in Africa, to show
The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—"we know."

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reasons why;
Would shake hands with a King upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none,
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die;
All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandize, pounds, shillings, pence and peddling.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
At home, where all their worth and pride is placed;
And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced,
With many hearts, in piety sincere,
Faithful in love, in honour stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved a life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose controul,
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye:
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
Whose leaves contain their country's history,
And tales of love and war—listen to one,
Of the Green mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began—
"Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
For four pounds eight and seven-pence per man,
By England's King—a bargain as is thought.
Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can—
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
Or Molly Stark's a widow!—It was done.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

Beneath the shelter of a mighty hill,
Whose marble peaks were garlanded with vine,
And musical with many a sunny rill,
That through its purple clustered shades did twine,
Bright as a summer serpent's golden spine,
Leaned a low temple, in the sweet, gray gloom,
Hoary with moss, like Age in calm decline,
With, here and there, a rose's lingering bloom,
Wreathed loving round its brow;—that temple is a tomb!

There sleeps the Mantuan! There the subtlest hand,
That ever wakened Passion's lyre, is laid.
Oh! Master Genius of thy glorious land!
When—when shall Italy her tresses braid!
With the bright flowers that round thy forehead played:
When flash to Heaven the ancient sword of Rome?
Come from thy rest, and call her, mighty Shade?
No! Vice, the worm, has fed upon her bloom!
Look not upon the slave; sleep, Virgil, in thy tomb!

BOOK BINDING Sign of the Golden Lodger, corner of State and North Market-streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super-extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.
An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Feb 14 3m3

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 328, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1829. JOHN F. PORTER.

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Two Line Letter. Minion, and all larger, Nonpareil, Pearl.
Full Face. English and Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion.

Borders and Flowers of every kind.
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Ornamented, Six Lines Pica, Ornamented.

Leads. Six to pica and thicker, Seven to pica, Eight to pica.

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Chases; Slics, Brass, and common Galleys; Iron and Mahogany Furniture; Prout's ink; Skins; parchment; points. Presses also furnished.

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All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room No 41, State-street, or at their Foundry, Eagle-street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829. A. W. KINSLEY & Co.

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ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1829.

NO. 14.

MASONICK RECORD.

PROTEST OF BINGHAMTON LODGE.

At a regular meeting of *Binghamton Lodge*, No. 77, holden in the village of Binghamton, in the county of Broome, on the 18th day of February, 1829—

“Resolved, that a committee of five persons be appointed to take into consideration the present excitement on the subject of Masonry, and report to this Lodge, at an extra meeting, on the 5th day of March next.”

[The committee appointed by the above resolution met, and drew up the following remarks. It will be perceived that the communication was not intended for publication, but at the special request of the lodge, it is now offered to the public.]

The committee appointed by the lodge at their last meeting, to take into consideration the present excitement against the institution, have taken an attentive and serious view of the subject; and in common with all good men, deeply deplore the effects which have resulted from this unholy attempt to prostrate masonry. So far as it has had the effect to bring masonry itself into disrepute, we regret it as masons; but as men and as citizens, we deplore its demoralizing consequences on the state of society.

It has destroyed all confidence betwixt man and man.

It has broken asunder the cords by which christians are bound.

It has separated pastors from their flocks, and broken up churches.

It has introduced discord into families and neighbourhoods, where hitherto nothing but harmony prevailed.

It has weakened, if not annihilated the ties of kindred—alienated the parent from his child, the wife from her husband.

It has prostrated the best feelings of the human heart; eradicated the principles of love and friendship, and implanted in their stead, the baleful passions of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness.

This is a terrific picture of the effects of this unexampled excitement, and yet it is short of the truth. Where it will end, no man can predict; the contagion is spreading with unabated fury, and what will be its final consequences is known only to Him who can say to the raging sea of human depravity—“Peace, be still.”

The history of all the revolutions, ancient and modern, which have desolated and disgraced the world; the annals of the inquisition, so famous, or rather infamous, for its persecutions and cruelties, cannot produce instances of blacker malignity, than have characterized this warfare against masonry.

The leaders of this faction (for it is a faction in every sense of the word) have discarded all principles and feelings, which ennoble and elevate man in the scale of creation,—lost sight of all the generous and dignified characteristics of honourable warfare, and have, in this crusade against our order, “displayed hearts made up betwixt the venomous malignity of a serpent, and the spiteful imbecility of an in-feriour reptile.”

They have wrought themselves and their followers up to such a pitch of feverish and preternatural frenzy, that many of them could exclaim with Suffolk, in the play—

“I could stand naked on some mountain’s top,
Where pinching cold ne’er suffered grass to grow,
And curse away a stormy winter’s night,
And think it but a moment spent in sport.”

The spirit of persecution which prevails against masons, seems to be of a fascinating and contagious character. Is it strange that it should be so? Experience proves that men embark with more avidity in a bad cause than in a good one—more zeal and perseverance mark their steps when engaged in the service of the devil, than when employed in works of righteousness. “It requires more talent and labour to become a thief than an honest man, while one leads to the gallows and the other to respectability.” Cardinal Wolsey seems to have acted from this principle; and when

he fell from the favour of his prince, became sensible of his error, and exclaimed—

“Oh! Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.”

The first burst of indignation against masonry was perfectly natural. A fellow citizen had been carried off from his family, as was then believed, against his will, and his subsequent fate was involved in mystery. This high-handed and unjustifiable violation of the liberty of the citizen—of the laws of God and man—was proved to have been committed by masons! Deluded and guilty men, how can you atone for the mischief you have done?

Without reflection, the whole was ascribed to the influence of masonic principles. Political desperadoes seized upon this circumstance to turn the current of popular opinion to their own advancement. They applied the incendiary torch to the inflammable combustibles of passion, which always follow in the train of popular delusion—the political hacks mounted the hobby, on which they calculated to ride to promotion, and the work of proscription began.

To effect their unhallowed objects it is necessary that masons should be proscribed, slandered, persecuted, exterminated. Blandishments, sophistry, threats and promises are profusely scattered in a disaffected community; ignorant, ambitious, and designing men join the cry in full chorus, and the incendiary leaders mentally exclaim—

“Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on.”

With such men the end always sanctifies the means. That is to say, in plain, practical language, threats and promises, sophistry and arguments, daggers and death, are alike subservient, and alike justifiable to accomplish their nefarious purposes.

In their scramble for popularity the original cause of the excitement has been lost sight of; and the anti-masonic party care no more now for the fate of Morgan, than they do the fate of Judas Iscariot.

So long as the clamor was confined to the principles of masonry, its votaries looked on with calm and stoical indifference. The thunders rolled unheeded at their feet. They know that the principles of masonry are immutable; they challenge investigation; masons are willing their principles should be tried, investigated and analysed in the crucible of honest scrutiny, and if found wanting, thrown over among the rubbish.

The anti-masonic party, in their unholy attempts to exterminate masonry, have abandoned the field of argument, and descended to slanders and personalities, which would put a blackguard to the blush, and disgrace the veriest fish-draw of Billingsgate.

Incendiary priests have been hired and let loose upon society, to sow the seeds of discord under the mask of that religion which inculcates “peace on earth, good will to man.” Their hypocritical cant and crocodile tears have induced a few ignorant and unprincipled renegades, pretending to be masons, to attest to the truth of their infamous and infernal falsehoods—may God reward them according to their works.

If this hasty and imperfect view of the subject be correct, the question then naturally occurs—what is the most prudent course for us, as masons, to pursue. Caution and circumspection are the watchwords of our order.

It is repugnant to the feelings of poor human nature, to bear patiently the contumely which we hear daily heaped upon masonry. It is next to impossible to hear with any degree of complacency, insinuations the most base, and slanders the most vile, hourly uttered against our institution; yet the fundamental principles of the institution enjoin it upon us as a duty not to enter into disputes and quarrels with those who through ignorance or prejudice ridicule and despise it.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong; and a dignified forbearance best comports with our principles and profession. It is not contended that we should relax in our exertions to convince our adversaries of the error of their opinions; a manly, dignified vindication of our principles is demanded at our hands, in self defence, but quarrels and wranglings are by all means to be avoided.

The principles of masonry can never be subverted. You might as well attempt to unhinge creation or remove the earth from her sphere, with the fancied lever of Archimedes. It is so firmly based upon the eternal principles of justice and morality, that any such attempt must be worse than fruitless.

“Masonry has existed through ages, while states and empires, even tongues and languages, have passed away without a trace behind; and will still exist while the sun opens the day, to gild its cloud-capt towers, or the moon leads on the night to embellish its stately pillars. The current of things may roll along its base, the tide of time and chance may beat against its walls, the stormy gusts of malice may assault its lofty battlements, and the heavy rains of calumny may descend upon its spacious roof; but in vain—till our Supreme Grand Master shall come to reward his workmen, will the masonic building stand impregnable, and can only be dissolved when the pillars of the universe are shaken, and the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit, shall, ‘like the baseless fabrick of a vision,’ pass away before the Almighty Architect. Appearances will then vanish at the touch-stone of truth—then will be the triumph of righteous judgment.”

PROTEST OF PHEBUS LODGE.

TO MICAH BROOKS, BOWEN WHITING, LEMUEL MORSE, AND OTHERS.

Gentlemen—At the last regular meeting of *Phœbus Lodge*, the W. M. laid before the members thereof, a printed communication, under your signatures, bearing date Ontario county, 20th February, 1829, in the form and style of a circular, addressed to the various lodges of freemasons in the western part of this State, accompanied by an address to the public in general, signed with the same signatures, and as members of the Masonick fraternity; but bearing no evidence from which we might infer, that it was ever sanctioned by the officers or members of any regularly constituted Lodge of Freemasons. The subject, nevertheless, was taken up in full Lodge; acted upon with all due deliberation, and rejected by a unanimous vote. A committee, composed of the undersigned brethren, was then appointed to draft an answer, and transmit to you the views and feelings of the officers and members of *Phœbus Lodge*, on the occasion.

In complying with this duty, the committee would remark, that they shall be governed by no other motives or feelings than what will comport with the rights and privileges of the fraternity, under a strict observance of the laws of our country; and, in conformity thereto, we would further observe, that the views and feelings expressed, in the outset of your address, are in perfect accordance with our own, but to your conclusions, we can never subscribe.

The members of *Phœbus Lodge* have not been inattentive or unconcerned spectators of the events which have agitated community, for two years past; but, they have viewed them with much feeling and with deep concern; and we do, most devoutly, join with you in the asseveration, that “we have never considered ourselves under any obligation to act otherwise than in accordance with the strictest rules of morality, and in observance to the laws of our country.” We are free to admit, however, that the Masonick Institution, like all other human Institutions, is susceptible of abuse, and like all others, subject to corrupt and vicious members; and we further admit, and most deeply deplore the fact, that in the abduction of Morgan, the laws of our country were most wantonly and wickedly violated; and that, too, by men professing to be Freemasons: and it has ever been, and still is, our fervent desire, that strict and severe justice might be rendered to the perpetrators of the crime, in obedience to the laws of our state. Sensible as we are, however, of the unlimited veneration we entertain for the public *will* and the equal distribution of justice, under the laws of our common country, and our deep solicitude for the perpetuity of those liberal institutions, for the more general diffusion of knowledge and education; and our readiness at all times to co-operate with community in general, for their maintenance and support; and notwithstanding what may have been said of us to the

contrary, in town, county, and state conventions, by clamorous and designing individuals, yet charity forbids the idea, that a generous, enlightened, and impartial publick does now, or ever will demand of the masonick fraternity, the surrender of their charters and the transfer of their funds to common school districts; thereby diverting them from their natural and proper purposes of hospitality, in order to atone for the crimes of a few individual members.

Let offended justice call over the catalogue of human institutions, religious, as well as moral, and should any be found, whose members have not offended against the majesty of the law, by committing crimes—crimes of the deepest hue and most revolting in their nature; then, should the officers and members of *Phabus* lodge most cordially join with you in opinion, that the publick voice does, most emphatically call on us, for the surrender of our charter and our funds.

But if, in truth, you are masons; we are induced to believe you are actuated by mistaken views. It is not the publick voice, to which you give heed, but the voice of faction! the voice of persecution! an organized and systematick persecution! breathing the same spirit which has hitherto drenched the christian world in blood and carnage, and bearing on its front, in characters too legible to be misunderstood, that it hath for its object power and political ascendancy—and permit us here to remark, that the grounds you have taken to allay this persecuting spirit, and to restore order and tranquility to society, are wholly untenable. Give up your charters and your funds, and for what purpose? will that satisfy the enemies of Freemasonry? no! you are masons still, and so they will consider you; something more serious and still more degrading in its nature will be required of you; the same disfranchising spirit which has driven you to this extreme, will hunt you down in the other; something in the nature of a religious (or rather political) test, will be required of you, before you can be taken into fellowship, or admitted to favour with this modern uncharitable, disfranchising brotherhood; you will have to renounce and abjure the principles of Freemasonry; you will have to protest in the most solemn manner, that the tender and affectionate ties which have hitherto linked you together in the bonds of charity and brotherly love, are broken off, and that all connection with the fraternity is forever dissolved.

And are you prepared for all this? if you are masons, in very deed, as well might you close your eyes against the bright luminaries of heaven, and reject their influence, or turn a deaf ear to the solemn admonitions of truth and justice, as to erase from your recollection and embrace, the beauty and excellence of the various orders, and the moral principles inculcated by their several lectures.

Finally, we would recommend to the brethren of all lodges of freemasons, to remain steadfast and unshaken in their professions; let your daily walk and conversation be such as will comport with the strictest principles of our ancient and honourable institution; and wherever duty to ourselves, to our fellows, and to mankind in general, shall mark the way, there, by the help of God, let us all endeavour, fearlessly to be found. But give up your charters and your funds, and what next? will your condition be amended, or society improved? We answer, no! Whilst the wise and the good may pity your condition, the untired and unrelenting arm of persecution will be renewed against you, and, when driven to the last extremity, they will laugh at your calamity, and mock, when your fear cometh.

SAMUEL CAMPBELL,
ABEL DE FOREST,
JOSHUA LAMB,
ROUSE CLARK,
PHILO BENNET,
ABRAHAM BAKER.

Columbus, April, 1829.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF VERMONT.

Officers of *Temple Royal Arch Chapter, No. 4*, in Bennington, Vermont, for the present year:—

Nathan Bowen, High Priest; Elijah Buck, King; Samuel Scott, Scribe; H. Hall, Captain of the Host; T. Hendryx, Principal Sojourner; Oliver Abell, Royal Arch Captain; George Card, J. Beebe, and Samuel H. Blackmer, Masters of Veils; F. Breckenridge, Secretary; D. Henry, Treasurer; A. J. Haswell, Tyler.

Officers of *Mount Anthony Lodge*, in Bennington Vermont, for the present year:—

David Henry, Master; Lodwoick Stanton, Senior Warden; Hymen Tuttle, Junior Warden; Samuel Scott, Treasurer; Samuel H. Blackmer, Secretary; J. A. French, Senior Deacon; H. Hall, Junior Deacon; Almon Marsh, and J. B. Chandler, Stewards; Anthony J. Haswell, Tyler.

Officers of *Bennington Council of Select Masters*, attached to Temple Chapter, No. 4, for the present year:—

Nathan Bowen, T. I. G. Master; Zacheus Ho-

vey, D. I. G. Master; Truman Hendryx, P. Conductor; H. Hall, Captain of Guard; Samuel Scott, Treasurer; Samuel H. Blackmer, Recorder; Sentinel, vacant.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

INSANITY.

A correspondent of the American Sentinel (Philadelphia) furnishes a very interesting article on Dr. Burrows' Treatise on Insanity. That this malady is hereditary, in eight cases out of ten, we have no doubt, and these cases it is next to an impossibility to cure. *Accidental* insanity may, in many instances, yield to judicious medical treatment. The Monthly Review, in commenting upon Dr. Burrow's work, remarks that Dr. Knight denies the transmission of insanity in persons whose predecessors have been free from the disorder. It is a well ascertained and remarkable fact, that hereditary insanity is most common among the highest ranks of society, in consequence, it is supposed, of intermarriages being common among family relatives, and it has accordingly been found most prevalent where the system of clanship has been strictly preserved. In ancient Scottish families, where such intermarriages are frequent, hereditary insanity is common.

The correspondent of the Sentinel states, that a brave general of the revolutionary army, used to express a wish to die suddenly, die without children, and die before he was fifty years old. His request was granted—he fell fighting our battles, without issue, and before he was fifty years of age. The reasons he gave for this request were, that at the age of fifty, some of his predecessors had been attacked with insanity. He wished no children, to run the chance of inheriting the malady, and he wished to die suddenly, for reasons equally obvious.

The French and English authors differ materially with respect to insanity, as caused by religion. In the *Bicetre*, at Paris, the average reports for six years, give fifty-five cases out of four hundred and nine, of religious insanity—in *La Salpêtrière*, twenty out of five hundred and eight. The English Dr. Knight states, that out of five hundred cases, only one was clearly ascertained to have been produced by religious or moral causes, and that he has uniformly found that devoteism is an effect, not a cause of derangement.

HYDROPHOBIA IN FOXES.

Foxes become mad occasionally, and there have been examples of dogs, which having been bitten by mad foxes, have not caught the disease. In these cases it has been proved that the stomachs of the foxes were filled with wood, earth, stones, leaves, hair, and other substances improper for nourishment. On the contrary, when the madness has been communicated, the stomach and intestines have been found completely empty. From this difference, it is concluded that hunger is the cause of madness in foxes; and this agrees with the results which occurred during and after the rigorous winter of 1826-7, when these animals, with many others, suffered from want of nourishment. [From the French.]

THE REPOSITORY.

From the London Encyclopædia.

THE POPE.

The Pope is elected by the College of Cardinals, being seventy-two in number, including the six suburban Bishporicks, whose principal and most honourable privilege is that of electing the Pope, and it is easy to conceive that their dignity and importance increased with that of the Roman See itself; and that they shared alike its temporal and its spiritual pre-eminence. As the Cardinals are the counsellors, so they are the officers of the Pontiff, and are thus entrusted with the management of the Church at large, and of the Roman State in particular. The grand assembly of the Cardinals is called the Consistory, where the Pontiff presides in person. Here they appear in all the splendour of the purple, and form a most majestic Senate.

Here, therefore, publick communications are announced, foreign Ambassadors received, Cardinals created, formal compliments made and answered; in short, all the exterior splendour of Sovereignty is displayed. But the principal prerogative of a Cardinal is exercised in the Conclave, so called because the members of the sacred college are then confined within the precincts of the great halls of the Vatican Palace; where they remain immured: till they agree in the election of a Pontiff. As soon as the holy father has expired, the Cardinal Chamberlain, in a purple dress, presents himself at the door of his chamber, and knocks three times with a golden hammer, calling each time the Pope by his Christian, family, and papal names. After a short time he says, in the presence of the Clerks of the Chamber and his apostolical votaries, who take account of that ceremony, "He is then dead." The fisherman's ring is then brought to the Cardinal, who breaks it with the same hammer. He then takes possession of the Vatican, in the name of the Apostolical Chamber. After having established his authority in that palace, he sends guards to take possession of the gates of the city, and of the Castle of St. Angelo; and when he has provided for the safety of Rome, he quits the Vatican in a carriage, preceded by a Captain of the Pope's guard, and having by his side the Swiss who generally accompany his Holiness. When this march begins the great bell of the Capital is tolled, and, as it only tolls on this occasion, announces to the whole city the death of the Sovereign Pontiff. The body, having been embalmed, is clad in its pontifical dress, and, with the mitre on its head, lies in state during three days on a bed of parade. It is next carried with great pomp to the Church of St. Peter, where it remains nine days exposed to publick view, after which the burial takes place. The next day the Cardinals assemble in the same Cathedral, where the oldest of them celebrates the Mass of the HOLY GHOST for the election of a new Pope. Another Prelate, in a Latin oration, exhorts the Cardinals to choose an individual worthy of so eminent a station; after which they all march in procession behind the Papal cross, the musicians singing the hymn *Veni Creator!* to the Hall of the Conclave, which occupies a large portion of the Vatican. The large rooms are divided by temporary partitions into what are called cells, which are subdivided again into little rooms and closets. Every Cardinal has his own, for him and his assistants, and it is only large enough to hold a bed, five or six chairs, and a table. The hour of holding the Conclave being come, a bell is rung to cause the Ambassadors, Princes, Prelates, and other persons of distinction who may be present, to retire. When they are all gone out, the doors and windows are walled up, with the exception of one, which throws but a dim light upon the Conclave. The only communication with the exterior is by the means of towers, in the same shape as those used in convents of nuns. One door is also kept for the removal of any Cardinal who may be ill, but who loses the right of giving an active vote if he retires. The mode of election now in use is by a secret ballot. Two chalises stand on a long table in the Chapel of Sixtus, into which the Cardinals deposit their bulletins, containing the name of the individual for whom they vote. One of the Scrutators reads it aloud, while two others mark the number of votes for each individual, by the side of his name, on the large tablet where all those of the Cardinals are inscribed. Whoever obtains two-thirds of the votes present is canonically elected. His name is immediately proclaimed aloud, and the Cardinals sitting on his right and left rise and quit their places. His consent is asked, and, when it is given, the Cardinals, beginning by the oldest, perform the first adoration; that is to say, kiss his foot, and then his hand. The first Cardinal Deacon now announces the election to the people, and the artillery of the Castle of St. Angelo and the bells of the city spread the news afar. The people are then allowed to break into the Conclave, and to carry off all they can.

No person is eligible to the Papacy under 65 years of age, or that is not an Italian by birth, having already obtained a place in the College of Cardinals, or who is a Prince by birth, or allied to a reigning house, lest such a Pope should dismember the patrimony of St. Peter, or 'abandon th

neutrality which a common father should observe towards all Christian Princes; or, finally, should treat the Cardinals with too much hauteur: thirdly, no one promoted to the degree of Cardinal at the nomination of some Crown, especially that of France or Spain, or being a natural-born subject of either of those Powers, lest gratitude or national attachment should render him too devoted to the interest of one or the other, is eligible. Even youth, and a good complexion and figure, are considered as obstacles. But all these maxims and rules vary and change according to the inconstant and precarious impulse of policy and faction. Hence it often happens that, in the numerous College of Cardinals, a very small number are permitted, upon a vacancy, to aspire to the Papacy, the greatest part being generally prevented by their birth, their character, their circumstances, and by the force of political intrigues, from flattering themselves with the pleasing hope of ascending the towering summit of ecclesiastical power and dominion.

THE GATHERER.

TIM MARKS AND THE WALKING SKULL.

From Legends of the Lakes, by T. Crofton Crocker.

"A fine extensive prospect this," said I to General Pickett, so was my guide called.

"That's the good truth for your honour," he replied, "only it's haunted by spirits, though Tim Marks says there's no such thing. May be your honour wouldn't know *Thicus Morckus*; he's a long *stocah* of a fellow, with a big nose, wears knee breeches, corderoy leggings, and takes a power of snuff. And, if your honour would like to see him, he lives at Corrigmalvin, at the top of High Street, in the town of Killarney. To be sure, some people say, all that comes from Tim isn't gospel, but that's neither here nor there; so, as I was saying, 'I don't believe in spirits,' says he to me, of a day he was mending the road here, and I along with him.—'The dickins you don't,' says I, 'and what's your *raison* for that same?'—'I'll tell you that,' says he; 'it was a *could*, frosty night in the month of December, the doors were shut, and we were all sitting by the side of a blazing turf fire. My father was smoking his *dooden* in the chimney corner, my mother was overseeing the girls that were tinging the flax, and I and the other *gossoons* were doing nothing at all, only roasting *praties* in the ashes. 'Was the colt brought in?' says my father. 'Wisha, fakes then! I believe not,' says I. 'Why, then, Tim,' says he, 'you must run and drive him in directly, for it's a mortal *could* night.' 'And where is he, father?' says I. 'In the far field, at the other side of the *ould* church,' says he. 'Murder!' says I, for I didn't like the thoughts of going near the *ould* church at all, at all. But there was no use in saying *agen* it, for my father (God be merciful to him!) had us under as much command as a regiment of soldiers. So away I went, with a light foot and a heavy heart. Well, I soon came to bounds' ditch between the farm and the *berrin* ground of the *ould* church. Then I slackened my pace a little, and kept looking hither and over, for fear of being taken by surprise. The moon was shining clear as day, so that I could see the gray tombstones and the white skulls; all at once, I thought one of them began to move. I could hardly believe my two eyes; but, fakes, it was true enough; for presently it came walking down the hill, quite leisurely at first, then a little faster, till at last it came rolling at the rate of a fox hunt. 'Twill be stopped at the bounds' ditch,' thinks I; but I was never more out in my reckoning, for it bowled fair through the gap, and made directly up to me. 'By the mortal frost,' says I, 'I'm done for; and away I scampered as fast as my legs could carry me; but the skull came faster after me, for I could hear every lump it gave against the stones. It's a long stretch of a hill from the *berrin* ground down to the road; but you'd think I wasn't longer getting down than whilst you'd be saying 'Jack Robinson.' Sure enough I did make great haste; but if I did, 'the more haste the worse speed,' they say, and so by

me any how, for I went souse up to my neck in a dirty *Lochaune* by the side of the road. Well, when I recovered a little, what would I see but the skull at the edge of the *Lochaune*, stuck fast in a furze brush, and grinning down at me. Oh, you're there,' says I; 'I'll have one rap at you any how, for worse than die I can't; so I up with a lump of a blackthorn, I had in my fist, and gives it a rap, when what should it be after all, but a huge rat, which had got into the skull, and, trying to get out again, it made it to roll down the hill in that frightful way. To be sure,' said Tim, 'to be sure it was mighty frightful, but it wasn't a ghost after all; and, indeed, (barring that) I never saw any thing worse than myself, though we lived for a long time near the *ould* church of Aghadoe.'"

"A WOMAN OF PARTS."

From the Living and the Dead, Vol. II. just published

Mrs. Dysart was a "woman of parts." She aspired to this character, and did her best to support it. "I'm no French scholar," was her daily exclamation, "and I scorn deceit. Education has done nothing for me. I'm a *literal* woman. But Providence has blessed me with parts, and I feel I can use them." Often did I wish, and hundreds, I can vouch for it, have done the same, that she had not been quite so literal, and that education had done more for her. She would ask such excruciating questions, and talk at times, notwithstanding her parts, such ineffable nonsense, that it was almost martyrdom to listen to her. She was fond of asserting that the climate of Devonshire and India was "much the same," and that she had "a brother who died at Torquay, on the fifth of February, of a *coup de l'isle*." "So you were born at Morpeth," said she to a gawky Northumbrian; "pray did you know my father?" "No." "Well! I am amazed! Why, he was the encumbrance of the living for upwards of forty years!" Moreover, she had the most unfortunate memory imaginable. Any family misfortune, mis-alliance, divorce, elopement, any blot in a noble escutcheon, any event or occurrence, death or duel, which, from its nature, or consequences, was better forgotten, was faithfully treasured up in her memory, and produced, "time, place, and occasion fitting." Thus I heard her ask a Mr. Shirly whether it was true that Earl Ferrers was hung in a silken cord, and went in his own coach to Tyburn! because "as one of the family, you must know; so tell me all about it."—"Marlow! Marlow!" said she, on being introduced to a gentleman of that name; "why, there was a Lady Marlow that went off with a Colonel Claverling: a very pretty woman she was; and mightily was the affair canvassed at the time. Pray, sir, are you any relation?" She was addressing the son.—"Manesty! Manesty!" said she, at a large dinner; "I've heard that name, before I'm sure." She looked full in the face of an unfortunate man who owned it. "I have some recollection connected with that name, if I could but hit upon it. Oh! I have it. Manesty—ay, it is no common name. There was a very s-h-o-c-k-i-n-g fellow of that name at Cambridge in my brother's time. He used to cry fire at one o'clock in the morning, in the midst of the quadrangle, and to alarm the master and fellows of his college beyond measure. Then as to his principles, no girl who had any pretensions—but, however, he was rusticated." Coughs went round the table. Every body seemed on a sudden to have taken cold. But the woman of parts elevated her voice, and proceeded: "He was rusticated twice, and finally expelled. Pray, sir, can you give me any intelligence as to what ultimately became of him?—not that any family would care to own him!" The unhappy object of her inquiries, with a face the colour of scarlet, and in a state of most pitiable confusion, fronted her.

SNEEZING AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

Among the Greeks sneezing was reckoned a good omen. The practice of saluting the person who sneezed, existed in Africa among nations unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," says, "We read in Godignus, that, upon a sneeze of the emperor of Monumota, there passed acclamations successively through

the city." The author of the "Conquest of Peru" assures us, that the cacique of Guachoia having sneezed in the presence of the Spaniards, the Indians of his train fell prostrate before him, stretched forth their hands, and displayed to him the accustomed marks of respect, while they invoked the sun to enlighten him, to defend him, and to be his constant guard. The Romans saluted each other on sneezing. Plutarch tells us, that the genius of Socrates informed him by sneezing when it was necessary to perform any action. The young Parthenis, hurried on by her passions, resolved to write to Sarpedon an avowal of her love: she sneezes in the most tender and impassioned part of her letter. This is sufficient for her; this incident supplies the place of an answer, and persuades her that Sarpedon is her lover. In the *Odyssey* we are informed that Penelope, harassed by the vexatious courtship of her suitors, begins to curse them all, and to pour forth vows for the return of Ulysses. Her son Telemachus interrupts her by a loud sneeze. She instantly exults with joy, and regards this sign as an assurance of the approaching return of her husband. Xenophon was harranguing his troops; when a soldier sneezed at the moment he was exhorting them to embrace a dangerous but necessary resolution. The whole army, moved by this presage, determined to pursue the project of their general; and Xenophon orders sacrifices to Jupiter the preserver. This religious reverence for sneezing, so ancient and so universal even in the time of Homer, always excited the curiosity of the Greek philosophers and the rabbins. These last spread a tradition, that, after the creation of the world, God made a law to this purport, that every man should sneeze but once in his life, and that at the same instant he should render up his soul into the hands of his Creator, without any preceding indisposition. Jacob obtained an exemption from the common law, and the favour of being informed of his last hour. He sneezed and did not die; and this sign of death was changed into a sign of life. Notice of this was sent to all the princes of the earth; and they ordained that in future sneezing should be accompanied with *forms of blessings*, and vows for the persons who sneezed. Thus the custom of *blessing persons who sneeze* is of higher antiquity than some authors suppose; for several writers affirm that it commenced in the year 750, under Pope Gregory the great, when a pestilence occurred in which those who sneezed died; whence the pontiff appointed a form of prayer, and a wish to be said to persons sneezing, for averting this fatality from them. Some say that Prometheus was the first that wished well to sneezers. For further information on this *ticklish* subject, the reader is referred to Brand's "Observations on Popular Antiquities."

ABERNETHYANA.

The following is the last and best that we have heard of the above-named gentleman. We should premise, that the details of it are a little altered, with the view of adapting it to the "ears of the polite"; for, without some process of this kind, it would not have been presentable. A lady went to the Doctor in great distress of mind, and stated to him, that, by a strange accident, she had swallowed a large spider. At first, his only reply was, "whew! whew! whew!" a sort of internal whistling sound, intended to be indicative of supreme contempt. But his anxious patient was not so easily to be repulsed. She became every moment more and more urgent for some means of relief from the dreadful effect of the strange accident she had consulted him about; when, at last, looking round upon the wall, he put up his hand and caught a fly. "There, Ma'am," said he, "I've got a remedy for you. Open your mouth; and as soon as I've put this fly into it, shut it close again; and the moment the spider hears the fly buzzing about, up he'll come; and then you can spit them both out together."

When a Grand Vizier is favourably deposed, that is, without banishing or putting him to death, it is signified to him by a messenger from the Sultan; who goes to his table, and wipes the ink out of his golden pen; this he understands as the sign of dismissal.

THE LEGENDARY.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for February.

THE MURDER HOLE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Ah, frantick Fear!
I see, I see thee near;
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly!

Collins.

In a remote distance of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—nor a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One "lonesome desert" reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road, or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the deathlike stillness of the night was often interrupted by sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance, and a shepherd one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural energy, till at length one of them, with a frightful scream, suddenly sunk into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar-boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage, died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage. "I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as a hiding-place in the storm." Surely, thought he, *though alone, I am not forsaken*; and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance which

would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavoured to detain him when the other travellers were departing—and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching the window, where the light within shewed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy, in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. "I am not what you take me for," said the boy, attempting to laugh, "but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year." "Are you alone?" inquired the old woman, in a harsh deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. "Yes," said the boy, "I am alone here; and alas!" he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, "I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night." "Then you are welcome!" said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew near the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not reveal the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached they all vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed,—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavour-

ed to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantick with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright, he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a goat they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

"This is an easier job than you had yesterday," said the man who held the goat. "I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbour within a dozen of miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy."

"Don't speak of it," replied the other; "I was never fond of bloodshed."

"Ha, ha!" said the other with a sneer "you say so, do you?"

"I do" answered the first, gloomily; "the Murder Hole is the thing for me—that tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow's dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief there."

"Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there! it sucks them in like a leech!"

"How do you mean to dispatch the lad in the next room?" asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broken the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This is momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud, "*The boy has fled—let loose the bloodhound!*" These words sunk like a death-knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the bloodhound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed,—panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his falling steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper in his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible! The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable,—already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to gleam before his eyes,—despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward

so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had topped at the place where the pedlar's wounds bled so profusely, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantick violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent,—the sight of the blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedlar boy in the meantime paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighbourhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence. Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crime. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was 300 years ago. The remains of the old cottage, with its blackened walls (haunted of course by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a more modern inn (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in every thing but the character of its inhabitants; the landlord is deformed, but possesses extraordinary genius; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill,—and if any discord be heard in the house, or any murder committed in it, this is his only instrument. His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and learnt all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulf to which our story relates,—when you stand on its slippery edge, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths, when she describes, with all the animation of an eye witness, the struggles of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag their assassin as an expiring effort of vengeance,—when you are told that for 300 years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips; and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the bloodhound,—it is then only that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER HOLE.

MISCELLANY.

BUDHISM.

The following sketch of Buddhism is drawn from a folio volume upon the mythology of the east, just published by Ackerman, London. The English journal from which we extract this sketch represents the work as an extraordinary performance, abounding in illustrations of a most curious character, and of singularly beautiful workmanship. The title of it is *The History and Doctrines of Buddhism, popularly illustrated; with notices of the Kappooism, or Demon Worship, and of the Boli, or Planetary Incantations of Ceylon.* By Edward Upham, M.R.A.S.; with forty-three Lithographick Prints, from original Singalese Designs.

The grand original tenet of all the eastern religions is the existence of a God, supreme over all things; but so infinitely above all other natures, that he has no participation in their government. He is the "Abstracted,"—the "Essential,"—the

"Unknown;" too high for worship, hope, love, or fear; remaining in profound repose for ages, and then suddenly putting forth his energy and creating worlds, when he propagates his own nature through every shape of matter.

Budhism, in its first state, seems to have been an attempt to account for the government of the world under this sublime emblem of Inaction; for which it substituted a long succession of Budhas, or active gods, distributed into three classes. The tradition of their reigns exhibits an evident knowledge of the original history of mankind. The first class of these Budhas, the Latouras, consists of but five, each governing the Universe for his time, and four Budhas have already come. The Maha-vansi, one of the most sacred of the Buddhist books, thus describes the early ages of the world—

"In the time called the first Antalgapa (age), there was a King—the son of the Sun, who came into the world by the operation called *Apopatika*: he was chosen King by the general voice of the people; he had the power of going through the air.

"This King reigned over a large portion of the earth, in prosperity, peace, and happiness, during an *assaukaya* (unit with sixty-three cyphers) of years. At that time all beings lived an *assaukaya* of years. There was no sin in the world. The immense duration of their life caused men to forget their birth, and to be unmindful of death, they knew not the infirmities of life, nor the miseries of the world. They derided the very gods, as these were not the fortunate partakers of such a length of days. So that, at that time, the life of mankind outlasted the existence of the gods. Irrational animals had also their kings. The narrative of these facts appears in the *ancient histories.*"

Budhism abounds in all the conceptions capable of being raised by the imaginative mind of an Indian philosopher half maddened by seclusion and self-infliction. It has a crowd of deities of every rank, from the Supreme to the demon, or spirit of the dead; it has the metempsychosis, the purgatory, the successive heavens, and the successive hells. In the descriptions of the heavens, we recognize the glowing fancy of the Oriental.

The sun-palace of the god Sekraia is within of gold, and without of crystal. The moon-palace is within of silver, and without of carbuncle. Here reside the four gods, of the same rank, and having the same power.

The first god presides over the East. His attendants, his clothes, his chariot, and his horses, are all white, and his arms are crystal. He presides over musick. His residence is in a city of splendour on the summit of the mountain Jugandere. Its pillars, walls, and beams are of silver, suiting the bowers of light. In the whole of this heaven grows the padze-zebayn tree, on which, in place of fruit, hang brilliant garments, exquisite viands, and ornaments of inestimable value. Everywhere are running streams, lakes and delicious gardens.

The second is blue. He presides over the West, and over hosts of Angels. His body shines like a lamp, and he wears a diamond crown of prodigious height. His form is ever bathed with precious perfumes, and is clothed with divine garments, and decorated with ornaments emitting the brightest rays. He is the god of light.

The god Sekraia is still more splendidly lodged, if possible. His dwelling is in the great city, Maha-Soudassana, which is of a square form. Its gates are of gold and silver, adorned with precious stones. Seven moats surround the city, and beyond the last, is a range of marble pillars, studded with jewels, beyond which are seven rows of palm-trees bearing rubies, pearls, and gold.

After this profusion of ornament, the brilliancy of the scene could scarcely seem capable of being brightened. But Sekraia has, like all his earthly types of sovereignty, a favourite hall of the most immense size. The road to this hall is bordered with every kind of tree covered with fruits and flowers. Whenever Sakraia approaches, the winds instantly shake off the flowers blooming on these innumerable trees, as an offering from the deities of the air, and the shower of buds and blooms fill up the mighty avenue to the knees. In the centre of the hill stands the Throne of Empire,

surmounted by the white chittra (umbrella), covered with gems and gold. It is surrounded by thirty-two shrines of angelick sages, and behind those, ranks of inferior deities, which touch instruments of musick.

A grand inquiry is here held into the conduct of mankind. The angels pass through the earth, write down in a golden book the actions of its inhabitants, and return it to the four presiding spirits, who send it on through ranks of deities, until it reaches the hand of Sekraia. He, opening his book, reads aloud, and his voice sounds over the whole Empyrean. If the inferior deities hear that men observe the Buddhist laws, they exclaim, "Oh, now the infernal regions will be empty, and our dwelling full." If they hear that the Buddhist laws are forgotten, "Oh, wretches," they say, smiling, "men and fools, who, feasting for a short life,—for a body four cubits in length, and a belly not larger than a span,—have heaped upon themselves sin, which will make them miserable in the time to come."

The Indian imagination that has here revelled in beauty and pomp, grows terrific when it has to picture the place of punishment. Among the crimes for which sentence is given, are wine-drinking, the corrupting of wells, the destroying of highways, the propagation of scandal, the chaining of our fellow-creatures, and the neglect of the sick. The third large hell is for "ministers or governors who oppress the people," a hazardous declaration of Eastern theology. The eight principal hells, and the hundred and twenty-six minor ones, are well secured, having walls of iron thirty-six miles thick, with a flooring and roof of the same material, and the same density.

From Memoirs of Josephine.

MARRIAGE OF MAMSELLE LECLERC.

Josephine related to us the way in which the marriage of Mademoiselle Leclerc and General Davoust was brought about. The details are curious, as shewing how the most rude and indomitable characters yielded to the will of Napoleon, even when he was only consul. At the time of the expedition to Saint Domingo, Bonaparte was desirous of intrusting the command of the troops to his brother-in-law General Leclerc (who had married Pauline Bonaparte.) He called him into his closet, and told him of his intentions. "I should be happy again to serve France; but, general, a sacred duty detains me here." "Your love for Paulette? She shall accompany you. The air of Paris is pernicious; it is that of coquetry; she has no need of it, and shall go with you; so that is settled." "Undoubtedly I should be inconsolable to be separated from her; but that would not be sufficient to induce me to refuse an honourable command. My wife would remain surrounded by a family which loves her; and I should have no uneasiness on her account. It is the state of my good sister which compels me to reject what, under such circumstances, would be the object of my envy. She is young and pretty; her education is not entirely completed; I cannot give her any portion; ought I to leave her without protection, during an absence which may be long, which may be eternal? My brothers are not here; I must therefore stay. I appeal to your heart, so devoted to your family; general, can I do otherwise?" "No, certainly; she must be married forthwith. To-morrow, for instance; and you can set off instantly." "But, I repeat, I have no fortune to give her; and—" "Well, do I not know that? Come, my dear friend, make your preparations; to-morrow your sister shall be married; I do not yet know to whom; but that is all one." "But—" "I fancy I have expressed myself distinctly; so no remarks." General Leclerc, accustomed, like all the other generals, to consider as a master the man who so short a time before had been his equal, left the room without adding a word. Some minutes afterwards, General Davoust called on the first consul, and told that he came to communicate to him his intended marriage. "With Mademoiselle Leclerc? I think it an exceedingly suitable match." "No, general, with Madame—" "With Mademoiselle Leclerc," interrupted Napoleon, laying an emphasis on the name; "not only is it a suitable match, but I am

determined that it shall take place immediately.' 'I have long loved Madame—; she is now free, and nothing shall induce me to renounce her.' 'Nothing but my will,' replied the first consul, fixing on Davoust his eagle eye: 'you shall go immediately to Saint Germain with Madame Campan; you shall demand your future wife; you shall be presented to her by her brother, General Leclerc, who is now with my wife; he shall accompany you; the bride shall come this evening to Paris; you shall order the nuptial present, which must be handsome, because I intend myself to give away this young lady; I take upon myself the payment of the portion, and the expense of the paraphernalia; and the marriage shall be celebrated as soon as the formalities required by the law can be fulfilled, and I will take care to abridge them; you have heard me! I must be obeyed.' On finishing this long sentence, which was pronounced rapidly, and in that absolute tone which belonged only to himself, Napoleon rang the bell, and gave orders to let General Leclerc know that he was wanted. As soon as he saw the general, 'Well! was I wrong?' he exclaimed, 'there is your sister's husband. Go together to Saint Germain, and let me not see either of you until all is arranged: I hate discussions about business.' The two generals, equally astonished, left Napoleon to obey him. Notwithstanding the bluntness of a character by no means amiable, General Davoust humbly submitted. On their arrival at Madame Campan's house, he was presented to Mademoiselle Leclerc: the interview, they say, was rather a serious one; but in a very few days the wedding took place.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

ANOTHER RENUNCIATION! The following are a few of the reasons published by Mr. L. D. Mansfield, of Jefferson county, for leaving the ranks of the anti-masonick faction. Our readers will recollect that a week or two since *seventy-two* honest farmers of Genesee county, who had been deceived by the falsehoods and professions of the opponents of masonry, nobly came out from among them, and denounced their base and dangerous principles. Mr. Mansfield is another evidence of the rapid and salutary progress of the reformation which has commenced its progress in the west. The editor of the Watertown Freeman says,

"Mr. Mansfield is one of those who, from pure motives and an honest indignation at the outrages committed upon Morgan, entered the lists in opposition to masonry. He has seen, however, as every man who will take the trouble to examine and reflect upon the subject, must see, that the honest prejudices of the people against masonry, has been seized upon by political demagogues to effect, not the destruction of that institution, but their own views of political preferment. He has seen its effects upon churches, societies, and neighbourhoods, and the exertions of those who hope to advance their political fortunes by it, to keep alive and aggravate it; and seeing these things, he has felt it his duty to take the course which he has taken."

Mr. Mansfield refuses to act with the antimasonick party because they give too much evidence to the candid, that their pretention to oppose masonry merely on account of its immorality, is hypocritical.

Because it has made great and alarming divisions in our churches, which have in many instances destroyed their moral influence, which can never be restored by the anti-masonick cause, while it is under the influence of selfish and political men.

Because there is not interest enough manifest in the moral character of those chosen to forward the anti-masonick operations.

Because there are men appointed to exert the anti-masonick influence, who publicly say, to use their own language, *were it not for the law, they would go to their knees in blood to destroy the property or lives of their neighbours who are masons.*

☞ Some apostate masons in and about Le Roy have had a meeting, and among other things resolved "that they can not and will not be satisfied with the proceedings of the free-masons of Ontario and Monroe counties, in returning their

charters," &c. Now, we believe it was not expected that the tender consciences of these gentlemen would be satisfied with any measure which might have a tendency to calm the minds of the people, nor do we believe any honest mason cares a straw whether they "can" or "will" be "satisfied," or not. They know themselves to be despised, and the people know them to be ambitious, and restless, and dishonest. The mark is upon them, and they cannot wipe it off.

SUNDAY MAILS. A few over-much religious people in New Jersey took it into their heads to stop the U. S. mail on Sunday the 19th ult., for the purpose of testing the constitutional power of the United States to send the mail on the sabbath through the territory of a state which, in its constitution, has recognised "the sanctity of a seventh part of time." Prosecutions have been instituted under the post office law of the United States, and we hope those who have been guilty of this *unique* outrage may be punished, as we do not believe that an appeal to the club law can in any event be beneficial to the cause of religion.

SPOTS ON THE SUN. The Boston Palladium, of Tuesday, thinks that with a powerful telescope at least *two hundred* spots on the sun might be seen in that city at that time. They stretch "in an almost continuous line from one side of the disk to the other, and make a handsome appearance."

SUICIDES. The suicides in the dominions of his "celestial" majesty, the emperor of China, it is said amount to nine-tenths of the untimely deaths reported to the government; and Judge Yaou has put forth a proclamation prohibiting the "wicked custom of despising life, and terminating one's own existence." The ladies are the guilty, seven times in ten.

☞ Mr. Jacob Allen, the anti-masonick show-man whom we noticed a few weeks since, having been "found out" by most of the men, is now making arrangements to wheedle the ladies out of twenty-five cents each; and as the love of novelty is not confined to the "lords of creation," we have no doubt he will meet with *some* success. But we very much doubt whether he will be encouraged by any man who has respect for society, for religion, or for female virtue, or by any woman who has respect, or even the shadow of it, for herself. Mr. Allen, as we are informed, is not at all chaste in his language, or scrupulous as to the spectacles he may present to his auditors.

A Boston anti-masonick paper contains the following detectable morceau, which, when in Boston, is probably as near Smyrna as it ever was. The fellow who wrote it forgot (if he ever knew) the location of Montreal, which happens to be in *Lower* Canada, unless it has emigrated since we last heard from it.

"This may certify that I am not the man that was drowned in Lake Erie. I was born at Montreal, in *Upper* Canada, was a bad Christian, and became a Turk. I am

JAMES PILCHER,
Smyrna, Dec. 10, 1828." *Nick-named Morgan.*

LITERARY ITEMS: Translations of Irving's *Life of Columbus* and of Cooper's Works, have been published in Germany.

The Boston Courier says Samuel L. Knapp, esq., author of the "Genius of Masonry," &c. is preparing for the press *A Historical and Picturesque View of Washington and the Vicinity*, "in which, in addition to a minute history of the rise and progress of the capital of the United States, will be found a variety of interesting facts respecting the neighbourhood of the city, and a particular description of Mount Vernon. The same gentleman intends in the course of the summer, to publish his lectures on American Literature, should the subscription justify the undertaking."

A late London Literary Gazette contains what may be called a *review* of the Cherokee Phoenix, edited by Elias Boudinott, an educated Indian of superiour abilities, and published for the Creek nation at New Echota, in Georgia. The reviewer considers the Phoenix "one of those

curiosities of literature, which, though slight in themselves, establish memorable epochs in the history of mankind."

"It was but the other day, to speak in familiar terms, that the whole race of red men on the great American continent were illiterate barbarians, in a savage state; and now, within the compass of our own memory, we see a prominent portion of them not only lifted into civilization, but affording that marked instance of its progress, a love of intelligence and literature—the publication of a newspaper."

A new novel by Mr. Galt, entitled *My Landlady and her Lodgers*, is in the English press.

Captain Basil Hall's *Travels* (or, *Walk*, as it is called,) in the United States were expected to be published about the first of the present month.

The forthcoming history of this country by Mr. Kendall is, it is said, to be full and general—commencing with the discovery of the continent and extending down to the present time. It embraces a particular history of all the settlements and states in North and South America, and the West Indies; and is preceded by a discourse upon the name, discovery, geography, natural history, aborigines and antiquities of both the continent and islands.

ITEMS. The London Morning Chronicle of the 16th of March announces the death of SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, the celebrated chymist.

A negro man belonging to Mrs. Bacon, died in Edgefield (S. C.) on Tuesday, 17th ult. at the great age of *one hundred and thirty* years. He himself rated his age a few years higher, and from the reach of his memory, there is little doubt but that he was at least as old as has been stated. He came to that neighbourhood from Virginia, about twenty five years ago. He died from the gradual waste of nature, without any disease, and apparently without pain.

It has been judicially decided at Charleston, S. C. that money lost at a gaming table, not being the property of the loser, is recoverable at law from the winner.

Iron Wire is now manufactured extensively by Townsend, Bard, & Co. at the Beaver Falls, Beaver County, Pa. It is made of Juniatta iron, and is round, smooth, strong and flexible, and adapted to all the purposes to which iron wire is usually applied. They manufacture a ton per week, from No. 1 to No. 36. The quality of the article is such that it finds a ready sale.

We give it as a curious fact, that on the intelligence of General Jackson's election to the Presidency, the City of Mexico was brilliantly illuminated, and public rejoicing took place throughout the Republic.

A letter from a young officer in Bengal, gives an account of a Sutte in March, 1823, at which *eight* wives of a deceased Rahab Prince, sacrificed themselves on his funeral pile!

Small Affair. A pamphlet has been published in New-York, developing the project of establishing a rail road of 1000 miles in length and to be constructed at an expense of \$3,000,000 to 15,000,000 from the Hudson to the junction of the Mississippi at Rock river.

An extraordinary *Chippewa Scull*, having had three sets of teeth, two of which are visible, is exhibiting at the Masonick Hall, Broadway N. Y.

M. Aldini, of Milan, is said to have invented a fire proof dress to enable the wearer to traverse with impunity the flames of a large fire.

VARIETIES.

From English Journals received at this office.

The Latos of Honour.—A duel was lately fought at Strasbourg between two ladies, one French, and the other German, on a quarrel about a young miniature painter. The combatants met, pistol in hand, and each attended by a female second. The German was furious, and insisted on fighting muzzle to muzzle: but the Frenchwoman, regulating her conduct by the advice of her second, stood out for twenty-five paces. They fired together, and missed. The German then insisted on their approaching, and firing until either fell. The seconds, however, now interposed, and declaring that the laws of honour were now satisfied, took away the pistols, and the affair ended; but without any apology. The fair Frenchwoman, before leaving the ground, handsomely professed herself not actuated by any personal hostility: "she had thought it due to her honour to take a shot with the German, but now that the affair was at an end, the lady was welcome to the miniature painter, whom she had forbidden her presence that very morning." The German was a Baroness, and the Frenchwoman the wife of a General of Division.

Noble Robbery.—One of the German journals boasts, that between the Rhine and Vienna, there are no less than sixteen thousand robbers; not including the innkeepers, boatmen, douaniers, and passport clerks. The most vulgar of those free-booters are in the neighbourhood of Vienna, and

are supposed to consist chiefly of the better order of shopkeepers. The most accomplished are on the Bohemian frontier, many of whom are of high birth. One of those bands names itself the Imperial Lancers, receives no man without proof of nobility, and its members are pledged not to rob any one under the rank of a Baron. A code of honour has been lately published for the use of the profession; in which picking pockets is ordered to be left to the imbecile and infirm; burglary is suffered only to those who have not had the benefit of an University education; knocking down and pillaging on the highway between the hours of sunrise and sunset are declared to be the legitimate and exclusive privilege of Chevaliers of three orders at the very least; but the more lucrative kinds of capital felony,—the stopping of diligences, seizure of couriers with the post-bags, and the plunders of banker's parcels,—is reserved for those who have been presented at court!

Ancient Islandick Poem. A curious specimen of old northern poetry has lately been published at Copenhagen. It is entitled the *Song of King Regnar Lodbrock*, and has been copied from ancient Islandick manuscripts, by Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, by whom it has been published in the original language, together with translations in Danish Latin and French. Of the origin of this curious composition, an old tradition gives the following account:—In the year 817, King Regnar Lodbrock was made prisoner by a King of England, and confined in a tower filled with serpents and other poisonous animals. By these reptiles he was bitten to death, and, in the midst of his torture, he sang, or recited the song which bears his name.

Russian Monument of Howard. At the town of Cherson, in Russia, a monument has recently been erected to the memory of Howard the Philanthropist, who died at that place, of an epidemick disease, in the year 1796. The monument consists of a quadrangular stone pillar, on two sides of which are inscribed, in the Russian language, the words: "Howard died January 20th, 1796, aged 65." On the other two sides appear the following lines:—"Alios salvos fecit.—Vixit propter alios." In the centre of the monument, there is a sun-dial. Thus, even in death, the philanthropist is useful to his fellow-creatures.

The Largest Village in Europe. In an extensive valley, about eighty miles from Pesth, lies *Czaba*, which, though indisputably the largest village in Europe, has not met with the attention it deserves at the hands of modern geographers. It dates its origin from the year 1715; and, as John von Agoston, a Hungarian writer, informs us, contained, in the year 1826, the number of 20,187 inhabitants, all of them Slavonians, and, with few exceptions, of the Protestant faith; 1,923 houses, and 620 farms. It comprises a district of more than thirty square miles; its ecclesiastical edifices consist of one Catholic and two Protestant churches; and the majority of its population derive their livelihood from husbandry and breeding cattle.

Population of Russia. January 1, 1829. The Synod has just published the bills of mortality of the Russian empire for the year 1828. (It is to be observed, that these tables include those who profess the Greek religion, as established in Russia.)

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Births.....	959,673	892,106	1,844,779
Deaths.....	600,169	577,889	1,178,058
Excess of births.	359,511	314,217	686,728
Number of marriages.....			388,377

Among the deaths of men there are the following:—

From 95 to 100	1,644	From 120 to 125	31
— 100 — 105	604	— 125 — 130	16
— 105 — 110	141	— 130 — 135	4
— 110 — 115	104	— 135 — 140	1
— 115 — 120	46		

Fossil Bones. Another cavern, containing the bones of antediluvian mammalia, has been discovered near the town of Vigau, in the south of France, by M. Renaud de Vilbac, director of the coal mines at Cavillac. It is situated at the western extremity of the department Du Gard, and toward the upper part of the mountain of Fessonne, about one thousand feet above the level of the sea. It bears considerable analogy to the famous caverns of Gailuruth, in Germany. Among the bones which have been already obtained, M. Cuvier has recognized several belonging to a species of bear at present extinct.

Leo XII. The late Pope is said to have had a strong presentiment of his death just before it happened, and to have left behind him the following epitaph:—

LEONI MAGNO,
Patroni celesti,
Me supplex commendans,
Hic apud sacros cineres
Locum sepulture elegi,
Leo XII., humilis cileus
Hæredum tanti nominis
Minimus.

Sculpture. Mr. Allan Cunningham, it is stated, has remarked, that if the instrument by which marble busts, &c. are modelled after the clay, be placed in inverse or other positions, it may still be used, and with this advantage—that it will alter the attitude of the bust or statue, and make

it look any way, instead of being always the same in a hundred copies.

Longevity. The French papers contain an account of the death, in the hospital at Lausanne, of a widow named Besançon, aged 115 years. She is stated to have had good health until within a few days of her death, and to have walked about the streets of Lausanne without difficulty. The old lady was married to her late husband in 1814, being then 100 years of age.

Immense Fire-tree. In the Museum of Natural History at Strasburg, is shown the trunk of a silver fire-tree, from the forest of Hochwald, at Barr, in Alsatia. The tree was 150 feet high, with a trunk perfectly straight and free from branches to the height of 50 feet, after which it was forked with the one shoot 100 feet long, and the other somewhat shorter. The diameter of the trunk at the surface of the ground was eight feet; estimated age 350 years.

Singing Birds. Those who have paid attention to the singing of birds, know well that their voice, energy, and expressions differ as widely as in man; and agreeable to this remark, Mr. Wilson (the celebrated ornithologist) says he was so familiar with the notes of an individual wood thrush, that he could recognise him from all his fellows the moment he entered the woods.

ANTI-MASONRY.

It appears by Mr. Skinner's Republican, that another murderer of Morgan has been discovered. An affidavit is published in blank, without the name of the deponent. The whole story is probably founded on circumstances similar to those that occurred in this town two or three days before town meeting. It was given out that the actual murderer of Morgan had been discovered in a citizen of this county, and the fact was supported by affidavit, that the murderer had, under supposed masonic secrecy, made a full confession, in which he also implicated two respectable citizens of this village. The man probably made such confession in a state of inebriation, but the deponent acknowledged afterwards that he did not believe him guilty. A great excitement was raised however, and many insinuations made, injurious to private character, till it was ascertained that the supposed murderer had not in five years been without the limits of this county. In like manner we understand the pretended facts in the case under consideration will be soon fully contradicted. There have been so many deceptions of this kind that the people should be wary in believing any of the marvellous stories propagated in the anti-masonic papers.

[*Cayuga Patriot.*]

The news from the west, and from all parts of the state, shews the complete prostration of political anti-masonry. The broken down leaders who have attempted to ride into power on the Morgan hobby, will seek another name, within a twelvemonth, in order to cover their ambitious projects and lust of office.

[*Ibid.*]

ANTI-MASONICK VIOLENCE. The assertions of the anti-masonic Enquirer respecting the affairs at the late town meeting here, are false, vilely false, and the writer well knew that they were so when he penned them. The first threat of violence (offering to "slap the face" of a gentleman on the other side of the Board) was made by a member of the anti-masonic state central committee; and the first overt act of brutality was committed by an anti-mason of lower grade, who, unprovokedly attacked one his political opponents, and was soundly chastised before night. So much for the cock-and-bull stories by which Whiskerado attempts to excite sympathy in behalf of his anti-masonic brethren. His threadbare slang about "masonic violence" is a flimsy cover for the drubbing and defeat which political anti-masonry received through the ballot boxes.

[*Rochester Republican.*]

Why is it that renouncing masons are the most vindictive and intolerant towards their former brethren? Many have themselves been instrumental in making men masons, whom they would now, if they had the power, deprive, not only of their character and franchise as citizens, but of the very means of subsistence. We could name a renouncing mason who, while he acted as the master of a lodge, in a neighbouring county, advised a clergyman to become a member of his lodge, wrote his petition and presented it to the lodge, conferred the degrees upon him himself, and who has since strenuously urged the dismissal of the same clergyman, by his congregation, because he was a mason.

[*Craftsman.*]

The information from all the counties where the anti-masonic excitement has been introduced, continues to show the decrease every where of that cause, and no where does it appear to be gaining ground.

[*Fredonia Censor.*]

An account of the number of Indians, estimated by the War Department, as within the territory of the United States, says that there are 2,573 within the states of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Virginia; 4,620 within the states of New-York; 8,000 within the state of Pennsylvania; 3,100 within the state of North Carolina; 300 within the state of South Carolina; 5,000 within the state of Georgia;

1,000 within the state of Tennessee; 1,877 within the state of Ohio; 23,400 within the state of Mississippi; 19,200 within the state of Alabama; 939 within the state of Louisiana; 4,050 within the state of Indiana; 5,000 within the state of Illinois; 5,631 within the state of Missouri; 9,403 within the peninsula of Michigan; 7,209 within the territory of Arkansas; 4,000 within the territory of Florida; 20,200 within the country east of the Mississippi, north of the state of Illinois, and west of the three upper lakes; 94,300 within the country west of the Mississippi, east of the Rocky Mountains, and not included in the states of Louisiana, Missouri or the territory of Arkansas; 20,000 within the Rocky Mountains; 80,000 west of the Rocky Mountains, between latitude 44 and 49; making a total of \$13,130 within the United States.

IRISH SHIELD FOR APRIL.

Contents.—History of Ireland, Chapter V.; Ossianic Fragments, No. II. (The Castle of Dunluce); Literary and Biographical Notices of Irish Authors and Artists, No. VII. (Leonard M'Nally, esq.); Essay on the Present state of Ireland, No. II.; Irish Topography, No. IV. (The Phoenix Park Dublin); O'Rourke and Morna O'Donnell, (A true and tragical story); Descriptive Sketches of Egyptian Women; Publick Edifices of Dublin, (The Castle); The Royal Exchange; May-Day in Great Britain and Ireland; Questions arising from the Drama; Irish Affairs, Heads of the proposed Bill for the relief of the Catholics, Irish Affairs—Letter from Daniel O'Connell, M. P. to the people of Ireland, dated London; Original Patch Work—Self Love, How to cut down the merit of an actor, A clear point, The merit of a Book, Irish Bulls: Poetry—Irish Volunteers, An Oath, by Lady Morgan, never before published, Idyl on Spring, Sonnet, written on the pier of Kingston, Dunleary near Dublin, Extempore Lines to a young Lady in William-street.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 433 South Market-street, (opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House.) Keeps constantly on hand, and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superiour article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

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ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, successors to R. STARR & Co. in the above foundry, continue the business in its various branches, and are prepared to execute orders for the following type, at the regular prices, on a credit of six months, or at a discount of 7 1/2 per cent, for cash, viz:

Roman and Italic.—Twenty, Fourteen, Ten, Eight, Seven, Five and Four lines Pica, Canon, Double Paragon, Double Great Primer, Double English, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, English, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Two line letters.—Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Full face capitals.—Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion.

Antiques.—Ten and Eight lines Pica roman, Five line Pica italic, Four line Pica, Double Great Primer, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, Pica, with lower case; and Long Primer, Brevier and Nonpareil.

Italians.—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Two line Brevier, and Two line Nonpareil.

Tuscan.—Double Small Pica.

Black.—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer Pica Long Primer.

Open Blacks.—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer.

Shaded letters.—Six line Pica ornamented, Two line Brevier and Two line Nonpareil double shade; Two line Nonpareil meridian shade Double Great Primer, Two line Brevier, Two line Nonpareil, and One line Brevier, single shade; Two line Minion and Two line Pearl italic single shade; Double Small Pica roman, and One line Brevier italic Antique shaded.

Script.—English, on inclined body, (cast on a new plan.)

Greek.—Pica.

Borders and Flowers.—From Six line Pica to Pearl, all cast in copper matrices.

Checks.—Canon and Double English, plain and opened.

Fractions and Leaders of all sizes, from English to Pearl, English, Pica and Long Primer Picae Fractions; Spanish and French Accents, and Accented Vowels, Figure Vowels, Superiour Figures, Daashes, and Astronomical and other Signs, of various sizes; Long Primer Brass Rules. Also, Leads ten to Pica, and thicker; Quotations; Brass Rules, &c. and Ornaments and Cuts, in great variety.

Printing materials of every description, and of the first quality, at the lowest prices.—Cases, Stands, (an improved pattern,) Gallies, Composing sticks, Chases of all sizes, improved newspaper Chases, in two parts Ball, stocks and skins, Bodkins, Furniture, &c. and Prout's and Johnson's Printing Ink, constantly on hand. Presses of all kinds furnished at the manufacturers' prices. Wells' Improved presses will be kept constantly on hand, and may be examined at the foundry.

Large additions in the variety of type have been made since the specimen of this foundry was published of which specimens are now nearly completed, and will soon be sent to printers; the punches of which are cut by the senior partner of this firm, whose reputation as a superiour letter-cutter is well established; and the whole business being under our immediate superintendence, no pains is spared to make our types in every way worthy the attention of printers. An important improvement in the composition of the type-metal has also been made—copper and some other ingredients being added, which render it both harder and tougher, and of a finer grain. Type cast at this foundry are warranted to be as solid as any cast in the country, and that they will not settle in height from the pressure in using. Particular care is also taken to have the type well dressed, and the fonts regularly put up.

Old type is received in exchange for new, at 10 cents per lb. Orders, by mail, or left at the foundry, No. 8 Liberty-st, will receive prompt attention.

STARR & LITTLE.

The type upon which this paper is printed was cast at the above foundry.

POETRY.

From Willis' American Monthly Magazine.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

WIFE, who in thy deep devotion,
 Puttest up a prayer for one
 Sailing on the stormy ocean—
 Hope no more—his course is done!
 Dream not, when upon thy pillow
 That he slumbers by thy side,
 For his corse beneath the billow
 Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,
 Laugh amid the sorrowing rains—
 Know ye many clouds are throwing
 Shadows on your sire's remains?
 Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling,
 With a mountain's motion on,
 Dream ye that its voice is tolling
 For your father—lost and gone?

When the sun looked on the water,
 As a hero on his grave,
 Tinging with the hue of slaughter
 Every blue and leaping wave;
 Under the majestick ocean,
 Where the giant currents rolled,
 Slept thy sire without emotion—
 Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the violent sunbeams slanted,
 Wavering through the crystal deep,
 Till their wonted splendours haunted
 Those shut eyelids in their sleep.
 Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
 Sparkled through his raven hair,
 But the sleep that knows no dreaming
 Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him; and to tell thee
 Of our sorrow, and thine own,
 Of the wo that then befel thee,
 Came we weary and alone—
 That thine eye is quickly shaded,
 That thy heart's blood wildly flows,
 That thy cheek's clear blood is faded—
 Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children, whose meek eyes inquiring,
 Linger on your mother's face,
 Know ye that she is expiring?—
 That ye are an orphan race?
 God be with you on the morrow!
 Father—mother—both no more!
 One within the grave of sorrow,
 One upon the ocean's floor!

J. O. R.

DESTINY.

BY MRS. M. E. BROOKS.

Sybil! look upon my brow,
 Read to me my destiny;
 Mark the thoughts that even now
 Burn to burst their secrecy.
 Many a bright and laughing morrow;
 Cradling in the sigh of sorrow;
 Or in lines of light revealing
 Withered hope and blasted feeling;
 Sybil, speak! whate'er the spell,
 Name, for I can hear it well.

Tell of blisses rich and rare,
 Wooing hearts to meet them, never;
 Tell of all that's bright and fair,
 Grappled, dashed aside, for ever:
 Tell of roses plucked, and withering,
 Storm clouds in the blue sky gathering;
 Serpents coiling round the bower,
 Blasted bud, and falling flower;
 Sybil, speak! whate'er it be,
 Read to me futurity!

I have trod the mountain track,
 Where ambition rears her brood;
 I have flung the vesture back,
 Dared to look on ill and good:
 Day-beams on the spirit flashing,
 Idle dreams of beauty dashing;
 With a shudder and a feeling,
 Earth's cold nakedness revealing;
 Sybil, speak! no spell ye bind
 That my thoughts will shrink to find.

Shall I win the golden flow
 Of young promise satisfied,
 But to wake in depths below,
 Colder, deeper, darker tide?
 There by fancy lit and shaded,
 Low recline the frail and faded;

Phantoms like the bubble buried
 In the wave that o'er them hurried;
 Sybil, speak! the gathering gloom,
 Wraps it beauty or a tomb?

I can nerve to meet the scorn,
 I can bear the scorching flame;
 'Tis but once to cloud the morn,
 But the blighting of one name:
 Bloom or burning, joy or anguish,
 'Tis but once to writhe or languish;
 Speak the muttered malin louder,
 Never can ye crush a prouder;
 Speak! and be futurity,
 Dark or bright, unveiled to me!

From the Ladies' Magazine.

"ELEGANT LEISURE."

Ho! boy—bring here my rocking chair—
 Light up the fire with pine;—
 'T is done—and now to banish care,
 Let fancy's spell be mine.

The world's shut out—and I alone—
 'T is pleasant thus to be;
 The world without's a slavish one—
 The world *within* is free!

Up—up, my soul! the night is yours—
 Be griefs and wrongs forgot:
 The day was made for slaves and boors—
 The night—the night, for thought!

Go! walk the isles of classic Greece,
 And join the ranks of war;
 Fling off the sober robes of peace—
 And grasp the scimitar!

On! with the rushing host—see, how
 The crescent flames on high;
 On! with the rushing host—now—now
 We conquer or we die!

Away—away—through all the earth—
 Now climb from from star
 Into the region of thy birth,
 Where kindred spirits are!

Now with the storm worn mariner
 Upon the moonlit deep—
 Now hie thee to the couch of *her*
 I love, and watch her sleep!

There! rest thee there. 'T is beautiful!—
 In heaven—on earth and sea,
 Thou hast not found a scene so full
 Of calm sublimity!

ROSCREA.

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Implora pace."

One draught, kind Fairy! from that fountain deep,
 To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
 And lone affections which are griefs, to steep
 In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;
 And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
 One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
 Wealth, gather'd long and slowly; thoughts divine
 Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
 The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine
 —Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
 A pyramid so fair.

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface
 All the vain lore memory's pride amassed,
 So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
 And fill the hollow channels of the past!
 And from the bosom's inmost-folded leaf
 Raze the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more!—All, all thy soul hath known,
 Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!
 —Is there no voice whose kind, and awakening tone
 A sense of spring time in thy heart hath made?
 No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?
 —Think—would'st thou part with all?

Fill with forgetfulness!—there are, there are,
 Voices whose music I have loved too well;
 Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far,
 Never, but never in my home to dwell!
 Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
 Fill high the oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again!—with memory wilt thou cast
 The undying Hope away, of memory born?
 Hope of re-union, heart, to heart at last,
 No restless doubt between, no ranking thorn?
 Would'st thou erase all records of delight,
 That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high—yet stay—
 —'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land,
 Where smiles long lost, again shall light our way,
 And the soul's friends be wreathed in one bright band.
 —Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
 I must remember still!

For *their* sake, for the dead—whose image nought
 May dim within the temple of my breast,
 For their love's sake, which now no earthly thought
 May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
 Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet
 I ask not to forget!

From the Connecticut Mirror.

TO MY LITTLE SISTER.

Come, Sister, come, the Sun is up and smiling o'er the
 earth,
 The morning Lark is carolling her melody of mirth,
 And all the songsters of the sky, awakened by her strain,
 Respond in thrilling harmony from every hill and plain.

The dew is sparkling on each flower, fairer than India's
 gems,
 A brighter, richer coronet than royal diadems—
 Come let us forth to meet the sun, to hear the joyous lay
 Of Nature's minstrels, and to bathe our feet in glittering
 spray.

'Twill make the purple tide of life in brisker currents flow.
 'Twill bring upon thy tender cheek health's purest, ruddiest
 glow,
 'Twill fill thy heart with calm delight, with peace, with
 joy, with love,
 And while thou view'st His goodness here, 'twill lift thy
 soul above

To that fair land upon whose flowers a heavenly dew distils.
 That universe whose farthest realms an angel anthem fills—
 That place where shines no sun by day, where smiles by
 night no moon,
 But God himself, in glory, pours one bright, eternal noon
 D.

BOOK BINDING Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and
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 JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

NO. 15

A decorative woodcut illustration. In the center is a triangular shield with a face, possibly a sun or moon, with rays emanating from it. The shield is surrounded by a wreath of clouds and rays. The entire illustration is framed by a decorative border.

Jewish Year of the World, 5589-90.

December 1
2
3 "MAGNA EST VERITAS."
4 There is one subject upon which we touch with regret;
5 and that subject is anti-masonry. We had intended to re-
6 main a mere passive spectator of its rise, progress and ef-
7 forts. but there are times when to be silent would be cri-
8 minal—times when patriotism is led by the clarion call of
9 justice, to gird on its armour, and to stand forth in the pride
10 of its strength, the fearless vindicator of the rights of man-
11 kind. It is not our object to defend the institution of free-
12 masonry, farther than to point out and expose the utter ab-
13 surdity of those who, by means the most unjust and most
14 to be deprecated, are endeavouring to raise an excitement
15 against it. Our object is the peace and harmony of society
16 —on this ground we shall predicate our course—on this
17 ground we shall take a firm, decided stand. We shall act
18 as becomes a man intent on subversing the best interests of
19 his fellow beings—with a single eye to the publick good.
20 Our course is plain—it is not a devious track—it is marked
21 by no eccentricities.
22 That difference of opinion as to the nature and tendency
23 of things should exist among different members of society,
24 is a thing consonant with the very nature of humanity.
25 Human wisdom does not always flow in the same channel;
26 and the pathways of human frailty, are, if possible, still
27 more broken and meandering in their course. Yet incon-
28 sistency and absurdity of opinion, to be guarded against,
29 need only a fair and candid display of facts. Undisguised
30 realities are more powerful than fictitious dreams and fanci-
31 ful illusions.

January 1
2 That the present excitement against masonry was germi-
3 nated in a want of facts, must be the opinion of every one
4 who views the subject with an unprejudiced eye. Every
5 one knows that masonry is a *secret* institution, and that
6 the uninitiated can only judge of it by those things which
7 casually come under observation. The men—the charac-
8 ters of the men who have upheld the institution for ages,
9 afford sufficient proof of its utility; for it is just as impossible
10 for good men to uphold a bad institution, as it is for bad men
11 to support a good one. The nature of the institution is
12 governed by, and necessarily connected with, the nature of
13 the men. This principle will hold good in every relation of
14 life—every social compact—every attribute of humanity.
15 As well might we expect pure water from a corrupt foun-
16 tain, as pure men from a corrupt society. Such a thing is
17 impossible—it is out of character with those laws which
18 govern the existence of mankind universally. As well
19 might we deduce wholesome effects from unwholesome
20 causes; as well might we say that light is evolved from
21 darkness, or that heat is the most common in the frigid
22 zone.
23 But let us examine a little further into the *effects* of the
24 institution of masonry. We have all doubtless in some mea-

its effects. We have seen the hand of charity extended by it to the hapless widow and orphan—those who, in this vale of sorrow, most need the dole of kindness and protection. And if the object of the institution is more particularly to assist those who are left desolate in the world when the ruthless hand of the destroyer visits a member of the craft and calls him from time to eternity, its influence is not the less salutary. "Help one another," is a principle authorized by the very fact that we are dependent beings—that we are dependent on each other for all that can make existence desirable. So far as this end is attained, without detriment to society at large, the institution is salutary—is consonant with the best feelings of human nature; and if based upon such principles, it cannot be overthrown.

But,—says the credulous, arrogant opposer of masonry,—it goes further than is salutary; its object is to "help one another," whether right or wrong—and of course every mason is a "sworn cut-throat and assassin." This postulate needs examining. The very fact that there are vagabonds in existence, who have been initiated into the mysteries of the order, and yet receive no assistance from the institution, gives the lie direct to an assertion so utterly foolish and groundless. An abhorrence of crime is among the vital principles of human nature. No combination of circumstances can dispel that abhorrence—no social compact can exist without it.

We have but to look around us. We behold on every side men and citizens whose integrity and honour no one could or would impeach. They bear testimony by their words and their acts, that the institution in question is consistent with laws human and divine, and that it militates against neither. Now which had we ought to believe, the man who by his own testimony perjures himself, or him who remains true to and vindicates his principles? Whose motives will be soonest suspected? It would be a libel on the good sense of community to answer the question. We must consider, then, the scandal which is thrown upon the fraternity of Freemasons as wretched sophistry—as mere cant, which takes with the unthinking and vulgar, but which the candid man despises.

The efforts continually making to raise an anti-masonic excitement in this section of the country, for audacity of purpose and recklessness of spirit, has no parallel in our annals. But as yet it has met with little success. It is gratifying to see the members of the masonic fraternity pursuing the even and noiseless tenor of their way, through good report and through bad report, unmindful of the calumny with which they are assailed. As stands the grown oak unscathed by the pelting of the storm, so virtue and integrity repose in the consciousness of their own strength. "*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*"

POPULAR SCIENCE.

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute!"

Comas.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

"And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing."—Genesis.

1.—ANIMAL MECHANICKS.

Balancing of Eggs on a Bare Rock. The following singular fact is stated by the celebrated Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, in his ingenious work "De Generatione." A bird (Alca Pica, Linn.) lays only one egg, which, without making any nest or preparation for its reception, she deposits on the top of a sharp acute stone, and with such firmness that she can leave it and return to it with safety. If the egg should be removed by any means, it can never be replaced, and rolls thence into the sea. The spot, as I have said, is encrusted with a white cement, and the egg, as soon as it is laid, is slimed over with a soft and viscous humidity, which quickly causes its adhesion to the rock, as firmly as if they had been fastened together with bars of iron.

2.—ANIMAL ARCHITECTURE.

Spring and Summer Nests of Birds. The construction and selected situations of the nests of birds are as remarkable as the variety of the materials employed in them; the same forms, places, and articles being rarely, perhaps never, found united by the different species, which, we should suppose, similar necessities would direct to a uniform provision. Birds that build early in the spring seem to require warmth and shelter for their young, and the blackbird and the thrush line their nests with a plaster of loam perfectly excluding, by these cottage like walls, the keen icy gales of our opening year; yet, should accidents bereave the parents of their first hopes, they will construct another, even when summer is far advanced, upon the mo-

del of their first erection, and with the same precautions against severe weather, when all necessity for such provision had ceased, and the usual temperature of the season rather requiring coolness and a free circulation of air. The house sparrow will commonly build four or five times in the year, and in a variety of situations, under the warm eaves of our houses and our sheds, the branch of the clustered fir, or the thick tall hedge that bounds our garden, &c.; in all which places, and without the least consideration of site or season, it will collect a great mass of straws and hay, and gather a profusion of feathers from the poultry-yard to line its nest. The cradle for its young whether under our tiles in March or in July, when the parent bird is panting in the common heat of the atmosphere, has the same provision made to afford warmth to the brood; yet this is a bird that is little affected by any of the extremes of our climate.

3.—ANIMAL ETHICKS.

Instincts of the Missel Thrush. The missel thrush (*turdus visivorus*) is a wild and wary bird, keeping generally in open fields and commons, heaths, and unfrequented places, feeding upon worms and insects. In severe weather it approaches our plantations and shrubberies to feed on the berry of the mistletoe, the ivy, or the scarlet fruit of the holly, or the yew; and, should the redwing or the fieldfare presume to partake of these with it, we are sure to hear its voice in clattering and contention with the intruders, until it drives them from the place, though it watches and attends, notwithstanding, to its own safety. In April, it begins to prepare its nest. This is large and so openly placed, as would, if built in the copse, infallibly expose it to the plunder of the magpie and the crow, which at this season prey upon the eggs of every nest they can find. To avoid this evil, it resorts to our gardens and our orchards, seeking protection from man, near whose haunts those rapacious plunderers are careful of approaching; yet they will at times attempt to seize upon its eggs even there, when the thrush attacks them and drives them away with a hawk-like fury; and the noisy warfare of the contending parties occasionally draws our attention to them. The call of the young birds to their parents for food is unusually disagreeable, and reminds us of the croak of a frog. The brood being reared, it becomes again a shy and wild creature, abandons our homesteads, and returns to its solitudes and heath.

4.—CONCHOLOGY.

A shower of snails, near Bristol. In the south of England, a little banded snail (*helix virgata*) is a very common species, on most of the arid maritime pastures, and the sheep-downs of many inland places. It happened from some unknown cause, that those inhabiting a dry field in a parish near Bristol, were, in one season, a few years ago, greatly increased, so as to become an object of notice to a few, then to more, till, at length this accumulation was noised about as a supernatural event. The field was visited by hundreds daily from neighbouring villages and distant towns. People who could not attend purchased the snails at a half-penny each; and there were persons who made five shillings a day by the sale of them. As this increase of the creature was certainly not to be accounted for, some had the impudence to assert that they had witnessed their fall from the clouds; and many declared their belief that some great public or private misfortune was indicated by it. The proprietor of the field being supposed not to maintain the same sentiments as the commonality, upon a political circumstance which at that moment greatly agitated the country, it was considered as a manifestation of heavenly displeasure, precursive of malady, misfortune, death. However, autumn came, these snails retired to their holes in the bapks, and the worthy man lived on—and long may he live, esteemed and respected by all, unscathed by snails or misfortunes.

5.—ENTOMOLOGY.

The Ghost Moth. The moth known to collectors by the name of the ghost, (*hepalus humuli*), has a singular habit when on the wing, which at once distinguishes it from any other moth. The larva which produces this creature is hidden in the ground during the season of winter: the fly being

formed in the month of May, and soon rising from the soil, then commences its short career. At this time, one or more of them may frequently be observed under some hedge in a mead, or some low place in a damp pasture, only a few feet from the ground, persevering for a length of time together in a very irregular flight, raising and falling, and balancing about in a space not exceeding a few yards in circumference, in action not observable in any other—fully indicating this moth. This procedure is not the meanless vagary of the hour, but a frolicsome dance, the wooing of its mate, which lies concealed in the herbage over which it sports. The two insects are something similar in their general form, but very differently marked. The male exhibitor is known by his four glossy, satiny, white wings, bordered with buff; the lady reposer has her upper wings of a tawny yellow, spotted and banded with deep brown. They are very inert creatures, easily captured; and their existence appears to be of very short duration, as we soon cease to observe them either in action or at rest. The male probably becomes the prey of every bird that feeds by night; his colour and his action rendering him particularly liable to dangers of this nature, and the frequency with which we find his wings scattered about, points out the cause of death to most of them. The bat pursues with great avidity all those creatures that fly in the evening; and, by its actions, it seems to meet with constant employment, and has greater probability of success than some insensituous birds that feed by day, as all the myriads which abound at this time are the sole prey of itself and a few nocturnal rambles. From this singular flight in the twilight hour, haunting, as it were, one particular spot, the fancy of some collector, considering it as a spectre like action, named it the "Ghost Moth." This Ghost Moth discharges her eggs in a very singular manner, and frequently immediately upon capture, not deliberately producing them, but dismissing them from the oviduct in rapid succession, until it is exhausted, by a slight elastic force that conveys them clear from the abdomen. They are perfectly dry and unadhesive.

6.—OPHIOLOGY.

Eggs of the common Snake. The common English snake (*coluber natrix*) usually deposits its eggs about midsummer, in dung or compost heaps. They are larger than the eggs of a sparrow, obtuse at each end, of a very pale yellow colour, feeling tough and soft like little bags of some gelatinous substance. The interior part consists of a glareous matter like that of the hen, enveloping the young snake imperfect, yet the eyes and nose sufficiently defined. Snakes must protrude their eggs singly, but probably all at one time, as they preserve no regular disposition of them, but place them in a promiscuous heap. At the time of protrusion, they appear to be surrounded with a clammy substance, which, drying in the air, leaves the mass of eggs united, as if by pasted paper. As many as forty eggs have been found in these deposits; yet, notwithstanding such provisions for multitudes, the snake, generally speaking, is not a very common animal.

Conclusion next week.

THE NATURALIST.

AMERICAN SONG BIRDS.

The Mocking-bird seems to be the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant tells us that he heard a caged one, in England, imitate the mewling of a cat and the creaking of a sign in high winds. The Hon. Daines Barrington says, his pipe comes nearest to the nightingale, of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far excels Pennant and Barrington as the bird excels his fellow-songsters. Wilson tells that the ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong,

and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods, upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor, for the others seem merely as inferior accompaniment. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions or two, three, or at most five or six, syllables, generally expressed with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour, for half an hour or an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his wings and his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music, and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastick ecstasy, he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft, as Bartram says, with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill; each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with great accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary, and of the red bird, with such superiour execution and effect, that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose to injure his song. His imitations of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their night excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they begin to hear his delightful solo. After Shakspeare, Barrington attributes in part the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird which in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? His natural notes partake of a character similar to those of the brown thrush, but they are more sweet, more expressive, more varied, and uttered with greater rapidity.

The *Yellow breasted Chat* naturally follows his superiour in the art of mimicry. When his haunt is approached, he scolds the passenger in a great variety of odd and uncouth monosyllables, difficult to describe, but easily imitated so as to deceive the bird himself, and draw him after you to a good distance. At first are heard short notes like the whistling of a duck's wings, beginning loud and rapid, and becoming lower and slower, till they end in detached notes. There succeeds something like the barking of young puppies, followed by a variety of guttural sounds, and ending like the mewing of a cat, but much hoarser.

The song of the *Baltimore Oriole* is little less remarkable than his fine appearance, and the ingenuity with which he builds his nest. His notes consist of a clear mellow whistle, repeated at short intervals as he gleams among the branches. There is in it a certain wild plaintiveness and *naïvete* extremely interesting. It is not uttered with rapidity, but with the pleasing tranquility of a careless ploughboy, whistling for amusement. Since the streets of some of the American town have been planted with Lombardy poplars, the orioles are constant visitors, chanting their native "wood notes wild," amid the din of coaches, wheelbarrows, and sometimes within a few yards of a bawling oysterwoman.

The *Virginian Nightingale*, *Red Bird*, or *Cardinal Grosbeak*, has great clearness, variety, and melody in his notes, many of which resemble the higher notes of a fife, and nearly as loud. He sings from March till September, and begins early in the

dawn, and repeating a favourite stanza twenty or thirty times successively, and often for a whole morning together, till, like a good story too frequently repeated, it becomes quite tiresome. He is very sprightly, and full of vivacity; yet his notes are much inferior to those of the wood, or of even the brown thrush.

The whole song of the *Black-throated Bunting* consists of five, or rather two, notes; the first repeated twice and very slowly, the third thrice and rapidly, resembling *chip, chip, che-che-che*; of which ditty he is by no means parsimonious, but will continue it for hours successively. His manners are much like those of the European yellow-hammer, sitting, while he sings, on palings and low bushes.

The song of the *Rice Bird* is highly musical. Mounting and hovering on the wing, at a small height above the ground, he chants out a jingling melody of varied notes, as if half a dozen birds were singing together. Some idea may be formed of it, by striking the high keys of a piano-forte singly and quickly, making as many contrasts as possible, of high and low notes. Many of the tones are delightful, but the ear can with difficulty separate them. The general effect of the whole is good; and when ten or twelve are singing on the same tree, the concert is singularly pleasing.

The *Red-eyed Flycatcher* has a loud, lively, and energetic song, which is continued sometimes for an hour without intermission. The notes are, in short emphatic bars of two, three, or four syllables. On listening to this bird, in his full ardour of song, it requires but little imagination to fancy you hear the words "Tom Kelly! whip! Tom Kelly!" very distinctly; and hence Tom Kelly is the name given to the bird in the West Indies.

The *Crested Titmouse* possesses a remarkable variety in the tones of its voice, at one time not louder than the squeaking of a mouse, and in a moment after whistling aloud and clearly, as if calling a dog, and continuing the dog-call through the woods for half an hour at a time.

The *Red-breasted Blue Bird* has a soft, agreeable, and often repeated warble, uttered with opening and quivering wings. In his courtship he uses the tenderest expressions, and caresses his mate by sitting close by her, and singing his most endearing warblings. If a rival appears, he attacks him with fury, and having driven him away, returns to pour out a song of triumph. In autumn his song changes to a simple plaintive note, which is heard in open weather all winter, though in severe weather the bird is never to be seen.

THE GATHERER.

THE VINE.

From the German of Herder.

On the day of their creation, the trees boasted one to another, of their excellence. "Me, the Lord planted!" said the lofty cedar:—"strength, fragrance, and longevity, he bestowed on me."

"Jehovah fashioned me to be a blessing," said the shadowy palm; "utility and beauty he united in my form." The apple-tree, said, "Like a bridegroom among youths, I glow in my beauty amidst the trees of the grove!" The myrtle, said, "Like the rose among briars, so am I amidst the other shrubs." Thus all boasted;—the olive and the fig-tree—and even the fir.

The vine, alone, drooped silent to the ground! "To me," thought he, "every thing seems to have been refused;—I have neither stem—nor branches—nor flowers,—but such as *I am*, I will hope and wait." The vine bent down its shoots, and wept!

Not long had the vine to wait; for, behold, the divinity of earth, man, drew nigh; he saw the feeble, helpless, plant trailing its honours along the soil:—in pity, he lifted up the recumbent shoots, and twined the feeble plant around his own bower.

Now the winds played with its leaves and tendrils; and the warmth of the sun began to empurple its hard green grapes, and to prepare within them a sweet and delicious juice.

Decked with its rich clusters, the vine leaned towards its master, who tasted its refreshing fruit

and juicy beverage; and he named the vine, his friend and favourite.

Despair not, ye forsaken; bear—be patient,—and strive.

From the insignificant reed flows the sweetest of juices;—from the bending vine springs the most delightful drink of the earth.

WITCHES.

The following extract from Professor Bœhmer's "Manuel of the Literature of Criminal Law," may give some information to such as believe witches were never hanged but in Salem. The extract relates to the superstition and cruelty which prevailed in Hungary, with respect to witches, in the first half of the last century. In a report from the Segedin, of 26 of July, 1723, it is said, "As several persons of both sexes have been lately thrown into prison here, they have not only been very strictly examined, but also sentenced to be burned. But before this sentence was executed on them, they were first, according to the custom of this place; put to the proof; that is to say, they were let down into the water, with their hands bound, and a long rope fastened round their bodies; but, according to the manner of witches, they floated on the water like a piece of dry wood. After this, they were immediately put to the second proof, namely, laid in the scales, to see how heavy each was, upon which it was astonishing to behold that a tall and robust woman weighed no more than three drams, and her husband, who was not of the smallest, only five drams, and the rest on an average only half an ounce three drams, and even less. On the 20th of this month the sentence was executed on thirteen persons, namely, six sorcerers and seven witches, who were all burned alive. Among them the last year's justice of the town, a man otherwise highly esteemed by every body, 82 years old, adorned the funeral pile!!! It is not to be described how dreadful this spectacle was to behold; three wood piles were erected a league from the town, with a great stake fixed in the middle of each; to this stake four malefactors were bound with ropes upon each pile, and then a woman, who was not yet burned, was beheaded — — — thereupon all the piles were kindled, and set in full flames at once. — — — There are eight more still in prison: these have already been swam and weighed, sustain the ordeal for witches," &c.

LONG STORIES.

Capt. S—, of the — regiment, during the American war, was notorious for a propensity, not to story-telling, but to telling long stories, which he used to indulge in defiance of time and place, often to the great annoyance of his immediate companions; but he was so good-humoured withal, that they were loth to check him abruptly or harshly. An opportunity occurred of giving him a hint, which had the desired effect. He was a member of a courtmartial assembled for the trial of a private of the regiment. The man bore a very good character in general, the offence he had committed was slight, and the court was rather at a loss what punishment to award, for it was requisite to award some, as the man had been found guilty. While they were deliberating on this, Major —, now General Sir —, suddenly turning to the president, said, in his dry manner, "Suppose we sentence him to hear two of Captain S—'s long stories."

PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

When the friends of the youngest Thelluson, proposed making him a member of parliament, he said, "he did not understand exactly what it was to be in parliament, or what they meant by constituents in the country; but, if there was any necessity to go backwards and forwards for their orders, he could trot down as fast as any member of parliament in the kingdom."

GENIUS DEFINED.

A wit being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

THE LEGENDARY.

THE LANAUNTSHEE.*

Is it a ghost of olden time?—*The Harp of Inisfail.*

In that land of Paddies and potatoes—of fun and fighting—there are (where are they not!) many a poor scholar; boys who 'beg for their learning and likewise their bread;' and who are as great proficient in the mysteries of Pastorini as they are in the beauties of Virgil. Poetry and prophecy are equally familiar to them, and they can scan a line of Horace or tell you the precise year on which the Orangemen are to get a 'great big beating.' Talk, indeed, about the ignorance of the Irish! they respect learning, though clothed in rags; and the ancient fame of the kingdom is still sustained in sweet Munster; for the student is furnished not only with masters but with board and lodging—when he can get them—*gratis*. This hospitality—which once excited the eulogium of Bede—has produced its wonted effect; the land swarms with bare-footed poets and breechesless mathematicians; every hedge can boast its academy; and every stream has been celebrated in madrigals and sonnets. The superabundance of students, however, has recently produced great fastidiousness in patrons; and he must now excel as a tale-teller who will be honoured with potatoes for supper, and nothing less than a new song in praise of the farmer's eldest daughter (unmarried) can secure the additional luxury of butter.

It happened not many years since, that one of those friendless aspirants for fame took up his abode in a sequestered part of the county of Tipperary: he was, he said, in his *humanities*;† and whatever effect the study might have produced on his heart, his exterior bore evidence against the humanity of the times. The fragments of his coat, like the Hindoo lately exhibited, might be considered as self-sustained in air; and the extremities of his person was unconscious of any friendly covering. Absorbed, however, in his books, he appeared indifferent to the absence of essential garments; and, what was still more unfortunate, he could neither write poetry nor tell a story. At first he met with a tolerable reception, but his abstraction, and occasional fits of absence, soon filled his patrons with disappointment: when he called a second time, at a farmer's there was no straw in the barn, or a 'poor traveller' (Anglice, a beggarman) who had anticipated him. Driven thus from house to house he was forced sometimes to sleep in the fields and sometimes in the caves of mountains.

In winter this was impossible, and necessity soon sharpened his wits: he learned to relate wonderful legends of fairies and ghosts, and seldom wanted lodging. One night, however, he encountered, among the galties, successive disappointments. No door opened to receive him; no fire blazed to cheer him; echo among the hills threatened a speedy storm, and the winds whistled 'over the wildness of night.' He, too, had mistaken his way, but the apprehension of still greater ills urged him forward. After two hours' fatigue he espied a glimmering light at a distance, and hoping that it issued from some aperture in a mountain cabin he made for it. He was not mistaken; and cautiously approaching the one-paned lattice he saw a young girl busily employed in baking bread on a griddle. Her kitchen exhibited considerable tidiness: her dresser was white, and the pewter on it reflected the rush-light that twinkled on a little table placed before the fire, and covered with a rustic feast—bacon and eggs ready for the pan, and a little cruiskeen of 'mountain dew.' The mouth of the benighted scholar was instantly filled with that water which ever springs up at the sight of palatable viands, and, without further ceremony, he knocked at the door. At first there was the sound of a suppressed bustle within, and then all became as silent as the tomb. He knocked again, and, after a pause, a female voice inquired who

claimed admittance. The poor student, at this interrogation, recounted the evils which beset him, and, after some time, the door was opened, evidently with reluctance; but no sooner was his miserable aspect revealed than the countenance of the mountain nymph underwent a considerable change. A look of seriousness first came, like a summer cloud athwart the mid-day sun, across her face, and pity soon melted in her eye; she threw another bush on the hearth, thrust, with silent kindness, a piece of bread into the stranger's hand, and while he was partaking of this she placed before him a glass-full of potheen. Goodness became her better than blushes, and even ungallant as the poor scholar was he could not withhold a few compliments on her beauty.

When he had concluded his repast he inquired whether he could not adjourn to the barn, but was answered in the negative: and, with some hesitation, she allowed him to lie down in a bed which stood at the upper end of the kitchen. He was too much fatigued for gentle sleep to weigh his eyelids down in a hurry, and, before all around him had become oblivious, he heard a shrill whistle. In a moment the colleen (young girl) started from her seat, rubbed down her apron, adjusted her hair, and cautiously opened the door. A quick step was instantly felt on the floor, and then that gently thrilling noise which indicated the contact of innocent but ardent lips, whilst the lovers, like fear, seemed to startle at the sound themselves had made.

'Pardon, Norah,' said the lover, 'I should have been here sooner.' 'Hush,' said she, 'a poor scholar is in my father's bed.'

This intelligence seemed to damp the young man's ardour, but the poor scholar, not wishing to disturb their moments of bliss, affected sleep so cleverly that they appeared quickly to forget his presence. The hot cake was placed on the table; the bacon and eggs *screamed* in the pan, and Andy had snatched another kiss when the sound of a horse and car, entering the bawn, (yard) assailed their terrified ears. 'My father!' exclaimed Norah. 'Where shall I go?' asked Andy. 'Under the bed,' she answered, as the master of the mansion knocked at the door. Before it was opened the supper was disposed of in opposite cupboards, and when the old man entered, he angrily inquired what she had been doing. 'I had fallen asleep, father,' replied Norah, 'but will I get something for you to eat?'

'Eat! what have you to eat, you extravagant huzzy!'

'Some eggs and bacon,' said the daughter.

'Eggs and bacon, hoh! you think the bit o' bacon won't be gone time enough, do n't you!'

'Well, then, the eggs.'

'No; three eggs are worth three ha'pence, an that's somethin when oats is only twelve hogs (shillings) a barrel. Eaten! eaten! the thackeen thinks o' nothin but eaten, hoh! she'll eat me out o' house an home; but no eaten to-night, any how, for I'll go to bed.'

'There's a poor scholar in it, father.'

This piece of information threw the miserly father into a rage, and, while the fit was on him, he threw Norah almost into the fire, and dragged the student from his place of repose.

'Och! blud-an-thunder!'

'Parce mihi!' exclaimed the affrighted scholar; and the words of an unknown tongue, no less than his wild appearance, produced a very fortunate effect upon the farmer, who was extremely superstitious. He drew back, somewhat affrighted, muttering to himself, 'a poor scholar, or rather a fairy man.'

'You judge correctly,' said the Munster student, assuming a mysterious air, 'I am familiar with the 'good people,' and seldom travel without my Lanauntshee: pray, do you stand in need of any thing?'

'Och, none a-vich!' (my son) replied the farmer; 'God bless you, man, I—I—did n't know you.'

'No harm done, sir, but don't you want your supper; I'll provide you with one instantly for nothing; I see you smile assent; you'd have no objection to bacon and eggs. Lay the cloth, colleen.'

Norah obeyed his commands, and the poor scholar, placing himself within a circle roughly drawn on the floor, said, in a solemn tone, 'Lanauntshee! Plus videas tuis oculis quam alienis.' 'Look,' he continued, addressing himself to the farmer, after a mysterious pause, 'and see what my good spirit has placed in yonder buffet.'

The miser, half incredulous—half alarmed, cautiously approached the depository of edibles, but hesitated to turn the wooden button that kept the door closed, until commanded in an authoritative tone, to do as desired; still, apparently unwilling, he hesitated for a moment, and then hurriedly pulled open the door. His amazement was somewhat of the pleasing kind when he saw revealed before him the bacon and eggs, hardly ceasing to hiss in the pan; and, as he laid them on the table, he cast a very expressive look on the poor scholar. 'What think you,' asked the shoeless student, 'of a piece of oaten cake with that fried bacon?'

'Beautiful!' cried the farmer, rubbing his hands, 'or, may-be you could order some white eyes' (potatoes).

'Vulgar food,' said the scholar, 'I prefer bread. In that corner buffet, forenent you, you'll find some.'

The bread being produced, the farmer invited the stranger to partake of the feast, and when they had discussed that, amongst other things, the scholar asked if there was any potheen in the house. He was answered, not a drop. 'Then,' said he, 'I must trouble my Lanauntshee; he's fond of a drop himself, and I fear has nearly finished his allowance; but, rei bonæ vel vestigia delectant, and now, sir, look into the spy-hole behind you, under that bonnet.' The bonnet was no sooner removed than the bottle became visible, and when its contents had done their worst upon the farmer he inquired if he, too, could not prevail on a Lanauntshee to obey his commands. 'Did you ever see one?' asked the poor scholar; 'if not, I'll show you one in the form and dress of a young man; perhaps not altogether unknown to you, for this good spirit assumes all shapes at will.' Then placing himself within the circle, he desired the door to be opened, and when the passage was clear, he said, in a solemn voice, 'Lanauntshee! come from under the farmer's bed, and quickly hence to your mote, there to wait my further orders.'

The lover understood the hint, and instantly obeyed this injunction. 'Tunder-un-turf!' exclaimed the farmer, as he rushed across the floor, 'why that's Andy Russell, the miller;—'

'Only his fetch,' interrupted the poor scholar, 'and, now, sir, the awful process which I've gone through has fatigued me, and with your permission, I'll take some rest.'

When he arose next morning, he saw in Norah's looks, a world of gratitude, and her father, ambitious of the acquaintance of so convenient a guest, gave him a general invitation to his house.

MISCELLANY.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

M. Raoul Rochette has communicated to the French Academy of inscription and the Academy of Fine Arts, intelligence of high interest, extracted from a letter from Pompeii, dated Jan. 15, concerning the recent excavations. It is as follows:—

'The most brilliant discoveries are daily making at Herculanum and Pompeii. A magnificent mansion is gradually appearing at Herculanum, the garden of which, surrounded by colonnades, is the grandest which has hitherto been found. Some of the paintings with which it is decorated are of grand interest. Among other mythological subjects there is a picture of Perseus, who, assisted by Minerva, is killing Medusa; Mercury laying Argus to sleep, that he may ravish away the beautiful Io, a subject very rare among the monuments of art; Jason, the Dragon, and the three Hesperides. But the most remarkable objects in this mansion are some bas-reliefs in silver, fixed on elliptical tablets of bronze, and representing Apollo and Diana. There are numberless other articles of curiosity in furniture and household utensils.

'But as to ancient pictures, it appears that none approach in merit those discovered at the house in

* Mr. Croker, in his 'Fairy Legends,' has taken no notice—an unpardonable offence—of the Lanauntshee; yet the name of this spirit is as familiar as that of the Banshee. It is, however, a thing of very doubtful generation, and, like the wolf-dog, implacable in resentment—unalterable in friendship. It frequently happens that Paddy performs wonders in a fair fight against considerable odds; and the thing would be an absolute miracle were it not for the aid afforded him by his Lanauntshee.

† Learning Latin and Greek.

Pompeii. It is now certain that the quarter in which the excavations are going on is the finest in the city. The Tuscan Atrium first presents itself in the mansion we are speaking of. This Atrium is surrounded with small rooms very prettily decorated, from which we pass into a garden, round which are also disposed apartments appropriated to visitors. To the left of the Atrium there is a passage leading to large porticos supported by red pillars, and embellished with a profusion of beautiful paintings.

"Among these pictures the following compositions are particularly remarkable:—

"1. Medea meditating the murder of her children, who are innocently playing at dice, whilst their tutor at a short distance, conscious of Medea's intention, is lamenting the fate which impends over them.

"2. The Sons and Daughters of Niobe assailed with the arrows of Apollo and Diana. This is a picture full of pathos.

"3. Meleager departing for the Chase of the Wild Boar of Calydyne.

"4. Perseus delivering Andromeda.

"5. A Bacchante.

"6. The Muses.

"There are also some grotesque designs; such as a pigmy teaching an ape to dance, as well as paintings of fruit and animals beautifully executed. These porticos were devoted to promonading. They enclose a little garden, in the centre of which there is a basin for fish, and at the bottom was found a large *triclinium*, or dining-table, and seats for reclining. The *gynæceum*, or apartment appropriated to females, consists of a peristyleum, surrounded with porticos leading into the apartments, where there is a luxurious display of pictures, executed in first-rate style. Castor and Pollux, the household gods, are on each side of the entrance; the other principal subjects are—Echo and Narcissus; Endymion; the Infant Achilles plunged into Styx by his mother Thetis; Mars and Venus; Saturn; Orpheus; Ceres; Mars Pacific; Jupiter Hospitalis; and a classical group of a Satyr and an Hermaphrodite.

"The *exedrum*, or study, is decorated with some admirable pictures, representing Bacchantes of incomparable beauty; also a picture of Achilles drawing his sword against Agamemnon, and restrained by Minerva. Pictures on this subject, but indifferently executed, have been before discovered among those in the Temple of Venus. There is here, likewise, Achilles, disguised as a woman, and detected by Ulysses; Ulysses, begging and receiving alms from the faithful Eumæus, &c. The style of these paintings is said to be superior to any thing that has yet been discovered of ancient art. From the *exedrum* we pass into a third garden, also surrounded with red columns, and adorned with pictures on the following subjects:—Phædra discovering her incestuous passion to Hippolytus; several tragick and comick scenes; the fable of Ætra and Ægeus; Apollo, with Daphne, changed into a laurel. There is a little niche, or *sacrum*, in the garden, from which we pass into a third peristyleum. Among the moveable articles found in this mansion, a casket is particularly mentioned, enriched with elegant ornaments in bronze, and deposited in a corner of the *gynæceum*. It contains 42 pieces of imperial gold money, and six of silver.

THE VISION OF VALDEMARE.

Translated from the Spanish.

It was night; and by degrees, that sweet forgetfulness which suspends our faculties insensibly began to steal over me, and I fell asleep. In an instant my soul was transported to an unknown region. I found myself in the centre of a spacious plain, surrounded by groves of mournful cypresses. The whole enclosure was full of superb mausoleums, some assuming the shape of pyramids, whose lofty summits almost touched the clouds; and others the forms of altars, whose magnificence presented the most imposing spectacle. On all were engraved the epitaphs and sculptured insignia of the heroes who had been interred there. In various places I discovered coffins lying on the ground covered with sable palls, and bodies extend-

ed on the bare earth, meanly enveloped in miserable garbs.

I wandered, filled with terror, through this dismal region. By the light of the moon, which shone in the midst of an unclouded sky, I attentively regarded these proud monuments, and curiosity impelled me to read the pompous epitaphs inscribed on them. "How remarkable a difference!" I observed to myself; "when ordinary men, incapable of eclipsing their fellow-mortals, lie forgotten in dust and corruption, those great men who have excited astonishment and admiration throughout the world, even after the lapse of many ages, still breathe in splendid marble! Happy are they who have had the glory of performing brilliant achievements! Even though inexorable fate refuse to spare them, their ashes afterwards revive, and under the very stroke of death, they rise triumphantly to a glorious immortality!"

I was indulging in these reflections, when, on a sudden, a hoarse and fearful blast of wind affrighted me. The earth rocked under my feet, the mausoleum waved to and fro with violence, the cypresses were torn up with tremendous fury, and, from time to time, I heard a sound as of fleshless bones clashing together. In a moment, the heavens were covered with black clouds, and the moon withdrew her splendour. The horror inspired by the darkness of the night, and the dead silence which reigned amidst the tombs, caused my hair to stand on end, and stiffened my limbs until I had scarcely power to move them.

In this dreadful situation, I saw an old man approaching me. His head was bald—his beard white—in his right hand he carried a crooked scythe, and in his left an hour-glass—whilst two immense flapping wings nearly concealed his body. "Thou," said he to me in a terrible voice, "who art still dazzled by the dignities and honours which mankind pursue with such reckless eagerness, see whether you perceive any difference between the dust of the monarch and that of the most wretched slave!" He spoke, and striking the ground a tremendous blow with his scythe, all these proud monuments fell headlong to the earth, and in an instant were reduced to dust. My terror was then redoubled, and my strength almost failed me. I could only perceive that there was no distinction. All was dust, corruption, and ashes. "Go," said he, "seek another road to the temple of immortality! Behold the termination of those titles of grandeur which men so ardently desire! They vainly imagine that, after death, they shall survive in history, or in marbles, which shall leap emulously from their quarries to form such monuments of pride as you have just beheld; but they are miserably deceived; their existence ends at the instant they expire, and their fame, however deeply engraven on brass and marble, cannot have a longer duration than that of a brief moment when compared with eternity! I myself, TIME, consume and utterly annihilate all those structures which have vanity for their base; the works which are founded on virtue are not subject to my jurisdiction. They pass to the boundless regions of another world, and receive the reward of immortality!" With these words he disappeared.

I awoke with a deadly chillness, and found that my sleep had been productive of instruction. Thenceforth I regarded, in a very different point of view, the pompous titles which before had dazzled me, and, by the aid of a little reflection, I soon became thoroughly sensible of their vanity.

From the New York Morning Courier.

HOW TO BATHE.

Reader, we are disposed to take some care of your body as well as your mind. Be duly thankful therefore for the advice we are about to give you. If you are an M. D. do not turn up your medical nose at our instructions, for they are founded on much *experiment* and long *experience*, backed by the uncommon wisdom we received from nature.

The spring hath come—"refreshing earth, reviving all but man"—your head aches, and you feel occasionally drowsy, languid and uncomfortable. Take a warm bath; it will relieve you in an hour. But take it in the proper way—

"When 'tis done, 't were well
It were not done quickly!"

for in this lies the mischief of warm bathing.—A man generally posts to a bath as if he were carrying an express or running away from a broomstick. He is out of breath and in a perspiration on his arrival. He undresses himself in a great hurry, soaks his body in the hot water, kicks about for five minutes, emerges with every pore open, puts on his garments, looks complacently in the mirror, and thinks he has taken a warm bath! No such thing—he has taken nothing but a cold! In one hour he begins to sneeze, and the next day he commences coughing, and curses the bath. Philosophy grieves over his folly, but will not relieve his nose and lungs. Why did the bath give him a cold? Because he was in a perspiration when he went into the water, which said perspiration was increased by the heat, and checked as soon as he raised, "*placidum caput* [it should be *corpus*] unda" into the colder medium of the air. The order of nature must be reversed to prevent a man from taking cold under such circumstances.

Now, reader, we will tell you how to take a bath. In the first place, pay your note, if it be due—or if you cannot do that let it be protested, and think no more about it. If you have any quarrel on hand, whip or get whipped at once—tranquility of mind is all important in rendering the warm bath beneficial. Walk leisurely to the house of ablution, and disrobe yourself with moderate haste. You may have the water hot enough to parboil you, if you choose—that is left to your own taste. In with you, and to beguile the time read a newspaper or smoke a cigar—taking care, however, to keep the cigar above water. If you don't it will go out. In about half an hour, the water will cool to nearly the temperature of the air, and you will have gone gradually and safely through half a dozen climates. You will have left the torrid for the temperate zone. Then let in the cold water, very slowly, almost drop by drop, and in the course of twenty minutes you will find yourself in a cold bath. Your pores will have closed gradually and moderately, your sensations will be exquisite during the process, and you will feel strength and elasticity in every limb. You emerge from the cold water into the warmer air—dry your body thoroughly with a coarse towel, and feel like a new man. It is an impossibility for you to take cold—if you do, you are at liberty to come and box our ears for giving you bad advice.

SUPERSTITION OF THE MOORS.

An opinion prevails, we believe, in all the four states, that it is ordained, that the Moors shall lose their country on a Friday, during the hour of prayer, by the invasion of a people clothed in red; yet, so inconsistent are they, that at this hour, all the gates of every city are carefully locked, as if bars and bolts could oppose the decrees of fate. They are not, however, mere theorists in predestination, but submit to every change of fortune with humble resignation, passing from a state of opulence to that of misery, without a murmur; and when death approaches, the expiring man desires nothing more, than that his face may be carefully turned towards Mecca, and, when assured of this position he bears his sufferings with patience, and leave the world in peace.

"When a person is thought to be dying, he is immediately surrounded by his friends, who begin to scream in the most hideous manner, to convince him there is no more hope, and that he is already reckoned among the dead! The noise and horror of this scene cannot surely but serve to hurry the patient worn down already by sickness, to his last state. If the person be in too much pain, (perhaps in a fit,) they put a spoonful of honey in his mouth, which in general, puts him out of his misery (that is to say, he is literally choked;) when, by being treated differently, or even left to himself, he might, perhaps, have recovered. Then, as, according to their religion, they cannot think the departed happy, till they are under ground, they are washed instantly, while yet warm; and the greatest consolation the sick man's friend can have, is to see him smile while this operation is performing, as they look on that as a sign of approbation in the deceased of what he is doing; not supposing such an appearance to be a convulsion,

occasioned by washing and exposing to the cold air, the unfortunate person, before life has taken its final departure. This accounts for the frequent instances that happen here, of people being buried alive. Many of the Moors say a third of the population are lost in this manner."

The moment a death happens in a family, the alarm is given by the shrill screaming of the words, *woulliah wou*, repeated incessantly, by the relations and every body in the house. These cries, heard at a great distance, bring every female acquainted with, or dependent on, the family, to scream over the dead, and mourn with the nearest relations of the deceased: and it strikes one with the greatest horror, to see the afflicted widow or mother, half dead with grief for her loss, obliged (according to the custom of the country,) to receive the visits of not less than a hundred different women, who come to condole with her. They each take her in their arms, they lay her head on their shoulder, and scream without intermission for several minutes, till the afflicted object, stunned with the constant howling, and a repetition of her misfortune, sinks senseless from their arms, on the floor! They likewise hire a number of women, who make this horrid noise round the bier, placed in the middle of the court yard of the mansion, over which these women scratch their faces to such a degree, that they appear to have been bled with a lancet at the temples; after the ceremony is over, they lay on a sort of white chalk, to heal the wounds and stop the blood. These women are hired indifferently at burials, weddings, and feasts; at the two latter, they sing the song *loo, loo, loo*, and extempore verses. Their voices are heard at the distance of half a mile.

"It is the custom of those who can afford it, to give on the evening of the day the corpse is buried, a quantity of hot dressed victuals to the poor, who come to fetch each their portion, and form sometimes immense crowds, and confusion at the doors; this they call the 'supper of the grave.'"

The dead are always dressed for life; the ears, nostrils and eyelids are stuffed with a preparation of camphor and rich spices. An unmarried woman is ornamented as a bride, and bracelets are put on her arms and ankles. The body is wrapped in fine white linen, sanctified at Mecca, which is generally procured in their life-time, and carefully preserved for their last dress. At the head of the coffin, is placed a turban, if the deceased be a male, corresponding with his rank; if a female, a large bouquet of flowers—if a virgin, the *loo, loo, loo*, is sung by hired women, that she may not be laid in the ground, without having had the benefit of the wedding song. On Fridays, the eve of the Mahomedan Sabbath, the women visit the tombs of their deceased relations, under the idea that on that day, the dead hover round to meet their friends, and to hold commerce with those that may be deposited near them; and on this account, they conceive it to be more necessary to dress the dead, that they may not, in such an assembly of ghosts, complain of the neglect of their relations. The tombs are neatly white-washed, and kept in constant repair; flowers are planted round them, and no weeds suffered to grow. Small chapels are generally built over the tombs of persons of rank, and decorated with flowers, placed in large China vases.

A VIZIER'S CUNNING.

The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by the tale which Lockman tells of a vizier who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. "Cease your grief," said the sage; "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a life black-beetle, together with a little *ghee*, (or buffalo's butter,) three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout packthread, and another of whipcord; finally, a stout coil of rope." When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tow-

er. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he conceived to be in the store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, who drew up the packthread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the packthread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight,—and he at last escaped from the place of his duress.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1829.

The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

The theological discussion between Mr. Owen and Mr. Campbell, commenced at Cincinnati on the 13th and continued until the 22d of April, when it ended, as the reader will naturally suppose, without producing any new evidence in favour of or against Christianity, and without either of the gentlemen having convinced the other of the errors of his opinions. The Cincinnati Chronicle contains a notice of the manner in which the debate was conducted, and a brief summary of Mr. Owen's arguments. The most courteous deportment prevailed throughout the discussion; and the audience, each day of debate, exceeded 1200 persons. The editor of the Chronicle thinks Mr. Campbell, the champion of religion, had the best of the argument; but says that the enthusiasm of Mr. Owen on the subject of reforming the world seems to be in no measure abated. The arguments of both have been taken down in short hand, and, it is said, will soon be published. For ourselves, we do not see what good can result from discussions of this nature. No true christian will forsake his belief for the philosophy, as it is termed, of Mr. Owen, whatever may be the arguments in its favour; nor is it at all probable, that at this late day, Mr. Owen will acknowledge that he has all his life supported a false theory, and been in truth all that the jesting of his enemies has endeavoured to make him appear—a mere visionary.

The election for town officers took place in this city on Tuesday last, when the anti-masons mustered one hundred and two votes for their most favoured candidates. The city contains about 20,00 inhabitants—the Observer has been hammering anti-masonry into them for nearly three years—we have had an anti-masonick state convention here—an anti-masonick nomination for governor—three or four score of anti-masonick orations and speeches—numberless embassies from the anti-masonick state central committee—&c. &c. &c. all in the "anti-masonick" line, and all this labour, added to the "immense influence" of Samuel M. Hopkins, esq. has discovered one hundred and two easy sort of fellows, who do not know which side they belong to, but will vote any way to please a friend! Really, anti-masonry gains ground wonderfully! One hundred and two voters after a three years campaign! Governor Southwick's capitals do not appear to be very fruitful. The people look on him in a proper light—the man is mad.

WESTERN CHARTER ELECTIONS. We notice these elections because they furnish a true picture of anti-masonry in the western part of this state, where its votaries have hitherto considered it, or pretended to consider it, so firmly fixed as to be superior to every change and every reverse. Like all things of "sound and fury," however, it is rapidly losing its ill-gotten power, and passing away, among the things that "were." The election for village officers took place in Rochester on Monday last, when the general toleration ticket succeeded by an average majority of sixty-votes, over the anti-masonick ticket. In Batavia the election took place on Tuesday, and the toleration ticket succeeded by a very handsome majority. It should be recollected that in Rochester and Batavia anti-masonry had its birth, and that from these two places has proceeded all the impetus of the excitement. Rochester is the head quarters of the state central committee, and Batavia is the residence of David C. Miller and some of the most zealous and

violent members of the faction. The effectual check which anti-masonry has received in these places must be felt throughout the state, and, indeed, in every quarter where the excitement has shown itself. It is but reasonable to indulge the hope that the public mind will in a few months resume its wonted calmness; and profiting by recent experience, be prepared in future to resist the machinations of the ambitious and "dishonest."

Eighty anti-masons resident in the fourth and fifth Wards of the village of Rochester have publicly renounced all connexion with the anti-masonick faction. The following are among the reasons they have published as the cause of the measure they have adopted.

"They have seen with regret the harmony of society disturbed—the peace of families broken, the son being literally arrayed against the father:

"They have seen a violent and persecuting spirit derange the ordinary business transactions between man and man—the political anti-masons generally refusing to trade with or employ those who do not unite with them in an indiscriminate proscription of the masons:

"They have seen the most sacred feelings of our nature prostituted by the anti-masonick leaders to the vile purposes of party—the temples of the Almighty polluted by the baleful spirit of persecution—the sacred desk perverted to the unholy purpose of proscription, and the harmony of religious societies destroyed by the prevalence of anti-masonick intolerance:

"They have not seen any benefits arising from anti-masonry to counterbalance even the least of these evils."

FOREIGN NEWS. The Packet ship Columbia, Capt. Delano, arrived at New-York on Monday evening from London. She left Portsmouth on the 1st of April, and brings London papers to the 31st of March.

The prominent items of news relate to the Catholic question, which may now be looked upon as entirely triumphant.

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill, passed the House of Commons on the 30th March, after a warm discussion of many hours. The vote was 330 to 142, giving a majority of 178. The bill was then sent to the house of Lords for concurrence, on putting the motion for which, the cheering was long and loud. Many members approached Mr. Peel and shook him by the hand, congratulating him on the success of his Bill: The Irish Forty Shilling Freeholders Disfranchisement Bill, passed on the same day.

The Courier of the 30th March, in noticing various arrivals from Germany, states that accounts from the frontiers of Servia say, that in consequence of the appointment of Redschid Pacha to the post of Grand Vizier, the whole system of war will be changed. It is justly remarked that the Turks have hitherto acted on no general plan, each separate commander following his own views, or rather those to which circumstances gave rise. Redschid who has acquired considerable experience in the Greek contest, is fully aware of the importance of combined operations, and has determined, it is asserted, to make every movement tend to one great object. In order to confirm the Governments of Fortresses in the faithful discharge of their duty, or rather in order to prevent the surrender of the remaining strong holds on the Danube till the very last extremity, commissioners have been sent to each of them, forming superior councils, by whom the conduct of the Governments is to be controlled.

The Courier makes sad lamentations over the passage of the Irish Relief Bill. It concludes a long article by remarking that "the public must be prepared to hear that it will pass the House of Lords and receive the Royal assent previous to the adjournment for the Easter Holidays."

It is stated by the Times that a knot of blackguards assembled daily in the vicinity of the two Houses of Parliament, for the purpose of insulting the Duke of Wellington and other members of the Administration, and that the man is one of the gang who threw a bottle at the Marquis of Wellesly in Dublin, some two or three years since.

The *Algemeine Zeitung* contains letters which announce that the Sultan would not accede to the proposals of M. Jaubert, nor indeed to any thing in the shape of proposals. The Allies it is said must act without him, and it is supposed that the Porte will be forced to submit to the independence of Greece, and the erection into a separate state of the Morea, the Cyclades, Attica, Livadia, and Negropont.

The Warsaw Government has prohibited the sale or circulation within the Territory of Russian Poland, of Bowring's translation of the popular Polish poets.

By intelligence from Smyrna, it appears that conferences were still taking place between M. Jaubert and the Reis Effendi, but without any arrangement being likely to take place, until the return of answers from London and Paris. The Porte was desirous that the French and English Ministers should return to Constantinople, to conclude the ulti-

mate arrangements. It was supposed that the Russian government had consented that they should treat upon the affairs of Greece, and that it would accede to whatever arrangements might be made, which it is supposed would be the forerunners of a peace between Russia and Turkey. Meanwhile preparations proceed on both sides. The Sultan was concentrating his Asiatic troops upon the points along the Marmora. [Morning Herald.]

A very melancholy occurrence took place last night, on board the steam boat Franklin, on her passage from Providence to this city. George Washington Adams, eldest son of the late President of the U. States, was on board, on his way to Washington. During the day and evening he evinced no symptoms of indisposition, 'till near bed time, when he complained of violent pain in the head, and said he would be bled as soon as he got to New-York. He, however, retired with the other passengers, but rose about two o'clock, dressed himself in a hurried manner, and awoke one or two of the passengers, complaining that they were plotting against him, and particularly asked one of them what it was he had said about his (Mr. Adams) jumping overboard; and the thing passed off, Mr. A. going upon deck and the passengers resumed their slumbers. The only subsequent trace of the unfortunate young man was the finding, some hours afterwards, his hat upon the deck forward of the wheel guard, whence he is supposed, in a high state of fever, to have jumped overboard. Mr. G. W. Adams was a lawyer of promise—a young man of considerable acquirements—and has been several times one of the representatives in the Massachusetts legislature of the city of Boston. He was unmarried. [N. Y. American, May 4.]

PETITIONS AGAINST SABBATH MAILS. We learn from a gentleman who had access to the rooms of the Committees of both houses of Congress, to whom petitions and memorials against Sabbath mails were referred, that the total number of these petitions was four hundred and sixty-six. They came from nineteen different states, the District of Columbia and the Territory of Michigan. As it has been stated that these petitions were the result of an extensive combination, and originated with a few prime movers, it will be well to add that this gentleman found more than one hundred petitions, in the number, of an original composition, varying in expression and ideas from each other or from any given form. [New-England Palladium.]

An individual was lately tried in Raleigh, N. C. for having in company with another, disinterred the body of a stranger, for the purpose of obtaining his teeth! one of the miscreants run away, but the other was brought into Court, and fined \$25 in spite of his teeth. Little enough in all conscience, for such an outrage—the temptation was almost as pitiful, as that of Burke and his associates in Edinburgh. [Camden Journal.]

Bull. A writer in a northern provincial paper charges the Catholic Association with having cruelly drained the pockets of their unfed and unclothed countrymen!

VARIETIES.

From English Journals received at this office.

Progress of Public Instruction in Denmark. The following numbers speak more forcibly than any declamation, in favour of popular education; for "the schoolmaster is abroad," even in despotick countries. In the year 1819, there existed but one school of mutual instruction in Denmark. The propriety of permitting even this single example of so great an innovation, was not discussed before the King in Council, until the month of August 1822; and a Royal Circular, issued in the course of the following month from the High Chancery, made public for the first time the King's sanction of that system of instruction. From that moment the number of schools founded for the propagation of knowledge on the Lancasterian principles, increased rapidly and in the following ratio.

On the 31st December 1823 there were 244 Schools.

1824	605
1825	1143
1826	1545
1827	2063
1828	2400

Mother of Sultan Mahmoud. After the war between Russia and the Porte in 1770, when the former lent assistance to the insurgent Greeks in the Morea, these people were exposed to the most revengeful persecutions by the Turks, who, in spite of the amnesty which was proclaimed, carried off, among the female slaves selected for the Seraglio, the daughter of a Greek secular priest. Her beauty fascinated the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, to such a degree, that he became violently enamoured, and exalted her to the rank of a wife; so that, his son, the present Sultan, is on the mother's side probably of Greek extraction. The unhappy father repaired to Constantinople for the purpose of obtaining the release of his daughter, and went to the banker of the Sultana Asma, the sister of Abdul Hamid, to solicit his interposition in this affair. "Reverend father," replied the banker, "if you set any value upon your head, take these two

thousand piastres, and quit Constantinople immediately." The old man took his advice, and his daughter remained in the power of the Sultan.

The Bulgarian Alps. From a memoir lately published in Paris, by Lieutenant General Comte de T—, who writes from personal experience, it appears that are three lines of roads by which an equal number of Corps d'Armee may march in parallel directions, from the Danube to the plains of Thracia over the Balcan, (Mount Hemus,) or Bulgarian Alps, with artillery, waggons, and carriages during seven months in the year. They may get over their distance in twelve days march, and three days of rest, and go in under the walls of Adrianople at the expiration of that time. The first road commences in the environs of Sistova and Routschouk, through Ternova, Kabrova, Rezanlik, &c.: distance 59 1-2 hours. The second road from Silistria, through Razgrav Eski-Djuma, or more directly by Schumla, Carnabat, Papasli, and Adrianople. Distance the same. The third road from Hadji Oglou-Razardjik, where all the roads of the lower Danube join between Silistria and the Coast of the Black Sea, through Pravadi, Aidas, Aumour-Fakih, &c. Distance 54 hours. Another road exists from Silistria to Constantinople, by Varna, along the Sea Coast; but this is not practicable for the waggon train and heavy artillery.

Ingenious Test in Manufactures. An experiment to ascertain the presence of cotton in woollen stuffs was lately described to the Academy of Sciences at Metz; and consists of boiling the cloth for two hours in a solution of one ounce of pure alkali in half a pound of water. The caustic entirely dissolves the animal substance, wool, but acts only partially on the vegetable substance, cotton; so that by the residuum the fact is readily ascertained.

New Gas. A company has been formed at Berlin of chemists and capitalists, to supply that city with gas procured from the excremental matters of every description, which are now taken to the environs and used as manure. This government have not yet given their permission for the commencement of the undertaking; but they have promised to do so, on the company being answerable that no offensive smell shall be allowed to escape from their gas-pipes.

Learning. Learning raises up against us many enemies amongst the low, and more among the powerful; yet does it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and confers on us a largeness of beatitude. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy, by anticipation, somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter, of sailing on a wish from world to world. [Landor.]

From the (Batavia) People's Press.

POLITICAL ANTI-MASONRY. From every quarter of the state, we have the same current of information and expression. The people, ashamed of the leaders in this crusade, and surprised at their own credulity in believing that perjured traitors and worthless speculators, who could sell their consciences and friendships, and, like their proper prototype, betray their nearest and most valuable friend and benefactor with a kiss, for private gain, should be more patriotic and trustworthy than the great founder of our republic and his immortal compeers, have paused, and that pause has been fatal to political anti-masonry.

It is perfectly natural that men who should so far lose their reason, whether through just or unreasonable resentment, as to place Solomon Southwick, Henry F. Yates, David C. Miller, and the rest of the clan of Judas like speculators, before Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lafayette, Jackson, Clinton, and Tompkins, and believe, for any length of time that these great fathers and protectors of their country, and benefactors of their species, were either fools or knaves, and that the superiour discernment and patriotism of the modern worthies had discovered and exposed their follies or their villainies, should upon a short interval of reflection, discover the utter absurdity of such an opinion, and be ashamed that they had ever entertained it.

But there has been, for two years past, such a monstrous opinion currently prevailing among the most heated portion of the people; and we have often heard it said, that Southwick was a much greater man, and purer patriot, and benefactor, than Washington; and that Clinton and Jackson were murderers outright!

To put a stop to the rage of political anti-masonry, nothing has ever been necessary but for those who had been wrought up by their own feelings of resentment, aided by the unceasing outcry of the interested speculators in almanacks, or offices, to have time to examine their own opinions, and see how grossly ridiculous they are. They have never had time to do this till since the last fall election; that being naturally the point to which all political anti-masonry looked for rewards, and honours, and notoriety, and importance, to start upon. All the preases and all the bawlers concerned in the speculation were of course kept in full blast; and so loud and so violent was the din, that no man in this unhappy region, could hear himself speak or think. "Go the whole hog," was bawled and beat into the people with so much energy, that they scarcely knew whether they were going for "the whole hog," or with a "swinish multitude." When this din was over, because the blowers were out of breath, or had something else to attend to;—

some ceasing because they had got into office, and some because they had failed—so much of a calm had happened per force, that men could not help thinking and looking about them. This was all that was necessary to cure the mania; and this is already nearly effected. We give several extracts from papers in different sections of the state to show this fact.

VERMONT. Agreeably to public notice, a large number of masons, and others opposed to the present anti-masonick excitement, met at the court house in this village, last week on Tuesday. Deacon SETH STORRS, of Middlebury was called to the chair, and PHILLIP C. TUCKER, esq. was appointed secretary. After prayer by Rev. J. C. Green, an address was read, expressive of the sense of the convention and bearing the signatures of a committee of thirty citizens of this county. This address declares, that the first degree of masonry enjoins the precepts of the Gospel, pledges the candidate to allegiance to his country, and to practice all the relative duties of parent, neighbour, and citizen. It denies that there is anything in the higher degrees, which require or sanction the taking the life of an offending member—which enforces the support of a brother, "right or wrong"—which authorizes or countenances the interference of the lodge in political questions; or that there is any thing in the ceremonies of the craft, of an impious character. The address examines and denies all the principal charges alleged against the fraternity, by anti-masons; and is to be given to the public in a pamphlet, with the names of the committee, who avouch for its entire truth.

An address, substantially confirming the above, was made by Dr. Allen; and speeches were heard from S. Haight and P. C. Tucker, esqrs., after which, the business of the convention was closed with a prayer. [Vt. American.]

ANTI-MASONICK OUTRAGES. As a fitting commentary on the whining paragraphs of the Anti-masonick Enquirer about "masonick violence" at the late town meetings, it may be mentioned that one of the anti-masonick bullies who then distinguished himself for his violence at the polls, a few days since committed a brutal and unprovoked assault on a respectable citizen, because the latter had expressed some opinion in opposition to the schemes of the political anti-masons. The anti-masonick ruffian was arrested, tried by a court of special sessions, and properly fined for his brutality. The anti-masons have been the aggressors in every breach of the peace committed for some time past in this quarter. They will, however, find themselves mistaken if they attempt to retrieve their political defeat by a resort to fists. [Rochester Republican.]

Southwickiana. The Whitehall Republican says that Solomon Southwick has lately been in that quarter and returned home with a FLEA in his ear. The flea must have had the worst of it. [N. Y. M. Courier.]

Contents of the Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences, No. 12, for March. *Essays and Cases*—Observations on Fever and other Diseases of the South and West; Cases illustrating the efficacy of Paraceticism, in Abscesses of the Pleura, 1. A case of Empyema successfully treated by Paraceticism; 2. An account of a case of Empyema consequent upon Measles, cured by Paraceticism; 3. Notes of a case of Empyema from Chronic Pleurisy, in which the operation gave relief; Notes of a case of imitative Neuralgic affection, occasioned by Mercury; A sketch of the life and character of Dr. Thomas Hinde. *Miscellaneous Intelligence*.—I. Analæctick—Blisters in the early stages of Measles, Mr. Lizar's method of Amputation, Mercury, Treatment of Dropsies, Puerperal Insanity, Cases of Tetanus with Inflammation of the Spinal chord, Difference of the Blood in the Veins and Capillary Vessels, Cure of White Swelling by Frictions of Iodine, Extirpation of the Uterus, On the Congestion of the Blood, On the Diseases of the Kidneys and Ureters. On the use of Circular Ligatures in Intermittents. On Certain methods of treating Chronic Inflammations of the Eye, Remedy for Opacity of the Cornea, Signs of Drowning. II. Analytical—Removal of Loose substances from the Knee Joint, Acetate of Ammonia in Uterine Diseases, Hydrocyanite of Iron in Epilepsy and Chorea, Amputation—Circular and Flap Operation: Spina Bifida, Graduates of Transylvania University, Graduates of the Medical College of Ohio.

MARRIED,

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Weed, colonel JOEL RATHBONE, of the house of Heermans, Rathbone & Co. to Miss EMELINE MUNN, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. JOHN PEMBERTON to Miss CLARISSA L. HENRY, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ferris, captain WILLIAM G. FRY to Miss SARAH S. SOUTHWICK, all of this city.

On the 22nd ult. by the Rev. Mr. Welch, Mr. SAMUEL T. PARENT to Miss MARY ANN CASSIDY, all of this city.

At Norwich, Chenango county, Mr. RALPH JOHNSON, junior editor of the Norwich Journal, to Miss MARY RANDALL.

JOB PRINTING,

Of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed on moderate terms, at the office of the American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine, No. 3, Beaver street, one door west of South Market-street, Albany.

POETRY.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

THE VICAR.

A SECOND EVERY-DAY CHARACTER.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle:
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you; you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady lay her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses:
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them;
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses;
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords and nurses,
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban;
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking:
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of Fever smiled
The welcome, which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learned the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ genus:
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in;

And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more;
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
Hic jacet
GULIELMUS BROWN,
Vir nulla non donandus laura.

From "Weeds and Wild Flowers," by the author of "Pelham"

KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis midnight—round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream—
The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,
Delirious, yet divine—to know!
Around to roam, above to aspire,
And drink the breath of Heaven below!

From ocean, earth, the stars, the sky,
To lift mysterious Nature's pall,
And bare before the kindling eye
In man the darkest mist of all—
Alas! what boots the midnight oil?
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh! vague the hope and vain the toil
Which only leave us doubly blind!

What learn we from the Past?—the same
Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom!
I asked the Future—and there came
No voice from its unfathomed womb,
The sun was silent, and the wave;
The earth replied but with a breath;
But earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—*Death!*

And this was all; we need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth;
O fools! o'er wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden youth!
In silence wildly do we seek
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The spirits drooping on their wing.

Even now my wandering eyes survey
The glass to youthful glance so dear!
What deepening tracks of slow decay
Exhausting thought has graven here!
To think, is but to learn to groan,
To scorn what all beside adores,
To feel amid the world alone,
An alien on a desert shore,
To loose the only ties which seem
To idler gaze in mercy given!
To find love, faith, and hope a dream,
And turn to dark despair from Heaven!

THE STORM PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Pietro Muller was called Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms. "His compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempest and darkness, fired by lightning on the mountain waves and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom.

See Lanzi's History of Painting, translated by Roscoe.

Midnight! and silence deep!
The air is filled with sleep,
With the stream's whisper, and the citron's breath;
The fixed and solemn stars
Gleam through my dungeon-bars—
Wake, rushing winds! this breezeless calm is death!
Ye watch-fires of the skies!
The stillness of your eyes
Looks too intensely through my troubled soul;
I feel this weight of rest
An earth-load on my breast—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and dark clouds roll!

I am your own, your child,
O ye, the fierce and wild
And kingly tempests! Will ye not arise?
Hear the bold Spirit's voice,

That knows not to rejoice,
But in the peal of your strong harmonies!

By sounding Ocean-waves,
And dim Calabrian caves,
And flashing torrents, I have been your mate;
And with the rocking pines
Of the olden Apennines,
In your dark path stood fearless and elate!
Your lightnings were as rods
That smote the deep abodes
Of thought within me, and the stream gushed free;
Come, that my soul again
May swell to burst its chain—
Bring me the musick of the sweeping sea!

Within me dwells a flame,
An eagle caged and tame,
Till called forth by the harping of the blast;
Then is its triumph's hour,
It springs to sudden power,
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.

Then, then, the canvass o'er,
With hurried hand I pour
The lava floods and gusts of my own soul;
Kindling to fiery life
Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife;—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and dark clouds roll!

Wake, rise! the reed may bend,
The trembling leaf descend,
The forest branch give way before your might;
But I, your strong compeer,
Call, summon, wait you here—
Answer, my spirit answer! Storm and Night!

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Two line letters—Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, Pearl.

Full face capitals—Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion.

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Italics—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Two line Brevier, and Two line Nonpareil.

Texts—Double Small Pica.

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Open Blacks—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer.

Shaded letters—Six line Pica ornamented, Two line Brevier and Two line Nonpareil double shade; Two line Nonpareil meridian shade Double Great Primer, Two line Brevier, Two line Nonpareil, and One line Brevier, single shade; Two line Minion and Two line Pearl italic single shade; Double Small Pica roman, and One line Brevier italic Antique shaded.

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STARR & LITTLE.

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THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD

AT NO. 3, BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1829.

NO. 16.

MASONICK RECORD.

PROTEST OF UTICA LODGE.

The committee of Utica Lodge, No. 270, to whom was referred a circular from Ontario county, recommending the return of charters, &c., presented the following report and resolution, which were unanimously adopted and ordered to be published:—

The committee report that they have given the subject referred to them their most deliberate consideration; and that while they appreciate the spirit of conciliation that has prompted the course adopted by some of their brethren at the west, and are ready to acknowledge the importance and obligation to make every proper and reasonable sacrifice to satisfy honest prejudice and restore harmony to a disturbed community, they are constrained nevertheless to believe that no policy can be salutary in its consequences that requires the surrender of any portion of constitutional liberty. In a country like ours of equal rights, opinion should be left free as air, and every attempt, by coercive means to force one part of community to conform their sentiments to that of another, your committee confidently believe must be viewed as an invasion of personal rights against which they feel bound to remonstrate in the most solemn manner; for all experience confirms the truth, that concessions to unjust demands but stimulates to the making of further and more arbitrary exactions. The spirit of intolerance and oppression cannot be propitiated to moderation and forbearance by the most abject submission. It can only be disarmed and rendered harmless by a fearless and manly resistance.

"The excitement" which at the west originated in the unlawful abduction of an individual, and which has been continued, not for the purpose of vindicating the violated laws of the land, but to minister to unchastened ambition of political demagogues, has excited our deepest solicitude; and we would cheerfully adopt any measures, compatible with self respect and our obligations to the cause of truth, that furnished a reasonable prospect of allaying it. But can such a desirable result be accomplished by surrendering the charters of masonick lodges? We honestly believe it can not. How has the experiment been received? Instead of satisfying the *leaders* of the anti-masonick party, instead of being met by them in a spirit of amity and conciliation, it has been seized on as an occasion to exhibit increased malignity and abuse: the vials of wrath have been opened anew, and anti-masonick vituperation has astounded our ears with its violence. The motives of those who had made the "peace offering," have been misrepresented and their conduct vilified, rendering it perfectly evident that the persecutors of masons, will not be satisfied with any measure that, in spirit of regard for the public peace, they may think it expedient to adopt. To the great body of the people engaged in the excitement, we do not ascribe any selfish or improper motive; but it is evident that they are misdirected by more cunning and unprincipled men, who feeling indifferent to the destruction or continuance of masonry, are striving to gain *political power*, by exciting the prejudices of the public against an institution, whose principles are worthy to be engraven on the hearts of all mankind, and which the virtuous and the good of every age have avowed and cherished. The clamorous leaders of anti-masonry care not whether we meet in lodges or chapters. It is not the institution of masonry that they are contending against. That is merely the *pretence—political power the object*. The abominable scenes exhibited in France during the revolution were acted in the sacred name of liberty. There too concessions were demanded of christians; and when the clergy, oppressed by intolerance, were willing to shut up their churches and abstain from performing the sacred ceremonies of religion, it did not appease the vengeance of their persecutors. Nothing would satisfy, but their renouncing the *principles* of their religion and becoming thorough going *Jacobites*. It is just so with the leaders of anti-masonry; giving up of charters and abstaining from attending lodges, will not satisfy them; they require masons to renounce their *principles*, and to become thorough-going *political* anti-masons. When members of

the fraternity can consent to such a course then indeed will they deserve the opprobrium that is now cast upon them; then will corruption stalk abroad in our land, and the temple of our liberty rock to its foundation.

The opponents of our institution constitute a discordant and heterogeneous association—there, among the most active may be seen an individual scoffing at all religion, and openly avowing his disbelief in the existence of a Supreme Being—here, another, whose profligate life has made him the object of public notoriety and condemnation—and then again, in close communion with these, another appears, who, with frontless and blasphemous impudence, declares that "anti-masonry emanated from the throne of God." From such a combination the publick must turn with aversion. Submission to its requirements can never meet the sanction of publick approbation.

It is not the voice of the people, but the voice of a faction that asks the destruction of masonry. The people seek only the punishment of the guilty, they do not require us to abandon what we honestly believe to be right, and embrace what we know to be wrong. It is a political faction that seeks to confound the innocent with the guilty, and would keep alive a war of indiscriminate proscription. Let offended justice call over the catalogue of human institutions, religious as well as moral, and should any be found whose members have not offended against the majesty of the laws, then will the officers and members of this lodge most cordially join in the opinion that the publick voice does most emphatically call upon us for the surrender of our charter and our funds.

But it is against the *principles* of the institution that anti-masons profess to be contending. Is there a mason who can honestly say he believes them dangerous or corrupt? We fearlessly answer No. Masonry inculcates only "peace on earth and good will towards men." She knows nothing of the immoral principles which anti-masonry has charged upon her; and we solemnly declare that its principles and precepts are all strictly in accordance with that unerring word, which we all profess to believe should be the standard of human actions. The most eminent christians, the most distinguished philanthropists, and the most enlightened statesmen have been members of the masonick fraternity. They have borne their testimony to the purity of its principles; and we appeal to the sober judgment of the people to say whether their evidence and their examples ought to be disregarded. That members of the masonick fraternity should violate the principles of the order and commit crime is deeply to be regretted, but it cannot excite the surprise of any one who understands the discrepancy that frequently is exhibited between the professed principles and practice of members of all other societies. While therefore, your committee do not hesitate to express a just abhorrence for the crimes committed by members of the fraternity, they feel bound by their love of truth to declare that they are no more chargeable upon the principles of the institution, than are those which have been committed by christians, upon the principles of their sacred religion. Masonry inculcates love to God, and justice to all mankind; and believing as your committee do, that its support is calculated to promote the best interests of society, they cannot refrain from expressing their regret, that any portion of their brethren should have deemed it expedient to withdraw their connexion from the institution, and from manifesting their determination peacefully to adhere to it through good and through evil report.

Therefore, Resolved, that we deem it inexpedient for masonick lodges to return their charters.

E. S. COZIER,
WILLIAM B. GRAY,
JOHN BAXTER,
IRA CHASE,

} Committee.

Utica, May, 1829.

DANGER OF POPULAR EXCITEMENTS.

From the (Middlebury, Vt.) National Standard

Anti-masons affect so firmly to believe that Morgan was murdered, that the man who dares to express any doubt on the subject, is at once looked upon by them as dishonest. His integrity, how well soever it may have been established,

is now questioned. This, however is not strange. It is always so with fanatics; they never wait for proof of what they are predisposed to believe. It is enough, if some of their leaders will merely assert, that they have no doubt of the fact, and when they go so far as to produce the affidavit of some nameless person—a mere *blank* deposition, stating that some renegade said so, the question is, in their view settled, although the man who is pretended to have said so, is admitted to be an infamous scoundrel, who would not be credited in any court of justice.

We recollect at the time Stephen and Jesse Boorn were charged with the murder of Russel Colvin, in Manchester, in this state, some years ago, the feelings of the people in that section were so excited against the Boorns, that a man who expressed a belief in their innocence of the crime charged upon them, or a desire for their acquittal, was considered unworthy of confidence or respect and was even threatened with violence. The developement of some particular circumstances went so far to justify the previous suspicions of their guilt, and raised such an excitement against them, that they were convicted in the minds of their neighbours even before a trial could be had. The people in that vicinity were so well convinced that Colvin had been murdered and that the Boorns were the perpetrators of the crime, their only anxiety seemed to be, to bring upon them the sentence of the law by the decision of a judicial tribunal. To effect this, and to secure the testimony of one Merrill, a notorious scoundrel, who was at the time confined in jail with the Boorns, under bonds to await his trial on a charge of crime, and who pretended that the Boorns had confessed to him their guilt, a number of that place had become so excited as voluntarily to become his bail, for that purpose. He did testify against them and then fled into the state of New York, where he was shortly after convicted of other crimes and was sentenced to the states prison for life, six months of which, to be in solitary confinement. And yet upon the testimony of this wretch, the conviction of the Boorns no doubt depended, more than upon any other. We mention this fact merely to show what effect an excitement in the publick mind can produce, and how far people may be led astray under the influence of a heated imagination. The Boorns, it will be recollected, were both sentenced to be hung. The punishment of death, as to one of them, was however subsequently commuted by the Legislature of this State, for that of states prison for life, and he was actually put into the prison at Windsor and remained there nearly a year. But before the day appointed for the execution of the other, Colvin was found alive, and by the vigilance and humanity of the city council of New York, was brought to Manchester, having been absent and supposed by his neighbours to have been dead, about seven years. These are facts which ought to teach men to be cautious how they act in times in popular excitement. The circumstances which gave rise to and supported the suspicions that the Boorns had killed Colvin, were much stronger than any that have appeared to show that Morgan has been murdered. And should he yet be found alive, (and we are not without our belief that he may) it would be far less wonderful than the finding of Colvin. For Colvin could have had no possible motive of self-interest in absenting himself; whereas it is evident, that Morgan could have devised no way by which to effect the sale of his book, so well as by his absence under such circumstances as to render it probable that he had fallen a sacrifice to the publication he had made. Again we say his murder is not so probable as was that of Colvin, because, even under all the excitement which has prevailed in New-York, and with the most vigilance exertions of the officers of the government aided by one who has been appointed for that special purpose, no circumstances have been yet found sufficient to induce even an *anti-masonick jury* to convict any person of the crime; whereas the circumstances relating to the disappearance of Russel Colvin, were such as to induce a jury of twelve men on oath, and honestly no doubt, to pronounce two of their fellow citizens guilty of murdering him, and yet he was afterwards found alive.

Let anti-masons who are disposed to charge those with incredulity and dishonesty, who refuse to admit or believe that Morgan has been murdered by masons, until evidence of the fact is produced, pause a little and reflect on these

things. That an outrage was committed upon his person in his abduction, an outrage no less against the principles of masonry than against the laws of the land, we are free to admit, as well as to censure, and hope and trust those who were engaged in it, will be made to suffer the punishment due to their crimes. But we have no wish to see the innocent suffer for the misdeeds of the guilty.

CELEBRATIONS.

The anniversary of St John the Baptist will be celebrated on the 24th of June next, at the Masonick Hall in the village of Greenville, Greene county. Neighbouring lodges, and brethren generally, are invited to attend.

AARON BUTLER, SYLVESTER GUILD, ANDREW LAKE, EZRA HEALY, JOHN FOOT, JOHN SMITH.	} Committee of Arrangements.
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Greenville, April 14, 1829.

The Festival of St John the Baptist will be celebrated in Dayton, Ohio, on the 24th June next. At the same time Unity Chapter will be installed. Members of the masonic fraternity are respectfully invited to attend.

INSTALLATION.

The consecration of Minerva Lodge, No. 96, and the installation of its officers took place in Miamiesburgh, Ohio, on Saturday the 9th of May.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

NEW-YORK.

Officers of *Plattsburgh Encampment of Knights Templars*, in Plattsburgh, Clinton county, elected April 17, 1829:—

William F. Haile, Grand Commander; John Bleecker, Generalissimo; Samuel Emery, Captain General; St. J. B. L. Skinner, Prelate; Winslow C. Watson, Senior Warden; R. Fitzgerald, Junior Warden; Roswell Wait, Treasurer; George W. Hicks, Recorder; Hiram Wood, Standard Bearer; William H. Morgan, Sword Bearer; Chester Bliss, Warder; H. Carter, A. Wooster, and E. B. Jones, Captains of Guards; M. M'Dermott, Sentinel.

Officers of *Kingsford Lodge*, No. 20, in Kingston, Ulster county, for 1829:—

John Van Buren, Master; Hiram Green, Senior Warden, Lewis Mason, Junior Warden; Pierce Catlin, Treasure; Martin Miner, Secretary; Hiram Dubois, Senior Deacon; Joseph Cassel, Junior Deacon.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following brethren are the installed officers of the *Grand Lodge of South Carolina*, for the present year:—

Benjamin F. Hunt, Grand Master; Richard W. Cogdell, Deputy Grand Master; James Eyland, Senior Grand Warden; Henry A. Desaussure, Junior Grand Warden, Moses Holbrook, Grand Treasurer; Alexander M'Donald, Corresponding Grand Secretary; Edward Hughes, Recording Grand Secretary; Horatio G. Street, and John R. Rodgers, Senior Grand Deacons; Thomas E. Casey and James S. Burges, Junior Grand Deacons; Amity Bailly, J. C. Buxbaum, J. C. Pillars, and Joseph Moss, Grand Stewards; Samuel Rowan, Grand Marshal; A. M'Feeters, Grand Pursuivant; John Roche, Grand Tyler.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Officers of the *Grand Lodge of the State of North Carolina*, for the present year:—

Louis D. Wilson Grand Master; John Owen, Deputy Grand Master; James Grant, Senior Grand Warden; Samuel F. Patterson, Junior Grand Warden; Benjamin A. Barham, Grand Treasurer; John C. Stedman, Grand Secretary; Revs. Joseph Caldwell, Patrick W. Dowd, John Armstrong, Josiah R. Horn and Thomas P. Hunt, Grand Chaplains; Richard D. Spaight, Esak Arnold, Joseph R. Lloyd, David W. Stone, Francis Ward, John Mushat, William Davidson, Nathaniel W. Alexander, James Bozman, Edmund B. Freeman, Marshal Dickinson, Jesse H. Drake, Isaac N. Lamb, John A. Shaw, Mason L. Wiggins, George Sheldon and Edmund Jones, Grand Lecturers; William H. Hunter, Grand Senior Deacon; John G. Marshal, Grand Junior Deacon; Henry Bryan,

Grand Marshal; Lawson H. Alexander, Grand Sword Bearer; John Walker, Grand Pursuivant; John T. C. Wiatt and Dirk Lindeman, Grand Stewards; Richard W. Ashton, Grand Tyler.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute" Comus.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.

"And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing."—Genesis.

7.—SAURIOLOGY.

The Water Newt. Water, in a state of rest, over decayed and putrescent vegetable matter, is peculiarly favourable for the residence of many of the insect world. The eggs that are lodged there remain undisturbed by the agitation of the element, and the young produced from them, or deposited there by viviparous creatures, remain in quiet, tolerably secure from accidental injuries; but there are natural causes which render these apparent asylums the field of revenousness and of death. To these places resort many of those voracious insects, and other creatures which prey upon the smaller and helpless; for all created things seem subordinate to some more powerful or irresistible agents, from the hardly visible atom that floats in the pool, to man, who claims and commands the earth as his own. But we have no animal that seems to commit greater destruction in these places than the common newt (*lacertus aquaticus*). In some of these well-stored magazines, this reptile will grow to a large size, and become unusually warty, and bloated with repletion; feeding and fattening upon the unresisting beings that abound in those dark waters wherein it loves to reside. It will take a worm from the hook of those that angle in ponds; and in some places the boys in the spring of the year may be seen drawing them up by fishing lines, a very extraordinary figure, having a small shell-fish (*tellina cornea*) attached to one or all of its feet; the toes of the newt having been accidentally introduced into the gaping shell, in its progress on the mud at the bottom of the pool, or designedly put in for the purpose of seizure, when the animal inhabitant closed the valves and entrapped the toes. But, from whatever cause these shells became fixed, when the animal is drawn up hanging and wriggling with its toes fettered all round, it affords a very unusual and strange appearance.

8.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

Migrations of Salmon. The common salmon (*salmo salar*) leaves the sea, and ascends the river throughout the summer season. Having reached the suitable station, it pairs, and, in company, proceeds to excavate a furrow in a gravelly bed of the shallow or running water, at the top or bottom of the deeper pools. Into this furrow the milt and roe are simultaneously deposited and covered. This occupation occupies nearly a fortnight. The eggs sometimes amount to 20,000. When the fish have spawned, or become kelts, they betake themselves to the deep pools, and then proceed to the sea, the males commencing the journey earlier than the females. Their favourite food in the sea is the sand eel. The fry leave the spawning groove about March, retire to pools, and proceed, according to circumstances, in myriads along the easy water, at the margin of the river, with their heads against the stream, until they reach the tide in the estuary, where, like the kelts, which frequently go down at the same time, they retire to the deepest part of the channel, and disappear in the sea. These samlets, smoults, or smouts, are regarded by many as re-appearing in the estuaries a few months afterwards in the character of grises, or from three to nine pounds weight, according to the lateness of the season.

9.—MAZOLOGY.

The Hedge Hog. Notwithstanding all the persecutions from prejudice and wantonness to which the hedge hog (*Erinaceus Europæus*) is exposed, it is yet common with us; sleeping by day in a bed of leaves and moss, under the cover of a very thick bramble or furze bush, and at times in some hollow

stump of a tree. It creeps out in the summer evenings; and, running about with more agility than its dull appearance promises, feeds on dew-worms and beetles, which it finds among the herbage, but retires with trepidation at the approach of man. In the autumn, crabs, haws, and the common fruits of the hedge constitute its diet. In the winter, covering itself deeply in moss and leaves, it sleeps during the severe weather; and, when drawn out of its bed, scarcely any thing of the creature is to be observed, it exhibiting only a ball of leaves, which it seems to attach to its spines by repeatedly rolling itself round its nest. Thus comfortably invested, it suffers little from the season. Some strong smell must proceed from this animal, as we find it frequently with our sporting dogs, even in this state; and every village boy with his cur detects the haunt of the poor hedge-hog, and as assuredly worries and kills him. Killing every thing, and cruelty, are the common vices of the ignorant, and unresisting innocence becomes the ready victim to prejudice or power. The snake, the blind-worm, and the toad, are all indiscriminately destroyed as venomous animals whenever found; and it is well for the last mentioned poor animal, which Boyle says "lives on poison, and is all venom," if prolonged sufferings do not finish its being; but even we, who should know better, yet give rewards for the wretched urchin's head! that very ancient prejudice of its drawing milk from the udders of resting cows being still entertained, without any consideration of its impracticability from the smallness of the hedge hog's mouth; and so deeply is this character associated with the name, that we believe no argument would persuade to the contrary, or remonstrance avail with our idle boys, to spare the life of this most harmless and least obtrusive creature in existence. Hedge hogs were formerly an article of food; but this diet was pronounced to be dry, and not nutritive, "because he putteth forth so many prickles." All plants producing thorns, or tending to any roughness, were considered to be of a drying nature; and upon this foundation, the ashes of the hedge hog were administered as a "great desiccative of fistulas."

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

ANCIENT INK.

Lamp-black, or the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from the furnaces and baths, according to Pliny and others, formed the basis of the ink used by old writers. It has also been conjectured, that the black liquor of the cuttle-fish was frequently employed. Of whatever ingredients made, it is certain from chemical analysis, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscripts, and from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears like a thick oil, that the ink then was made much more opaque, as well as encaustick, than what is used at present. Inks, red, purple, and blue, and also gold and silver inks, were much used—the red was made from vermilion, cinnabar, and carmine; the purple from the *murex*; one sort of which, named the purple encaustick, was set apart for the emperours. Golden ink was used by the Greeks much more than by the Romans. The manufacture, both of it and of silver ink, was a distinct and extensive, as well as lucrative business in the middle ages; and another distinct business was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatick words, in coloured and gold or silver inks.

A NEW POISON.

A combination of the basis of Prussick acid (Cyanogene) with Chlorine, has lately been discovered by Mons. Serullas, who has given it the name of Perchloride of Cyanogene. It is a white crystallized salt, the solubility of which is greater in warm than in cold water; when thus dissolved there is a mutual decomposition of the salt and the water. Its solubility in alcohol and ether is considerable. It evaporates at a temperature greater than that of boiling water—its vapours irritate the fauces and the eyes, and its odour is perfectly similar to that of mice. One grain dissolved in alcohol put down the throat of a rabbit killed the animal instantaneously.

BIOGRAPHY.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

From *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains*.

Theophile-Malo-Corret de la Tour d'Auvergne was a hero of a peculiar order: perhaps the annals of war in all times and in all countries do not afford another example of the kind. He was simple, generous, and disinterested; the sensibility of his feelings was equal to the daringness of his courage; his temperament was as proud as it was gentle; in short his noble character was full of sterling greatness. Descended from a bastard branch of the house of Bouillon, he bore the same name as Turenne, and in many points resembled him. The same countenance, the same prudence, the same bravery: But Turenne was beaten, changed sides, and served Spain. La Tour d'Auvergne was always considered a conqueror, faithful to his country, lived and died under the national banners. Born at Cashiax, in the department of the Finisterre, the 23d of November 1743, he entered the service in 1767; was made captain in 1779, in the regiment of Angoumois; and served, in 1782, as a volunteer in the war of America. He was, at the siege of Mahon, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Crillon, who commanded the Spanish army. He was offered the command of corps: but he refused it. Always the first in the onset, the last in retreat, he was seen one day to take up a wounded soldier on his shoulders and carry him into the rear, and return and take his place in the broken ranks, where he fought till the affair in which he was engaged was successfully carried. The King of Spain offered him a sum of money by way of recompense for this action. A crown or a statue, the sole reward of deeds of this kind, would have been decreed to him by the republics of antiquity. When the French Revolution broke out, La Tour d'Auvergne was 50 years of age, and lived retired on a moderate pension. The ardent generosity of his character led him to hail with rapture the promises of liberty which it held out, and he was one of the first to range himself under the tri-coloured flag. He served as captain of Grenadiers; and in 1792 commanded eight thousand grenadiers of the army of Spain, though he would not accept of the title of General. La Tour taught the infantry to avail themselves of the bayonet, at that time neglected, but which since has decided many battles in favour of the French. He exposed his life every day: the cannon respected it—his hat and clothes were riddled with balls, and yet he received no wound. He distinguished himself especially in the retreat of Ustaritz, at the taking of St. Sebastian, and of a battery, on the opposite bank of Bidassoa. He led the advance-guard, and always filled the troops he led on with such enthusiasm, that this column, called the *Inferral*, frequently decided the fortune of the day before the main body of the army was set in motion. It is impossible to record here all the traits of bravery which are told of him. In the affair of Andaye, he was seen to go up, singlehanded, to a church, standing alone in the country, where the enemy had taken refuge, and break open the door with an axe. After the peace of Bale, he was going by sea to Brittany, where he was taken by the English, fighting with the national cockade tied on the hilt of his sword. He remained a year in prison; after which he returned to France to reside at Passy, near Paris; where he employed his leisure in antiquarian studies until the time when the war was rekindled.

He then set out for the army of Helvetia, commanded by Massena, as a substitute for the son of his friend Lebrigitant, who had been drawn a conscript, and displayed his usual valour. It was at this time that he received the honourable title of "First Grenadier of France," and the solemn present of a sabre; he still, however, refused the pension attached to this military distinction. This noble and persevering disinterestedness had something of the antique about it, which raised him in his own estimation. He refused to wear his sabre of honour, until he had, as he said to some of his comrades, "given the enemy a near view of it."

La Tour d'Auvergne took service again in the 46th demi-brigade, in the army of the Rhine; and was slain 27th June 1800, at the battle of Neubourg. He was advancing in the front rank, sword in hand, when a hulan ran a lance right through his heart. His funeral and his tomb were worthy of him; his body was buried on the field of honour, and branches of oak and laurel marked the place. As they were committing him to the grave, a grenadier turned his body over and said—"he never turned his back in his life, and he shall not do it in his grave." The orator and the oration were worthy of the occasion. On the spot where he fell, a cenotaph was erected with this inscription—"To the memory of Latour d'Auvergne, First Grenadier of France, slain on the 27th June, 1800." General Dessoles rendered a still more glorious homage to his memory; he ordered that his place in the regiment should remain vacant, and that his name should always remain on the muster-roll of his company; and that when it was called some one should answer, "*Dead on the field of battle.*" His heart was embalmed, and carried at the head of the regiment by the first sergeant; a new kind of honour, of which even antiquity affords no example. Lebrigitant, the friend of Latour d'Auvergne, had inspired him with a taste for Celtic antiquities. During his abode at Passy, the First Grenadier of the Republic composed a Glossary of forty-five languages, a "French and Celtic Dictionary," and a treatise on the Origin of the Gauls. This last work, the only one he published, is distinguished by a profound erudition, an indefatigable perseverance, but perhaps a too great boldness of hypothesis. Traits of courage and noble actions abound in the life of this extraordinary man. Disinterested and modest, like one of his celebrated contemporaries, the learned Anquetil du Perron, he supported poverty with rare courage, and preferred it to an opulence which might have corrupted the simplicity of his life. The Minister of War offered him four hundred crowns on his return from England. he took one hundred and twenty francs, and said, "If I have further occasion I will come again." He carried into a camp Spartan sobriety. He refused the presents of the Prince du Bouillon, as he refused those of the King of Spain and the first Consul Napoleon. He always preserved his republican frankness and dignity. "I offer you my credit," said one of the representatives of the people. "I accept it." "Well then, do you want a regiment?" "No, I want a pair of shoes."

THE GATHERER.

ANCIENT MANNERS,

REGAL AND COURTLY.

Henry the Second, King of England, and his Chancellor, Thomas a Becket, riding together through the streets of London, observed a beggar shivering with cold. The King said to Becket, "Would it not be good to give that poor creature a warm garment?" "Assuredly," replied Becket; "and your benevolence in proposing to clothe him more comfortably is most laudable." "Then he shall have one," said Henry, seizing the skirts of the Chancellor's coat, which was of fine scarlet cloth, lined with ermine. The royal hand pulled violently—the Chancellor held fast his garment with equal vigour, till both had almost tumbled from their steeds. The Chancellor at length yielded, and the beggar, ignorant of the quality of the donor, received the fine coat in astonishment at the gift.

MINISTERIAL INGENUITY.

When the important fortress of Oczakow was taken by storm, by the Russians, under Suwaroff, in 1788, the Turkish ministers, whose intrigues had two years before occasioned the declaration of war against Russia, and who therefore sought in their reports to extenuate the losses of the Turkish armies, assured Abdul Hamid, that it was not Great, but merely Little Oczakow, of which the enemy had made themselves masters. Abdul Hamid gave implicit credit to the egregious falsehood. One day, riding *incognito* through the streets of Constantinople, he met with a mutilated soldier who had belonged to the garrison of Oczakow, crawling along the streets, and begging from house

to house. The soldier recognized the Sultan. "Most magnanimous Sultan!" cried he, "I was wounded at the taking of Oczakow, while fighting for religion and for thee; and now no one cares about me, so that I am almost perishing with hunger." "It was at Little Oczakow, I suppose, that thou wast wounded?" "What sayest thou, Commander of the Faithful! there is neither a Little nor a Great Oczakow—there is but one—and that one is in the hands of the infidel Moscovites." The Sultan, enraged at having been thus duped by his ministers, sent some of them into exile, and ordered others to be beheaded.

THE LINES OF A GOOD JUDGE.

Extract from lord Bacon's speech in the common pleas, to Sir Richard Hutton, when he was called to be one of the judges of that court, March 3, 1617—14 Jac. I.

1. A judge, in maintaining the laws of the realm, should be rather *heart strong* than *head strong*.
2. He should draw his learning out of his books and not out of his brains.
3. He should mix well the *freedom* of his own opinion, with the *reverence* of opinions of his fellows.
4. He should continue the *studying* of his books, and not spend upon the old stock.
5. He should fear *no man's face*, and yet not turn *stoutness* into *bravery*.
6. He should be *truly impartial*, and not so, as men may see *affection* through *fine carriage*.
7. He should be a *light* to *jurors*, to open their eyes, but not a *guide* to lead them by the nose.
8. He should not affect the *opinion* of pregnancy and expedition, by an impatient and catching hearing of *counsellors* at the bar.
9. He should speak with *gravity*, as one of the *sages* of the law, and not be *talkative*, nor with impertinent *flying* out to show learning.
10. He should contain the *jurisdiction* of the court within the ancient meet-stones, without removing the mark.
11. Lastly, He should carry such an hand over his *ministers* and *clerks*, as that they may rather be in awe of him, than presume upon him.

COTTON.

The following extract from "A Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade," by John Houghton, F.R.S.—A. D. 1701, London, shows the small beginning from which one of the most extensive, lucrative, and still increasing manufactures, that of Cotton, took its rise:

The chief use of *raw-cotton* in those kingdoms is to put into inkhorns to imbibe the ink, and there keep it from spilling. This being universal, I presume spends a great deal, although at first sight one would no more think it, than they would that pins should be the chief consumption of copper, which is affirmed.

Another use is quilting of clothes, this lying between the outside and lining.

Another use is to put into rectified spirits, to try if they be proof; for if they burn till the cotton takes fire, it is approved on, as well as if it had been gunpowder.

But of late, since we put over wine in flasks with oil on them, there is a great consumption of cotton to take the oil off.

Cotton is spun into yarn of all sizes—and there are also made from it all sorts of calicoes, with muslins, and sail-cloth, and bale-cloth, with threads, tapes, cords and ropes of all sizes; as to which *manufactures*, most of them come from abroad; but we manufacture a great deal here, particularly we spin *wick* for *candles* and *lamps*, that burn with oil or spirits; and this I presume consumes a great deal of cotton, for 'tis almost universal, although some few make wicks with coarse hemp, and some use silver wire.

GIVING THE LIE.

The great affront of giving the lie arose from the phrase 'thou liest,' in the oath taken by the defendant in judicial combats, before engaging, when charged with any crime by the plaintiff; and Francis the First of France, to make current his giving the lie to the emperor, Charles the Fifth, first stamped it with infamy, by saying, in a solemn assembly, that he was no honest man that would bear the lie.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From Literary Remains of Henry Neale.

A YOUNG FAMILY.

You must know, most dear and courteous reader, that I am a bachelor; not an old one, Heaven forbid! but one of whom the ladies say. "What a pity it is that Mr. Wiggins does not marry!" The fact is, I am sole lord of my hours, and of my limbs. If I stay out late, I need neither lie nor look sulky when I get home. I need not say, "My dear Peggy, I really was the first to come away;" nor run the fearful alternative of either losing good company, or enduring a certain lecture. Besides all this, I am not surrounded by a sweet young family; but of that "anon, anon, Sir."

Having thus introduced myself to your notice, allow me to perform the same kind office for one of my friends. George Cheviot and I were school-fellows. He was neither very wise nor very rich; but he was merry, and good tempered; qualities which I could then better appreciate than the others, and which I am still heretical enough to think the most valuable of the quartette. He was moreover, "a tall fellow of his hands," and as brave as a lion; and I, I don't blush to own it, was a weak, puny chitling, and as it is called in school phraseology, wanted somebody to take my part. George, accordingly, fought my battles, while I wrote his exercises; and thus we became sworn associates. We played, and romped, and rioted together; and, like the Vicar of Wakefield's parties, what we wanted in wit we made up in laughter; which, after all, I still consider the better thing of the two.

After leaving school, we both settled in the great city, until George, who had a touch of the sentimental in his character, fell in love with, and married, a journey-woman milliner; the consequence of which was that all his friends cut him, and none of his family would go within a mile of his residence. For my own part I make it a rule to cut all my friends as soon as they get married: I do not like the transformation of a merry, frank, sociable companion, into an important family man. Neither do I like their invariable practice of laying every fault upon the shoulders of their bachelor acquaintances; for I have known more than one man, who, when rated by his amiable help-mate for his late hours, has excused himself by saying, "My dear, Mr. Wiggins would not let me come away." Notwithstanding the tenacity with which I usually adhere to this rule, I determined to make an exception in favour of poor George. His grandfather had been a butcher, and his father a master-carpenter, and it is therefore not surprising that his mother should be shocked at his demeaning himself so vastly. I, however, who have always been of opinion that, in a free country like ours, a man has a right to make a fool of himself, if he chooses, looked at the affair with different eyes, and we continued as warm and friendly as ever. Although I did not call at his house, we met at our usual place of resort; and I found less difference in George than in most of my married acquaintances. He was, nevertheless, constantly expatiating on the joys of a married life, and especially of seeing a young family growing up about you; of "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" and of watching the archness, the vivacity, and the simplicity of the pretty prattlers. One day when he was particularly eloquent on these topics, and I was as acquiescent and insincere as a man ought to be on such occasions, he extorted from me a promise to dine with him, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing him surrounded with his young family.

The appointed day arrived, and I was ushered into the presence of my friend, and his lady. She was dressed very finely, had a mincing air of gentility, and I should have thought her rather pretty, if no one had said any thing about her. In one corner of the room stood a cradle, and close by it—no matter what; socks, and caps, and ribands, were thrown about the room in "most admired disorder!" the chimney smoked; several panes of the window were broken; and three or four squalid, dirty-faced children were sprawling on the ground, and roaring very lustily. "That is a sweet little fellow, Madame," said I;—Heaven for-

give me for the lie!—pointing to a blear-eyed bloated-cheeked cupid in her arms.

It's a girl, Sir," said she, bursting into a horse laugh; "yes!" she added, patting the bloated cheek aforesaid, "and it is a girl, though he thought it was a boy, my pretty!"

"This was the commencement of my baccalaurean blunders, and the lady for some time regarded me with a contempt, which, had I mistaken her own sex could hardly have been surpassed.

To recover myself from my confusion I took a pinch of snuff; my friend and his wife begged to participate in the contents of my box, which they had no sooner done, than every obstreperous urchin in the room roared out to be allowed to do the same. This petition was followed by a half angry altercation between husband and wife, the former saying, "Oh let them, pretty dears!" and the latter, "Indeed they shall not." The cause of indulgence, however, triumphed; and every dirty pig-nose in the room, was speedily made dirtier at the expense of my black rappee. The consequences may easily be guessed; a round of sneezing, snivelling, coughing, crying, and scolding, commenced until the adventure was closed by a general wiping of eyes, and blowing of noses, throughout the apartment. For myself I did nothing but commit blunders all the while I was in the house. Now my foot was on the nose of one, and now my elbow was in the eye of another; and I could not stir an inch without being in danger of dislocating a boy's neck, or fracturing a girl's cranium. I am afraid that I shall be thought a sad barbarian, for not being rapturously fond of children; but give me a cat, say I; I can play with that as long as I please, and kick it out of the room when I am tired of it.

The announcement that dinner was ready relieved me, at least for a time, from my many miseries. While descending the stairs, George whispered in my ear, asking me if I did not think him the happiest fellow in the world, to which I replied, "My dear boy, I quite envy you." We sat down to table, and after many apologies from the lady, who hoped that I should find something to my liking, but who feared that her fare would be found but homely, as her time was so much occupied by her young family, the dishes were uncovered. Whatever the dinner might be in fact, I found that it was intended to be considered a very good, and even a handsome one. The lady, who before her marriage had lived at the west end of the town, where she made shifts,—in more senses than one,—petticoats, and mantuas, in a garret, wished to pass for a person of some taste and fashion. Accordingly, the table, instead of the ordinary viands which the Englishman delighteth to masticate, exhibited a profusion of would-be French and Italian dishes. Of these I merely counterfeited to eat, excepting one or two; among which was a fricassee, for so my hostess styled a blue looking leg of a fowl, floating in a sea of dirty lard and salt butter, and a plate of macaroni, so called, which tasted exceedingly like melted tallow. The best thing which I could get hold of, was a bottle of their Champagne, which was really very tolerable Perry. Our dinner, however, did not pass over without the usual accompaniment of much uproariousness from the room above, which the sweet young family continued to occupy, and Betty was every five minutes despatched from the dining-room to still 'the dreadful pother o'er our heads.'

Lord Byron says,—

"—a fine family's a fine thing.
Provided they don't come in after dinner."

and I agree with him; especially in the proviso. At my friend George's however, the young family was introduced with the dessert. The eldest, a wide mouthed round shouldered girl, took possession of the better half of my chair; where she amused herself the greater part of the evening by picking cherries out of my plate, and spitting the stone into it. The sweet innocent whose sex I had aspersed, filled, and well filled, the arms of mamma; and two greedy greasy boys stood one on each side of my worthy host. These contrived to entertain themselves in a variety of ways; putting their fingers into the preserves, drinking out of their father's wine-glass; eating till their stomachs were crammed to satiety, and bellowing out bravely for

more. As a variety we were occasionally treated with crying, scolding, and threats of a whipping, which operation I at one time positively expected to see performed in my presence. At length the lady and the "family" retired, and amidst boasting of his happiness on George's part, and felicitations on mine, we continued to ply the bottle. Rather to my surprise, I found that the port wine was admirable, but poor George, as I afterwards learned, had sent for two or three bottles from a neighbouring tavern for which he had paid an admirable price. After emptying the decanters on the table, I found that I had had enough, and proposed joining the interesting group up stairs. In consequence, however, of my friend being very pressing, and of my being "nothing loath," I consented that another bottle should be broached. The order to that effect being speedily communicated to Betty, she met it with the astounding reply, "There is no more, Sir." Although I told my friend that I was glad of it, and that I had drank quite sufficient, his chagrin was manifest. He assured me that although his wine cellar was exhausted, he had plenty of spirits and cigars, of which he proposed that we should immediately avail ourselves. To this, however, I positively objected, especially as I knew that the ci-devant journey-woman milliner, considered smoking ungenteel.

I have but little more to tell you; we adjourned to the tea-table, where nothing passed worthy recording. The family was again introduced, for the purpose of kissing all round, previous to their retirement to bed. "Kiss the gentleman, Amy," said the lady; "and Betty, wipe her face first; how can you take her to the gentleman in such a state!" Betty having performed this very requisite operation, I underwent the required penance from one and all, with the heroism of a martyr. Shortly afterwards I took leave of my worthy host and hostess, and experienced a heart-felt delight when I heard the door close behind me. I am not in the habit, like Sterne, of falling down on my knees in the streets, or clapping my hands with delight in a crowded highway. Still I could not help feeling, that few as were my positive causes of rejoicing, I was not devoid of some negative ones; and above all, I felicitated myself, that I was not the happiest fellow in the world; and that I had not married a journey-woman milliner; and that I was not blessed with a sweet young family; as my recent experience of the latter comfort had induced me to think that king Herod was really not quite so cruel as I had hitherto considered him."

From the Baltimore American Farmer.

THE WEDDING.

It was a fresh and balmy morning in the delightful month of May, and nature seemed to have forgotten the ravages of winter, and smiled like a young bride, decorated in the blooms of youth and beauty, and waiting to welcome the embrace of summer. The meadows were gay with luxuriant verdure; the flowers hailed the genial influence of the reviving season, and loaded the air with sweets; and the young birds, participating in the general joy, mingled their songs with the voice of the gentle zephyrs. But the beauty of nature was forgotten, the songs of the birds unheard, for Lucy Brooks was to be married that day, and every head in Alesbury was full of the important subject. The girls, in merry groupes, might be seen at every porch; discussing the various items of arrangement and making their combined preparations for the scene, forgetful of the hour of dinner; and here and there a straggling gallant reconnoitered, to see how things were going forward, or culled for a favourite fair one, a bunch of pretty flowers to decorate her hair. It seemed as though all the world fancies of happiness were that morning summed up in the glorious thought of outrivalling in gayety the gayest.

The bride, a pretty girl of seventeen, proud of the noise and bustle she was making in the village, her fine wedding dress all ready, and a bride's maid at her nod, perfectly satisfied with herself and every body else, waited with little apparent anxiety for time to bring the appointed hour. The bright dreams of a holiday life were all before her.

Lucy had always been, on more than one account, the admiration of the gay ones of the village. She was of a light, airy form, and the fine proportions of her person, and the attractive beauty of her face were always displayed to the best possible advantage. There was a peculiar neatness ever remarked in her dress; every thing about her was *becoming*, (a word which signifies much,) and it was often said that Lucy would make a delightful wife; she was so smart, so genteel, and withal so perfectly economical—a consideration of vast weight among the old fashioned people particularly, though the young, even in those days, seemed disposed to attach rather less consequence to it.

The morning preparations were succeeded by the evening's gathering; and before the sun had gone behind the high mountains that girdled the western horizon, the rural home of Farmer Brooks presented a spectacle that would have made a cold heart warm, and even age feel young again. The formal ceremonies of fashionable cities had not yet broken in upon the simplicity of early customs; and more than a score of pretty girls, in white, crowned with flowers and decorated with green, sported on the grass before the door. The bride, herself, was in the midst of them, and each with a gallant at her side. The more aged amused themselves by crowding the door and windows and looking on the sport: while all within was preparation for the wedding supper.

Many an eye then turned and turned again to the young couple, whose hearts and hands were now to be joined indissolubly. She was a beautiful bride, and her young intended husband viewed her with a look of triumph pride. He loved her because she was beautiful; because he thought her the prettiest in the village; because she was young and lively, and admired. And though still she made many an effort to be coy, and tried to put on a care-for-no-body kind of a look, a truant glance often strayed towards him, which plainly told that even if she did not admire especially his manly form, and frank and open manner, she at least loved him because he loved her.

When the all-important hour had at length arrived, the young people were called in, and the worthy squire, putting on his spectacles, performed the ceremony with all the gravity imaginable, and with a dexterity and promptness, withal, that was doubtless sharpened by the savoury smell of sundry roasted ducks and turkeys, which came cheerily from the adjoining apartment. The pretty bride and her chosen consort were pronounced man and wife; their hands were joined, and the mutual promises given without any unnecessary circumlocution. No fainting, no tears, no whimpering, a glorious kiss followed; and then, forthwith, the supper; as important a matter, in the estimation of the cool and calculating among the company, as any other.

I shall leave them there for the present, I never dare follow much further the course of things on such occasions; and at a single period pass to the counter part of the story.

I rode, a year afterwards, by a prettily situated farm-house, half secluded from view by a cluster of venerable oaks. It was the residence of Lucy and her husband; and the strong propensity I felt to see my old friend induced me to call a moment. I found her in the midst of business, though not busy. She was a wife now; and she had fallen into that most fatal error, carelessness of appearance. The floor was strewn with rubbish; every thing was out of place; she appeared perfectly slovenly in her person; and when I gazed on her, I could not but recal to mind the pretty, neat, sprightly girl that won Joe Miller's affections, and contrast her appearance with the same pretty girl, now Joe Miller's wife. She was but a year older; yet ten years less attractive. I would have given my eyes to have kissed her once, but the enchantment was gone, I wondered if her husband thought so.

I said Lucy had fallen into a sad error! and she is not the only one who has fallen into the same. Her days of courtship are over; the first young dream of love ended; unmarried and settled down in life, she had forgotten that the charms that attract love in the first instance are necessary

to retain it; she thought as she had won a husband, it was not necessary to practice any of the means by which she won him, to secure his affections.

I had been sitting but a few minutes when Joe came in and welcomed me, in his frank and cordial manner; but I saw there was a cloud upon his brow; that he felt hurt. He looked round at the wild confusion that reigned in the room, and then at her. "Lucy," said he, mildly, "I wish you would put things in a little order; I do dislike such confusion." She coloured, and leaving her seat, flitted off in a pet: Joe looked after her as she slammed the door, and gave a deep sigh, that seemed to say, "Alas! poor Joe Miller!" and from my heart I could have responded it.

The young couple had set out in life with fine prospects. Joe was an industrious, sensible, good hearted fellow as one in a hundred; and Lucy was a sweet girl. She is still pretty; but that very habit of carelessness of dress, and mismanagement in her house, has lost her a world of pleasure and satisfaction.

MISCELLANY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

WAITING FOR THE STAGE.

Is the stage coming? 'Tis already past the hour—what, in the name of patience, means such delay!—Here have I been waiting, and waiting, and waiting; out of business and out of amusement, when I ought to be pressing on at the rate of ten knots an hour. My enjoyment is about the same as that of a sheep-killing dog, that has been tied up to be kept from mischief, and, pinched with hunger, pulls at his chain, and leaps as far as its length admits, in the vain hope of escape and freedom. Nay, my case is even worse: with the dog, there is a possibility of breaking from his confinement, or at all events, he finds something to do, in striving to regain his liberty; while, here am I, in a predicament where no effort of mine will hasten my object or mend the matter in the least. Was ever mortal so afflicted? Men can bear delays and disappointment with some composure when the mind is busily employed. Set it, for instance, about some effort for removing a difficulty, and the difficulty itself will cease in a great measure to disturb. But put an obstacle in one's way, and at the same time bind him hand and foot, so as to render him incapable of stirring to get over it, and you might as well clap a red pepper in his mouth, for the matter of ease he will enjoy. That is just my case at present. I have nothing in the world to do, but wait the pleasure of that villainous stage-driver. Confound him! I'll warrant me, he is at this instant not more than a mile or two from this, loitering along with perfect sang froid, without even raising a whip to relieve a fellow creature from the fidgets. There he sits, I dare say, nodding over his lines, and suffering his horses to trudge on at a slow walk, while he considers his chance of being treated at the next stage-house. Horrors seize the dog—I would treat him in a manner he little dreams of, were I to catch him in such a predicament. Still I would not be irritable about the matter—I will keep cool—I am as patient as a toad—But hark! There it comes, rolling and rumbling merrily over the pavements. Crick, crack, smack. That driver, judging from the sound, uses his whip smartly, after all. Perhaps he is impatient for his dram—but let me see—Psha!—It's nothing but a wasp-waisted dandy, rattling by in his sulky. He ought to be apprehended for a nuisance, for driving so much like the stage.

So here am I yet, and here I am likely to remain, for aught I know, till doomsday—no remedy.—Well, what shall I do next? I might go perambulating about the streets, seeking objects of curiosity, but there is nothing in this dull place that will reward the exertion. I have already pushed myself out three times, propelling my corpus by the mere mechanical action of the muscles, without object, and without the impulse of the mind, like a very automaton; and after all, could see nothing but houses on either side, and people, walk-

ing and riding about the streets. Such tedious sights one can find any where.

I have lounged about this sitting room at least six hours—(to be sure, my watch tells me it is but two and a half—but it lies,) first taking one seat and then another, now springing to the window to look for that confounded coach, and now retiring from it, soured with disappointment, and ejaculating "fudge," in the low growling tones of an irritated man, who has nothing at which he can vent his spleen.

I have endeavoured to amuse myself by studying the characters of those who enter, and in applying those rules of the sage Lavater, by which you are enabled to determine a man's intellect and propensities by the arrangement of the bones and muscles of his face.

But all is common place, in this tedious town—not a single phiz has appeared, that has interested me.

There has one just entered with the dress of an exquisite. Let me study his features. Longitude about six inches, latitude eight—mouth, horizontal, three inches,—lips, one inch in thickness, forehead, the same in height—nose like a blue potatoe, and places seem to have been left by dame Nature, for eyes—but there she has been deficient—or at most has only clapped those of a mole in his head.—Fudge—who can make any thing from such data as these.

But here we have another entry, as merchants say. It wears — Upon my soul, its a beautiful girl!—That, now, is a countenance worth studying—what a noble expression it has—intelligence beams from it so plainly, that the veriest block-head would read, admire, and be awed by it—Her skin is fair as alabaster—cheeks round, and reddened with the rouge of health and exercise,—and then such an eye—I am confident it is self-luminous, and shines night and day—How pleasant 't would be to see it shedding light in darkness!

But ha! what's here? As sure as I am a patient man, the stage has arrived while I have been reading that beautiful countenance. This is quite a romantick place. These streets have a most spirit stirring appearance of animation and activity. I have forgotten to tell you the cause of my hurry—Hark! The driver is shouting "passengers aboard"—I must hasten—I will let you know some other time if I don't forget it. Q.

PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

Of Portuguese politicks the publick, we should think, have, by this time, heard enough; and it is sometimes pleasant to turn from the violence of party animosities, which distract a country, to what many may consider more attractive—its literature and its literary men. Portuguese literature has not obtained, in this country, all the attention it would seem to merit: that it has produced no eminent prose writer is true; but it boasts a Camoens and Ferreira; men whose devotion to the muses did not detract from the love which they bore their country.

The history of Portuguese poetry is not less curious than instructive. That songs in the Portuguese language were sung on the banks of the Tagus, before any kingdom of Portugal existed, can not be doubted. Indeed, even Spanish writers, who have considered the question with impartiality, do not deny that Portuguese poetry flourished at an earlier period than the Castilian; and all accounts of the first dawns of modern civilization in Portugal denote an original poetick tendency in the national genius. That destiny, however, by which Portugal has been, from an early period, politically severed from the other parts of the Peninsula, could alone have prevented the Portuguese poetry from being like the Galician, completely absorbed and lost in the Castilian; for the Galician and Portuguese languages and poetry were originally, and even after the separation of Portugal from the Castiles, scarcely distinguishable from each other.

The foreigner, who is not repossessed by any national partiality, in favour of either the Castilian or the Portuguese modifications of the Hispanick romance, might, perhaps, be induced to conclude that poetry would, on the whole, have sustained

no essential loss had the language of Portugal been rejected by literature, and reduced, like the Galician dialect, to the rank of a common popular idiom; for the Castilian poetry was, from its origin, so closely allied to the Portuguese, that it is certain the former might easily have incorporated into itself the latter, without producing the slightest inconsistency in any of its characteristic features. Still, however, to him who is capable of feeling the more delicate relations of the beautiful in nature and in art, it must be an increased pleasure to hear the same melody performed on two similar, yet differently constructed instruments. The historian of Portuguese literature ought, therefore, to direct his particular attention to those apparently unimportant, and yet in themselves very remarkable, properties, whereby Portuguese poetry has, in the varied progress of its cultivation, more or less deviated from the Castilian; or, as it is now usually styled, the Spanish; and also to the manner in which the differences not only of the two sister languages, but of the two nations, whose respective characters are impressed on those languages, have constantly preserved the boundary which divides the polite literature of Portugal and Spain, and which must otherwise have soon been obliterated.

The harmonious softness of the Portuguese language probably contributed no less to its early cultivation in general than its applicability to poetry in particular. Even the characteristic nasal sound, which the pronunciation of this language has in common with the French, is in no way detrimental to the rhythm, of the Portuguese syllables; for that rhythm, as in the Spanish and Italian languages, depends on a certain accentuation, which is a valuable remnant of the Latin syllabick forms, and which is not, as in the French, annihilated by a new rule of orthoepy. That this ancient accentuation, and with it the groundwork of metrical perfectibility, should be preserved in the Portuguese language, is a circumstance rendered the more remarkable by that of a French prince having been the founder of the first dynasty of the kings of Portugal; for, from this incidental occurrence, some critics and philologists have endeavoured to explain the similarity between the Portuguese and French pronunciation. The prince to whose influence this effect has been attributed is Henry of Burgundy, who was, in the year 1094, appointed by his father-in-law, Alphonso VI. of Castile, governor of the country situated at the mouth of the Tagus, and who afterwards held that territory in sovereignty with the title of count; but, however numerous might be the noble families, brought by this prince from France to Portugal, neither he nor they could be able to produce an essential change in the national language among all classes of the people. Moreover, the same dialect was and still is vernacular in Galicia, where no French prince ever ruled. It is, however, not a title extraordinary, that, under the dominion and influence of French princes and nobles, Portuguese poetry should, from its origin, have preserved unimpaired those romantick national forms in which it soon appeared perfectly to coincide with the Castilian poetry; for, notwithstanding that most of the French nobles, who settled in Portugal, came from the south of France, whence they brought with them the genuine poetry of the troubadours, still the introduction of that poetry did not impede the development of those poetick forms which constituted a common source of pleasure for the Portuguese, the Galicians, and the Castilian.

The favourable situation of Portugal could not fail to contribute, in a considerable degree, to the early development of the Portuguese tongue. While the Castilians, descending from their mountains, obtained no increase of wealth until they wrested it, sword in hand, from the Arabs, the Portuguese, particularly after they recovered possession of Lisbon, enriched themselves by the peaceful pursuits of trade and navigation. Lisbon soon became a flourishing commercial city; and the nation learned to unite civick industry with varlike achievements. The Portuguese, generally speaking, acquired a degree of practical dexterity which, even to this day, seems to distinguish them from the Spaniards, and which, indeed, is not sufficiently valued by the enemies of the Portu-

guese name, amongst whom must be more particularly included their Castilian neighbours. The benefits of civil industry which were widely diffused from Lisbon, fortified in the Portuguese that feeling of self-esteem which was necessary for the maintenance of their independence on so small a territory. In the reign of Alphonso I. the son of Henry of Burgundy, the Portuguese dominions acquired nearly their present extent by conquests made from the Moors, as far as the Algarves. The romance-dialect of Portugal now advanced southward into the conquered districts, and thus acquired the dignity of a prevailing national language, the formation of which proceeded from a great capital.

A PORTABLE ICE HOUSE.

Take an iron bound butt or puncheon, and knock out the head, cutting a very small hole in the bottom, about the size of a wine cork. Place inside of it a wooden tub, shaped like a churn, resting it upon two pieces of wood, which are to raise it from touching the bottom. Fill the space around the inner tub with charcoal, and fit to the tub a cover, with a convenient handle, having inside one or two small hooks, on which are to be hung the bottles during the operation. Place on the lid a bag of charcoal, about two feet square; if the charcoal in this bag is pounded it will answer better; and over all, place another cover, which must cover the head of the outer casks. When the apparatus is thus prepared, let it be placed in a cold cellar, and buried in the earth above four-fifths of its height; but, though cold, the cellar must be dry, wet ground will not answer, and a sandy soil is the best. Fill the inner tub or nearly so, with pounded ice; or, if prepared in the winter, with snow well pressed down, and the apparatus will be complete. Whenever it is wished to make ice, take off the upper cover, then the bag of pounded charcoal, and suspend the vessel containing the liquid to be frozen to the hooks inside of the inner cover; then close up the whole, as before, for half an hour, when the operation will be complete, provided proper care be taken to exclude external air.

HEART AND MIND.

The heart and mind can as little lie barren as the earth whereon we move and have our being, and which, if it produce not herbs and fruit meet for the use of man, will be overrun with weeds and thorns. Mulcy Ismael, a personage of tyrannical celebrity in his day, always employed his troops in some active and useful work, when they were not engaged in war, "to keep them," he said, "from being devoured by the worm of indolence." In the same spirit one of Elizabeth's poets delivered this wholesome advice:—

"Eachewd the idle vein
Flee, flee from doing naught!
For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought."

A WIFE.

When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him, one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate, one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joy, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is a woman who is fit for a mother and mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company; but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to "train up a child in the way he should go."

MARSHAL VILLARS.

It was customary, as the French general in command of the Italian army passed through Lyons to join his army, for that town to offer him a purse full of gold. Marshal Villars on being thus complimented by the head magistrate, the latter concluded his speech by observing, that Turenne, who was the last commander of the Italian army who had honoured the town with his presence, had taken the purse, but returned the money. "Ah!" replied Villars, pocketing both the purse and the gold, "I have always looked upon Turenne to be imitable."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1829.

The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

We invite the attention of our readers to an article on our first page, from the National Standard, on popular excitements. The case alluded to, of Russel Colvin, must be fresh in the memory of every one, and especially of the inhabitants of this city. It will be recollected that Colvin passed through this place, on his way to Vermont, about the time of the holy-days, 1819-20; and that a snug harvest was reaped by exhibiting him in the museum, at twenty-five cents a sight. His absence and supposed death occasioned as much excitement in Vermont as that of Morgan has in this state; and one innocent man would undoubtedly have been hanged, and another incarcerated in the state prison for life, on the supposition that they had murdered him, had he not been providently discovered, barely in time to prevent the execution of the sentence of the law. The plain questions will naturally be raised in every mind, Is there more or better evidence of the murder of Morgan, than there was of the murder of Colvin? Is the testimony of Giddins, or of any other backslider from masonry, whose interest it is, not to tell the truth, but to gratify the popular prejudice, worthy of more credit than the testimony of Merrill? We unhesitatingly answer both these questions in the negative. If the absence of Morgan argues his murder, so did the absence of Colvin argue his murder. There was as much mystery in the case of Colvin as there is in that of Morgan. Colvin was absent a number of years, and no traces of him,—not even the shadow of proof that he was in existence—could be discovered. Under these circumstances the publick mind was excited, the popular prejudices were directed against two innocent men—Merrill swore very much as Giddins would be willing to swear at this time, and Stephen and Jesse Boorn were convicted by a jury of murder, and sentenced to be hanged: and it was alone through the instrumentality of men who were superior to the disgraceful feelings of the times, that one was saved from the gallows, and the other (whose sentence had been commuted) from the state prison for life. To say the least of the case of Colvin, it affords an instructive illustration of the evils which are to be apprehended from popular feeling when it is permitted to control the laws.

FOREIGN NEWS. By arrivals at New-York and Boston within the past week, regular files of London papers to the 20th and of Liverpool to the 21st of April, have been received. They contain the welcome intelligence that the Catholick Relief Bill has at length become a law; having received the Royal Assent on the 13th of April; it passed the House of Lords on the 10th, by a majority of one hundred and four. The bill disfranchising the Irish forty shilling freeholders received the Royal Assent on the same day. The Relief Bill passed the House of Commons on the 18th of March, just half a century after the question of emancipation was first agitated in that body; the measure was first brought forward by Mr. Fox, on the 18th of March, 1779. It is said that Ireland already begins to feel the benefits of the Relief Bill. The Papists evince no indecent exultation on the occasion; the protestants no abject despondency, but both parties seem inclined to co-operate with each other in the promotion of a general good will and toleration.

At a numerous meeting of Catholics in Dublin it was unanimously resolved that they should be requested not to illuminate in consequence of the emancipation bill being passed. The proceedings were published in a handbill, which advised the Catholics not to profane the great event by a celebration which could not add to the real triumph of Ireland, and might give unnecessary pain to those to whom it was their duty to render immediate and lasting reconciliation. All distinctions of sect and party are at an end; we are now one people.

A great meeting was held in St. James' to consider the best means of testifying the gratitude of the friends of civil and religious liberty to the Duke of Wellington, for the great measure of peace and justice, in the consummation of which he was principally instrumental. The Duke

of Leinster was called to the chair. A resolution was passed proposing a meeting on the second of May, at the London tavern, to consider the means of raising a sum of money to erect a statue in or near Dublin, of the Duke of Wellington, as a commemorative of this, the most glorious of his public services.

The Jews are to be preparing a petition to be relieved from the disabilities under which they labour.

Great distress prevails in the manufacturing districts. The Sheffield Courant says—

"The state of trade in almost all the manufacturing districts is such as to excite the most fearful apprehensions. In our own town, the demand for its manufactures was scarcely ever so dull, and though our streets are not yet filled with half-finished workmen, there is too much reason to believe such an appalling sight will, ere long, present itself. The prices at which manufactured goods are sold do not, in some instances, exceed the value of the raw material, and the wages paid for labour are necessarily so very low as to reduce the workmen almost to the condition of paupers. Still under these circumstances, it is with difficulty any sales are effected, and large stocks are consequently accumulated. This order of things, however, cannot exist long, and unless a revival of trade takes place very shortly, we almost tremble for the consequences."

The distress in Spitalfields exceeds all description. Thousands are actually starving, and unless speedy relief be afforded, famine will soon accomplish its works in pestilence and death.

Hostilities between the Russians and the Turks are recommenced. The Turks are making repeated attacks upon the Russian posts between Varna and the Danube; and some bloody engagements have taken place. The Russians are hastening towards the Danube by forced marches, and he sultan is sending large numbers of troops and vast cannon and ammunition to Adrianople, and Rodosto, on the sea of Marmora. It is said there will be 300,000 Turks in the field.

Cardinal FRANCIS XAVIER CASTIGLIONE (aged 68, born at Cingoli) was declared Pope on the 31st March, and assumed the name of Pius 8th. The Gazette de France says that the French Ambassador had vainly attempted to procure the election of Cardinal LURIA.

EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN. A dreadful earthquake was felt in Spain, on the 21st March. In the province of Murcia, it was attended with the most melancholy consequences. In Murcia itself, not one of the churches nor a single edifice but was considerably damaged; and many houses were also damaged. The number killed and wounded by this awful convulsion of nature is described as immense. In one village alone 400 bodies had been taken out of the ruins. The earthquake was accompanied with a fearful noise. Travellers observed a column of fire which, at the moment of the shock, made its appearance towards the eastward of Murcia. Since the 21st repeated shocks had been felt in the province, and great disasters were anticipated. The Paris papers state, that the "letters from Spain, as well as the journals, are full of dreadful details of the effects of the earthquake. Four towns have been entirely ruined, namely, Guadamar, Torreveja, Almoradi, and Los Dolores. The number of the dead is incalculable. After four hundred bodies had been dug out of the ruins of Almoradi, seventy more were found. Mineral springs have been removed to the distance of six miles from the place where their sources originally were. The river Segura, which flowed through the city of Murcia, has changed its course and its mouth. Four great craters are opened at Benejuzar, and emit lava and infectious exhalations. Two other craters, opened at the place where Torreveja was built, pour forth torrents of fetid water.

If the accounts from Madrid, given in the French papers, be true, the effects of the late earthquake in Murcia have extended far beyond that province, and been attended with still more fatal disasters than on the spot itself. All Cadix, it was reported, had been submerged, though pains were taken to conceal that dreadful calamity, by which every family in the kingdom, and many in other lands, would be thrown into desolation; for that rich commercial city comprised within its merchants individuals from almost every country on earth.

The number of dead bodies dug out of the ruins of the towns already amounts to more than three thousand, and the number of wounded and mutilated persons is more than six thousand. The houses destroyed are nearly seven thousand.

At Benejuzar four craters opened, two of which threw out lava and the other two, putrid exhalations. The river Segura changed its bed, and now reaches the sea by a new channel. Craters are opened on the spot where Torre Veja formerly stood, which throw out torrents of putrid water. The first shock was on the 21st of March, and before 5 o'clock the next morning, 48 shocks were counted. Great numbers of the inhabitants remained encamped in the fields. The king, in consequence of this catastrophe, had ordered the produce of the revenues of Murcia to be appropriated for the succour of the families who had been ruined by it.

A letter from Madrid of the 2d April, states fresh shocks of an earthquake were felt on the 25th, 30th, and 31st of March. The latter, which took place in the night, spread terror and consternation through the city. It was affirmed, that all Cadix was submerged by the reaction of the shock at Murcia.

According to a recent calculation of the annual increase of the population in Europe, it is supposed that in Prussia it would double itself in 26 years; in Great Britain, in 42 years; in the Netherlands, in 565 years: in the kingdom of

Sicily, in 63 years; in Russia, in 66 years; in Austria, in 69 years; and in France, in 105 years.

The State Palladium, the prospectus of which we noticed some weeks since, is now commenced at New-London, Connecticut. It is a large and handsome sheet, well arranged and well printed. The editors take a fearless and independent stand, with respect to masonry and the Morgan excitement.

KEITH MEDAL. The Royal Society of Edinburgh, have communicated to the American Philosophical Society (with a request to have it made extensively known in America) that, "in December, 1820, the trustees of the estate of *Alexander Keith* placed in the hands of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the sum 600*l.* sterling, the interest on which shall from November, 1820, form a Biennial Prize for the most important discoveries in science made in any part of the world, but communicated by their author to the Royal Society, and published for the first time in their Transactions."

The prize to be given is a gold medal, not exceeding fifteen guineas in value, together with a sum of money, or a piece of plate bearing the devices and inscriptions upon the medal.

The *Batavia Times* of May 8, after summing up the result of the late election in that village, for charter officers, where the friends of toleration and equal rights prevailed, says:—

"The reader is requested to bear in mind that this result was produced in *Batavia*!—the centre of gravity of *Anti-masonry*—and he is also requested to bear in mind, for it is worthy of remark, considering the place and the age in which we live, that two out of the five trustees elected, are masons—Messrs Thompson and Cummings.

From the (New-Haven) Connecticut Journal, May 8.

MASONICK RELICK. We have been favoured with the sight of a masonick emblem, found by Mr. William Gorham while digging his garden in the north part of Broadway in this city. It proves, upon inquiry, to be a "Past Grand Master's Jewel." It had evidently been long buried, and when first taken up was very much tarnished, though but little injured. Some of the letters were worn down and partly defaced—but there were no bruises nor marks of corrosion.

What is singular about it is, that that the date [1763] is anterior to the attainment, by any mason in Connecticut, to the dignity of Grand or Past Grand Master; the lamented general Wooster, who was slain at Cumpo Point, having been the first master of the first lodge in this state. It has been suggested to us, and from the length of time it has evidently been buried, we have little doubt of the truth of the fact, that it belonged to an officer in the British service, and was lost when this place was visited by the British army, July 6th, 1777. The supposition is corroborated by the fact that the army approached the city over the ground where the medal was found. It is now at the bookstore of Messrs. Durrie and Peck, where it can be examined by any one who has a curiosity to see it.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MORGAN. A transient person, shabbily dressed, made his appearance in, and left this village on the 4th inst. who called himself William Morgan, and insisted that he was the identical William Morgan who was kidnapped in the western part of New-York, and who has been and still is, by many supposed to have been murdered. He was a little short of six feet high—supposed to weigh about 175 pounds; sandy hair and bald head, apparently about fifty years of age, wore a drab coloured coat and a kind of fox coloured fur cap. We understand he expressed a willingness to go before a magistrate and make oath to his identity, and that he also appeared to have a familiar acquaintance with the book entitled "Illustrations of Masoury." [*Middlebury (Vt.) Standard, May 12.*]

The Hotspurs of the new cabal are as quiet as lambs since the result of the town elections, on seeing their mighty tide fall to low water mark—that tide which was to sweep into non-existence the republican ranks. In the rise and progress of the new party, a more despicable coalition was never before attempted to be formed to shackle the liberties of a free people. Surely it was time for all honest and honourable men to take a stand when, a reckless faction under false pretences would attempt to proscribe worth, talent and integrity to suit their ambitious views,—when leaders of a cabal would assassinate virtue, blast character, and impeach the proudest worthies in our land, and all from such *pure, disinterested motives!*—to renouncing and expelled masons, it was bad game for them to join in—men whose only credentials of credibility, the *self condemning acknowledgment* of violating vows of the most imposing character, to condemn citizens of unimpeachable integrity, at whose probity they themselves could not raise the finger of suspicion. But the object is exposed and the cloven foot is now seen. [*Northern Phœnix.*]

ANTI-MASONICK PHRENZY. In the present excitement against masons an intolerant and persecuting spirit is displayed, which is calculated in its nature and tendency to destroy the peace of community, and instead of remedying the evils complained of, must inevitably produce the real existence of that which now only exists in the imagination. The enemies of masonry complain that the streams of public justice are polluted, and yet they do not point out any particular instances of that pollution. If such instances were to be found, would they not be laid before the public? But suppose masons should be wholly excluded from office; can it be supposed that those who are so enraged against the members of that society, would be in a suitable frame of mind for jury-men, to try a cause between a man who is and one who is not a mason? Would there be no chance for an undue bias to warp their judgement? We suppose that even anti-masons are but men, and subject to like passions with other men. The truth is, no man, or set of men, while under the influence of phrenzy, can safely be trusted with the administration of justice. However honest they may be in their intentions, they would doubtless be illy qualified to exercise that impartiality which would be required at their hands. [*National Standard.*]

ANTI-MASONICK TOLERATION. We know not but the days of imprisoning, branding, and burning of heretics are to be revived. For the sake of all that is dear to us as freemen, we hope the same spirit of tyranny and superstition will not extend to the other christian denominations—but as a sample of its effects thus far, we are pained to record the fact—that at the late quarterly meeting of the *Open Communion Baptist church* in Russia, the Rev. Nathan Wilcox, a worthy minister of that society, was denied the privilege of receiving the sacrament, for his refusal to renounce freemasonry. *O Tempora, O Mores* [*Little Falls People's Friend.*]

Some person in New-York signing himself Avery Allen, has written a letter to D. Brinsmade, esq. and says in it, that some person told him about two years ago, that a Mr. Richard C. Howard, alias Clipperfield, told him, that he was concerned in the murder of Morgan. This Mr. Avery after honestly keeping the secret of murder two years, honestly, we suppose, thinks honest people will believe his hearsay story. The people want facts, and not hearsay stories. Such as aunt Dorothy told Mag Tattle that Sal Gable had been concerned in a certain transaction about which the publick were dying to find out the truth, for two years and over. [*Northern Phœnix.*]

TOLERATION AND CHARITY. The following extracts deserve to be remembered both for their wickedness and weakness. They are from a late Buffalo Patriot.

"Every man who clings to the institution of freemasonry, and supports its crimsoned name, with the full blaze of light which is now bursting upon it from every quarter, is, if not directly, at least by implication, accessory to the crimes of arson, kidnapping, murder, and we may add, perjury, to hide it."

The following is of a different order, and displays more of the fanatic than the knave:

"Indeed, there is to us a striking resemblance between the blind infatuation which has seized the masonick fraternity, and led them on to imbue their hands in a brother's blood, persisting in a reckless opposition to the laws of the land and to public opinion, and the grievous blindness which overshadowed the minds of the Jews at the crucifixion of our Saviour. And most assuredly, there is no difference in the spirit which characterized the blind zealots of Judaism then, and of masonry now." !!!

BOARDING.—Six or eight gentlemen can be accommodated with board and lodging, on reasonable terms, in a central part of the city. Apply at *Mrs. Goodwin's*, centre west building, Wm. James' Row, Howard street. May 16

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shoers, Scissors, Razors and Forkknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly polished, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Knives repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

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ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND SANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 455 South Market street, (opposite the Connecticut Coffee House,) keeps constantly on hand, and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super-extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 23 1/2 cents a volume. Feb 14

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POETRY.

(From the Posthumous Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley.)

SONG.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night the day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? But thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come—
Make once more my heart thy home!

THE SHADOW.

BY J. MALCOLM.

Upon yon dial stone
Behold the shade of Time,
For ever circling on and on,
In silence more sublime
Than if the thunders of the spheres
Peaked forth their music to mortal ears.

It metes us hour by hour,
Doles out our little span,
Reveals a presence and a power,
Felt and confessed by Man;—
The drop of moments day by day,
That rocks of ages wear away.

Woven by a hand unseen,
Upon that stone survey
A robe of dark sepulchral green,
The mantle of decay,—
The fold of chill Oblivion's pall,
That falleth with yon shadow's fall.

Day is the time for toil;
Night balm the weary breast:
Stars have their vigils; seas a while,
Will sink to peaceful rest;
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not, nor sleeps:—

Effacing all that's fair,—
Hushing the voice of mirth
Into the silence of despair
Around the lonesome hearth—
And training ivy-garlands green
O'er the once gay and social scene.

In beauty fading fast
Its silent trace appears,—
And, where a phantom of the past,
Dim in the mists of years,—
Gleams Tadmor o'er Oblivion's waves,
Like wrecks above their ocean graves.

Before the ceaseless shade
That round the world doth sail,—
Its towers and temples bow the head,—
The pyramids look pale:
The festal halls grow hushed and cold,
The everlasting hills wax old.

Cæval with the sun
Its silent course began,—
And still its phantom-race shall run
Till worlds with age grow wan;—
Till darkness spread her funeral-pall,
And one vast shadow circle all."

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY J. MALCOLM.

Dear as the dove, whose wafting wing
The green leaf ransomed from the main;
The genial glow returning Spring!
Comes to our shores again.
For thou hast been a wanderer long,
On many a far and foreign strand;
In balm and beauty, sun and song,
Passing from land to land.

O'er vine clad hills and classic plains,
Of glowing climes beyond the deep;
And by the dim and mouldering fane
Where the dead Cæsars sleep;
And o'er Sierra's brightly blue,
Where rest our country's fallen brave,
Smiling through thy sweet tears, to strew
Flower offerings o'er each grave.

Thou bring'st the blossoms to the bee,
To earth a robe of emerald dye;
The leaflet to the naked tree;
And rainbows in the sky;
I feel thy blest, benign control
Thy pulses of my youth restore;
Opening the springs of sense and soul;
To love and joy once more.

I will not people thy green bowers,
With Sorrow's pale and spectre hand;
Nor blend with thine the faded flowers
Of Memory's distant land:
For thou wert surely never given
To wake regrets for pleasures gone;
But, like an angel sent from heaven,
To soothe Creation's groan.

Then, while the groves thy garlands twine,
Thy spirit breathes in flower and tree,
My heart shall kindle at thy shrine,
And worship God in thee:
And in some calm, sequestered spot,
While listening to thy choral strain,
Past griefs shall be a while forgot,
And pleasure bloom again.

LONG AGO!

Long ago! oh, long ago!—
Do not those words recall past years,
And, scarcely knowing why they flow,
Force to the eyes unbidden tears?
Do ye not feel, as by they come,
Those dim sweet dreams of olden days,
A yearning to your childhood's home,
Peopled with tones of love and praise—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! when many a sound
Awoke to mirth which saddens now,
And many an eye was sparkling round
That weeps beneath a darkened brow:
When with our whole young happy hearts
We loved and laughed away the time,
Nor thought how quickly all departs,
So cherished in life's early prime—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! the hopes we nursed
Of happiness, of earthly fame.
Were bright as bubbles are that burst—
A glittering drop, an empty name!
Oh, but to be one hour again
(Whatever that sweet hour might cost)
Free from dim memory's torturing pain,
With those we loved—with those we lost—
Long, long ago!

Long ago! who breathes there here
O'er whom the past hath no such power?
Young heart! if now thy sky is clear,
Beware, beware the future hour!
Perchance the chords that echo now
In after years thou'lt hear again,
And gazing on each faded brow,
Wilt sighing say, "I heard that strain
Long, long ago!"

(From the New-England Palladium.)

MEMORIES.

The day-light of my memory—
The morning gush of joy!
The hope of pleasure ne'er to be,
That charmed me when a boy;

The stir of unknown feelings
That struggled to be free—
The music, the appealings
Of inward melody.

Oh! these have long since faded,
And memory now appears
With shadowy shapes invaded—
The burial place of years!

And oft her wild eye wanders
O'er many a grave of green,
And fondly lingering, ponders
O'er friendship that hath been.

The day-light of my memory—
The morning gush of joy!
The hope of pleasures ne'er to be,
Have left me, since a boy.

Thus when the sun advances
And leads in the young day,
How beautiful his glances
Are mirror'd in yon bay!

Alas, how false the mirror!
Brightly the waters glide;
But oh! what shapes of terror
Those silvery sparkles hide!

Soon—soon the eve shades cleaving,
Day wanders from our eye,
And then the pale moon, grieving,
Sits lonely in the sky!

The moonlight of my memory!
The sun hath long since set—
The moonlight of my memory!
Shine on! I love thee yet.

ROSCREA.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1829.

NO. 17.

MASONICK RECORD.

PUBLIC OPINION, AND SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

From the (Batavia) People's Press.

It is exhilarating and comfortable to look about this fertile and beautiful region, which has been transformed from a savage wilderness to a populous and flourishing country, with a facility and rapidity that seems more like magic than the result of human labour, and see its moral and political health and vision recovering from the loathsome, morbid, and blind disorder which has of late distressed and disgraced it.

Political anti-masonry, like "the pestilence that walks in darkness and wastes at noon day," had but lately spread its desolating influence over the fairest portion of our favourite west. Like the hydrophobia, its contagion was certain, whether the bite was through wantonness or malignity. It was equally sure to spread, whether a truly infected fanatic honestly declaimed against masons and masonry, and expressed sincere, but feverish and unfounded fears and apprehensions; or whether the cool, designing, unmoved and unalarmed knave, balled, frothed and vociferated the cry of murder, and talked of religion, which he despised—patriotism, which he never felt—the good of society, which meant only his own—good order, which he was designedly disturbing—our laws and institutions, which he cared no more for, than did Cataline for the laws of Rome—or of our country, which he would sell for a less price than tempted Benedict Arnold. The nature of the provocation, and the character of the theme, were peculiarly calculated to produce excitement; and excitement of whatever kind, is the most certainly communicable, of any moral disease in the catalogue of human infirmities. It spread; and demagogues, who felt no more of it than they did the warmth of virtue, or the glow of patriotism, seeing that something could be made out of it, affected to be extremely agitated by the fears and resentment which gave it birth; but in a much higher degree than others. Their zeal, like that of hypocrites in religion, was manifested on all occasions. They harrangued upon the house top and at the corners of the streets. They dare not sleep alone for fear of the dreadful masons! But Religion and the cause and honour of God was the greatest concern with many of the leading hypocrites. With all it was God or their dear country, that prompted their exertions to blast the characters, standing and prospects of their neighbours, whom they knew to be blameless in the matter for which they were labouring to ruin them.

By keeping up an incessant din—leaving no time for reflection—stunning the public ear with a continual series of alarming and astonishing charges against the masons, no matter whether true or false, they were enabled, by leading the honestly excited portion of the people into their meetings and conventions, to effect an organization, ostensibly to put down masonry, but in fact, to advance themselves to the head of political affairs and the control of all the offices.

It was boldly avowed that anti-masonry was to be carried into all elections, "from a Path-master to a President;" and upon deliberate advice, and under the direction and management of the Lewiston Committee, originally appointed by an indignant people, for the laudable purpose of investigating the Morgan outrages, "the whole hog" party was regularly constituted and officered; and the election of the leaders of the political anti-masonick party, to the minor offices, was a matter of course, provided they could prevail on the people to forego all political principle, for the sake of the great anti-masonick cause.

To produce this abandonment, the welkin rung with murder, masonry, midnight assassins,—and Religion, Law, Liberty and Order, were bawled in the streets and bar-rooms, and through the anti-masonick presses, from His Excellency Governor Solomon Southwick's down to Deacon Timothy Judas Strong's, from one end of the state to the other.

The people were very truly and cunningly told, that if they went in for the cause of anti-masonry, they must not

scrutinize the characters or qualifications of their candidates. They knew that if this should form any part of the consideration upon which the people should make up their choice, none of them could be elected. The cause! the cause! was the constant theme, embellished with a few abductions, murders and arsons.

The political principles and reason and common sense of a great majority of the voters in this quarter, were as effectually drowned in this outcry, as the most heartless demagogue could wish, and the "whole hog" tickets were carried in most of the western counties, as by a whirlwind!

The success of such men as prevailed on those tickets, stimulated kindred spirits to hopes and exertions throughout the state. The Inquisition was organized in this county, and the convention called at Albany to plan the next political campaign, which was to embrace the whole United States. Southwick, and Granger, and Weed, and Hascall found themselves, in their own fancies, the arbiters of a nation's fate. "The little Spartan band" was organized, and regular nominations were made in caucus by the renowned twenty, for all state appointments. The anti-masonick frog attempted to swell itself to the size of the republican ox. In its mighty efforts to inflate itself, the poor reptile burst! And the honest yeomanry, upon surveying its ruptured and disgusting carcass, were filled with astonishment and shame, that they could ever have been so deprived of reason as to worship so foul and despicable a thing.

In viewing the creatures they had exalted, or attempted to exalt to power, they were not much less surprised and mortified. They beheld among them reptiles not less despicable and disgusting. And the question, "what have we got by our crusade against masons, and our anti-masonry?" is so natural and pertinent, that scarcely a man in the infected region has failed, by this time, to put it to himself.

The dullest capacity can answer this question. Those who sought no office, and had nothing to gratify but an honest desire to punish violence and correct evils which they verily believed to exist, have got nothing, but the disgrace and shame of having been gulled, and led by the nose, by a parcel of the most unfeeling, unprincipled, hypocritical villains that ever succeeded in deceiving any people. As for this set of knaves, they had many of them—got into office!—the grand desideratum that had made them so much greater saints and patriots than they ever were before Morgan was murdered.

While the answer to this question was before every one's eyes, it was also to be seen, that the people out of this section of the state of New-York, were not deprived of their reason by the outcry that issued from it. They had sustained the old fashioned republicanism which the immortal Jefferson had made the foundation of his memorable administration.

At the spring town meetings, the people in this quarter were nearly ready to abandon so desperate and wicked a cause, which they had for a time, through delusion, supported. In most places where opposition was attempted, political anti-masonry was defeated. In all subsequent tests, as charter elections, the triumph has been complete; and the current of expression in public conversations, and in the newspapers, indicates clearly that the Hydra is not only "Scotched," but killed.

We breathe a pure air again. The gloom of a dark fanaticism, and a reckless and wicked proscription and persecution has passed away; and this fair portion of our state, formerly the stay and strong hold of republicanism, for two years past, the bye-word of other parts of our country, is "redeemed, disenthralled, and emancipated" from the incubus pressure of that foul fiend, POLITICAL ANTI-MASONRY.

From the Rochester Craftsman.

STATEMENT, SHEWING THE NATURE OF ANTI-MASONICK RELIGION, PRINCIPLE, AND IDEAS OF RIGHT AND WRONG. In the month of June, 1827, the Baptist church in the towns of Lewiston and Porter, of which Elder Olney is the head, proposed to capt. John Taylor, an old and most respectable inhabitant in Lewiston, and a christian of unimpeachable character, he being also a Royal Arch Mason, to renounce masonry; threatening him with expulsion from the

church in case of his refusal. Being a man of firmness and strict integrity, he replied, that though he should regret such an occurrence, he had never seen nor known ought amiss in the institution, and he should, by no such threats be induced to abandon it. Accordingly elder Olney and a majority of his congregation proceeded to put their threats in execution, and Capt. Taylor was accordingly expelled. In about six months afterwards they presented a new subscription to Capt. Taylor, for the purpose of paying this same preacher, elder Olney—Mr. Taylor declined subscribing any thing for such an object.

Since then every exertion has been made by elder Olney and his worthy congregation, to induce capt. Taylor to return to their fellowship and communion, offering to receive him again without insisting on his renunciation. Repeatedly he has been solicited by the very individuals who voted for his expulsion to join the congregation again; but capt. Taylor, acting with principle and firmness, (in both of which qualities elder Olney and his flock seem lamentably deficient) has uniformly refused their invitation unless they will unanimously acknowledge the wrong done him, and express their penitence for the course they have pursued towards him. After this statement it is hardly necessary to say that they have neither candour or magnanimity enough to allow them to pursue what would be a truly christian course, although very many of them (among whom is the elder himself) have privately acknowledged to Mr. Taylor, that they have done wrong, and expressed their sorrow therefor.

The above recited case is but one among many that have occurred since the commencement of the Morgan excitement. The facts speak for themselves, and require no comment from us. We cannot avoid a thought, however, of the joy which must be experienced by the infidel Giddins, at seeing those who pretend to worship that God whom he denies, and who profess that religion which he despises, so conducting themselves as to injure the cause of christianity, and revelation, and strengthen that of infidelity and atheism. Giddins may extend the hand of fellowship to the Rev. Mr. Olney, and his anti-masonick brethren, as he has long since to Joel Parker & Co. who by their entire lack of christian charity, toleration, forbearance, and decency, are doing more to injure the cause of Christ than all the open avowed infidels from Tom Paine to the worthy pedlar of anti-masonick almanacks and *soi-disant* participator in the murder of Morgan—himself.

From the Buffalo Journal.

THE QUESTION. What is the nature of the question now at issue? Our enemies say their object is to destroy the masonick institution. But this is shown to be false by every step they take. Their object is POLITICAL, and only POLITICAL, by their own confession, and still they object to being called political anti-masons. They are so however.

The New-York "Anti-Masonick Beacon," in a late number declares—"Anti-Masonry and Politics are joined together by legitimate bands: no hand can part them." This is true. They are joined together. They are wedded to the same fate that befel the ancient enemy of Democracy, and "all the People will say, amen!"

In order fairly to understand the question, let the careful observer look around him, and see who are the abettors of Political Anti-Masonry. They will be found literally to be the plotting and ambitious, the malecontent and designing of all modern parties. Those men who now seek to controul the destinies of Anti-Masons, properly so understood, and to lead them off in pursuit of political power, and the *eleventh hour* men, speculators, who seek to convert the honest prejudices of the yeomanry to their especial advantage. They are men who joined in the cry against masonry only when they saw a chance by its aid, of once more gaining admission into the public councils, from whence they had been driven for their political crimes. Under their guidance anti-masonry is made to assume a malapert front, and boast of political connexions! The spirit that first moved the people was a love of publick justice—now party violence and political power are the only elements in which its new guardians think it will flourish. The connexion will prove fatal to it. It loses its distinctive character—its moral force is gone at once—swallowed up, in the gross and corrupting

influence of exclusive purpose Force may make the body willing, but it never convinced the mind.

There is nothing more necessary in examining a question, than a frequent recurrence to first principles; otherwise, the subject is lost sight of, and the parties find themselves contending for the non-essentials, or, what is more likely, for a very different object than that for which they first set out. We would, therefore, with earnest sincerity, ask honest anti-masons, (not Political Anti-Masons!) if, on reviewing the ground of controversy, they now find themselves contending for the object they first had in view? Have they not suffered themselves to be misled by artful tales, trumped up by ignorant and hired libellers, and, instead of manfully pressing forward in defence of the laws and civil rights, are they not now lending themselves to advance the selfish political views of a corrupt and dangerous combination? The answer must be in the affirmative, or truth has lost its power.

To the sincere enemy of *masonry*, we have not a word to say. From us he will meet with no opposition—"not that we love Caesar less, but that we love Rome more." Honest opinion, openly and honestly expressed, we will cherish as the apple of our eye. Where we cannot convince, we will not upbraid. But the sly, insinuating Jesuit, who uses political honesty as a convertible commodity, and who makes two professions for every virtuous intention, and deceives you at last, shall be the object of our unwearied and peculiar care.

We are struggling in defence of political rights, and not for the acquisition of power—this is the difference between the parties. In such a conflict, where the success of our enemies distinctly implies a relinquishment of privileges on our part, and when the social virtues, domestic peace, and private character, form a part of the sacrifice, there is no room to doubt in forming a decision how to act. This is the nature of the question now at issue, on which the people are called upon to decide.

From the Northern Phoenix.

It was amusing to see with what avidity the anti-masonic prints some months since, announced the *renunciation* of now and then a solitary individual from masonry,—hailing them as Shadrack's, Meshack's and Abed-nego's from a fiery furnace; and pronouncing them as the *purest* of the pure. Anti-masonry was then, all the go, and the renunciation of a few individuals at that time, was wafted from one end of the state to the other, by the cabal prints, and magnified into as many hundreds, as incontestible evidence that their new party was increasing, and would soon sweep like a mighty torrent all before it. No sooner, however, has the mask been torn from the leaders, than the republicans, who for a moment were blinded by the dust kicked up, and astounded at the bluster of words "murder, treason," "and all that sort of thing," which in column after column, crowded upon their bewildered senses, than they have begun to leave the anti-masonic political aspirants, who had duped them, and to return to the republican ranks—not in *single file*, but by fifties and hundreds. In two wards in Rochester, upwards of seventy have come out in imitation of the republicans of the town of Greece, whose renunciation from political anti-masonry, we published a week or two since. The torrent is indeed, rapidly subsiding, and the troubled waters of anti-masonry emptying itself fast into the ocean, which has heretofore swallowed up the hopes of those restless demagogues, who always have, and always will, attempt to ride any hobby, that through their intrigue and deceit can be made popular, to gull the people, and convey them to power.

From the same.

No better evidence is wanting to show the little estimation in which political anti-masonry is held, than the result of the charter elections in some of our large places. In the city of Albany, in all the wards in the city, but 102 votes only were given on the popular ticket called antimasonry—these votes were probably given by the cousins, second cousins, elbow cousins, or "jack" cousins of Southwick and Hopkins, the anti-masonic champions in that place. Political Anti-masonry is *clean gone*—its leaders have killed it, as they always will kill every thing they take hold of to raise themselves. We would not wish to say any thing, however to increase the cholera of the *antis* in our own vicinity,—knowing they feel sick enough of their *anti-ism*; but we venture to say, they were never more gulled than in joining such a ridiculous standard. The leaders must have supposed the sovereign people were bereft of their senses, to swallow such anti-liberty pills as they would fain force down their throats—surely we thought there was more sense in those old, experienced, broken down veterans; but like the dog to his vomit, or the sow that was washed, they must return to their &c.

From the Frodonia (Chautauque co.) Censor.

More Good News! It will be seen by the extracts which we publish to-day, that the cause of anti-masonry has gone down, down, down, at Rochester and Batavia—the

fountain heads from which have flowed all the bitter waters of strife and uncharitableness, that have destroyed the peace and harmony of many a neighbourhood. And it may well be asked what has wrought this change at these places, where, if any where, the people are capable of judging of the merits of the anti-masonic cause. Is it not because they have even *there*, where their honestly excited feelings would be the slowest to perceive deception, become convinced that they have been made the dupes of political demagogues?

Notwithstanding the signal defeats which the anti-masons have met with throughout the western part of this state, their papers, for the purpose of still longer deluding their supporters, keep up a cry, that their prospects are cheering, their cause never looked brighter; but we have asked *where* is the case? and Echo answered, *where*? The roots of the anti-masonic tree are now dead, and can the branches survive it?

From the same.

From the course pursued by the anti-masonic papers since the result of the town elections has been ascertained, it would appear to be impossible to defeat them, or, at least, in such a manner that they will acknowledge it. Their stubbornness reminds us of the tailor's attempt to punish his wife for calling him "pricklouse." He ducked her under water several times, but every time she came up it was "pricklouse," until at last she was so far gone that she could not speak, and then she held her hand out and snapped her fingers. So with these editors, they are determined not to give up, as long as they can make a single sign or move a muscle.

From the Middlebury (Vt.) American.

We have come to the determination, and will act upon it, as long as a single citizen shall stand with us in the gap,—to oppose every attempt to disfranchise persons simply for being Masons; or any movement made to destroy the usefulness of Ministers, or to drive from the church, members who refuse to renounce the institution. If Freemasonry is so very iniquitous as is alleged, enough is already done to ensure its overthrow, if virtue exists in the community. We repeat, if the disclosures which have been made can stand the test of public scrutiny, no more need be said to bring Freemasonry into entire disgrace. If it is alleged in favour of keeping up the excitement, that any lodge among us has been guilty of crime, let anti-masons put a finger on the act, and we pledge ourselves that those who are denounced, will not be the last to assist in bringing the culprits to punishment. What more would anti-masons have? What more do honest men want? If, however, there is no way to break up the institution but by destroying the peace of society, trampling on the rights of individuals, and marching over the ruins of the Church,—we say emphatically, *let Freemasonry stand*. If there is no way to punish the commission of an atrocious crime, but by embracing the whole body of which the perpetrator was a member,—the dictates of humanity and the precepts of the Gospel alike require, that the offender should go free.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

PYROTHONIDE.

A French physician has lately introduced into the *Materia Medica*, a substance produced by the combustion of linen, hemp, or cotton cloth, in the open air. He considers it useful in various inflammatory affections, especially in ophthalmia, or diseases of the eye, and chilblains. To prepare pyrothonide, take a handful of cloth, old or new, place it in a shallow basin, set fire to it, moving it about, so that the basin do not become too hot; after the combustion is finished, throw out the ashes; at the bottom of the vessel will be found a semi-aqueous, semi-oleaginous product, of a reddish brown colour, and possessing a pungent odour. Pour upon this five oz. of cold water, which will dissolve it entirely, forming the solution of pyrothonide, which is used in a more or less diluted state, as may be requisite, for collyria, fomentations, &c.

[Medical Journal.]

TO GILD MANUSCRIPT WRITING.

Dissolve a little gum ammoniac in a small quantity of water, in which a little gum arabick and the juice of garlick have been previously dissolved. Write with this liquid instead of ink, or form characters with it by means of a damel's hair pencil. Let the characters dry, then breathe upon them, and apply leaves of gold to them as for any other kind of gilding. The superfluous gold may be removed by a brush the writing will then appear covered with gold, and may be burnished.

METHOD OF PRESERVING CURRANTS.

When the fruit is ripe, choose those bushes enjoying a southern aspect, and which are most convenient in their shape, and most loaded with fruit, and surround them with thick straw mats, so that they shall be completely sheltered from atmospheric cold and other changes. By this simple method it will be found that the fruit may be preserved quite fresh till after Christmas.

POLISHING STONES.

The Hindoos polish all kinds of stones by means of powdered *corundrum*, mixed with melted lard. The mixture being allowed to cool, is shaped into oblong pieces, of three or four inches in length. The stone is polished by being sprinkled with water, and at the same time rubbed with three oblong masses; and the polish is increased by masses being used successively with finger grains.

MUSK.

Dr. Davey, by some recent experiments, has proved that when musk, in admixture with quicklime, smells of ammonia, it is impure or adulterated; and further, that, to preserve it well, it should be made perfectly dry; but when it is to be used as a perfume, it should be moistened.

THE NATURALIST.

NATURE AND HABITS OF THE HONEY-BEE.

We have had by us, for several days, a most amusing and useful work, written by Dr. Thacher of Plymouth,—in which the nature and habits of the bees, the manner of preserving them, and all the peculiarities of that class of republicans—(for the government of the bees, we are told, is anti-monarchical, though they do acknowledge a queen,) are fully and clearly considered. To the inquisitive experimenter, as well as to the agriculturist, this book will be found exceedingly valuable,—inasmuch as it fairly presents the principal theories of those who have written on the subject of bees, and contains a mass of information which can not be found condensed in any other volume. The directions to the keepers of apiaries are clear and minute, and in giving them, reference is constantly had to the climate and productions of the United States. We make a single extract.

[Boston Daily Advertiser.]

The queen resembles neither of the other bees in structure: she is about eight lines and a half in length, while the males are seven, and the workers six. Her abdomen is longer in proportion and increases much when filled with eggs; her wings so short as scarcely to reach past the third ring, and her colour tends to a deep yellow. The slowness, or even gravity of her march, her stature, and above all, the various homage paid her by the bees, characterise her in a distinguishing manner. "We can scarce believe," says a writer, "what our eyes have witnessed on observing the regard and assiduities of the neuters for the beloved queen." She resides in the interior of the hive, and seldom, if ever, departs from her station, unless when she leads out a new swarm. When any alarm is given by knocking on the hive, the queen advances to the entrance, and some persons have a facility of taking her without injury, and the whole swarm on missing her will follow wherever she is carried. The government of the bees is termed republican, although it resembles more the monarchical, as a single personage, the queen, governs the whole. She is likewise their mother in the strictest sense. Among 20, or 20,000 bees of which a hive frequently consists, the queen is the only one that breeds; and it is to this prerogative that she is indebted for the extreme love and affection which she enjoys from her subjects. This respect and obedience are truly remarkable. She is almost continually attended by a circle of bees, who devote themselves to her service, some present her with honey, others pass their trunk lightly over her body in order to remove from it any thing that may be offensive. When she walks, those that are in her passage, range themselves in a respectful manner to make way for her. They either know or appear to know, that this procedure has an important object in view, that of augmenting the number of their citizens. The queen being the parent of the hive, it is from her alone,

that a complete swarm composed of queens, drones and workers, can proceed; and without all these different members of the community, it can not either lay up stores or be preserved in existence. That bees are propagated by means of eggs which are hatched into worms, could not be unknown from times of the most remote antiquity; but no point in the natural history of animals has been more keenly contested than their precise mode of generation.

Forty-six hours after impregnation, the queen begins laying eggs, which will become workers; and provided impregnation takes place within the first twenty days of her existence, thousands are produced uninterruptedly, during the succeeding eleven months. Then she commences laying eggs, which will be drones. A single copulation is sufficient to impregnate all the eggs which a queen will lay in two years, or, perhaps, the whole that she will lay during her life. The laying of a queen is retarded, or altogether interrupted, by cold; and one impregnated in the end of October, has been known to retain her eggs four months and a half, owing to the intervention of winter. This queen, during March and April, laid about 3000 eggs, producing males only, and so very prolific are these insects, that a single queen may be mother of 12,000 bees, or more, in the space of two months, which is laying at the rate of 200 eggs daily. The queen, before depositing an egg, examines whether the cell is clean, and fit to receive it, and also suitable to its future condition; for queens, males and workers, have cells peculiarly adapted to their kind, and the queen by anticipation, seems aware which of these will proceed from the egg she deposits. Those producing workers, are deposited in hexagonal horizontal cells; the cells of the drones are somewhat irregular in their form, but the cells containing the eggs, intended to produce queens, are large, circular and hang perpendicularly in the hive. When the egg is laid, the bees supply the cell with the pollen of flowers, which serves to feed the young worm coming from it. The eggs of all the three kinds of bees, are hatched in three days; a worker remains five days in the vermicular state, a male six and a half, and a queen five. The worker's worm occupies thirty six hours in spinning its silken envelope, or cocoon; in three days, it changes to a nymph; and only on the twentieth day of its existence, does it become a complete, or perfect winged animal. The drones are still longer in attaining their lost metamorphosis, which succeeds in twenty four days after the egg has been laid. But the queen comes to perfection in six days. Food is carried by the bees to the worms as they require it; but when ready to be transformed to a nymph, they are aware that it is no longer necessary; on the contrary, the mouth of the cell is sealed with a covering of the wax, formed of concentric circles from the hedge, convex, if including males, and flat, if including workers. The same cell may successfully bring different workers to maturity; after one has left it, the bees clean the inside, and the mother again lays there; but the cells containing eggs which become queens, are used no more than once.

Immediately on the loss, or removal of the queen, the whole hive is a scene of tumult and disorder: the bees seem to anticipate their own destruction, by the precaution they take to guard against it. Should there be neither eggs nor brood in the combs, they will infallibly perish; their instinctive faculties are lost, they have no object for which their labours are united, they cease to collect honey and prepare wax, and in a short time they disappear and die. But if there be brood in the combs, the industry of the bees continues unabated; for by the proceeding which they follow, they know that their loss will be repaired. Having selected a worm, three days old, or less, they sacrifice three of the contiguous cells, that the cell of the worm, may be formed into one adapted to breed a queen. They next supply it with the necessary food, which is not the common farina, pollen, or bee bread, on which the young workers feed, but a peculiar paste or jelly, of a pungent taste, which is reserved for queens alone. When reached maturity, a queen comes forth, qualified to fulfil every indispensable function on which the preservation of many thousand lives depend. Working bees have therefore

the power of effecting the metamorphosis of one of their own species, to avert the effects of a loss, which would prove the utter ruin of the whole colony. The sole function of the queen bee is, to perpetuate her species; but single, and unassisted by the workers, herself and her offspring would perish. Her fecundity is surprising. Swammerdam affirms, that she contains 50,000 eggs; and some authors advance, that she may be the mother of 100,000 bees in one season. In addition to the peculiarities, exhibited in her propagating young, she is marked by others of the most conspicuous description. She is watched and attended to; and to judge from appearances, sheltered and respected by the workers. Groups of them constantly encircle her; they supply her with honey, brush and lick her limbs; whenever she moves, they recede before her; and, according to the united sentiments of all, who have studied the nature of bees, pay her, what would be called real homage, could we allow them the prerogative of understanding. She is the object of the greatest attachment; her presence inspires them with new instincts, and animates them to labour; the permanent existence of a queen, in short, is the only security of the workers.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

ROUSSEAU'S DEATH.

The manner of his death has been variously related. Some say that he committed suicide; others, that he was attacked with a fit of epilepsy; others, that he fell a victim to that unconquerable dejection, which for years had been preying on and withering the energies of his mind and body. In this state of doubt we shall, as a matter of course, incline to the charitable side and take as our guide a slight memoir penned a few days after his decease, and widely circulated throughout Paris. According to this narrative, Rousseau had been ailing for some weeks; but it was not until within a day or two of his death that he anticipated the slightest danger. His love of nature—and this, be it said to his honour, was an enthusiastick passion, that neither age nor infirmity could quench—remained with him to the last. He rambled daily to a summer house situated at the bottom of his garden, and there, seated with some favourite book in his hand, would send his thoughts abroad into eternity, on whose threshold he was even then unconsciously standing. A few friends who lived near him, and who, by respecting his infirmities, had, somehow or other, contrived to preserve his good opinion, occasionally called in to see him; and to them only was his approaching change apparent: he himself was alternately sanguine and desponding to the last. On the morning of his dissolution, he had risen sooner than usual, and after passing the earliest parts of the day in pain, grew considerably better towards evening, and requested to be wheeled out in a low garden chair towards his favourite summer house. The day until twelve o'clock had been clouded, but it cleared up at noon, and the freshness of the air, the hum of the insects, and the fragrant perfume of the flowers, as they lifted up their heads after the rain, revived the languid spirits of the invalid. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought, in which state he was found by a neighbour who had accidentally called in to pay him a visit. "See," said Rousseau, as he approached, "how beautifully the sun is setting! I know not why it is, but a presentiment has just come over me that I am not doomed to survive it. Yet I should scarcely like to go before it has set, for it will be a satisfaction to me—strange, perhaps, as it may seem to you—that we should both leave the world together." His friend (it is he himself that relates the story) was struck by the singular melancholy of this remark, more especially as the philosopher's countenance bore but too evident an impress of its probable truth. Accordingly he strove with officious kindness to divert the stream of Rousseau's thoughts: he talked to him of indifferent matters, hoping thereby that he would regain his cheerfulness, but was concerned to find

that every attempt was vain. Rousseau, at all times an egotist, was now solely occupied in the contemplation of himself and his approaching change. His thoughts were immovably fixed on death, he felt, he repeatedly exclaimed, that he was fast declining; and every now and then, after closing his eyes for a minute or so, would languidly open them again, as if for the purpose of remarking what progress the sun had made towards the west. He remained in this state of stupor for a considerable time, when suddenly he shook it off, gazed about him with nearly all his wonted animation, and after bursting into a feeble rhapsody about his unwearied love for nature, turned full towards the sun, with the devotional aspect of a Parsee. By this time the evening had far advanced, and his friend endeavoured to persuade him to return into the house. But no; his last moments, he was resolved, should be spent in the open air. And they were so. Scarcely had the sun set when the eyes of Rousseau began also to close: his breath grew thicker, and was drawn at longer intervals; he strove to speak, but finding the effort vain, turned towards the friend at his elbow, and pointed with his hand in the direction of the red orb, which just at that moment dropped behind the horizon. This was his last feeble movement; an instant longer, and Rousseau had ceased to live.

SINGULAR EXHIBITION.

A writer in the Universal tells us that he has been a witness to a most singular feat at Madras. An old Bramin has found out the means of sitting upon air. His apparatus is—first, a plank supported by four pegs and forming a kind of sofa; second, a copper pipe, in which he puts a bamboo; and lastly, a crutch covered with leather. His first operations are concealed by a curtain; when it falls the Bramin is perceived sitting in the air, about four feet from the ground, resting only on the extremity of one hand on the crutch; and holding the other in the air. He remains in this position ordinarily only a quarter of an hour; but in compliment to the Governor of Madras, he remained forty minutes. When he wishes to descend, the curtain is raised, and he gets down in secret. There is then a sound heard as of air violently forced from a pipe. He does not exhibit for money, and has refused very tempting offers to proceed to England. [London Spectator.]

Some of our readers may not have sufficient faith to believe in this story of the French editor. We are not, however, of the number, for although we never heard of the experiment before, we will venture to say that we could perform it ourselves. Our solution of the phenomenon is, that the old Bramin is sustained by columns of air, forcibly impelled upwards through the four pegs of his sofa, which are hollow tubes. Any person who has seen the beautiful hydraulick experiments made in Liverpool by Phillipstall and others, will be at no loss to understand us. In those experiments a jet of water was employed which carried aloft on its point an egg, and other things which danced in the air in a very pleasing manner. More weighty substances, as chandeliers with lighted candles, were sustained in the same way, and if the impetus of the jet had been increased, a man might also have been borne aloft by the process. In our opinion this is the principle upon which the Bramin performs his surprising feat, substituting air for water; and the noise of air being violently forced through a pipe, when the operator descends, confirms our theory. We shall further explain our meaning by a more homely illustration. Schoolboys have a very ingenious and simple toy made from a piece of tobacco pipe, a pea, and a pin; the pin from which the head is taken, is fixed into the pea, and then passed into the pipe, upon the top of which it rests. Upon blowing at the bottom of the pipe tub, the pea will dance up and down very whimsically, not falling off in consequence of the shank of the pin. Now if a larger apparatus were employed, and air forced through a tube with the requisite impetus, a man seated upon an inverted cone or bowl might be borne aloft in the air as the Brahmin is described to have been.

[London Mercury.]

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

THE JEWS OF YORK.

BY D'ISRAELI.

Among the most interesting passages of history, are those in which we contemplate an oppressed, yet sublime spirit, agitated by the conflict of two terrific passions: Implacable hatred attempting a resolute vengeance, while that impotent vengeance, with dignified and silent horror, sinks into the last expression of despair. In a degenerate nation, we may on such rare occasions, discover among them, a spirit superiour to its companions, and its fortune.

In the ancient and modern history of the Jews, we may find two kindred examples. I refer the reader for the more ancient narrative, to the second book of the Maccabees, chap. 14, v. 37. No feeble and unaffecting painting is presented in the simplicity of the original; I proceed to relate the narrative of the Jews of York.

When Richard the I. ascended the throne, the Jews, to conciliate the royal protection, brought their tributes. Many had hastened from remote parts of England, and appearing at Westminster, the court and the mob imagined that they had leagued to bewitch his Majesty. An edict was issued to forbid their presence at the coronation; but several whose curiosity was greater than their prudence, conceived that they might pass unobserved among the crowd, and ventured to insinuate themselves into the Abbey. Probably their voice and their visage alike betrayed them, for they were soon discovered; they flew diversely in great consternation, while many were dragged out with little remains of life.

A rumour spread rapidly through the city, that in honour of the festival, the Jews were to be massacred. The populace at once eager of royalty and riot, pillaged and burnt their houses, and murdered the devoted Jews. Benedict, a Jew of York, to save his life received baptism; and returning to that city, with his friend Jocenus, the most opulent of the Jews, died of his wounds. Jocenus and his servants narrated the late tragick circumstances to their neighbours, but where they hoped to move sympathy, they excited rage. The people at York soon gathered to imitate the people at London; and their first assault was on the house of the late Benedict, which having some strength and magnitude, contained his family and friends, who found their graves in its ruins. The alarmed Jews hastened to Jocenus, who conducted them to the governor of York Castle, and prevailed on him to afford them an asylum for their persons and effects. In the mean while their habitations were levelled, and their owners murdered; except a few unresisting beings, who unmanly in sustaining honour, were adapted to receive baptism.

The castle had sufficient strength for their defence; but a suspicion arising that the governor, who often went out, intended to betray them, they one day refused him entrance. He complained to the sheriff of the county, and the chiefs of the violent party, who stood deeply indebted to the Jews, uniting with him, orders were issued to attack the castle. The cruel multitude united with the soldiery, felt such a desire of slaughtering those they intended to despoil, that the sheriff, repenting of the order, revoked it, but in vain; Fanaticism and robbery once let loose, will satiate their appetency for blood and plunder. They solicited the aid of the superiour citizens, who, perhaps not owing quite so much money to the Jews, humanely refused it; but having addressed the clergy (the barbarous clergy of those days) were by them animated, conducted, and blest.

The leader of this rabble was a canon regular, whose zeal was so fervent, that he stood by them in his surplice, which he considered as a coat of mail, and reiteratedly exclaimed, "Destroy the enemies of Jesus." This spiritual laconism invigorated the arm of men, who perhaps wanted no other stimulative than the hope of obtaining the immense property of the besieged. It is related of this Canon, that every morning before he went to assist battering the walls, he swallowed a consecrated wafer. One day having approached too near, defended as he conceived by his surplice, this

church militant was crushed by a heavy fragment of the wall, rolled from the battlement.

But the avidity of certain plunder prevailed over any reflection, which, on another occasion, the loss of so pious a leader might have raised. Their attacks continued; till at length the Jews perceived they could hold out no longer, and a council was called, to consider what remained to be done in the extremity of danger.

Among the Jews, their elder Rabbin was most respected. It has been customary with this people to invite for this place some foreigner, renowned among them for the depth of his learning, and the sanctity of his manners. At this time the *Haham*, or elder Rabbin, was a foreigner who had been sent over to instruct them in their laws, and was a person, as we shall observe, of no ordinary qualifications. When the Jewish council was assembled, the *Haham* rose, and addressed them in this manner—"Men of Israel! the God of our ancestors is omniscient, and there is no one who can say why doest thou this! This day he commands us to die for his law; for that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and which for many consolations it has given us, and the eternal hope it communicates, can we do less than die! Posterity shall behold this book of truth, sealed with our blood; and our death, while it displays our sincerity, shall impart confidence to the wanderer of Israel. Death is before our eyes; and we have only to chuse an honourable and an easy one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which you know we cannot escape, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl around the castle like wolves. It is, therefore, my advice that we elude their tortures; that we ourselves should be our own executioners; and that we voluntarily surrender our lives to our creator. We trace the invisible Jehovah in his acts; God seems to call for us, but let us not be unworthy of that call. Suicide, on occasions like the present, is both rational and lawful, many examples are not wanting among our forefathers; as I advise, men of Israel! they have acted on similar occasions." Having said this, the old man sat down and went.

The assembly was divided in their opinions. Men of fortitude applauded its wisdom, but the pusillanimous murmured that it was a dreadful council.

Again the Rabbin rose, and spoke these few words in a firm and decisive tone. "My children! since we are not unanimous in our opinions, let those who do not approve of my advice, depart from this assembly!"—Some departed, but the greater number attached themselves to their venerable priest. They now employed themselves in consuming their valuables by fire; and every man fearful of trusting to the timid and irresolute hand of the women, first destroyed his wife and children, and then himself. Jocenus and the Rabbin alone remained. Their life was protracted to the last, that they might see every thing performed, according to their orders. Jocenus, being the chief Jew, was distinguished by the last mark of human respect, in receiving his death, from the consecrated hand of the aged Rabbin, who immediately after, performed the melancholy duty on himself.

All this was transacted in the depth of the night. In the morning the walls of the castle were found wrapt in flames, and only a few miserable and pusillanimous beings, unworthy of the sword, were seen on the battlements, pointing to their extinct brethren. When they opened the gates of the castle, these men verified the sage prediction of their late Rabbin; for the multitude, bursting through the solitary courts, found themselves defrauded of their hopes, and in a moment avenged themselves on the feeble wretches, who knew not how to die with honour.

Such is the narrative of the Jews of York, of whom the historian can only cursorily observe, that five hundred destroyed themselves; but it is the philosopher who inquires into the causes, and the manner of these glorious suicides. These are histories which meet the eye of few, yet of infinitely more advantage than those which are read by every

one. We instruct ourselves in meditating on these scenes of heroick exertion; and if by such histories we make but a slow progress in chronology, our heart is however expanded with sentiment.

I admire not the stoicism of Cato, more than the fortitude of the Rabbin; or rather we should applaud that of the Rabbin much more; for Cato was familiar with the animating visions of Plato, and was the associate of Cicero and of Cæsar. The Rabbin had probably read only the Pentateuch, and mingled with companions of mean occupations, and meaner minds. Cato was accustomed to the grandeur of the mistress of the universe; and the Rabbin to the littleness of a provincial town. Men, like pictures, may be placed in an obscure and unfavourable light; but the finest picture, in the unilluminated corner, still retains the design and colouring of the master. My Rabbin is a companion for Cato. His history is a tale,

"Which Cato's self, had not disdained to hear."

CHARACTER.

CREVELIER.

In Emerson's "Letters from the Ægean," we find several particulars of the life of the celebrated corsair, Crevelier, whose exploits were, for twenty years, the terror of the Mediterranean, during the latter part of the seventeenth century. There is a savage grandeur in his story, which renders it interesting. "He was a native of the South of France, and his youth, till the age of five and twenty, had been spent in trading from Marseilles to the Morea, and the various ports on the coasts of Turkey. Here he had gained the most accurate information of the situation of the Greeks, and the grinding oppression of their Ottoman masters: he saw, too, their evident discontent and repinings, and the inability of the Turks to keep them in proper subjection, owing to the daring presence of the Knights of Malta, who had driven almost every Moslem from the Cyclades. Crevelier was a man of acute observation, and the most grasping and restless ambition; the memory of the easy dominion obtained by Saffute, and held by his descendants, was still fresh in the minds of the adventurers of Europe; and it was only a few years before that the Marquis de Fleuri, a Marseillaise, with a small force, had attempted the capture of Naxos, and was prevented only by the presence of a fleet of the Venetians, who had made it an article of peace with the Porte that they should maintain a squadron in the Ægean for the protection of the Turkish possessions. Crevelier, fired with the same object, employed his superiour local information regarding the Greeks to secure his success. The Mainotes, the modern inhabitants of ancient Sparta, have been to the present hour the most turbulent and rebellious portion of the population of Greece, nor have the arms of all the Sultans, since Mahomet the Second, succeeded in thoroughly subduing them, or destroying their spirit of impatient independence. It was by their alliance that the adventurous corsair resolved on attempting the conquest of a portion of the Peloponnesus: and, for that purpose, he entered into a treaty with Liberaki, the chief Maina. By his advice, Crevelier passed up the Gulf of Kalokythia, and with 500 men laid seige to a castle upon the shore, which was held by a garrison of Turks. Here he was joined by a party of his allies; but Liberaki, instead of bringing, as he had promised, 5,000 armed followers, appeared before the castle with merely 800 attendants, and even those unprovided with arms or ammunition. Crevelier was not, however, to be daunted by one disappointment,—he united his hand with those of the Greeks, and intrepidly commenced the assault. During five successive days, his efforts to expel the Turks were unavailing, and although he has succeeded in making several breaches in the wall, and in defeating the garrison in every sally which they attempted, still he was almost as far as ever from attaining possession of the fort. Besides, his allies were rather an incubrance than an aid to him: they were totally deficient in courage and enthusiasm in an open assault, and Crevelier was on the point of abandoning the attempt, and betaking himself again to sea, when, on the morning of the sixth day, a Maltese galley,

manned by a body of the Knights, entered the bay, and cast anchor beside him. In passing by Zafre they had heard of his expedition into the Morea, and they had hurried to his assistance. But, unfortunately, they only arrived in time to witness his defeat. The Mainotes, alarmed at the appearance of the Knights of St. John, and aware that they would not tolerate their supineness, as the weakness of the French had forced them to do, betook themselves in a body to their mountains, and abandoned the siege to the strangers. The Turks now gained fresh confidence by the sight of the departing host, and issued in a body from the fortress, drove the troops of Crevelier to their ships, and forced the Maltese, after sustaining heavy losses, to re-embark, weigh anchor, and steer from the Gulf. Hugo now saw that the enterprise on which he had staked his fortunes was thwarted, and mad with disappointment, he resolved on abandoning his home and his country, and becoming a corsair amidst the seas that had witnessed his defeat. In the course of a very short time he had collected round him a fleet of twenty sail, manned by Italians, Greeks, Mainotes, and Slavonians, who had joined his flag, and with these he pursued his course of lawless rapine. No corner of the Ægean was safe from his presence, he swept from shore to shore, and passed from isle to isle, with the gloom of a spirit, and the speed of the lightning. One by one the whole circle of the islands became his tributaries, and at stated periods the galleys of Crevelier were seen entering the harbours of the Archipelago, to receive his annual imposts, and on their ready compliance with his demands, returning again in peace to the retreats of their chieftain.

His career, however was unmarked by murder, and his excursions unstained by needless bloodshed. He was in fact, rather a favourite with the Greeks, nor had he in any case proceeded to use violence towards them, save in the solitary instance of the island of Andros. The natives had insulted his officers and refused to contribute the sums which he demanded, but in the silence of midnight, the galleys of Hugo cast anchor beneath their city; he landed sword in hand, and ere morning dawned, had pillaged it from the cliffs to the sea; the houses of the inhabitants, were robbed of their wealth, and the warehouses of the merchants were burst open and emptied by the pirates. Crevelier sailed off with a booty sufficient to have enriched his family for generations: nor did he ever restore a single crown, save the property of one French gentleman, which he returned to him at the request of the Marquis de Nointel, the ambassador to the Porte from the Court of France. For fourteen years he continued to infest the shores of Turkey, nor were the efforts of the Captain Pacha ever able to discover his haunts or destroy his squadron. His favourite retreat was, however, the island of Paros, and it is said that the fortress near Marmora, and the tales of the islanders relating to Crevelier, gave to Lord Byron the idea of Conrad, and the scene of the Pirate's Isle. Amidst all his exploits, his chief d'œuvre was the taking of Petra, one of the principal towns in the island of Metelin, which he accomplished in the year 1676, nor has the unfortunate district yet recovered from the effects of his devastating visit. His followers landed on the shore in the evening, and having marched for the distance of three leagues into the interior, scaled the walls at midnight. The terrified Moslems, awaking from their slumbers, fled in haste to conceal themselves, and abandoned their houses to spoliation and plunder. During three hours, the band of the Corsairs were employed in securing their prey, and at daylight returned to Crevelier, who had remained in the galleys to guard the shores till their arrival. They brought with them a horde of five hundred slaves, and a quantity of plate, rich garments, silken carpets, precious stuffs, gems and money, whose value is stated at a sum beyond calculation or credit. Hugo was about to abandon his lawless pursuits forever, and betake himself to home and retirement, and, as a finishing blow against the detested Ottomans, he resolved on concluding his career by the plunder of a rich caravan, which was expected to pass from Alexandria to Constantinople. His squadron was despatched on the look-out to the various islands

in the vicinity of Cyprus, whilst he himself retired with two other galleys to the harbour of Stampalia to await their report, before completing his decisive arrangements for attacking the convoy. But here his career was destined to close: he had on board his vessel, as his valet, a Savoyard whom he had rescued from slavery, and imagined he had attached to him by long years of kindness. One day he had given him a blow in anger, but his resentment soon died away, and he fancied it was forgotten. The wretch had, however, treasured up the wrong, as a miser guards the talisman of his fortunes, nor was an opportunity long wanting to revenge it. Crevelier unconscious of injury, had often entrusted to the miscreant the key of his sainte barbe, or powder-room, and on the day he was about to sail from Stampalia, the Savoyard had neglected to return it to him. He went below, attached a slow match to one of the massy barrels and returning on deck, rowed ashore with one or two of his companions, with a smile on his treacherous lips, and lightness at his vid heart. The corsair was seated in his cabin on the poop, with the two other commanders, when the match communicated. The vessel, bursting into a thousand atoms, was hurled in the air, in the midst of a volcano of flames and blazing timbers, and, when the terrific explosion had subsided, their bodies, and those of two hundred of their murdered companions, were washed by the agitated waves on the shores of the island. The name of Crevelier is still mentioned with awe by the seamen of Mycene and Milo; but admiration rather than terror attaches to his memory; his story I have often heard from the sailors of the Greek navy, and a sketch of his history will be found in the volume of old Robert, the Jesuit, who professed to have met him in the Ægean, and to speak of his exploits from personal knowledge of their author.

MISCELLANY.

From the London Mirror.

A CHAPTER ON KISSING.

BY A PROFESSOR OF THE ART.

"Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
These tissues of falsehood which folly has wove;
Give me the mild gleam of the soul breathing glance,
And the rapture which dwells in the first kiss of love."

There is no national custom so universally and so justly honoured with esteem and respect, "winning golden opinions from all sorts of people," as kissing. Generally speaking, we discover that a usage which finds favour in the eyes of the vulgar, is despised and detested by the educated, the refined, and the proud; but this elegant practice forms a brilliant exception to a rule otherwise tolerably absolute. Kissing possesses infinite claims to our love, claims which no other custom in the wide world can even pretend to advance. Kissing is an endearing, affectionate, ancient, rational, and national mode of displaying the thousand glowing emotions of the soul;—it is traced back by some as far as the termination of the siege of Troy, for say they, "Upon the return of the Grecian warriors, their wives met them, and joined their lips together with joy." There are some, however, who give the honour of having invented kissing to Rouix, or Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, the Saxon; a Dutch historian tells us, she, "pressed the beaker with her lipkins (little lips,) and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a husgin (little kiss,)" and this latter authority we ourselves feel most inclined to rely on; deeply anxious to secure to our fair countrywomen the honour of having invented this delightful art.

Numberless are the authors who have written and spoken with rapture on English kissing.

"The women of England," says Polydore Virgil, "not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously; and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with their lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of the blood-royal do not kiss their inferiours, but offer the back of the hand, as men do, by way of saluting each other."

Erasmus too—the grave, the phlegmatick Erasmus, melts into love and playful thoughts, when

he thinks of kisses. "Did you but know, my Faustus," he writes to one of his friends, "the pleasure which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humoured, and whom you would prefer even to your favourite Muses. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave, every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you they give you a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses every where abound; which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years exile in England, but would desire to spend there the whole of your life."

Oh what miracles have been wrought by a kiss! Philosophers, stoicks, hermits, and misers have become men of the world, of taste, and of generosity; idiots have become wise; and, truth to tell, wise men idiots—warriors have turned cowards and cowards brave—statesmen have become poets, and political economists sensible men. Oh, wonderful art, which can produce such strange effects! to thee, the magick powers of steam seem commonplace and tedious; the wizard may break his rod in despair, and the king his sceptre, for thou canst effect in a moment what they may vainly labour years to accomplish. Well may the poet celebrate thy praises in words that breathe and thoughts that burn; well may the minstrel fire with sudden inspiration and strike the lute with rapture when he thinks of thee; well might the knight of bygone times brave every danger when thou wert his bright reward; well might Vortigern resign his kingdom, or Mark Antony the world, when it was thee that tempted.

AMUSEMENT.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

Amusement is the natural and inseparable companion of leisure and affluence. Moralists may declaim, cynicks may sneer, bigots may grate their teeth, but the active spirit of man will never be content without amusement. We envy not the feeling of that man who can wrap around him the mantle of indifference, and stalk through life, regardless of those delights which the lavish hand of Nature is every where presenting for his enjoyment. Those principles, however sacred their pretensions, which never permit the smile of festivity to unbend the brow, should be distrusted—nay more, they should be eschewed.

Amidst the charms of social amusement, the anxieties of life release for a time their painful hold upon the thoughts; the feelings go forth from the open heart to mingle with the flowing feelings of those around us; and the spirit is inspired with fresh elasticity and vigor to resume the severer duties of society.

The passions are the main springs, which give impulse and energy to man. For these the most proper food is well-regulated amusement. You may, indeed, enslave them to the drudgery of money-making but they will ever be constrained and unwilling servants, if not permitted now and then to play at large beyond the narrow routine of business. And it well becomes those who would coerce our natural propensities within the most scanty limits, and who set up to reform the manners of the age, to consider well the innate strength of the human passions, and to inquire with caution whether they can manage the *leviathan* before they attempt to put a ring in his nose.

To the casuist we leave the province of determining what amusements best suit the economy of human nature, and by what chilling formalities self-denial may require that all our enjoyments should be adulterated. We are not the keepers of our neighbours' conscience. Content to direct our own license by the dictates of a conscientious morality, when that share of life's duties, which falls to our department is honestly discharged, we have yet to learn, by what authority another is authorized to say to us: "The insipid flowers on the common of life you may be indulged to crop, but

venture not to extend your hand to those fairer, more fragrant, and richer blossoms which Providence has, indeed, placed *apparently* for the gratification of man; but which *we* have discovered are pregnant with ruin."

Free to avow ourselves, on all proper occasions, the friends of rational and well-regulated amusement, we can not sit silently by, when the most innocent enjoyments are arraigned and condemned by those sour temperaments, who would mingle their own acidity with the sweet cup of every fellow being's pleasures.

THE GATHERER.

FEVER AGUE.

I visited Kerrund twice, in 1800 and 1810. The first time, the chief of that place, Hedayet Kooli Khan, saw one of the gentlemen of the mission lying in the tent ill of a quatern ague, he begged I would cure him; and on being asked what was his remedy, said he would beat him with sticks till he was well. The invaled declined the experiment, at which the chief was not a little offended, and brought a number of his followers to swear that they had been recovered by his blows. When I last visited this place, Hedayet Kooli was dead. He had left ten sons; the eldest, Mahomed Ali Khan, was chief of the tribe. I asked him if he had inherited his father's knowledge of medicine. "My practice," he said, "is equally successful. I tie them up by the heels when the cold fit is on, and bastinate them most severely, scolding them at the same time, so as to produce heat and terror, instead of a cold fit." "And you succeed." Always. "Have you any patients but your own followers?" "A few: those in the neighbourhood who have any sense send to me when they are ill of the ague." "Can any of your brothers cure fevers?" "No, no!" replied he, quickly; "that is a gift of privilege confined exclusively to the head of the family."

MARRIAGE.

There is an excellent book by Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, called *The Complete English Tradesman*; and in it an admirable chapter, entitled, "Of the Tradesman's marrying too soon." In this he says, "It was a prudent provision which our ancestors made in the indentures, of tradesmen's apprenticeship. Doubtless our forefathers were better acquainted with the advantages of frugality than we are. Hence we find them very careful to prescribe to their youth such rules and methods of frugality and good husbandry, as they thought would conduce to their prosperity. Among these rules this was one of the chief, viz: 'That they should not wed before they had sped. When a young tradesman, says the same author, in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks him is, 'are you able to pay charges?' That is to say, in English, are you able to keep a wife when you have got her! What a world of misery it would prevent, if the young women in all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question! Marriage is not made of mushrooms, but of good round cakes, is another of the pithy sayings by which our ancestors conveyed the same great rule of prudence."

[Companion of the Almanack.

BEN JONSON INSPIRED BY WINE.

The following curious memoranda, by Ben Jonson, are now preserved at Dulwich College:—

'Mem. I laid the plot of my "Volpone," and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack from my very good Lord T—: that play I am positive will live to posterity, and be acted—when I and my friends—with applause.

'Mem. The first speech in my "Catilina," spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern [near Temple Bar, where Child's Place now stands.] I had drunk well that night, and had brave notions. There is a scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no water with my wine.

'Mem. Upon the 20th of May, the King (heaven reward him!) sent me a hundred pounds. At

that time I went often to the Devil; and, before I had spent forty pounds of it, wrote my "Alchymist."

'Mem. "The Devil an Ass," "The Tale of a Tub," and some other comedies, which did not succeed, written by me in winter; honest Ralph died, when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil. [Athenæum.

TURKISH PROPHECY.

The following is extracted from a book of Prophecies, called *Muhamedys*, which is held in veneration by the Turks:—"The Turkish emperor shall conquer Rome, and make the pope patriarch of Jerusalem; and he shall, some time after, profess the Mahomedan faith! Christ shall then come, and show the Christians their error in not having accepted the Alcoran; and instruct them that the dove which came down from heaven was not the Holy Ghost, but was Mahomet, who shall be again upon earth thirty years, and confirm the Alcoran by new miracles. After that time the power of the Turks shall decline, till they retire into Desert Arabia, and then there shall be an end of the world. Their overthrow shall be accomplished by a people from the north, called *caumico fer*, (yellow-haired sons.) The ruin of Constantinople shall happen in sultan Mahomet's time; and then the Turks shall be reduced to so few in number, that sixty Turkish women shall have but one husband among them."

DRESS OF THE GREEK WOMEN

IN THE ISLAND OF MYLO, IN THE LEVANT.

Their head is enveloped in a handkerchief folded somewhat fantastically, so as to form a turban with a kind of elevated cone at the top; and a shawl of no ordinary dimensions being flung around their shoulders, is braced by a girdle at the waist, whilst its superfluous folds are fashioned into a capacious bag behind. The petticoats descended no farther than the knee, which is concealed by a pair of drawers, reaching as low as the half of the leg, and the foot being first swathed in three or four successive pairs of stockings, is thrust into the toe of a fancifully ornamented shoe with an unusually high heel. Four or five gowns and other garments, heaped on with less taste than profusion, complete this singular masquerade, and all are secured at the waist by a velvet stomacher, richly embroidered, and glittering with glided spangles. The hair of the young females is first plaited into long triple bades, and then twisted round the head, interlaced with strings of zechins, mahmondies, and other golden coins, or left to flow gracefully behind them.

THE TOMB OF HAFIZ.

Like the tomb of Saadi, that of Hafiz was said to have been placed on the spot which he frequented while alive; and his grave, it is believed, stands at the foot of a cypress planted by his own hands. It is only six months since this sacred tree had fallen down, after having stood so many years; and though it was sawn off, the trunk is still preserved above ground, to be shown to visitors. The tomb, as to its present structure, is a recent work, and is ascribed to the munificence of Kurroem Khan, not more than forty years since. The period at which Hafiz wrote is about four hundred and forty years ago. The original copy of his works, written by his own hands, was kept here, chained to the tomb, until about a century since, when Asheraff, the king of the Affghans, took Ispahan, and afterwards Shiraz, in the reign of Shah Sultan Hussein; and the book of Hafiz was then taken by him to Candahar, where it is now said to be. [Buckingham's Travels in Persia.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

A female was lying on a bed of green silk; under her head was a pillow of the same material; her right arm had, no doubt, cradled her babe, and her babe, and her left was extended as though for the purpose of keeping her child close to her. A large shell had perforated the tiled roof, and having made its way through three floors, had gone through the foot of the bed, and penetrated some depth into the fourth floor. A piece of this shell

had gone through the woman's forehead, carrying away a great part of the head, so that her death, according to the opinion of the medical man who saw her, must have been instantaneous. The lower part of the child's body, from the hips downward, was entirely gone; but, strange to say, its mother's nipple still hung in the left corner of its mouth, and its little right hand still held by its mother's clothes, which, probably, it had grasped at the first noise of the shell.

[Military Career of an officer of 87th Regiment.

AN INKEEPER'S REGRET

Joseph H. Emperour of Germany, travelling incognito, stopped at an inn in the Netherlands, where it being a fair time, and the houses crowded, he readily slept in an out house, after a slender repast of bacon and eggs, for which he paid three shillings and sixpence. A few hours after, some of his Majesty's suite coming up, the landlord appeared very uneasy at not having known the rank of his guest. 'Pshaw, man,' said one of his attendants, 'Joseph is accustomed to such adventures, and will think nothing of it.' 'Very likely,' replied mine host, 'but I shall; I can never forgive myself for having an emperor in my house, and letting him off with three and sixpence.'

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

The favourite studies and amusements of the learned La Mothe le Vayer consisted in accounts of the most distant countries. He gave a striking proof of the influence of this master-passion, when death hung upon his lips. Bernier, the celebrated traveller, entering, and drawing the curtains of his bed to take his eternal farewell, the dying man turning to him, with a faint voice, inquired, 'Well, my friend, what news from the Great Mogul!'

Beer was first introduced into England in 1492; into Scotland as early as 1482. By the statute of King James I. one full quart of the best beer or ale was to be sold for one penny, and two quarts of small beer for one penny.

In the museum of Stuttgart, is a portrait of the Countess of Salzburg, who, at the age of 50 years, had mustachios, whiskers, and a beard, as long and as black as those of any man.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

The anti-masonick members of the legislature of this State have published an address to their constituents. It occupies five newspaper columns, and is made up of the hypocritical cant, silly falsehoods, and absurd charges: which are the common characteristics of all the productions of the faction. We have purposely neglected to notice the farce acted by the authors of this address, in the legislative halls during the last winter;—expecting that something like the production now before us would soon proceed from them, and being willing to hear their own explanation of their mysterious and stubborn silence upon the subject with which they professed to be so minutely acquainted, and which in order to smooth over their moral and political deformities, and make it to the prejudices of the people subservient to their personal interests, they had promised their constituents thoroughly and effectually to investigate. We have neither time nor room to day to notice these gentlemen as they should be noticed, nor to enter into a formal examination of the budget of falsehoods and hypocritical gravity which they have addressed to their constituents. We shall take the subject up next week; and in the mean time shall merely observe that we do not believe a set of men more unprincipled in their views than these soi-disant patriots ever disgraced a legislative body.

GREEK SCHOOLS. We received some days since a circular containing a "plan for promoting common school education in Greece, adopted by the Greek School Committee" in the city of New-York. The committee propose to establish—

"I. A HIGH SCHOOL, or NATIONAL ACADEMY, at which young men may be trained for superintending Elementary Schools, and for the study of useful professions.

"II. A HIGH SCHOOL FOR FEMALES, designed primarily for the instruction of those who may become teachers.

III. Several ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, as models of the most approved methods of instruction.

The plan is followed by an address of some length, which we should be happy to publish if the space which we are at liberty to devote to such subjects would permit it. The plan is considered simple and practicable, the proposed field being now a free country, and the whole population thirsting for improvement; cheap, as the expense will not exceed ten or twelve thousand dollars annually, for a few years; timely, because "the Greeks, exhausted by a terrible war, with most of the institutions which existed before the revolution destroyed, cannot, for years to come, relieve themselves from that state of ignorance and degradation which threatens its rising race," and "it promises great results, not only upon Greece, but ultimately upon the whole region of the ancient Roman Empire." The committee recommend the formation of committees of correspondence in the different cities and towns; and "especially do they cherish the hope that *Associations of Ladies*, for the support of the Female High School, and for the general improvement of the sex, will be formed, wherever it is felt, how indispensable are female intelligence and virtue to a nation's glory and felicity." If the encouragement which is confidently anticipated shall be extended to the objects of the committee, it is intended to send out to Greece four or five able instructors in the coming Autumn. Mr. Arthur Tappan, 122 Pearl-street, New-York, is the General Treasurer, and it is desired that all remittances be made to him as soon as convenient; and that the earliest notice of the formation of Auxiliary committees be forwarded to the Rev. M. Bruen, Corresponding Secretary.

The venerable JOHN JAY died at his residence, at Bedford, in Westchester county, on Sunday last, in the 84th year of his age. As Mr. Jay had lived a retired private life for more than twenty years previous to his death, it is possible that many of our readers are but slightly acquainted with his name and character. His career in life, however, is so closely connected with the history of our country, that a knowledge of the one necessarily involves, in some degree, an acquaintance with the other. We have selected an excellent article on the public and private character of Mr. Jay, which we shall publish next week; the necessity of making our columns various is the only reason of its exclusion from our present number.

When the news of Mr. Jay's death was received in New-York, on Wednesday morning last, the Supreme and Superior Courts adjourned for the day, and the members of the Bar resolved to wear crape during the period of thirty days, in testimony of their respect for his public and private worth.

ITEMS.

Greatness. From the creation of the world to the second of May, '29, greatness has been the constant aim of all people, in all nations. Nimrod wanted to make himself great by hunting; Saul, by fighting and prophesying; David, by slinging stones into men's heads; Aristotle, by syllogisms; Socrates, by asking Yankee questions; Caesar, by swimming with his commentaries in his hand, &c. Among the Greeks, the loudest talker and the hardest knocker of heads was the greatest man; the Romans considered silence and surliness one of the materials of greatness; the modern Italians think the finest *unavoccing* is the nearest approach to greatness; the French once believed that dancing divinely and taking citadels were the very height of greatness; on the other hand, the English placed greatness in knowledge and steadiness—that is to say, the knowledge of cooking a beef steak and the immovable phalanx of a bayonet charge. These ideas of greatness are now known to be all fictitious. Judge Forman's bank scheme is not even great. Real Greatness, after all, is only found in length, breadth, or thickness, and in this quality the Cana-

dian Giant, now at Tammany Hall, is perhaps the greatest man of the age. He is the only true great man we ever saw, and beats every thing ancient or modern.

[N. Y. Enquirer.

Curiosities of the Post-Office. A letter passed through the post-office on Monday, post marked "Georgetown, D. C. May 9, paid," and superscribed as follows:

"W—— L——, esq.

down at the Locks. If he want there, send this to Vitoc; he's a droll chicken. Lockport, Niagara co."

On the reverse—

"Just sober enough to but on the seal."

This remarkable epistle, doubtless on account of the importance of the contents, was sealed with three seals. The first bearing the vignette of a dog, with the motto, "when this dog barks, my friendship shall end." Second vignette, a pair of scissors, open, with the motto, "We part to meet again." The other we suppose was thought very witty, but we cannot describe it.

We hope some agent of the Temperance society will set off for Georgetown without delay. [N. Y. Jour. Com.

Texas. A gentleman who has recently returned from Texas, states that the country is fast filling with Americans, and that several sections of it have been well settled. The state of society is almost entirely pastoral, and an individual's wealth is rated by the number of his horses, mules, and horned cattle. Four lawyers are already settled at San Felipe, Austin's principal establishment, and courts are regularly held there. Several fugitives from the United States have been given up to our authorities, and transgressors against their own laws are rigidly punished.

Eccentric Liberty. Some individual in Massachusetts, who chuses to remain *incognito*, has sent to the address of our Publick Treasury, a box containing two hundred and fifty *Family Prayer Books*, with a request that the same may be distributed "among all the members of Government and Courts of Justice." He states that the donation is intended for good and to encourage pure religion. The donor enclosed to the Treasurer, money to pay the expense of transportation, asking him to appropriate the overplus, if any, for the relief of some destitute object. [Raleigh (N. C.) Register.

To encourage the working of the mines, a decree has been issued by Bolivar, exempting from every kind of military duty, the directors, overseers, miners, runners, and other persons, who may be employed in the construction of buildings, engines, &c. for the miners, whether of metals, or precious stones, or who may be engaged in the business of working them.

Case of Stephenson. Mr. Wilson, the gentleman who was despatched to this country with the necessary documents for the arrest of Rowland Stephenson, has received orders from the Commissioners of Bankruptcy in London, not to pursue the fugitive any farther; they being convinced that he has no property with him. The £1000 reward has been recalled, and all proceedings against him arrested, except those at the instance of the Ex-Sheriff Parkins. [N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Berlin, April 4. The celebrated collection of Hebrew books, (among which are 1000 manuscripts) known by the name of the Oppenheim Library, for which no acceptable offer had been made for forty years (during which time it has been at Hamburg,) is now going to Oxford, that university having purchased it for the sum it is said, of \$11,000.

The Hon. Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia, has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, in the place of James Brown, who has asked permission to return.

Sabbath Laws in Connecticut. A bill has been passed in the Legislature of Connecticut for repealing the eighth section of the Sabbath law of that state, prohibiting labour and recreation on days of publick fasting and thanksgiving on penalty of a fine.

Relicks of other ages. A jar containing an account of the expedition of La Montan, in 1644, from Fort Frontanac, to Contream was recently drawn out of the waters of one of the bays of Lake Ontario, by fishermen.

An unexplained Motive. An Irish paper, in giving an account of a suicide committed by a man named Michael Ryan, who was to have been hung the following morning, at Carlow, says—"No possible motive can be assigned for the rash act."

Ibrahim Pacha, of Egypt has thrown his army into great confusion, by ordering them to cut off their beard.

The Duke of Wellington has lately purchased an estate for £250,000, more than a million of dollars.

ANTI-MASONRY. The Madison Recorder and Observer says, "that Solomon Root, the champion of anti-masonry, in Madison, who has figured so much in the society to

which he belongs, to carry anti-masonry into the church, and who was on their assembly ticket last fall, and received a majority of twenty-eight votes in his town, was run for supervisor and lost his election, having a majority of 110 against him."

How fond the Solomons are of anti-masonry.

DIED,

It is our melancholy lot to record the death of Mrs. FRANCES S. WATSON, wife of Winslow C. Watson, esq. of Plattsburgh, N. Y. and daughter of the Hon. Richard Skinner, of Manchester. Vt. She died at her father's residence on the 26th of April, in her 21st year. To intellectual powers of the highest order she united highly engaging manners, and the most amiable and interesting moral qualities. The blighting of hopes so fair and a loveliness so endearing as centered in, and clustered round her, would at any time have been exceedingly afflicting, not only to her family, but to a large circle of friends,—but an interest doubly deep and tender has been given to this painful event by the suddenness of her exit and the affecting circumstances attending it. [Bennington Times.

MASONICK CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany, at the Masonick Hall.]

Temple Encampment, 2d Friday in each month.

Temple Chapter, 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month.

Temple Lodge, 1st and 2d Tuesday in each month.

Mount Vernon Lodge, 1st and 3d Thursday in each month.

Masters Lodge, 1st and 3d Wednesday in each month.

ODD FELLOWS' CALENDAR.

[Regular meetings in the city of Albany.]

Hope Lodge, Monday evening in each week, at Montgomery Hall.

Philanthropic Lodge, Wednesday evening in each week, corner of Lodge and State-streets, over Osborn and Grays.

Clinton Lodge, Friday evening in each week, Masonick Hall.

LADIES' MAGAZINE, conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41, Washington-st. Boston—and by Bourne, at the Depository of arts, 359 Broadway, New York. & Thomas T. Ash, 1-3 Chestnut-st. Philadelphia. Each number will contain about 50 pages of original matter, the whole making a beautifully executed octavo volume of 600 pages. Price three dollars per annum, to be paid on delivery of the third number.

The contents of the *Ladies' Magazine* will be an original miscellany, calculated to improve the taste and foster the talents and virtues of women; at the same time particular regard will be paid to the diffusions of that knowledge of our own country, its scenery and history, and of character and manners of its inhabitants, which Americans of either sex, should be careful to acquire. But no sectional prejudices are admitted to interfere with the spirit of the work, which is intended to be strictly American.

The constantly increasing patronage which this work has received, during the year it has been before the publick, is the best criterion of its merits. The *Ladies' Magazine* is now circulated in almost every city and state in the Union.

Contents of *The Ladies' Magazine*, for May, 1829:—*Original Miscellany*—The Manuscript, No. IV. Lady Aralla Johnson; The Nocturnal Rescue; Recollections, No.

My friend Mary Willie; Leaves from a Scrap Book; Letter from a Mother, to her newly married Daughter; Miss Sedgwick's Novels, Redwood, New England Tale, Hope Leslie, &c.; Fashions; Ladies' Temperance Societies. *Original Poetry*—"This is not your Rest;" Monticello; The Flower of the Hamlet; Home of Youth; "One hour with Thee;" Birth Days. *Literary Notices*—Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott; Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington; Paley's Theology Illustrated; North American Review; Journal of Education; American Monthly Magazine; Edinburgh Review; Quarterly Review; To Readers and Correspondents.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent Albany.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW, is published in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the close of every month. Each number will contain 56 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages. Gentlemen disposed to patronize this work, are requested to enclose *Three Dollars* to the Publisher, when the numbers will be regularly forwarded according to the directions given.

Contents of *The Western Monthly Review*, for April, 1829: Schism in the Methodist Church; Inland Trade with New Mexico; The Doctrine of Temperaments; Biography of Dr. Parr; The Philosophy of Human Knowledge; Liberty and Liberal Education; The Mentor; A Universal Language; Discussion between Messrs. Owen and Campbell; American Bible Society.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent Albany.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the publick, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23. 1829. 17 3m.

BOARDING.—Six or eight gentlemen can be accommodated with board and lodging, on reasonable terms, in a central part of the city. Apply at Mrs. Goodwin's, centre west building, Wm. James Row, Howard street. May 18.

POETRY.

THE ICEBERG.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

'T was night—our anchored vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright—as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out
To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When floating in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep blue home again.

Yet while we gazed that sunny eve
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep;
It blushed bright red, while growing on
Our fixed, half fearful gaze,
But it wandered down, with its golden crown,
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame;
And as we looked, we named it then,
The fount whence all colours came:
There were rainbows furled with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows,
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of the full blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been;
And the ideal hues that thought-like pass
Through the minds of fanciful men;
They beamed so clear—and that form moved on,
Like one from a burning grave;
And we dared not think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just lingered in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one passed
With a deep disturbing motion:
The far down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew wildly pale
The ocean's bosom heaving.

Yet as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The upturn waves rolled hoar,—and huge
The far thrown undulations
Swelled out in the sun's last lingering smile,
And fell, like battling nations.

THE DEAD MARINER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Sleep on—sleep on—above thy corse
The winds their sabbath keep—
The wave is round thee—and thy breast
Heaves with the heaving deep;
O'er thee mild Eve her beauty flings,
And there the white gull lifts her wings,
And the blue Halcyon loves to lave
Her plumage in thy foamy wave.

Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air,
No violet springs, nor dewy rose
Its soul of love lays bare;
But there the sea-flower bright and young
Is sweetly o'er thy alumbers flung,
And like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral caves
Are thy blight urn—thy requiem,
The music of its waves;—

The purple gems forever burn
In faceless beauty round thy urn,
And pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wrath
Of mingling cloud and deep
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep.
But when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now, 't will murmur o'er thy breast,
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on—thy corse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet—
For thee the heart-rung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet;
And she, thy young and beauteous bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,
As oft she turns to view with tears
The Eden of departed years.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for April.

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And burning thoughts flashed o'er his mind,
Of the white man's faith and love unkind.

Bryant.

In the silence of the midnight,
I journey with the dead;
In the darkness of the forest boughs,
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne;
The mountain eagle hath no plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave sod,
By the white man's path defiled;
On to the ancestral wilderness
I bear thy dust, my child!

I have asked the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace;

And the rocking pines make answer—
Go, bring us back thine own!
And the streams from all the hunters' hills
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters,
That yet unamed may roll;
The voices of those chainless ones
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoiler's dwellings
For evermore behind;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone amidst their hearth fires
I watched my child's decay;
Uncheered I saw the spirit light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say—"A friend is near!"
There was none!—Pale race farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back! back! I bore thee laughing thence,
—I bear the slumbering now!

I bear him unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone;—
I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,—
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

* "A striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebeck tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the state, and fixed himself in a new township where a number of families were settled. Though not ill-treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown on the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly after he gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians. (Tucker's Letters on the Eastern States of America.)

SONG.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

'T is now the hour—'t is now the hour
To bow at Beauty's shine;
Now whilst our hearts confess the power
Of woman, wit and wine;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs—wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,
In such an hour as this,
While Pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social sprinkling bliss,
Why does my bosom heave the sigh
That mars delight?—She is not by!

There was an hour—there was an hour
When I indulged the spell
That Love wound round me with a power
Words vainly try to tell—
Though Love has filled my chequered doom
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom—

Yet there 's an hour—there 's still an hour
Whose coming sunshine may
Clear from the clouds that hang and lower
My fortune's future day:
That hour of hours beloved will be,
That hour that gives thee back to me!

From the New-York Mercantile Advertiser.

THE FALSE KNIGHT

—To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow."

A star was o'er the bower,
With beams of mercy laden;—
It might have been the guardian power
Of an unshrouded maiden!

Like a silver arrow flew
The star adown the heaven;
While, as it fell, a deeper blue
To the night arch was given.

A youth came from the bower,
With a maid veiled and weeping;
Why at the bower at such an hour:
All honest hearts are sleeping.

Men have a magnet's charm,
But use it as a fetter;—
The maid should not have sought his arm,
Nor read his perfumed letter.

Soon came the winter's breeze,
And sent the fine leaves sailing;
What 's that like conscience 'mid the trees?
Is it a baby's wailing?

"Bury me," the mother said,
"Deeper from my parents' sighing—
Trample the earth above my head—
Smother that infant's crying."

New-York.

CHARLES EDWARDS.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Sergeant Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 48 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Carrier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handlers in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.
Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

3f

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BASKET MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market-street, (opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House,) keeps constantly on hand, and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles.
Albany, March 4, 1829.

BOOK BINDING—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, came on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Newspaper Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at \$2 1-2 cents a volume. Feb 14

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THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD.

AT NO. 3, BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS—To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, in ADVANCE—otherwise, *Three Dollars*.
JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1829.

NO. 18

MASONICK RECORD.

BEAUTIES OF ANTI-MASONRY.

From the Boston Bulletin.

The enjoyment of equal rights and privileges, whether moral, religious, or political, is supposed to be engrafted into the condition of each and every individual, whose lot is cast under a free, republican government. It is guaranteed to this people by the Federal Constitution of these United States; it is that for which our fathers emigrated to these once solitary shores; for which the greatest privations were cheerfully submitted to, that their descendants, to the latest ages, might sit under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid. But sad experience teaches that the strongest guarantees are insufficient to protect against the united efforts of caprice, folly and ambition; nothing short of the power of an Almighty hand can stay their course. This position is most fully demonstrated, in some of the melancholy effects of the recent unhallowed excitement, which has raged through various parts of the New-England states; and in most cases without even a passing notice from those against whom its venom had been directed. In some few cases, the contagion has spread beyond conception; the intellectual powers of many have become feverish, and like the *delirium tremens*, the disorder has run to an extreme height, forming in their imaginations, images dire and horrible, portentous of the total prostration of morality, the demolition of the temples of justice, the annihilation of impartial legislation; in a word, the total, and final ruin, of every right, which the foresight, the wisdom, and the benevolence of the great, the wise, and the good, of this western hemisphere, have placed within our reach.

These cursory remarks have been elicited by the perusal of a very slight notice in your paper of Thursday evening last, of the course adopted by the self styled exclusive patriots (alias "Anti-masons") in the town of Randolph, with reference to the revision of the *jury box*. This town has, for many years, been not less remarkable for its harmonious management of its municipal affairs, than for its industry and enterprise as a manufacturing community; and happy indeed would it be, could its former quiet be restored. But fell discord and cruel persecution have made their appearance, proscibing and laying waste all that is just and good.

Anti-masonry, it is believed, first made its appearance in this town, in the person of an adept in his art, (well trained in the school of the ambitious Southwick) direct from the banks of a branch of White River, state of Vermont, who, under pretension of enlightening the minds of the good people of this place, came loaded with budgets of publications, fresh from the press of his master spirit. These publications were distributed to certain well known, restless, ambitious men, whose whole time was devoted to the promotion of their own selfish purposes, by raising a party opposed to masonry, at the head of which, they themselves should stand as leaders. Their papers were read, their exhortations made, and their inferences drawn, at first in *secret conclave*, to a select few, of little information, and of a right temper of mind to be easily duped, and rendered efficient members of their party. The subject was recommended by its novelty; their imaginations were wrought to the highest pitch, and pictured to them the phantom of an unlawful combination in masonick lodges, whose reality never existed and in fact never could exist. But the spark was struck, the fire kindled, and spread like the electric fluid through the combustible matter in this vicinity; and nought was wanting but a "*renunciation*" to confirm all things. Yes, one renunciation, from whom, it mattered not, was to preponderate, though in the opposite scale were deposited the affirmations of every mason in the county.

A man was soon found in B—e, who had long used his loquacious powers for ambitious purposes to no effect, whose standing was somewhat shattered in the estimation of those to whom he was best known, and over whose countenance a gloom had passed, depicting the hopeless condition of the inward man. To him the hobby horse was presented, and he was soon astride; his name was blazoned

at the end of a long renunciation, and he became at once the oracle of the party. His unprecedented success, in rising so rapidly to a station so *notorious*, soon induced another renunciation from M—n. This man, following the above example, likewise published a formal renunciation, but in the hurry of the movement, forgot, or neglected to make known to the world, that for more than twelve months a committee of N. U. lodge had been endeavouring, in *conformity with true masonick principles*, to effect a reformation of his habits; but it having become a hopeless task, he was expelled from the lodge, months previous to his renunciation. He likewise neglected to make known, whether he was or was not once a member of a church of regular standing, and whether he has, or has not, renounced all connexion with it. However, I shall permit these renunciations to pass for what they are worth; well satisfied that by good judges, they are readily distinguished as base coin.

But the party is formed, and I shall now take some notice of its operations in this town. The first effort of this new combination was to be made at the annual town meeting in March. Every mason was denounced as unfit for an office of trust or profit, and it was determined to displace the *whole*, the whole consisting of only one man in any office above that of constable. The entire strength of the opposition was brought to a bearing, and their candidate, a man of talents and respectability, who had disdained to take any part with them, was elected by a majority of two votes, in two hundred and eighty; this is what is called in a certain contemptible paper, "*Glorious News! Triumphant Majority!*" Strange how a straw will tickle! Thus was the strength of the parties present decided.

The next subject brought before the town which required the guardian care of the anti-masons, was the all important duty of revising the jury box. In the performance of their duty in this respect, the select-men were pretended to be shielded from censure, by the appointment of a committee of advisement; this committee, with the selectmen, convened, and it is believed resolved themselves into a secret assemblage. They first determined to take from the box the names of all those who had served on juries, during the past year, and to replace them by those not in the box—a course certainly unobjectionable. Having done this, it was found that the name of every mason, one excepted, was out of the box. This exception was John Wales, a man well known, and acknowledged a perfectly upright and honourable man, as well qualified in point of judgment and general information, for discharging the duties of a jurymen, as any other person in the country. Here was a delicate point, how to rid themselves of him they knew not, but sacrificed he must be; their ingenuity was set in operation, and they *actually put in one extra name, more than the town is entitled to by law*. The list was thus reported to the town at the April adjournment; and the town was informed that there was one more name on the list than the town was entitled to by the statutes of this Commonwealth: Captain Wales' name was voted out of the jury box, and the list was accepted. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The above is a plain statement of facts, an unvarnished tale, that requires no argument; and thus we are to have "those men only to sit in judgment who according to their own declarations make a merit of *perjury*." Without alluding particularly to various other excesses and irregularities at the above named meetings, and at private caucuses, I shall close by remarking that nothing could have induced me to have stated the above facts, but a sincere desire that the truth might be known; several incorrect statements, and much low blackguard, calculated to gull and deceive, having lately appeared in a certain paper, which I am ready to acknowledge is too low and vulgar for any gentleman to answer. Had the editor the abilities, and a disposition to come out in manly argument, upon the subject in dispute, many, very many, would gladly wield the quill in defence of masonry, among whom I should esteem it an honour to consider myself, even if among the least. But so long as he shall number among his correspondents, characters the most vile; so long as his columns are filled with the most foul assertions and insinuations, without the shadow of truth, so long as he publishes advertisements which it would be blasphemy to repeat, his paper will not be perused, nor his communications answered by any one who has the slightest pretensions to respectability.

ty. He may go on, big in his own imagination, and rest assured, his venomous shafts fall harmless at our feet.

Randolph, April 20, 1829.

VERITAS.

NEW DEVICE.

From the Buffalo Journal of May 19.

The leaders of political anti-masonry, conscious that their party is on the decline, have hit on a new plan to gull the people. The city of New-York is to be the theatre of action. It is gravely announced in their papers, that at a meeting in that city, a committee was appointed to address a note to *some distinguished mason*, whose standing and character would place his testimony above suspicion, and request of him his opinion of the institution of masonry, &c. &c. What these *politicians* have to do with masonry, is more than the publick fully understand. But no matter; the committee was appointed, and in the performance of their duty, they have addressed a note to CADWALLADER D. COLDEN, requesting his written opinion on the subject of inquiry. It is announced to the world, *that he has complied with the request!*

Now mark the villany of this whole proceeding. This show is got up for the vilest of purposes, under such a guise as to lull suspicion, was it not known to be a mockery from the beginning. The object is to place Mr. Colden before the publick without the appearance of design, with a cunningly wrought tale in his mouth calculated to arouse once more the jealousies and suspicion of the honest electors—to warp their judgement and puzzle their understanding, so that the delusion may be kept up a little longer. But we undertake to say, from unquestionable authority, *that the whole is the result of an arrangement ENTERED INTO THREE MONTHS AGO!* It has been the subject of correspondence and treaty during the whole winter, among the managers from one end of the state to the other, and the price of this surrender of masonry, and declaration in favour of *political anti-masonry*, is the promise of a nomination for governor! These are facts, derived, as we before said, from unquestionable authority, and which cannot be denied.

But why all this parade about it? We answer—because Mr. Colden would not consent to place himself on a level with the common renouncing masons; and because it was necessary to do something to draw attention to his name, or it would lie neglected for that of Solomon Southwick. There are other facts connected with this business of a curious nature. The delay has been occasioned in part, by the vain hope of inducing Stephen Van Rensselaer to forswear himself. Mr. Colden was not exactly the man they wished; but it seems their necessities have driven them to close the bargain. The candidate for governor must come from the east, and they were desirous of having it in their power to take a man before whom Solomon would not dare to stand;—as it is, Mr. C. is obliged to work himself into favour with the party; hence the appointment of a committee, and his grave answer that is to come! The west is to have the honour of a lieutenant, which is to be selected from amongst some of the most promising of the Young Lion's cubs.

With what feelings will the decent part of community look upon this shameless attempt to deceive them; and what must be the standard of publick morals, and how great the chance of purity in our elections, where such impositions are submitted to without an attempt at redress? The exposure of this plot to *fore*, the publick voice, may drive the managers from their purpose, so far as Mr. Colden is concerned; but they will only relinquish it to adopt some other, equally base. They exist by deception, and when their expedients fail them, and they can no longer impose on the unsuspecting, they will pass away, to be remembered only as a reproach and a by-word.

From the Percy Anecdotes.

JOHN COUSTOS.

Between the years 1740 and 1750, the Freemasons were subject to great persecutions in Portugal. A jeweller of the name of Moutou, was seized and confined in the prison of the inquisition; and a friend of his, John Coustos, a na

tive of Switzerland, was arrested. The fact was, that these two persons were the leading freemasons in Lishon, which constituted their crime. Coustos was confined in a lonely dungeon, whose horrors were heightened by the complaints, the dismal cries and hollow groans of several other prisoners in the adjoining cells. He was frequently brought before the inquisitors, who were anxious to extort from him the secrets of masonry; but refusing to give any information, he was confined in a still deeper and more horrible dungeon. Finding threats, entreaties and remonstrances in vain, Coustos was condemned to the tortures of the holy office.

He was thereupon conveyed to the torture room, where no light appeared but what two candles gave. First they put round his neck an iron collar, which was fastened to the scaffold; they then fixed a ring to each foot; and this being done, they stretched his limbs with all their might. They next tied two ropes round each arm, and two round each thigh; which ropes passed under the scaffold, through holes made for that purpose; and were all drawn tight at the same time, by four men on a signal made for that purpose. These ropes, which were of the size of one's little finger, pierced through his flesh quite to the bone, making the blood gush out at eight different places that were so bound.

Finding that the tortures above described could not extort any discovery from him, they were so inhuman, six weeks after, as to expose him to another kind of torture, more grievous if possible, than the former. They made him stretch his arms in such a manner, that the palms of his hands were turned outward; when by the help of a rope that fastened together at the wrist, and which turned by an engine, they drew them nearer to one another in such a manner, that the back of each hand touched, and stood exactly parallel one on the other; whereby both of his shoulders were dislocated, and a quantity of blood issued from his mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which he was again sent to his dungeon, and put into the hands of physicians and surgeons, who, in setting his bones, put him to exquisite pain.

SECRETS OF ANTI-MASONRY. An honest old farmer of our acquaintance, unhappily bewildered by the effusions of Southwick, Weed, Giddins, & Co., as erst the good people of Samaria were bewitched with the sorceries of Simon, lately visited his political friend, (a worthy and influential man in a neighbouring town,) to ask his signature to a paper, designed to get up an anti-masonick meeting. Aware that his friend had been a frequent and prominent candidate for office, and knowing him to have no partiality for masonry, the farmer did not anticipate a refusal; and evinced no little surprise and mortification when the other handed back the paper, saying, "he had no idea of mixing masonry and politics, and chose to be excused." "Indeed! you astonish me," says the farmer—"why, you're the last man I should have expected would refuse; why, 'Squire, we want five or six such men as you and Judge —, to take the lead in this business; you might be first, and Judge — second, and you could have any OFFICE you wish for in the county!'"

[Little Falls People's Friend.

ANTI-MASONRY IN OHIO. A few restless, peace-disturbing, office-seeking beings have been toiling for some time to create anti-masonick parties in some of the lake counties in Ohio; but the thing do n't seem to take well at all, and if it does not take at first, it never will. Its only chance of success consists in taking the people by surprise, and then plying them well with blood-and-murder stories, to keep up the delusion. But unfortunately for the projectors, the people in Ohio have had an opportunity to witness some of the blessed effects of anti-masonry in the western part of this state, and, acting upon the principle that "a burnt child dreads the fire," they seem wisely disposed to profit by the example set before them. [Fred. Censor.

CELEBRATIONS.

The Anniversary Festival of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated on Wednesday, the 24th of June next, at Humphreysville, Connecticut, by King Hiram's Lodge, No. 12. The several Lodges, Chapters, and Encampments, in this vicinity, are respectfully invited to attend on the occasion, with their appropriate dresses, jewels, &c. The procession escorted by a full band of music, will leave the Lodge Room at 11 o'clock, and proceed to the Church, where a discourse will be delivered by a Rev. Companion, accompanied with other religious exercises; after which the Brethren will partake of a public dinner. By order of the Committee of Arrangements. T. C. PRATT, Sec'y.

Humphreysville, April 20, 1829.

The annual Festival of St. John will be celebrated in Middlebury, Vermont, on the 24th of June next. Lodge to convene in Masons' Hall, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Masonick brethren in this vicinity are respectfully invited to attend. M. S. WALLER, Sec'y.

Middlebury, 5th May, A. L. 5829.

Plattsburgh Chapter and Clinton Lodge will celebrate the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, on the 24th of June next. Timely notice of the arrangements of the committee will be given.

Neighbouring chapters and lodges, and sojourning brethren in this vicinity, are respectfully invited to attend.

A. MCOTTTER,
N. P. GREGORY,
F. P. ALLEN,

R. FITZGERALD,
C. ALLEN,
G. W. HICKS.
Committee of Arrangements.

Plattsburgh, May 22, 1829.

The Festival of St. John will be celebrated in Oxford, Massachusetts, the 24th of June next, by Oxford Lodge. A religious discourse may be expected from the Rev. Br. EDWARD TURNER, and a masonick address by Br. LINTS CHILD.

Members of Masonick Associations, generally, are respectfully invited to attend with their appropriate Badges, Jewels and Clothing. The procession will form at half past ten o'clock. By order of the committee of arrangements. Oxford, May 20, 1829. Wm. SIGOURNEY, Ch'n.

The members of Morning Star Lodge, No. 85, will celebrate the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist on the 24th of June next. An oration will be delivered at the court house in Nashville, at 3 o'clock, by Br. Jesse H. Drake. The members of the fraternity, the relatives and friends of masonry, are respectfully invited to attend. By order. BENJAMIN H. BLOUNT, Sec'y.

Nashville, N. C., 13th May, 1829.

Notice is hereby given, that the Annual Communication of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of Vermont, will be holden at Masons' Hall, in Rutland, on Wednesday, the 17th of June next, at 7 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by the Rev. Amos Drury, Grand Chaplain. The officers and members of the G. R. A. Chapter, and others concerned, will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly. By order of the M. E. and Rev. Joel Clapp, G. High Priest, JOEL GREEN, G. Sec'y.

Rutland, May 23, A. L. 5829.

The seventh Annual Convocation of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of North Carolina will be held in Fayetteville, on Tuesday, the 24th of June next.

ALEXANDER J. LAWRENCE, G. Sec'y.
May 20, 1829.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following are the installed officers of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of South Carolina, for the present year:—

James Eyland, Grand High Priest; Alexander M'Donald, Deputy Grand High Priest; Edward Smith Courtenay, Grand King; James S. Burgess, Grand Scribe, Moses Holbrook, M. D., Grand Secretary; Edward Sebring, Grand Treasurer; Rev. Joseph Browne, Grand Chaplain; H. G. Street, Grand Marshal; John Roche, Grand Sentinel.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in the city of Philadelphia, laid the corner stone of their new hall, now erecting in the district of Kennington in that city, on Monday last. The procession was formed at Commissioners' Hall in Third-street, and proceeded through the principal streets to the site of the new building, and returned again to Commissioners Hall.

CHARACTER.

From the New-York Daily Advertiser.

JOHN JAY.

Among the great men which this country has produced, very few have risen to a degree of eminence and excellence equal to that of this distinguished patriot and statesman. Mr. Jay was a descendant from one of the Huguenot families, which fled from France at the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and sought a refuge in the colony of New York from the persecutions which followed that iniquitous and sanguinary measure. Previously to the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, he was settled in the practice of law in this city, where he soon rose to great distinction and reputation. Upon the breaking out in hostilities, he took a most decided and active part on behalf of the country; and during the whole controversy,

he occupied various publick important stations, one of which was President of the Continental Congress, and in all of which, he was one of the most efficient and influential agents in carrying on the war, and conducting the affairs of the States, that were ever called to the national councils. Possessing great firmness and forecast, as well as wisdom, integrity, and talents, he never hesitated, even during the darkest periods of the war of Independence, at pursuing what he considered the path of duty, with the utmost zeal, activity, and resolution. As early as the year 1775, he was placed upon a committee, appointed for the express purposes of holding secret correspondence with the friends of the United States in Great Britain, and other parts of the world. From that time till 1779, he was employed in the service of his country in various stations, in all of which he maintained a most exalted character for disinterested patriotism, profound talents, and the purest integrity and virtue. In 1779 he was appointed Minister to Spain. At that time it was an object of the highest importance with the government of Spain, to obtain an agreement from the U. States, that Spain should hold the exclusive right to the navigation of the Mississippi. To force Mr. Jay to come to this point, they threw every embarrassment in his way, and endeavoured to render his situation at Madrid as irksome and vexatious as possible, while at the same time, in the midst of his difficulties, he was informed, that if he would accede to their terms respecting the Mississippi, he should be relieved to the full extent of his wishes. This Mr. Jay resisted with great firmness; and for this patriotic devotion to the interests of his country, congress afterwards expressed their highest approbation. Mr. Jay remained in Europe until the year 1782 when Mr. Oswald, a British subject then in France, received information, that he was about to be commissioned to treat for, and conclude a peace with any commissioners appointed by the American Colonies or Plantations. This order was shown to the American Commissioners and to the French Minister, the Count de Vergennes. The latter, and Dr. Franklin were inclined to accept the commission as sufficient; but Mr. Jay refused to treat in any other character than as the Representative of the Thirteen Independent States. During the negotiation, and in forming the treaty of peace, Mr. Jay's conduct was distinguished by great firmness, and the most unshaken regard to the interests and honour of his country. In the course of the negotiations he declared he would never set his hand to a bad treaty, nor to one which did not secure the fisheries to his country.

When the Constitution of the United States, prepared by the Convention of 1787, was submitted to the states for their adoption, great anxiety prevailed concerning the result throughout the Confederation, and particularly as it regarded the state of New-York. Previously to the meeting of the state Conventions, the great work called the *Federalist* was undertaken and accomplished by the joint labours of John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison. It originally appeared in a series of essays in a newspaper; but was afterwards collected and published in volumes; and has long been considered as the ablest exhibition of the principles and provisions of the new form of government that has ever appeared. It is esteemed, and probably always will be, as a standard work, for the use of politicians and statesmen, in all generations.

When the new government was organized, Mr. Jay was nominated by general Washington, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—a place which he filled, and the duties of which he performed, with the highest honour to himself, and the greatest benefit to the country. This office Mr. Jay held until the year 1794, when he was appointed by general Washington, Minister Extraordinary to Great Britain. At that time the relations between the two nations were involved in extreme difficulty, arising in a great measure from the principles and proceedings of the French revolutionary government. Mr. Jay succeeded in forming a treaty with the British government, from which, although it met with violent opposition from one of the political parties in the country, proved highly beneficial to the United States.

After his return to the United States, Mr. Jay was for several years governor of this, his native state, where his administration was marked with the purest integrity, and with a strict regard to the interests of the state.

After he left the chief magistracy of the state, Mr. Jay relinquished all public employment; and for more than twenty years past, he has resided on his estate in Westchester county, in strict retirement, and in the full enjoyment of domestic peace and happiness. Here his mind has been engaged on subjects of infinitely greater importance than the turmoils of politics and the rise and fall of nations. Deeply imbued from early life with the principles of the christian religion, and viewing them as the source of all that is desirable in this life, and of all that we hope for in the life to come, that great subject has engrossed his thoughts, and occupied his attention for many years past, to a degree rarely found to exist among politicians and statesmen. After the death of his venerable friend and fellow patriot, of the same age, the Hon. Elias Boudinot, another descendant from the Huguenots, Mr. Jay was appointed President of the American Bible Society—an institution in which he took the deepest interest, and for whose prosperity he laboured and prayed with the most fervent and unceasing devotion. About a year before his death, in consequence of his great age and growing infirmities, he resigned that office, and was succeeded by the present worthy and dignified incumbent, the Hon. Richard Varick.

During his retirement, the duties of piety towards God, have been mingled with those of the parent and friend; and the delightful retreat of Bedford, for a quarter of a century, has beheld this aged patriot, bending in deep humility and prostration of spirit, before the cross of his divine master—the great REDEEMER of men.

THE GATHERER.

DUTCH MAIL.

While I was at Nottingham I fell in with a plain elderly man, an ancient reader of the *Leicester Herald*, a paper which I published for some years in the halcyon days of my youth. Its reputation secured me many a hearty shake by the hand, accompanied by the watery eye of warm feeling, as I passed through the midland counties. I abandoned it in 1796 for the *Monthly Magazine*, and exchanged Leicester for London. This ancient reader hearing that I was in Nottingham, came to me with a certain paper in his hand, to call me to account for the wearisome hours which an article in it had cost him and his friends. I looked at it, and saw it headed "Dutch Mail," and it professed to be a column of *original Dutch*, which this honest man had been labouring to translate, for he said he had not met with any other specimen of Dutch. The sight of it brought the following circumstance to my recollection:—On the evening before one of the publications my men and a boy were frolicking in the printing-office and they overturned two or three columns of the paper. The chief point was to get ready in some way for the Nottingham and Derby coaches, which, at four in the morning, required 400 or 500 papers. After every exertion we were short nearly a column, but there stood in the galley a tempting column of *pi*. Now, unlettered reader, mark—*pi* is a jumble of odd letters, gathered from the floor, &c., of a printing office, but set on end in any manner, to distribute at leisure in their proper places. Some letters are topsy-turvy, often ten or twelve consonants come together, and then as many vowels, with as whimsical a juxtaposition of stops. I suddenly bethought me that this might be called *Dutch*, and, after writing a head "Dutch Mail," I subjoined a statement, that "just as our paper was going to press, the Dutch mail had arrived, but, that as we had not time to make a translation, we had inserted its intelligence in the original." I then overcame the scruples of my overseer, and the *pi* was made up to the extent wanted, and off it went as *original Dutch* into Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire! In a few hours other matter, in plain English, supplied its place for our local publication. Of course all the linguists, schoolmasters, high bred village politicians,

and correspondents of the *Ladies Diary*, set their wits to work to translate my Dutch, and I once had a collection of letters containing speculations on the subject, or demanding a literal translation of that which appeared to be so intricate. How the Dutch could read it was incomprehensible! My Nottingham *quidnunc* was one of this number, and it appeared that, at times, for above four and thirty years, he had bestowed on it his anxious attentions. I told him the story—and he left me, vowing that, as I had deceived him, he would never believe any newspaper again!

[Sir Richard Philip's Personal Tour.

From the Memoirs of General Miller, Second Edition.

SOUTH AMERICAN MANNERS.

In the Pampas, where a scarcity of food is unknown to the poorest, that calculating avarice which, in its fears for to-morrow, would look with apathy on the wants of the stranger, can have but a limited sway. Kind offices are, therefore, more freely and disinterestedly conferred than in less abundant regions. In addition to this, the dearth of society in a thinly-sprinkled population renders the presence of a traveller on their isolated *haciendas* a source of gratification. If his appearance afford no ground for mistrust, and his manners are not disagreeable, his being a stranger is a sufficient passport to a kind and hearty welcome. Whether he be rich or poor is not a subject of inquiry, and makes no difference in the reception.

The South Americans are gay, and fond of dancing, musick, and singing. There are few, whether wealthy or otherwise, who are not proficient in one or other of these accomplishments. In the warmer latitudes, people carry on not only their usual occupations, but their amusements, chiefly in the open air; and as singing constitutes one of the principal sources of the latter, the continued exercise of the voice harmonizes and strengthens it. Perhaps no opera, in Europe, could afford, to a natural and unsophisticated ear, so rich a treat as that which may be enjoyed in Cuzco, Arequipa, and other cities, where the ancient Peruvian airs are sung in the rich and melodious tones of the natives.

The South Americans possess great intellectual quickness, and a retentive memory. The following may be cited as an extraordinary instance of the latter faculty. An old man, a native of La Pax, in Upper Peru, and of unmixed Indian blood, who kept an inn at Curicavi, between Valparaiso and Santiago, could repeat nearly the whole of Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth," and was better acquainted with the History of England than most Englishmen. He spoke of Queen Boadicea, and was as familiar with the history of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster as if they had occurred in his country, and in his own times. He had been brought up by the jesuits. He had made two voyages to Canton, and was known by the name of "the emperor of China," in consequence frequently of amusing his guests with long stories about the *celestial empire*.

The Peruvians have great natural talents for painting and sculpture. They generally produce striking likenesses, but being uninstructed in the principles of these arts, their pictures have no other merit. There is, however, a female figure, done in 1711, by a native of Quito, which is considered as one of the finest paintings in a very good collection belonging to Mynheer Vandermarlin, of Brussels.

THE IDLER.

There were many newspapers in the room, but there was nothing in them. There was a clock, but it did not seem to go; at least, so he thought, but after looking at it for a very long time he found it did go, but it went very slowly. Then he looked at his watch, and that went as slow as the clock. Then he took up the newspapers again one after the other very deliberately. He read the sporting intelligence and the fashionable news. But he did not read very attentively, as he afterwards discovered. Then he looked at the clock again, and was almost angry at the imperturbable monotony of its face. Then he took out his pocket-book to

amuse himself by reading his memorandums, but they were very few; and very unintelligible. Then he rose up from his seat, and went to the window; and looked at the people in the street; he thought they looked very stupid, and wondered what they could all find to do with themselves. He looked at the carriages, and saw none with coronets, except now and then a hackney-coach. Then he began to pick his teeth, and that reminded him of eating; and then he rang the bell, which presently brought a waiter; and he took that opportunity of drawing out the word "waiter" in such lengthened tone, as if resolved to make one word last as long as possible.

[Rank and Talent.

CAPUCHIN INTERMENT.

A gentleman, who had resided many years abroad, and particularly amongst the Italian Catholics, once described to me the manner in which the Capuchins inter the brethren of their order. These defunct *freres* are embalmed, arrayed in their peculiar habits, as when living; and in the vaults of their monastick churches or chapels, ranged upright in niches formed for this purpose. On certain days, particularly on the Feast of All Souls, the doors of these cemeteries are opened to the public, who, as a religious duty, flock in to view these singular and affecting relics of mortality. The bodies undergo but little alteration in appearance for centuries; but Mr. M. being tempted to touch the very long nose of one old fellow, who looked "a leathern Pharaoh, grinning in the dark," it disappeared in a shower of dust beneath his fingers.

SUGAR MADE FROM RAGS.

The compiler of a Catechism of Chemistry up to the latest date, says "It is a remarkable fact, that a pound of rags may be converted into more than a pound of sugar, merely by the action of sulphuric acid. When shreds of linen are triturated (stirred) in a glass mortar with sulphuric acid, they yield a gummy matter on evaporation; and if this matter be boiled for some time dilute sulphuric acid, we obtain a crystallizable sugar."—Now is the time to look up all your old rags, &c.

RETENTIVE MEMORY.

The historian, Fuller, in 1607, had a most retentive memory; he could repeat 500 strange, unconnected words, after twice hearing them; and a sermon verbatim, after reading it once. He undertook, after passing from Temple Bar to the farthest part of Cheapside and back again, to mention all the signs over the shops on both sides of the streets, repeated them backwards and forwards, and performed the task with great exactness.

BOARDING.

In Ireland, when a man marries, who cannot afford to treat his friends to whiskey upon the occasion, they take the door of his house off the hinges, lay him upon it, and carry him thus upon their shoulders all day. In the evening he is allowed to return to his deserted bride. This custom is called "boarding," and is so frequent, as I myself can attest from personal observation, as to attract but little attention from the commonalty, and nothing like a mob.

EVE'S TOMB.

About two miles northward of Djidda is shown the tomb of Howa (Eve), the mother of mankind; it is, as I was informed, a rude structure of stone, about four feet in length, two or three feet in height, and as many in breadth; thus resembling the tomb of Noah, seen in the valley of Bekaa, in Syria.

[Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.

THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

This vast accumulation of sublime peaks, the pinnacles of our globe, is so extensive, that a plane, resting on elevations 21,000 feet, may be stretched in one direction as far as the Hingtoo Cosh, for upwards of 1,000 miles, above which rise loftier summits, increasing in height to nearly 6,000 feet more.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF QUITO.

[Translated from the Danish of Enquist, and the German of Döring, by one of the Authors of the "Old Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c.]

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were travelling, rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning,—flash followed flash—above, around, beneath,—every where a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in the cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned, and informed us that he discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and, with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds: monkeys and parrots lay strewn upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From every thing I saw, I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in the cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling at the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green colour; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of a"—He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "a tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire arms.

Wharton had already regained his composure

and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stones, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols, the former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again; and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both places was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a nestling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewn over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the highest consternation.

"All is now over," said Wharton, "We have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket and hastened to the other end of the cave—I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning; and the tiger, who had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once, but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But, having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled

them: and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so fearful a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntsman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and that under these circumstances, the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifices that my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of birds were again heard in the neighbouring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture how all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once a horrid roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

"This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with her's. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger who lay stretched beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head. "Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance; and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves by instant flight, for the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of tigers, though at a distance;

and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the numbers of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our own on his account.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trode with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the farther progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moments pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment, in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance; she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion: he followed her with an immense spring and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroick man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln who was already at his side had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near him on the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal stunned and overpowered, let go his hold and fell back into the abyss. All would have been well had it ended thus; but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of the blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then was plunged into it to rise no more!

Of all poverty that of the mind is most deplorable.

Knowledge directeth practice, but yet practice increaseth knowledge.

MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTES OF A DIANA MONKEY.

BY MRS. BOWDICH.

An old ship companion of mine was a native of the Gold Coast, and was of the Diana species. He had been purchased by the cook of the vessel in which I sailed from Africa, and was considered his exclusive property. Jack's place then was close to the caboose; but as his education progressed, he was gradually allowed an increase of liberty, till at last he enjoyed the range of the whole ship, except the cabin. I had embarked with more than a mere womanly aversion to monkeys, it was absolute antipathy; and although I often laughed at Jack's freaks, still I kept out of his way, till a circumstance brought with it a closer acquaintance, and cured me of my dislike. Our latitude was three degrees south, and we only proceeded by occasional tornadoes, the intervals of which were filled up by dead calms and bright weather; when these occurred during the day, the helm was frequently lashed, and all the watch went below. On one of these occasions I was sitting alone on the deck, and reading intently, when, in an instant, something jumped upon my shoulders, twisted its tale round my neck, and screamed close to my ears. My immediate conviction that it was Jack scarcely relieved me: but there was no help; I dared not cry for assistance, because I was afraid of him, and dared not obey the next impulse, which was to thump him off, for the same reason, I therefore became civil from necessity, and from that moment Jack and I entered into an alliance. He gradually loosened his hold, looked at my face, examined my hands and rings with the most minute attention, and soon found the biscuit which lay by my side. When I liked him well enough to profit by his friendship, he became a constant source of amusement. Like all other nautical monkeys, he was fond of pulling off the men's caps as they slept, and throwing them into the sea; of knocking over the parrots' cages to drink the water as it trickled along the deck, regardless of the occasional gripe he received; of taking the dried herbs out of the tin mugs in which the men were making tea of them; of dexterously picking out the pieces of biscuit which were toasting between the bars of the grate; of stealing the carpenter's tools; in short, of teasing every thing and every body; but he was also a first-rate equestrian. Whenever the pigs were let out to take a run on deck, he took his station behind a cask, whence he leaped on the back of one of his steeds as it passed. Of course the speed was increased, and the nails he stuck in to keep himself on, produced a squeaking; but Jack was never thrown, and became so fond of the exercise, that he was obliged to be shut up whenever the pigs were at liberty. Confinement was the worst punishment he could receive, and whenever threatened with that, or any other, he would cling to me for protection. At night, when about to be sent to bed in an empty hencoop, he generally hid himself under my shawl, and at last never suffered any one but myself to put him to rest. He was particularly jealous of the other monkeys on board, who were all smaller than himself, and put two out of his way. The first feat of the kind was performed in my presence: he began by holding out his paw, and making a squeaking noise, which the other evidently considered as an invitation; the poor little thing crouched to him most humbly; but Jack seized him by the neck, hopped off to the side of the vessel, and threw him into the sea. We cast out a rope immediately, but the monkey was too frightened to cling to it, and we were going too fast to save him by any other means. Of course, Jack was flogged and scolded, at which he was very penitent; but the deceitful rogue, at the end of three days, sent another victim to the same destiny. But his spite against his own race was manifested at another time in a very original way. The men had been painting the ship's side with a streak of white, and upon being summoned to dinner, left their brushes and paint on deck. Unknown to Jack, I was seated behind the companion door, and saw the whole transaction; he called a little black monkey to him, who, like the others, immediately crouched to his superi-

our, when he seized him by the nape of the neck with one paw, took the brush, dripping with paint, with the other, and covered him with white from head to foot. Both the man at the helm and myself burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropped his victim and scampered up the rigging. The unhappy little beast began licking himself, but I called the steward, who washed him so well with turpentine, that all injury was prevented; but during our bustle Jack was peeping with his black nose through the bars of the main top, apparently enjoying the confusion. For three days he persisted in remaining aloft; no one could catch him, he darted with such rapidity from rope to rope; at length, impelled by hunger, he dropped unexpectedly from some height on my knees, as if for refuge, and as he had thus confided in me, I could not deliver him up to punishment.

The only way in which I could controul his tricks was by showing him to the panther on board, which excited his fears very strongly. I used to hold him up by his tail, and the instant he saw the panther he would become perfectly stiff, shut his eyes, and pretend to be dead. When I moved away, he would relax his limbs, and open one eye very cautiously; but if he caught a glimpse of the panther's cage, the eyes were quickly closed, and he resumed the rigidity of death. After four months' sojourn together, I quitted Jack off the Scilly Islands, and understood that I was very much regretted: he unceasingly watched for me in the morning, and searched for me in every direction, even venturing into the cabin; nor was he reconciled to my departure when my servants left the vessel at Gravesend.

From the New-York Morning Courier.

BATHE YOUR BODY.

A man gets up in the morning, washes his hands and face, pronounces himself clean, and eats his breakfast with great complacency. And clean he would be, were his body composed exclusively of hands and face. Day after day, he performs this partial ablution, and conscience never whispers to him that he is misusing the other members of his body most abominably. His head aches—his feet swell—he feels unaccountably uncomfortable—and yet he never dreams that all this is caused by an obstruction of the pores. He cannot understand that health and good looks depend materially upon general and habitual cleanliness.

Cleanliness is not a negative but a positive virtue—a man that keeps a clean body cannot but have a clean conscience. Great rascals are always filthy in their persons. Be it understood however, that we do not mean to call all unclean men great rascals, else, before we are a day older, we shall see some foul subscriber stop his paper in imitation of our fat patron. We never yet knew a neat man to be guilty of a dirty action—his ideas, like his body, are pure and uncontaminated.

Much abused and slandered Grimalkin! for this do we honour thee! What though a tread on thy tail produces a visitation from thy claw, even on the leg of thy best friend—it is but the out-breaking of the old Adam within thee, it is in thy feline nature, and human nature is very like unto it. But more of this hereafter, when we shall undertake the vindication of thy character, and prove thee to possess the soul of chivalry. Thy cleanliness is our present theme. The proverb tells the slug-gard to go to the ant, to consider her ways and be wise. From the little bee we learn industry—from the dog, fidelity—and from the fox, cunning. And shall the cat be excluded from the list of our tutors? Look at her in the morning, as she sits demurely perched up in the window—see how gracefully she moves that pliant paw, cleansing her body corporate, and so intent upon her task that the very mouse runs past her unheeded. With what consciousness of having done well, does she come purring up to you, wagging that tail which is not to be trodden on. Pat her on the head, and if you have not washed your body, feel ashamed that you are taught cleanliness by a cat!

What is it that makes the Turks such graceful and handsome men, and the Turkish women so exquisitely lovely? Nothing in the world but their daily use of the bath—and we verily believe that

the truth and honour for which the Turk is proverbially celebrated have more connexion with his cleanliness of body than nine persons out of ten would imagine. So much for the moral effect of bathing. Its physical effect has heretofore been our theme; we need not therefore repeat our observations on that portion of the subject.

DOMESTICK HABITS OF NAPOLEON.

At nine o'clock the Emperor came out of his sleeping apartments, dressed for the whole day. First the officers on duty were admitted, and received their orders for the day. Then the *grandes entrees* and the officers of the household not on duty were introduced; and if any one had any particular communication to make, he staid till the publick audience was concluded. At half after nine o'clock Napoleon breakfasted, on a small mahogany table with one leg, and covered with a napkin. The prefect of the palace stood close by this table, with his hat under his arm. The breakfast rarely lasted beyond eight minutes. Sometimes, however, men of science or literature, or distinguished artists, were admitted at this time, with whom Napoleon is represented to have conversed in an easy and lively style. Amongst these were M. Monge, Costaz, Denon, Bertholet, Corvisart, David, Gerard, Isabey, Talma, and Fontaine. Dinner was served at six o'clock; the emperor and the empress dined alone on the common days of the week, but on Sunday all the imperial family attended, upon which occasion Napoleon, the empress, and Madame Mere had arm-chairs, and the rest chairs without arms. There was only one course. The emperor drank no wine but Cham-bertin, and that usually mixed with water. Dinner lasted in general from fifteen to twenty minutes. All this time the prefect of the palace had to superintend the affair *en grand*, and to answer any questions put to him. In the drawing-room a page presented to the emperor a waiter with a cup and a sugar-stand. Le chef d'office poured out the coffee; the empress took the cup from the emperor; the page and the chief d'office retired; the prefect waited till the empress had poured the coffee into the saucer and given it to Napoleon. After this the emperor went to his papers again, and the empress played at cards. Sometimes he would come and talk a little while with the people of the household in the apartments of the empress, but not often, and he had never staid long. Upon his retiring, the officers on duty attended the audience *du coucher*, and received their orders for the morrow. This was the ordinary economy of the emperor's time, when not with the army.

Napoleon read the English newspapers every day in French, and M. de Bausset says the translation was rigorously exact. One day in January, 1811, the emperor gave some of these extracts to de B., and ordered him to read them aloud during dinner. The prefect got on pretty well, till he stumbled at some uncouth epithets, with which he was puzzled how to deal, especially in the presence of the empress, and a room full of domesticks. He blew his nose, and skipped the words—"No!" said Napoleon, "read out! you will find many more." "I should be wanting—" "Read, I tell you," repeated the emperor, "read every thing!" At last de B. ran upon "tyrant or despot," which he commuted for "emperor." Napoleon caught the paper out of his hands, read the real phrase aloud, and then ordered M. de B. to continue. These translations used to be made by Maret, Duke of Bassano.

MISERIES OF WEALTH.

Who is so hard hearted as not to pity the rich man?

Who is dogged in the streets, and knocked down at midnight? The rich man. Whose house is broken into by robbers? The rich man's. Who has his pocket cut out, and his coat spoiled in a crowd? The rich man. Who is in doubt whether people are not laughing at him, in their sleeves, when they are eating his dinner? The rich man. Who adds to his misery by every story which he adds to his house, the rich man—for the higher he ascends, the more motley the atmosphere. A bank breaks, and who is first? The rich stock-holder

and depositor. War blows his horn, and who trembles? Death approaches; and who fears to look him in the face? Why, the rich man—and yet all the world envies the rich. Depend upon it, reader, the length of your face will always be proportioned to the length of your purse. If you live in a two story house, be thankful, and covet not the loftier mansion of your neighbour. You but dishonour yourself, and insult your destiny, by fretting and repining.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1829.

The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

The GRAND LODGE of this state will convene at the Masonick Hall, in the city of New-York, on Wednesday next.

The proceedings of a convention of freemasons from the several lodges and chapters in the counties of Cayuga and Onondaga, held at the Masonick Hall in the village of Skaneateles, came to hand this morning. The Hon. Daniel Sen nett was chairman, and James M. Allen, esq. and Doct. H. D. Eldredge, secretaries. The resolutions and address breathe a spirit of independence and freedom worthy of the highly respectable convention from which they proceed. The proceedings will be given at large in our next

The Bank of Columbia, at Hudson, and the Middle District Bank, at Poughkeepsie, have stopped payment. Their bills are now selling in this city at 25 cents on the dollar.

ADDRESS OF THE ANTI-MASONICK MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE TO THEIR CONSTITUENTS. We briefly alluded to this document last week, since when we have given it a more attentive perusal. It is really a curious affair, five columns in length, a column and a half of which is occupied by grave, threadbare and common-place speculations upon the prosperity of the country, canal policy and canal stock, and the remainder by a general and wholesale summary of stale anti-masonick falsehoods and misrepresentations, so coupled with political reflections, as to operate, if they can operate at all, as much against the reigning political party of the state and nation, and all honest members of the opposite party, as against the masonick institution. We are not politicians, but truly it appears to us, that these gentlemen—a majority of whom were political nonentities, and the remainder despised by the people as shufflers and political adventurers, until the Morgan excitement brushed up their characters—display a singular, and withal an amusing degree of impudence, in preferring claims to credit for the prosperous condition of the country, the stability of its republican institutions, and the immense benefits arising from canals and other internal improvements. We think it would puzzle any one, not even excepting the gentlemen themselves, to point out one work of great publick utility with which any of them was ever connected, beneficially to the state or the country. Their petty political career has been marked by selfishness, and the most malignant and persecuting envy; and their pretensions to disinterestedness and publick spirit are beyond measure ridiculous. The publick prosperity, forsooth! where would the "publick prosperity" have been by this time, had these political charlatans succeeded in their attempt to make a governor of Solomon Southwick? where would the "publick prosperity" be, were all publick officers as inert and inefficient in the discharge of their duties as these anti-masonick legislators were, during the last session, in promoting the ostensible objects for which they were elected? They were here for more than four months, and did literally nothing, except to make up two electioneering pamphlets from old stories, and procure an extra number of copies to be printed at the expense of the state, for the purpose of circulating them among their constituents in or-

der to keep up the excitement and promote their own private and selfish views. They did not produce one fact or one argument with which the people were not acquainted many months previous to the meeting of the legislature; they did not show that they were better acquainted with the circumstances of Morgan's abduction than any newspaper reader is; they did not recommend any measure to the legislature which had not been acted upon a year before; nor was any measure adopted that would not have been adopted had these men staid at home, instead of coming to Albany to idle away the session in smiling at the credulity of the multitude, and printing electioneering pamphlets at the publick expense; and, finally, to fill their pockets with the people's money, as a reward for their matchless imposture. And these men have the effrontery gravely to lecture their constituents on the "prosperous condition of the country," "our republican institutions," "canal policy," and the dangerous tendency of freemasonry! What marvellous modesty!

The portion of the address probably intended by its authors as the death warrant of masonry and all political creeds excepting their own, is a mere recapitulation of the common newspaper slang about "alarming conspiracies," "the silence of the press," "kidnapping," "murder," "masonick obligations," &c. The words "democracy" and "republican" are thrown in at all convenient opportunities, as salvos against the readers suspicions; and a mock seriousness, which is preserved throughout, is intended to be passed off as an evidence of honesty. The stuff about masonry has been often enough refuted, and we do not believe the people will be deceived by the hollow professions of democracy. When these men talk of their usefulness and their patriotism, let the reader examine their conduct and their characters; let him recollect that he who led the victorious republican armies of the Revolution, and who so wisely guided the destinies of the nation during the first eight years of its existence, was "a mason of high degree;" let him recollect that the great author of the canal policy in this state, who fostered and encouraged the present system of internal improvements, with all his energies and all his abilities, to the latest moment of his life, was the "General Grand High Priest of the United States;" and that to the abilities and the patriotism of the party against which the shafts of the motley faction of anti-masonry are directed, are we indebted for the protection and prosecution of those measures which are so rapidly advancing the glory of the people.

Those of our readers who are not already acquainted with the manœuvring between Mr. Colden and the anti-masonick party, will learn something of it from the following extract and another on our first page. We recommend them both to their attention. We do not regret this movement on the part of the anti-masons, nor on the part of Mr. Colden. We fully believe the letter of the latter will have a contrary effect from what it was intended to have. In a political point of view it lacks the indiscriminate abuse which alone can please the anti-masonick party; in a moral view it is pointless and worthless. The only weight or influence it can possess, then, it must derive from the value which may be given to Mr. Colden's opinion. And pray what is Mr. Colden's opinion worth when compared to that of thousands of eminently superiour men who have lived and died in the entertainment of an opposite belief? Mr. Colden denies that the masonick institution is now or ever was, to his knowledge, connected with politicks in this country, but surmises something about its morality and its religion. If freemasonry is an immoral and irreligious institution, why did Mr. Colden encourage it with the little influence he possessed, during the most active years of his life? Why did not his sensitive discrimination ere this astonish the world with the wonderful discovery? Why, he did not wish to create an excitement! and so he became one of the active supporters of this same very "immoral" and "irreligious" institution! What an easy accommodating conscience the gentleman must have had! What a worthy citizen he must have been, not only to *not oppose* but to *encourage* what he esteemed to be a manifold evil, lest he should create an excitement! This lover of peace and silence, however, is more courageous in

his dotage, and seems nothing loth to contribute his mite towards sustaining an "excitement" after it is "created." But enough. Let the reader analyze the political features of this "new device," and mete out his own measure of contempt to its authors and pity to their weak and sophisticated tool.

From the Buffalo Journal of May 26.

MR. COLDEN. This gentleman, as has been promised, has made his "Answer" to the farcical queries proposed to him by the New-York Committee. The object of this parade we explained in our last, and the manner in which the subject is approached, shows conclusively the presence of design and concert throughout the whole proceeding. But we think the sage committee and their political associates, will find little in the address on which to congratulate themselves. Mr. Colden, to be sure, condemns the Masonick institution—he thinks it useless, nay, worse than useless; but he has failed of preferring those sweeping charges against it which now only will accord with the avowed sentiments of political anti-masons, and by which they are striving to mislead the public judgement. On the strong points dwelt upon by the intemperate editors, Mr. Colden has shown himself entirely too conscientious. He has deprived them of some of their favourite arguments, why opposition to masonry should be made a political question, and thereby has secured for himself but feeble praise. With many of the sentiments advanced in the address, we fully accord; they are such as all considerate men entertain, and have not scrupled to express. It is only the object which it is expected to answer, that we feel called upon to condemn. Mr. Colden's opinion of masonry, in the abstract, is not of a pin's consequence to any body, did he not to the expression of that opinion, by the aid of factitious circumstances, seek to influence unwarrantably the opinions of others—not on masonry, but on politics, for which he deserves, as he doubtless will receive, the full measure of contempt of every honest man, and of every fair politician.

Mr. Colden is unkind to his new associates, in not speaking bluntly to the point, according to the doctrines inculcated in the political schools. There, it is common language to hear the whole masonick fraternity stigmatized as murderers, assassins, robbers, &c. &c.; and for proof, the public are always cited to the case of William Morgan. But Mr. Colden, with an inexcusable shamefacedness, contents himself with saying—

"I cannot mention the deplorable event to which I have referred [the alleged murder of Morgan,] without exculpating, so far as any thing I can say will do it, the masonick fraternity from any participation in that outrage. For a long time I did not believe that Morgan had been put to death. But I find myself obliged to yield to the force of evidence. I yet entertain the most entire confidence that the fraternity did not participate in this crime. On the contrary, I do not doubt but that all the guilt of that transaction, is confined to those infatuated men who assailed and slew him. The rest of the craft, I am entirely convinced, are as innocent of the blood of Morgan as I am. I fully believe that they hold the perpetrators in just abhorrence; they would rejoice if the guilty were discovered, and would aid in bringing the murderers to condign punishment.

"I do not believe that those who committed this crime had any intention to take the man's life when they first assailed him. Under the influence of an enthusiasm which the forms and mysteries of masonry are so likely to excite in weak minds, they thought it would be meritorious to inflict some punishment for what they considered his delinquency. But they proceeded from step to step until they found they had involved themselves in a responsibility that would be ruinous, if Morgan should be left to call them to account. A frantick interpretation of their masonick obligations, and their fears, assisted, probably, by corporal stimulants, led them to stain their hands with the blood of their victim."

Here at once falls the main prop of political anti-masonry, it Mr. Colden's opinion is authority. To be sure, this is about the only opinion he has positively expressed in his whole address. The balance is mainly composed of insinuations and doubts. Take the following as a sample—

"If Masonry separates the members of the craft from their fellow-citizens; if Masons are led to believe that their duty towards each other is different from what it is to the members of the community not connected with them; if a Mason is bound to shield another from the general operation of the laws, or if he be subjected to any penalties beyond those denounced by the legislature; nay, if even a feeble minded man is made to believe that by becoming a Mason, he enlists in an isolated corps, the members of which may claim privileges through their brethren, and must perform duties which do not belong to other citizens, it cannot be a fit institution in our country, where no man in the discharge of his duties to the community, should act from fear, favour, or affection."

Now, why did not Mr. Colden keep on with his ifs and his doubts, and apply them to the Christian religion, to Mahomedanism, or to Judaism, as well as to Masonry?

There would be equally as good ground to base a political difference of opinion on either of those questions, as the one cited. But hear him again:

"Masonry disclaims all interference in political matters. If, in this country, she has taken any part in the contentions of politicians, it has only been of late. While I was connected with the society, I had every reason to believe that she observed the forbearance she avows. But it must be obvious, that the whole machinery of the institution is peculiarly adapted to political intrigue; and though, in our country, its influence may not have been perceived by any party, yet we see that in a sister republic, so far from its being considered the duty of the fraternity to keep apart from politics, the parties whose dissensions distract the commonwealth, are arranged under different Masonick denominations. Scotch Masons, and York Masons, in that country no less designate Masons of different sects, than they do partisans of different politics. If lodges may be converted into secret political clubs, they ought to be feared in a free country."

This is positively too bad—masonry not a political machine, and this declaration from one by whom they expected to prove every thing? Solomon Southwick can beat this all to pieces. Mr. Colden will have to go back into the ranks, and receive another lesson. But says Mr. C. "if lodges may be converted into secret political clubs, they ought to be feared in a free country"! Wisdom's self could not say more than this. Did it never occur to Mr. C. that if and if did not prove any thing—and that if the public should take it into their heads to pronounce him wanting in common sense or common honesty, that they could prove it by his own writings? Really, we feel inclined to pity Mr. C. for the stupidity of his present performance. It says too much, to leave any doubt of his intention in appearing before the world in such a garb—but not enough to justify the measure, at this late day. It is true, he makes a case of conscience of it, and says "he should be sorry to end his life, leaving it to be believed that he had lived and died the advocate of an institution of which he entertained such views"! What views? All that his answer contains is based on doubts and surmises, and conclusions drawn from imaginary cases. To such a thing there is nothing due intrinsically, and his friends can not, in extenuation, claim even necessity for the act. It stands out in the political life of Mr. C. as the most prominent feature in it, and may be noted as a beacon to deter silly old men from the commission of the like folly.

THE PARISIAN DANCERS. Messieurs Vestris and Achille, of the celebrated company of Parisian dancers, who have delighted our citizens for a few evenings during the past week, will, we understand, take a benefit at the Theatre on Monday evening next. They will be assisted by Mesdames Vestris and Achille, and from having witnessed their unrivalled performances, we feel assured that any expectations which may be formed will be fully realized. This is the first time our city has been visited by a company of this description, and we think the lovers of fine dancing fairly owe them a generous reception.

At the court of common pleas which sat in Canandaigua, Ontario county, last week, Eli Bruce was sentenced to two years and four months imprisonment in the county jail, for his participation in the abduction of William Morgan. John Whitney was tried for a participation in the same offence; found guilty, and sentenced to one year and three months' imprisonment. In the case of Gillis, the jury did not agree; a new trial will of course be had.

Molasses. It may be interesting to the public, and particularly to our brother Yankees, to know in what manner the price is made up which they pay for Cuba molasses. They will see from the following statement, that the cost of the article at the places from which it is imported, is less than half the amount required for casks to put it in.

Expenses of casks, per gallon	7 cts.
Freight	4
Duty	10
Leakage	2½
Small charges	½
Original cost	3

27 cts.

The value of Muscovado sugar in some of the West India Islands is from 3 to 4 cents per lb. and in others from 4 to 5 cts. according to the quality. [N. Y. Jour. Com.]

A wicked dun. A man lately attempted to kill himself (in England) by dashing his forehead against the pavement. On being questioned as to his motives, he said he was urged to the act by seeing Satan coming towards him with a torch in each hand, attempting to thrust large bills of

debts into his pockets. Had his wits been about him, he would have taken away the torch from old Nicholas, and ignited the accounts. It is bad enough to be dunned, but to be dunned by such a personage must be intolerable. [N. Y. Eng. & Courier.]

MARRIED,

In New-York, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Knox. Mr. ANDREW E. BROWN, of Albany, to Miss ELIZABETH S. daughter of Mr. W. E. Nixon, of the former place.

DIED,

In the village of Sandy Hill, on the 7th inst. Mrs. EMERINE WRIGHT, aged 24 years, wife of Mr. James Wright, editor of the Herald.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE, & Co. No 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves, together with Russia, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tonge, Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms. Albany May, 1829. 18m2

AMMON RASEY respectfully informs his old customers, his friends, and the public in general, that in consequence of his old stand, No. 528, being torn down for the purpose of rebuilding, he has removed his PORTER JNT. READING ROOM to No. 570 South Market street, a few doors below the Old Corner, where he will at all times be happy to wait upon those who may favour him with a call. He has fitted up his new establishment in the best manner possible for the reception of company, and every exertion will be made on his part to render it an agreeable and pleasant resort. May 18. 18c

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city. ROLAND ADAMS. Albany, May 23. 1829. 17 3m.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND RANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee House, keeps constantly on hand and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1839.

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, successors to R. STARR & Co. in the above foundry, continue the business in its various branches, and are prepared to execute orders for the following type, at the regular prices, on a credit of six months, or at a discount of 7 1/2 per cent, for cash, viz:
Roman and Italics—Twenty, Fourteen, Ten, Eight, Seven, Five and Four line pica, Canon, Double paragon, Double Great primer, Double English, Double Small Pica, Great primer, English, pica, Small pica, Long primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, pearl.
Two line letters—pica, Small pica, Long primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, yearl.
Full face capitals—Small Pica, Long primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion.
Antiques—Ten and Eight line pica roman, Five line Pica italic, Four line Pica, Double Great primer, Double Small pica, Great Primer, and Pica, with lower case; and Long Primer, Brevier and Nonpareil.
Italians—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Two line Brevier, and Two line Nonpareil.
Tuscan—Double Small Pica.
Black—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer Pica Long Primer.
Open Blacks—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer.
Shaded letters—Six line Pica ornamented, Two line Brevier and Two line Nonpareil double shade; Two line Nonpareil meridian shade Double Great Primer, Two line Brevier, Two line Nonpareil, and One line Brevier, single shade; Two line Minion and Two line Pearl italic single shade; Double Small Pica roman, and One line Brevier italic Antique shaded.
Script—English, on inclined body, (cast on a new plan.)
Greek—Pica.
Borders and Flowers—From Six line Pica to Pearl, all cast in copper matrices.
Checks—Canon and Double English, plain and opened.
Fractions and Leaders of all sizes, from English to Pearl. English, Pica and Long Primer piece Fractions; Spanish and French Accents, and Accented Vowels, Figure Vowels, Superior Figures, Dashes, and Astronomical and other Signs, of various sizes; Long Primer Space Rules. Also, Leads ten to pica, and thicker; Quotations; Brass Rules, &c. and Ornaments and Cuts, in great variety.

Printing materials of every description, and of the first quality, at the lowest prices—Cases, Stands, (an improved pattern,) Gallies, Composing sticks, Chases of all sizes, improved newspaper Chases, in two parts Ball, stocks and skins, Bodkins, Furniture, &c. and, Prout's and Johnson's printing ink, constantly on hand. Presses of all kinds furnished at the manufacturers' prices. Wells' Improved presses will be kept constantly on hand, and may be examined at the foundry.

Large additions in the variety of type have been made since the specimen of this foundry was published of which specimens are now nearly completed, and will soon be sent to printers, the punches of which are cut by the senior partner of this firm, whose reputation as a superior letter-cutter is well established; and the whole business being under our immediate superintendence, no pains is spared to make our types in every way worthy the attention of printers. An important improvement in the composition of the type-metal has also been made—copper and some other ingredients being added, which render it both harder and tougher, and of a finer grain. Type cast at this foundry are warranted to be as solid as any cast in the country, and they will not settle in height from the pressure in using. Particular care is also taken to have the type well dressed, and the fonts regularly put up.

Old type is received in exchange for new, at 10 cents per lb. Or, by mail, or left at the foundry, No. 8 Liberty-st. will receive prompt attention. STARR & LITTLE.
The type upon which this paper is printed was cast at the above foundry.

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for April.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Alas! the kind, the playful, and the gay,
They who have gladdened their domestic board,
And cheered the winter hearth—do they return?
Joanna Baillie.

Come home!—there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went;
And the early flower-scents wander by
With mournful memories blent:
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*Brother*—wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved, come home!—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it you, our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid-sea?
Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! Life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful,
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
—Still, still your home is fair;
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

FORGET ME NOT.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Forget me not, when midst the wind's careering
I pour my song of tenderness to thee,
When o'er the waves my joyous bark is steering,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when million stars are beaming,
And the fair moon is shining tranquilly,
In thought's sweet visions when thy heart is dreaming,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when all those stars are melting
In the morn's light—and the sun's rays we see,
Where late night's lamps in the firmament were belting,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when the storm-spirits waking,
Make war on men, and tempests furiously,
Pillars of earth and dome of heaven are shaking,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when into fury dashing,
The swarthy billows furrow the deep sea,
When all the elements are fiercely clashing,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, in twilight—morn or even,
When on the waves the stars sink smilingly;
I think of thee—as saints converse with heaven,
Forget not me!

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

BY J. MALCOLM.

The winds had ceased—the morning wave
Gave up its dead unto the shore,
To sleep within a calmer grave,
Where storms can reach no more.
Unfelt by harm the summer day,
And winter night may glide away;
And suns and seasons vainly roll
Above this dark and final goal.

The stranger, of a land unknown;
His name, his place of birth untold;
He rests where no recording stone
His story may unfold.
Where but the hollow sounding surge
Howls to the wind his ceaseless dirge;
And sea-fowl, over his grave that sail,
Shriek forth a wild funeral wail.

Perchance, a husband and a sire!
For him his long expectant mate
Hath fondly trimmed her evening fire,

And kept her vigils late;
And taught her babes, with pious care,
To bear upon their infant prayer,
At rise of dawn and fall of day,
Their absent father, far away.

Perchance, while ocean's wastes he ranged,
And native shades, in dreams were near,
And love's rewarding hour—he changed
The bridal for the bier!
While she, the widowed and unwed,—
The pale betrothed of the dead!
Lone watched his bark that from the main
Ne'er reared her cloud of sail again.

But where he sleeps no mourners grieve,
No tribute to his tomb is given,—
No sighs, except the sighs of woe,
No tears, but those of heaven!
Yet more sublime than grandeur's tomb,
That towers beneath a temple's dome,
Is his—the nameless stranger's grave,
Here, by the dirge-resounding wave.

From the Modern Welsh Harper.

BRIDAL SERENADE.

Wilt thou not waken, bride of May,
While flowers are fresh, and the sweet bells chime?
Listen and learn from my roundelay,
How all life's pilot-boats sailed one day,—
A match with Time.

Love sat on a lotus leaf afloat,
And saw old Time in his loaded boat;
Slowly he crossed life's narrow tide,—
While Love sat clapping his wings, and cried,
"Who will pass Time?"

Patience came first, but soon was gone,
With helm and sail, to help Time on;
Care and Grief could not lend an oar,
And Prudence said, while she stayed on shore,
"I wait for Time!"

Hope filled with flowers her cork-tree bark,
And lighted its helm with a glow-worm spark;
Then Love, when he saw her bark fly fast,
Said, "Lingering Time will soon be past!
Hope outspeeds Time!"

Wit went next, old Time to pass,
With his diamond oar and his boat of glass;
A feathery dart from his store he drew,
And shouted, while far and swift it flew,
"O, Mirth kills time!"

But Time sent the feathery arrows back;
Hope's bark of armarants lost its track;
Then Love bade his butterfly pilots move,
And laughing said, "They shall see how Love
Can conquer Time."

His gossamer sails he spread with speed,
But Time has wings when Time has need;
Swiftly he crossed life's sparkling tide,
And only Memory stayed to chide
Upstaying Time.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

THE FLOWER OF THE HAMLET.

Oh wail ye the beautiful one—
Lament for the youthful and gay,
She is gone, she is gone to her lonely tomb,
While white may-flowers are full in their bloom,
And sweet-briar shedding its early perfume,
The flower of the hamlet is withered for aye—

'Twas sorrow that blanched her cheek,
And clouded her gentle brow,
And she faded, the fragile, the meek,
She is free from all suffering now—

Green woven garlands we bring
To twine on her burial stone—
And low plaintive madrigals sing
In love to the beautiful one.

EVERALLIN.

From the same.

BIRTH DAYS.

Why should we count our life by years,
Since years are short, and pass away?
Or, why for fortune's smiles or tears,
Since tears are vain and smiles decay?
O! count by virtues—these shall last
When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Who are the old? not they whose cares
Have white locks o'er their temples spread;
"Wisdom alone is man's gray hairs,"
And these may crown the youthful head.

From the Musical Bijou.

MY GENTLE LUTE.

BY S. ROVER.

My gentle lute, alone with thee
I wake thy saddest tone;
It seems as if thou mourn'st with me
For hours of gladness gone.
If haply 'mongst thy waiting strings
My fingers lightly fall,
Some visions of the past it brings,
Of days we can't recall.

My gentle lute, how oft have we,
Beneath the moonlight ray,
To beauty's ear breathed harmony,
In many a love-taught lay:
But she who loved, and he who sung
Are changed, my lute, and thou,
That oft to lays of love hast rung,
Must tell of sorrow now.

Some happier hand, in future hours,
May wake thy liveliest string,
And wreath thee o'er, my lute, with flowers.
As I did in my spring.
But yield till then, before we part,
Thy saddest tone to me,
And let thy mourning master's heart
An echo find in thee.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1829.

NO. 19.

MASONICK RECORD.

CAYUGA AND ONONDAGA PROTEST.

At a Convention of Delegates from several Masonick bodies in the counties of Cayuga and Onondaga, held at the Masonick Hall, in the village of Skaneateles, on Tuesday the 5th day of May, 1829; the Hon. DANIEL SENNETT, was called to the chair, and JAMES M. ALLEN, Esq. and Doctor H. D. ELDERIDGE, were appointed Secretaries.

A communication from a number of Masons in the county of Ontario, recommending the surrender of charters, by the different Masonick bodies, and also an Address of a Convention of Masonick Delegates in the county of Monroe, recommending the same measures having been duly discussed and considered, it was on motion,

Resolved, that Henry Newton, Warren Hecox, Charles Barber, Elijah Baily and Richard R. Davis of Onondaga, and Orange Rude, Ira Hopkins, Benjamin Wright, Abijah Keeler and Ira S. Woolley of Cayuga, be a committee to report resolutions for the consideration of this Convention. The committee having retired a short time reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted.

WHEREAS certain Masonick bodies in the western part of this state by a Convention of Delegates have resolved to surrender their charters, and recommended to other lodges to follow their example, and whereas the members of this Convention having duly considered the said recommendation, and believing that the course recommended by the said Convention will not be attended by the beneficial effects contemplated: And although we duly appreciate and respect the opinion of our brethren, and have the most perfect confidence in the purity of their motives, yet we cannot perceive any substantial benefit either to the Masonick fraternity, or to the publick resulting from a compliance with their advice; on the contrary, we deem it to be our imperious duty, to express to our Masonick brethren, and the publick generally, our disapprobation of the measures by them recommended. Therefore,

Resolved, that in the opinion of this Convention it would be inexpedient and improper to take measures for the surrender of Masonick charters, and that our brethren be respectfully advised to adopt no measures in relation to that subject.

Resolved, that we entertain a high respect for the opinions and character of the Masons composing the Convention at Rochester, and that we deeply regret that the state of publick feeling in that section of the state should have rendered necessary a measure, which appears to have been extorted by the violence of political partizans in direct violation of the rights of freemen, guaranteed by the constitution of our country.

Resolved, that Elijah Baily, Ira S. Woolley, Henry Newton, Sanford C. Parker, Richard R. Davis, Daniel G. Perry, William V. R. Lansing and Henry Follett, be a committee to draft a suitable address for publication expressive of the sentiments of this Convention. The committee reported the following address which was read and ordered to be published together with the proceedings of this Convention.

ADDRESS.

That an honest exposition of our feelings and opinions in regard to Masonry, and the agitation of the publick mind towards us as Masons, would receive a more candid and impartial consideration now, than at any other period of the present excitement, is the principal cause which has induced us to appear before the publick at this time. Facts and observations plainly declare, that the publick feeling is becoming more charitably inclined towards us as individuals, and as Masons; and, we cherish the hope, that the causes which have arrayed publick indignation against us, will soon cease to exist, and we be left in quiet possession of our Masonick attachments and privileges.

We regret that there are some bad men within the pale of the fraternity, and it is an evil from which no human institution can claim an entire exemption; but we are consoled by the reflection that Masonry does not make them so,

and that, if they paid due attention to the principles of the institution, it would make them moral and virtuous.

We deeply deplore that an event should have taken place, which has enlisted so many of our worthy and honest citizens against us; we feel it a calamity of no ordinary nature; we wish it could have been otherwise, but in deference to their respectable standing in community, we have no disposition to accuse them of dishonesty or want of principle.

But, when time and circumstances, shall have convinced them that Masonry can never be arrayed against the established orders of civil or ecclesiastical government: that it shrinks from the blaze of faction, and the sanguinary conflicts of revolutions; that no plots, conspiracies, or political intrigues can rest in its bosom; that in most ages of the world, men and divines, distinguished for piety, talents and the most amiable and friendly virtues, have associated themselves in its bonds, acknowledged its blessings on social life, its moral influence on the human heart, and its charity and benevolence to all mankind—then they will grant us this respect and confidence. And we would enjoin upon them a candid consideration of the question, whether an association of men, differing in rank, age, education, political views and religious sentiments, would be in the least degree, favourable for the organizing of factions, conspiracies, &c.—we believe a suitable attention bestowed upon that question, would induce them to answer in the negative. But, to those who are arrayed against us from sinister or political motives, the same deference is not due; nor can we ascribe their conduct to the same honourable motives. But, even of them, we would ask, to view us as men whose interest, happiness and welfare are deeply interwoven with theirs. And to reflect, that the ties of kindred, the happiness of social life, and the common interests of our country require them to pursue towards us a more tolerant and dispassionate course; for violent inflammatory language, and strong appeals to the passions of men are never permanently successful. They may for a time, array against us a blind credulous zeal, or awaken an ignorant hostility: but when the tumult of passionate excitement is over, and the waves of angry contention subside, reason and judgement will resume their office, and the consequences will be far different from that which was designed by the enemies, or feared by the friends of Masonry. Of this fact, their disappointed expectations, blasted hopes, and waning popularity must afford them a melancholy proof.

In regard to the abduction of Morgan, we declare to the world, that it was a transaction not sanctioned by any law or principle of Masonry. And we cordially unite in the general sentiment of the publick, that it was an outrage of no ordinary character; and we sincerely deplore that a transaction so fraught with crime and mystery, could not be brought before the publick in a manner satisfactory to the general sentiment, and the perpetrators of the deed receive that punishment which the magnitude of their guilt would legally require.

We totally disclaim any knowledge of that transaction at the time or previous to its taking place; we deny the charges alleged against us of taking part with the accused, or of using any direct or indirect means, to prevent the affair from receiving judicial investigation: nor shall we ever stand opposed to any just or legal methods of dispelling the darkness of that transaction and bringing it to publick view. For we would ask, where could be the wisdom of that policy which dictates a course directly opposed to our interest and reputation; for if those criminally concerned in the abduction of Morgan, were brought to the bar of justice, the obloquy of crime and conspiracy, would be naturally transferred from the innocent, and fixed upon those that deserve the weight and measure of it.

The time has now arrived which calls upon us as men and freemen, to declare our sentiments to the world, and by those we must stand or fall.

To be consistent with our principles, and to express our devotion and attachment which we sincerely feel for the venerable institution of masonry, we openly avow to the world, that we cannot recede one step from those principles and usages which the authority of our country has invested in our masonick charters. We confess our feelings are strongly interwoven with those ties which have for so many ages united the fraternity in the most cordial and endearing

friendship. We venerate masonry for its antiquity, we admire it for its moral principles, and we love it for its charity and benevolence.

Among many other important considerations against absenting ourselves from masonick meetings, is the conviction that they are schools of morality and virtue, and it may not be improper upon this occasion, briefly to recite some of the principal duties constantly inculcated in them. Brotherly love, relief and truth, are the fundamental tenets of masonry. By the exercise of the first, we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family; the high and the low, the rich and the poor, who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support, and protect each other. On this principle, masonry unites men of every country, sect and opinion. To relieve the distressed is another important duty incumbent upon all men; but is more particularly enjoined on the members of our fraternity. Truth is a divine attribute, the foundation of virtue, and by its dictates we are taught to regulate our conduct. By frequent injunctions, and by the most impressive symbols we are constantly required to practice the cardinal and lesser virtues—by temperance, to restrain our affections and passions—by fortitude, to undergo pains, perils and danger, when prudence renders them expedient—by prudence, to regulate our lives and conduct by the dictates of reason, and wisely to judge and determine of all things relative to our present and future happiness—and by justice we are taught the standard or boundary of right, and are enabled to render to every man his just due, without distinction, and we are strictly enjoined never to deviate from the minutest principles thereof. We have pledged ourselves by the most sacred obligations to maintain its order, and to keep its principles inviolate. And, should we from base and corrupt motives stain its altars with treachery, detamation and falsehood; we should feel that that the ignominy of reproach, the infamy of depravity, and the scorn of mankind would pursue us to the very last hour of existence.

From these, and many other considerations, we are resolved to hold on to our charters, frequent our lodges at appointed times, and transact our affairs with the confidence of men, who consider it no crime, no dishonour, and no sacrifice of moral principle, for so doing.

What unfortunate and discouraging circumstances could have induced so many of our western brethren to resign their charters and privileges as masons, we know not: we are not acquainted with the extent of their private afflictions or persecutions; but we trust that their motives were those of peace, and from the conviction that upon the resignation of their charters, the gauntlet of opposition would be withdrawn, and harmony and order once more shed its blessings on that agitated part of the country. But has this desirable object been realized? Was the act met by the opposition with that spirit which manifested a desire for conciliation and friendship? No—we believe not. Then the grounds we have taken are just and defensible; and we shall maintain them by all legal and honourable methods.

The fate of republics in former ages should remind us, that we are not free from that spirit which has always been hostile to the liberties and rights of man. And since this evidently is the case, we believe it the duty of every individual in community who claims a right of suffrage and protection from the civil institutions of our country, to regard with a vigilant eye, those events which manifest a disposition to weaken the force of that power, which holds the balance of justice and the rights of our fellow citizens.

We pledge ourselves to keep an eye to those events, and unite our endeavours with the friends of order and equal rights, to foil every attempt which depraved politicians and factious demagogues may make, in subverting the order of our government, and of infusing the poison of despotic principles into the minds of the weak and unwary.

However much our detractors may have accused us of being opposed to liberty and religion, a reference to the history of our Revolution would give them just views upon the subject. The heroes, statesmen and divines of that interesting period will bear unequivocal testimony to facts, which set at naught their charges and accusations.

Who was that illustrious statesman and warrior that

crushed the haughty power of Britain in America, and gained for us the rich inheritance of liberty and freedom? Who was that enlightened politician and philosopher, that penned our National Constitution—the admiration and wonder of the world? and who were a host that wrote, fought, and bled at that momentous period? The annals of masonry will tell you. Go to her record and you will find their names standing in bold relief before you.

From this would it appear to any unprejudiced mind that masonry is opposed to the rights and liberties of man? or that it is at war with religion, or any of the social and moral virtues of the heart?—We answer no.

However much the true character of masonry may have been vilified, or its members persecuted, it has silently found its way through the lapse of ages unadulterated and unchanged; it has come to us in its primitive purity, though like our religion, it has retired from the din of factions and revolutions, nevertheless, it revived in proportion as government became tranquil and settled.

And shall it besaid, that this proud monument of antiquity, this boast of the learned, the wise, and the good of all ages, must be destroyed, to gratify the spirit of disorder and political intrigue? Shall it be recorded for the scorn of future ages, that we, in passive submission to the threats and denunciations of a few infatuated and disappointed politicians, forsake our masonick temples, demolish our altars, and destroy our constitutions? Must we turn apostates and traitors; openly denounce and vilify its principles and practice, as heathenish, anti-christian, and unhallowed in the sight of heaven? Shall we, after advocating the purity of its principles and the extent of its charity and benevolence, call it the school of infidelity, the nursery of faction, and a covert for crime and debauchery? No: we never can sacrifice our feelings, our veracity, and that sense of character which honour and virtue teaches us to venerate, to a principle so base, to an act so degrading.

DANIEL SENNETT, Ch'n.

J. M. ALLEN, }
H. D. ELDRIDGE, } Secretaries.

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SANDFORD C. PARKER, MYRON L. MILLS.
RICHARD R. DAVIS,

SYLVAN LODGE AND JOHN BAPTIST CHAPTER.
DAVID G. PERRY, EBENEZER SMITH.
JOHN LOCKE,

PHILANTHROPICK LODGE.
BENJAMIN D. SNIFFIN, PARDON AUSTIN.
EBN'R COLEMAN,

JAMESVILLE LODGE.
ELIJAH BAILEY, ISAAC N. BREWSTER.

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JOHN DUNSTON, JOSEPH BACON,
ELIAS CADY, E. B. FELLOWS.

LIBERTY LODGE.
S. MOTT, I. HOPKINS,

YATES LODGE OF PERFECTION.
JS. SELKRIGG, JOHN RICHARDS.

MOUNT MORIAH LODGE.
ELAM NORTON, ALPHEUS BOUTELL.
OLIVER CUMMINGS,

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BENJAMIN FRENCH, ASA EASTWOOD.

HIRAM LODGE.
ABIJAH KEELER.

SAINT PAUL'S LODGE.
W. G. SIMPSON, JOHN C. WATKINS.

VISITING BRETHREN.

ELI GODARD, SETH HALL,
NATHAN KELSEY, JOHN SHEPHERD,
DANIEL GOULD, NOAH D. CALDWELL,
DORASTUS LAWRENCE, JESSE C. COPP,
H. H. GRIDLEY, BURTON HAWLEY.

CELEBRATIONS.

The Festival of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated at Hinesburgh, Vermont, on the 24th of June next, by Patriot Lodge, No. 63. The several lodges comprising the Fifth Masonick District, are respectfully invited to attend, as well as the Brethren universally. Patriot Lodge will convene precisely at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Wm. L. VARNEY, Sec'y.

May 28, 1829.

At a regular communication of Clinton Lodge, No. 92, held at their lodge Room, in Coshocton, Ohio, April 15th, A. L. 5829, it was resolved to celebrate the festival of St. John the Baptist, on 24th of June next. The neighbouring lodges, and members of the fraternity generally, are respectfully invited to attend. By order,

A. McGOWAN, Sec'y.

Coshocton, May 6, 1829.

A stated communication of the Grand Lodge of Delaware, in the State of Delaware, will be held at Wilmington, on Saturday, the 27th day of June, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The subordinate lodges are requested to attend by their representatives.

Wm. T. READ, G. Sec'y.

May 29, 1829.

EXPULSION.

The Masters, Wardens, and Brethren of all the lodges subordinate to the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the State of Alabama, and the fraternity at large, are hereby required to take notice, that on the 6th day of April last, RICHARD H. CHADDUC was arraigned before Franklin Lodge, No. 20, (in the town of Havana, Greene county,) for gross unmasonick conduct; and being found guilty, was expelled for ever from all the rights, benefits and privileges of Freemasonry. All masonick intercourse with the said Chadduc is henceforth imperatively forbidden.

JOHN G. AIKIN, G. Sec'y.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama, May 15, 1829.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Officers of St. Paul's Lodge, in the village of Bowman's Creek, Montgomery county, elected December 3, 5828:—

Thomas Johnson, Master; Simon D. Kittle, Senior Warden; Henry Rury, Junior Warden; Robert Bowman, Treasurer; Williard R. Wheeler, Secretary; Daniel Dunkle, Senior Deacon; Stephen Myers, Junior Deacon; Seth Wetmore and William S. Frisbee, Stewards; Elisha Hodge, Tyler.

Officers of Westport Royal Arch Chapter, No. 127, in Westport, Essex county, for the present year:—

Joseph Cook, High Priest; Alexander McKenzie, King; Thomas Douglass, Scribe; Ira Henderson, Captain of the Host; Elijah Newell, Principal Sojourner; Simeon Guilford, Royal Arch Captain; Alanson Barber, Diodorus Holcomb, and Aaron Ismon, Masters of Vails; P. R. Halstead, Secretary; C. B. Hatch, Treasurer.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

The corner stone of a hall about to be erected, by the Independent order of Odd Fellows, for the district of Kensington and adjoining neighbourhood, in the city of Philadelphia, was laid on the 25th ult., attended by a numerous procession of the "Brethren of the order." An address was delivered in handsome style, by a member, in which a view of the rise and progress in this city, was taken, from its commencement here in 1821, with but seven members, and in the short space of seven years and five months, it now exceeds fifteen hundred contributing members, who have, besides attending to the many calls of their fellow citizens, during the inclemency of the past winter, expended within the last twelve months, upwards of six thousand dollars, in beneficial and benevolent services to its members. We understand there is

erecting a hall, for their accommodation in the city, located in Fifth-street, below Walnut.

[Philadelphia Mechanics' Free Press.

MEDICAL.

From the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal January, 1829.

SINGULAR CASE OF INSANITY.

CAUSED DIRECTLY BY A FALL ON THE HEAD.

A teacher of gymnastics fell from the top of a steep high stair, head foremost, and pitched upon his head on a stone floor, where he lay for a few minutes stunned. Next day his physician, Dr. Hausbrand, found him a-bed, in full possession of his senses, and complaining only of a pain in the head, on which no farther injury could be detected except a few superficial excoriations. He had passed a good night, the pulse and respiration were natural, and the functions of the brain were quite unaffected. This prosperous state continued two nights and a day, when matters suddenly took a different turn, without any fresh cause, and in the course of an hour he lost his reason so completely that he spoke unintelligibly, got out of bed, insisted on leaving the house, stared right before him, would not answer questions, and did every thing confusedly and hurriedly. It was impossible to fix his attention on any thing, or rather he was constantly as it were absent in mind. Bloody serum at the same time issued from the right ear. In twenty-four hours more he became speechless, at least could not articulate, but from time to time uttered involuntary and unintelligible cries, and in reply to frequently repeated questions answered yes, without any regard to its meaning. The tongue appeared to have lost its voluntary movements. Being placed in the warm bath, he at first evidently relished it; but on a bucket of cold water being dashed over his head, he screamed out and sprang from the bath, nor could any entreaty subsequently persuade him to enter it again, nay, whenever it was talked of, although in every other particular he was completely unconscious of what went on around him, he became greatly alarmed, and calling out no! no! endeavoured to make his escape. For three days this singular state continued, during which time he never expressed a want, though he ate and drank when food or drink was placed before him. He had no sign of bodily illness; but nevertheless his expression of countenance was that of an idiot. At night he slept well and composedly; in the day time he lay passive in bed like one in the deepest brown study. He allowed himself to be undressed without resistance, yet without giving any aid, or to be led up and down the room, but seemed to be perfectly a passive machine, and to have no will of his own whatever. Leeches, cold cloths, and blisters were applied without any advantage. After this state had lasted three days, a fit of epilepsy suddenly took place, for which he was bled, without any relief; and the fits recurred frequently for three days. Still his stupid moodiness continued. At the end of that period, tartar emetic was ordered on account of some gastrick symptoms; and after the operation of this remedy the epileptick fits became much milder. Next day, after the operation of another emetic, they ceased entirely, and the patient for the first time attended to what was going on around him, attempted to speak, and dressed himself. The emetic system was continued an entire fortnight, so as to excite vomiting three or four times a-day; and during this period he recovered entirely, but with the following singular phenomena.

When he first tried to speak, although he evidently had an accurate conception of what he wished to say, he could not find the correct expression, or even a single proper word; but when any one spoke the sentence articulately to him, he repeated it, and with evident satisfaction. He had exactly the appearance of a person who struggled to make himself understood in a foreign language which he spoke but imperfectly. In fact he had lost, not the power of speech, but the knowledge of languages; and, what was very remarkable, the languages which he formerly spoke most fluently he had now forgot most completely. A Pole by birth, he spoke

Polish most fluently before, and had been in the daily practice of conversing with his countrymen in that tongue; but now he understood much better his German friends than his Polish countrymen. Much less could he speak Polish, while, nevertheless, he spoke a little German, though not without help. With the Latin tongue he seemed still better acquainted; that is, he had not forgotten it so entirely. With Greek it was different; he had forgotten it as completely as the Polish. He could read Latin or Greek authors with whose works he was formerly acquainted; but he could not translate Greek at all, or Latin without assistance. Every day, however, his command of language increased rapidly; so that passages in Latin and Greek, which were unintelligible one day, he could easily translate the next.

His former facility in understanding various languages returned in the following order: First, he recovered his command of German, then he regained his knowledge of Latin, next that of Greek; and in the last place he recovered his command of Polish. It was also remarkable, that in no other respect was any weakness of memory observed, or diminution of judgement, or of any other faculty of the mind. The discharge from the ear bore no relation to its progress; for both when his illness was at its height, and during convalescence, it occasionally ceased for twenty-four hours without any injurious effect. It is added in the narrative, that for some years before, this man was of a gloomy disposition of mind, had a timid look and yellow complexion, and often thought himself sick, but that now his expression is clear, and his temper of mind cheerful.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

SWISS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The village of Cuscha in Switzerland, situated on an almost inaccessible rock above the Luciensteig, and near the naked height of Falkniss, is remarkable for its picturesque site, but still more for the simplicity of its inhabitants. The village consists of only 13 houses, inhabited by no more than two families, which avoid as much as possible intermarrying with strangers, so that this delightful little district may be said to form a republic of itself. Its constitution is entirely patriarchal: any disputes arising among the people being settled by the oldest of the two families, usually called the *Achni* (grandsire), who is moreover supported in his judicial power by the authorities of Mayenfild, to the parish and jurisdiction of which they belong; nevertheless the people care very little for the laws of this town except in criminal matters. On Sundays they all go to that town to assist at the divine worship, from which neither rain nor snow can keep them. But there may be some little worldliness entering into this strict attention to their religious duty, for they always take their surplus butter, cheese, whey, calves, &c. with them, which they exchange in the town for other necessities, seldom for money. They find ready purchasers, not only account of their well known honesty, but perhaps also on account of their persisting to this day to sell their goods at the same value as they were sold by their ancestors 200 years ago.

The oldest and nearest relations console the sick, and assist in preparing them for eternity; and, in case of urgent danger, even baptize the infant children of the community. A corpse when laid out is covered up with a white sheet, and, with a fir branch placed in its hand, remains in the house for the space of twenty-four hours. When this time is expired, it is placed on a bier, or if in winter, on a sledge, and taken to the churchyard of Mayenfild, where they bury it without further ceremony.

The parents marry their children almost as soon as they have attained the age of puberty, which is generally at eighteen. They are very hospitable to strangers whom chance or curiosity brings among them; but while the housewife is busy in preparing refreshments for the guest, the husband never loses sight of him, for fear of his casting the poison of seduction in their little colony. If, however, it does happen that one of the fair mountaineers is seduced by one of the gay young men of

the town in their walks to church, the father immediately expels her from under his roof, and either places her as a servant with some inhabitant of the valley, or endeavours to find a husband for her. In general, however, both the purity of manners and honesty of these people are such, that Zschocke and Lehmann affirm, that, "if there be yet a place where true Swiss may be met with, if there still exist any pure descendants of the old and virtuous confederates of the Alps, they will be found at Cuscha."

The *sheep-shooting*, a barbarous practice, is still prevalent in the valley of Bergell. A shepherd places a large and fine sheep at a certain distance, from which he allows every one, for the consideration of five or six *batzen* (7d. or 8d.), to fire at the poor beast. While this is going on, the young men are either betting on the success or failure of the different marksmen, or are engaged in dancing with the lasses of the village to the sound of a tambourine or clarinet. The owner of the sheep loses only when the animal is killed by an early shot, or throw from a sling; but this is not often the case, and the by-standers find many opportunities to laugh at the misses which take place, and which they do with great good will. The conqueror, on the other hand, receives a flower-wreath from the hands of the prettiest girl of the place; he is proclaimed the *king of the marksmen*, and, preceded by a clarinet, conducted home amidst the songs and shouts of the multitude. On the following Sunday, the young men take him with the same ceremonies to the village-green, where the lasses are waiting for them, and a rural ball is opened by *his majesty of the rifle*. The festival terminates in a grand dinner, in which the sheep which has given occasion for so much amusement, also figures as the principal dish.

The *Flagelledi* (freedom from the flail) is a festival of the month of August. When the harvest is in, the wealthy farmer engages from six to twenty men, who continue thrashing for about as many days, whilst two or three young women keep winnowing the corn, in proportion as it is freed from the ear. When all the corn has been thrashed, the men form a circle, in the middle of which the girls, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, take their station, and keep beating the well-swept floor with their flails, alternately in slow and quick time, till the young women by throwing their wreaths on the flails, symbolically release them from further labour. Upon which each man lays hold of a fair partner, and a dance begins on the very area of their previous toil, succeeded by a plentiful repast, cheered by good Valteline wine, which on those occasions always flows abundantly.

THE GATHERER.

BE SHORT.

Some people have a round about way of getting at things, which is as wasteful of time as it is trying to the patience. I wish the printers would notice it in the paper, and advise every body, on all manner of subjects, to be short. I shall be so.

What can be more vexatious, when you are just going about your ordinary business, and perhaps in a hurry too, than for some idle fellow to take you by the button to say "only a word," and detain you half an hour in durance vile, listening to a story without a beginning, middle, point, or end, in which every little particular is intermingled with interminable digression, silly comment, and tiresome inanity. Take such a one by the ears, and tell him *be short*, under the penalty of losing them.

My neighbour, Lewis Longyarn, has cost me more than two cows are worth, within six months, by this very species of ill manners, and yet he thinks himself one of the cleverest chaps in the lane, and laughs through all his stories, as if there was a spice of wit in them. He accosted me to-day, as I was going to dinner—and this is an important business with me, for I am an old man, and my working days are nearly over. "Good morning uncle Oliver, I've a word to say to you." "Well *be short*, I'm called to dinner." "O yes, I'll be short;" but, egad, before the fellow had explained how the pig had got into the cellar and

overturned his milk pans, the pudding was as cold as a stone, and worthy dame Dorothy almost uttered a complaint.

Short speeches, short stories, short courtships—a wise man will always *be short*, in these things. I never knew a short sermon that was not liked for it—a short story that had not more pith in it—a short courtship that was not more fortunate than a long one. I showed a lad, who had been running after his sweetheart two years old cousin Jeremiah's long purse, which measured half a yard, and had but a single six-pence at the bottom—he borrowed it to take down to Charlotte, and they both took the hint from it, and got married at once.

But the fashion of the times is contagious—tell all the story-tellers, and speech makers, tell all manner of people how pleasant a thing it is to *be short*.

OLIVER OAKWOOD.

KROUT CLUB.

Perhaps it is not generally known that there exists in the city of N. York, a society of *bon vivans*, cycled the 'KROUT Club,' the members of which are mostly if not all, of Dutch origin or extraction, lineal descendants of the old Knickerbacker stock. Once a year—or as much oftener as they please—they 'hold a solemn feast,' in honour of the customs of their forefathers. On such occasions the festive board is loaded with every dainty which the season affords; but the most prominent and characteristic viands are sour kROUT, smoked goose, &c. &c. The presiding officer at these banquets, who is honoured with the title of king, is generally clothed in a regal robe, made of cabbage leaves, while his royal brows are encircled with a diadem of the same materials. By virtue of his office and prerogative, he is exempt from every duty, even that of thinking—the least degree of activity, except that of mastication, being considered incompatible with the kingly station. His reign, however, is generally short, as he who devours the most kROUT at one sitting always succeeds him in office, and presides at the next festival; at the conclusion of which he, in turn, is succeeded by some greater gourmand than himself.

SUNFLOWER OIL.

Elkanah Watson, Esq. in a late Keeseville paper, recommends to farmers the cultivation of the sunflower, from the seeds of which may be extracted a superior oil, useful as a substitute for sweet oil and painter's oil. Mr. Watson suggests the smut mill for removing the hull or outer coat of the seed, and a separation then in the fanning mill; so as to extract the oil with greater facility and economy. Immense crops of sunflowers, with scarcely any trouble, may beautify rough and useless portions of hill sides and enrich the farmers.

Trifling disquisitions are preferable to serious altercations, with insignificant people, on subjects of great importance. That preposterous kind of ambition which desires *magnis inimicitis clarescere*, men of real genius should be careful to disappoint. With how few can you contend on equal terms? Whatever be the merits or issue of the contest, your adversaries are sure to be raised above their natural level into notice, but to crush millions of pismires adds nothing to the grandeur of the elephant. [Parr.

The following letter from a gentleman to the Judge of Probate, requesting him to grant him a letter of administration on the estate of his deceased father, is equal to the famous debate of the first Legislature of Ohio concerning the *Abhergoynes*.

Letter. 'Sir, my father died some days hence leaving a widow and three scorpions besides me. He died insolent; leaving me his executioner. As I understand you are a Judge of Reprobates, I wish you to send me a letter of condemnation.

[Western Courier.

The best thing to be done when adversity pinches is, not to sit down and cry, but to rise up and work.

No man ever did a purposed injury to another, without doing greater to himself.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

HYDROPHOBIA.

The following sketch is taken from the *Military Memoirs of Four Brothers*. The circumstances related were witnessed by the writer at Dublin, in 1816.

About three months ago, a large French dog, belonging to one of the officers, was observed to grow uncommonly surly, and attempted to bite at every dog he met in the streets: this change of temper in the animal was attributed by his master (who was very fond of him) to his having eaten a quantity of meat which had been given to him highly seasoned with pepper, &c. However, towards the evening of the day on which the change in the animal was perceived, he became at intervals quite outrageous, and bit his master and two more officers who happened to be in the room: notwithstanding, his master was inclined to think it was done more in rude play than any thing else; consequently, no measure was taken to secure him. That evening I saw the dog, and thought him uncommonly ruffled; when I attempted to caress him, and was patting him on the back, he turned at me, and savagely growled, although he used to know me well. The next day he was more violent, and furiously bit at several dogs who crossed his way; still, unfortunately, no measure was taken to secure him, his master supposing nothing was the matter with him. On the evening of the second day, the dog was lying in his master's room, perfectly tranquil, when this unfortunate young man (who has fallen the victim) entered; he remained in it some time before the dog took any notice of him; however, he suddenly made a spring at him, seized him by the shoulder, and pulled him to the ground, and tore the arm down to the shoulder, and was with difficulty taken off him. A sergeant of the regiment happened to enter the room on duty, about this time; the dog seized him by the leg, and tore away a considerable portion of flesh; he bit also two soldiers, one by the nose and the other on the hand. Still the animal was suffered to be at large, and even slept in his master's room by his bedside, and licked his face repeatedly. The following morning the master of the dog began to feel some alarm, and asked me to go with him to look at him. I advised him to have him shot: he agreed. As we were going to the spot where he lay, he bolted up, snapping at every thing which came in his way. He passed close by me; I called him, but he did not notice me. He ran through the streets of Dublin; bit a number of dogs and a child: he attempted to seize a man, who fortunately had a hammer in his hand, with which he struck him on the head and killed him. The tongue of the dog was immediately cut out upon the spot by a physician, who on examination pronounced the animal to have been in an advanced stage of hydrophobia. None of the officers or soldiers who had been bitten knew the decision of the physician; nor did they know of any ill effects having arisen to those who had been bitten. However, the child died; and three dogs which had been bitten died in about six weeks, exhibiting symptoms of hydrophobia. All this was kept secret, therefore, no cause of alarm from report could have excited hydrophobic feelings in the unfortunate young man who has fallen a sacrifice; on the contrary, he was in high spirits, and applied for leave of absence to go and see his friends in Worcestershire, as he had some intentions of being married. He obtained leave, thinking it might divert his attention, and he left us with the same flow of spirits. During his absence, all was forgotten; and those remaining who had suffered (though not quite so severely) recovered their cheerful habits. The period of leave granted to my poor friend having expired, he set out from his father's house a few days ago, in perfect health to rejoin his regiment. [This he told me a few hours before he died.] When he got to Birmingham, he said he had a curious taste in his mouth, which made him not relish his breakfast as usual. However, it gave him no alarm, nor did he again think of it till he got to Shrewsbury, when he found he had a great disrelish to both eatables and drinkables when put before him, although he felt an in-

clination to eat and drink when not before him. He could not account for this, but observed he felt no alarm, until he called for porter, feeling thirsty. When it was brought, he put it to his mouth, but the moment he took a mouthful, he dashed the glass from his lips, and spit the porter over the table, and I believe the passengers rose up and said he was mad. This extraordinary feeling of not being able to eat and drink, though he wished to do so, caused him some uneasiness, though he was willing to believe it was the effect of a sore throat, and comforted himself under this idea. He proceeded by the coach to Holyhead, ruminating what could be the cause of this sensation, when the coach passed a small lake of water, the surface of which, being ruffled by the wind, he immediately shuddered at the sight, and with a kind of horror he could not describe, hid his face with his hands; for the first time the dreadful idea of hydrophobia struck him. When he arrived at Holyhead, he wished to wash before dinner, and called for water; when it was brought to him, and in the act of putting it towards his face, he screamed violently, threw the water about the room, and was convulsed for some time: the servant left the room alarmed. He then tried to clean his teeth, but could not get the brush into his mouth, on account of the water remaining upon it. The packet by this time was ready to sail, and he embarked. Poor fellow! while he was relating his sad tale to me, we were sitting together by the fire side, he having just landed from Holyhead, which place he sailed from the night before; consequently, this was the third day only since his attack at Shrewsbury. He had been on shore about two hours, and had ordered a coach and drove up to the royal barracks. Before he began to tell me, on his arrival, of the symptoms he had experienced on his journey, he greeted me on our first meeting with, "How are you, my dear fellow? Here I am at last returned, but I fear with hydrophobia!" I affected to laugh at it, but was much shocked, and replied it could only be imaginary: he said, it could not be so, for he thought he should have died coming on shore in the boat; he was so much affected at the sight of the water that they were obliged to cover him, in order that he might not see it. He also observed, that if he had remained on board one day longer he felt convinced he should have died mad. I was still inclined to think there might be a good deal of imagination in my friend, and endeavoured to persuade him to believe so; although I cannot describe the poignancy of my feelings at hearing him relate what he had suffered at intervals since he left Shrewsbury. In the course of our conversation, some dogs began to bark in the barrack yard: he sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking over my shoulder, and said in a hurried manner, "Dogs!" If I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget that moment; something struck me so forcibly that the poor sufferer would die, that I was afraid to meet his eyes, fearing he might discern signs of alarm in me, from emotion. He was in the act of peeling an orange, which we had persuaded him to try to eat, as he had taken nothing since he rejected the porter at Shrewsbury. When he had taken off the rind, he put a small piece into his mouth; but as soon as he felt the liquid, he became greatly convulsed, spit out the orange, and gave an inward scream. When he recovered himself, he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "There! was not that like the bark of a dog?" A physician arrived soon after, who is eminent in Dublin. As soon as he entered the room, the poor fellow apologised to him for having given him the trouble to come, as he thought he had symptoms of hydrophobia, but believed it was only the effect of a sore throat, therefore would given him no further trouble. He appeared to catch at any thing which might give hopes of life. We were very anxious to learn the decision of the physician, on his leaving the room: upon inquiry, he pronounced his death to be inevitable. It is unnecessary to describe the state of our minds on receiving this melancholy news:—to know that our brother officer, with whom we were conversing, to all external appearance in perfect health and apparent spirits, was to be numbered with the dead in a few hours, was deeply distressing. The doctor added, that he was in an ad-

vanced stage of hydrophobia, that bleeding him copiously, in order that he might die easy, was the only thing that could now be done for him. I remained with him some time, conversing about various things (though completely forced on my part), as his spirits remained good. On leaving him, I asked him when he intended to dine at the mess; he replied, he could not dine with us that day, but he thought he should be able to do so in a day or two, when his sore throat was better. After he was bled he felt relieved, thought he should sleep well, and hoped to be able to drink water by the next morning. Some time after, in the course of the evening, he appeared at intervals rather wild and confused, and told an officer to get out of his way, or he would bite him. Afterwards, he became more tranquil, and sent his compliments to one of the married ladies of the regiment for a prayer-book; but begged it might not be mentioned, or he should be laughed at. About midnight he became very violent, so that three men could scarcely hold him: he afterwards recovered a little, and fell into a kind of slumber, which was disturbed by his springing up now and then, and crying out, "Do you hear the dogs?" in a quick and hurried voice: he also imagined at times that he barked like a dog. He requested he might be left alone, about one o'clock in the morning, his servant only remaining in the room, when, in about ten minutes, he looked up at the man, quite calm and collected, and said, "he regretted that his mother and sisters were not with him." He then prayed a short time, turned himself round, burying his face in the pillow, and expired without a groan.—Such was the melancholy end of one of the finest young men in his majesty's service.

THE TRAVELLER.

From Burckhardt's *Travels in Arabia*, just published.

DESCRIPTION OF MEKKA.

Mekka may be styled a handsome town; its streets are in general broader than those of eastern cities; the houses lofty, and built of stone; and the numerous windows that face the streets give them a more lively and European aspect than those of Egypt or Syria, where the houses present but few windows towards the exterior. Mekka (like Djidda) contains many houses three stories high; few at Mekka are white-washed; but the dark grey colour of the stone is much preferable to the glaring white that offends the eye in Djidda. In most towns of the Levant the narrowness of a street contributes to its coldness; and in countries where wheel-carriages are not used, a space that allows two loaded camels to pass each other is deemed sufficient. At Mekka, however, it was necessary to leave the passages wide, for the innumerable visitors who here crowd together; and it is in the houses adopted for the reception of pilgrims and other sojourners, that the windows are so contrived as to command a view of the streets.

The city is open on every side; but the neighbouring mountains, if properly defended, would form a barrier of considerable strength against an enemy. In former times it had three walls to protect its extremities; one was built across the valley; at the street of Mala; another at the quarter of Shebeyka; and the third at the valley opening into the Mesfale. These walls were repaired in A. H. 916 and 928, and in a century after some traces of them still remained.

The only public place in the body of the town is the ample square of the great mosque; no trees or gardens cheer the eye; and the scene is enlivened only during the Hadj by the great number of well-stored shops which are found in every quarter. Except four or five large houses belonging to the Sheriff, two *medreses* or colleges (now converted into corn magazines,) and the mosque, with some buildings and schools attached to it, Mekka cannot boast of any public edifices, and in this respect is, perhaps, more deficient than any other eastern city of the same size. Neither khans, for the accommodation of travellers, or for the deposit of merchandize, nor places of grandes, nor mosques which adorn every quarter of other towns in the East, are here to be seen; and we may perhaps

attribute this want of splendid buildings to the veneration which its inhabitants entertain for their temple; this prevents them from constructing any edifice which might possibly pretend to rival it.

The houses have windows looking towards the street; of these many project from the wall, and have their frame work elaborately carved, or gaudily painted. Before them hang blinds made of slight reeds, which exclude flies and gnats while they admit fresh air. Every house has its terrace, the floor of which (composed of a preparation from lime stone) is built with a slight inclination, so that the rain water runs off through gutters into the street; for the rains here are so irregular that it is not worth while to collect the water of them into cisterns, as is done in Syria. The terraces are concealed from view by slight parapet walls; for, throughout the east, it is reckoned discreditable that a man should appear upon the terrace, whence he might be accused of looking at women in the neighbouring houses, as the females pass much of their time on the terraces, employed in various domestic occupations, such as drying corn, hanging up linen, &c. The Europeans of Aleppo alone enjoy the privilege of frequenting their terraces, which are often beautifully built of stone; here they resort during the summer evenings, and often to sup and pass the night. All the houses of the Mekkawys, except those of the principal and richest inhabitants, are constructed for the accommodation of lodgers, being divided into many apartments, separated from each other, and each consisting of a sitting-room and a small kitchen. Since the pilgrimage, which has begun to decline, (this happened before the Wahaby conquest,) many of the Mekkawys, no longer deriving profit from the letting of their lodgings, found themselves unable to afford the expense of repairs; and thus numerous buildings in the outskirts have fallen completely into ruin, and the town itself exhibits in every street houses rapidly decaying. I saw only one of recent construction; it was in the quarter of El Shebeyka, belonged to a Sherif, and cost as report said, one hundred and fifty purses; such a house might have been built at Cairo for sixty purses.

The streets are all unpaved; and in summer time the sand and dust in them are as great a nuisance as the mud is in the rainy season, during which they are scarcely passable after a shower; for in the interior of the town the water does not run off, but remains till it is dried up. It may be ascribed to the destructive rains, which, though of shorter duration than in other tropical countries, fall with considerable violence, that no ancient buildings are found in Mekka. The mosque itself has undergone so many repairs under different sultans, that it may be called a modern structure; and of the houses, I do not think there exists one older than four centuries; it is not, therefore, in this place, that the traveller must look for interesting specimens of architecture, or such beautiful remains of Saracenic structures as are still admired in Syria, Egypt, Barbary, and Spain. In this respect the ancient and far famed Mekka is surpassed by the smallest provincial towns of Syria or Egypt. The same may be said with respect to Medina, and I suspect that the towns of Yemen are generally poor in architectural remains.

Mekka is deficient in those regulations of police which are customary in Eastern cities. The streets are totally dark at night, no lamps of any kind being lighted; its different quarters are without gates, differing in this respect also from most eastern towns, where each quarter is regularly shut up after the last evening prayers. The town may therefore be crossed at any time of the night, and the same attention is not paid here to the security of merchants, as well as of husbands, (on whose account principally, the quarters are closed,) as in Syrian or Egyptian towns of equal magnitude. The dirt and sweepings of the houses are cast into the streets, where they soon become dust or mud according to the season. The same custom seems to have prevailed equally in ancient times; for I did not perceive in the skirts of the town any of those heaps of rubbish which are usually found near the large towns of Turkey.

With respect to water, the most important of all supplies, and that which always forms the first

object of inquiry among Asiatics, Mekka is not much better provided than Djidda; there are but few cisterns for collecting rain, and the well-water is so brackish that it is used only for culinary purposes, except during the time of the pilgrimage, when the lowest class of hadjys drink it. The famous well of Zemzem, in the great mosque, is indeed sufficiently copious to supply the whole town; but, however holy, its water is heavy to the taste and impedes digestion; the poorer classes besides have not permission to fill their water-skins with it at pleasure. The best water in Mekka is brought by a conduit from the vicinity of Arafat, six or seven hours distant. The present government, instead of constructing similar works, neglects even the repairs and requisite cleansing of this aqueduct. It is wholly built of stone; and all those parts of it which appear above ground, are covered with a thick layer of stone and cement. I heard that it had not been cleaned during the last fifty years; the consequence of this negligence is, that the most of the water is lost in its passage to the city through apertures, or slowly forces its way through the obstructing sediment, though it flows in a full stream into the head of the aqueduct at Arafat. The supply which it affords in ordinary times is barely sufficient for the use of the inhabitants, and during the pilgrimage sweet water becomes an absolute scarcity; a small skin of water (two of which skins a person may carry) being then often sold for one shilling—a very high price among Arabs.

There are two places in the interior of Mekka where the aqueduct runs above ground; there the water is let off into small channels or fountains, at which some slaves of the Sherif are stationed to exact a toll from persons filling their water-skins. In the time of the Hadj, these fountains are surrounded day and night by crowds of people quarrelling and fighting for access to the water. During the late siege, the Wahabys cut off the supply of water from the aqueduct; and it was not till some time after, that the injury which this structure then received, was partially repaired.

There is a small spring which oozes from under the rocks behind the great palace of the Sherif, called Beit el Sad; it is said to afford the best water in this country, but the supply is very scanty. The spring is enclosed, and appropriated wholly to the Sherif's family.

Beggars, and infirm or indigent hadjys, often entreat the passengers in the streets of Mekka for a draught of sweet water; they particularly surround the waterstands, which are seen in every corner, and where, for two paras in the time of the Hadj, and for one para, at other times, as much water may be obtained as will fill a jar.

HISTORICAL.

EPITOME OF THE CRUSADES.

The first crusade to the Holy Land was undertaken by numerous Christian princes, who gained Jerusalem after it had been in possession of the Saracens four hundred and nine years. Godfrey, of Boulogne, was then chosen king by his companions in arms; but he had not long enjoyed his new dignity, before he had occasion to march out against a great army of Turks and Saracens, whom he overthrew, and killed one hundred thousand of their men, besides taking much spoil. Shortly after this victory, a pestilence happened, of which multitudes died; and the contagion reaching Godfrey, the first Christian King of Jerusalem, he also expired, on the 18th of July, 1100, having scarcely reigned a full year.

Godfrey's successors, the Baldwins, defeated the Turks in many engagements. In the reign of Baldwin III., however, the Christians lost Edessa, a circumstance which affected Pope Eugenius III. to such a degree, that he prevailed on Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, to relieve his brethren in Syria. In the year 1146, therefore, Conrad marched through Greece, and soon afterwards encountered the Turkish army, which he routed; he then proceeded to Iconium, the principal seat of the Turks in Lesser Asia; but, for want of provisions and health, was compelled to relinquish his design of taking that city, and to return home. Much

about the same period, Lewis VIII., of France, made an expedition to the Holy Land, but was wholly unsuccessful in his attempts against the enemy. Notwithstanding these failures, King Baldwin, relying on his own strength, gained possession of Askalon, and defeated the Turks in numerous actions. Previous to his death, which was caused by poison, in 1163, he was the victorious sovereign of Jerusalem and the greatest part of Syria.

During the reign of Baldwin IV., Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, invaded Palestine, and took several towns, notwithstanding the valour of the Christians. In the succeeding reign of King Guy, however, the Christians, still unfortunate, received a *decisive blow*, which tended to the decline of their independence in the Holy Land; for, among other places of importance, Saladin made a capture of Jerusalem, and took its king prisoner. When the conqueror entered the holy city, he profaned every sacred place, save the Temple of the Sepulchre, (which the Christians redeemed with an immense sum of money,) and drove the Latin Christians from their abodes, who were only allowed to carry what they could hastily collect on their backs, either to Tripoly, Antioch, or Tyre, the only three places which then remained in the Christians' possession. All the monuments were demolished, except those of our Saviour, King Godfrey, and Baldwin I. The city was yielded to the captors on the 2nd of October, 1187, after the Christians had possessed it about eighty-nine years.

These calamitous transactions in Palestine greatly alarmed all Europe, and several princes speedily resolved to oppose the career of the oppressors, and to leave no means untried of regaining the kingdom of Jerusalem. In furtherance of this design, the Emperor Frederick marched into Palestine with a powerful army, and defeated the Turks near Melitena; he afterwards met them near Comogena, where he also routed them, but was unhappily killed in the action. Some time after this, King Philip, of France, and Richard I., of England, engaged in a crusade for the relief of the Christians. Philip arrived first, and proceeded to Ptolemais, which King Guy, having obtained his liberty, was then besieging. King Richard, in his passage, was driven with his fleet upon the coast of Cyprus, but was not permitted to land; this so highly offended him, that he landed his whole army by force, and soon over-ran the island. He was at length opposed by the king of Cyprus, whom he took prisoner, and carried in chains to Ptolemais, where he was welcomed with great rejoicings by the besiegers, who stood in much need of assistance. It would be superfluous to relate here the particulars of the siege; let it suffice to say, that after a general assault had been given, a breach was made, so that the assailants were enabled to enter the city, which Saladin surrendered to them upon articles, on the 12th of July, 1191. King Richard here obtained the title of *Cœur de Lion*, for having taken down Duke Leopold's standard, that was first fixed in the breach, and placed his own in its stead.

After the taking of Ptolemais, King Philip and many other princes returned home, leaving King Richard in Palestine, to prosecute the war in concert with Guy, whom Richard, in a short time afterwards, persuaded to accept of the crown of Cyprus, in lieu of his pretences to Jerusalem. By these crafty means, Richard caused himself to be proclaimed King of Jerusalem; but while he was preparing to besiege that city, he received news that the French were about to invade England. He was therefore compelled to conclude a peace with Saladin, not very advantageous to Christendom, and to return to Europe. But meeting with bad weather, he was driven on the coast of Histria; and, while endeavouring to travel through the country in the habit of a templar, was taken prisoner by Duke Leopold, of Austria, who became his enemy at the siege of Ptolemais. The duke sold him for forty thousand pounds to the emperor, Henry VI., who soon afterwards had a hundred thousand pounds for his ransom.

About the same period, Sultan Saladin, the most formidable enemy the Christians ever encountered, lost an event which caused Pope Celestine to prevail on the emperor, Henry VI., of Germany, to

make a new expedition against the Turks, who were in consequence defeated; but the emperor's general, the Duke of Saxony, being killed, and the emperor himself dying soon afterwards, the Germans returned home without accomplishing the object of their expedition. They had no sooner departed than the Turks, in revenge, nearly drove the Christians from the Holy Land, and took all the strong towns which the Crusaders had gained, excepting Tyre and Ptolemais. In 1199, a fleet was fitted out at the instigation of Pope Innocent III. against the infidels. On this occasion, the Christians, notwithstanding their strenuous exertions, failed of taking Jerusalem, though several other important places were delivered to them.

In the year 1828, Frederick, Emperor of Germany, set out from Brundisium to Palestine, took Jerusalem, which the enemy had left in a desolate condition, and caused himself to be proclaimed king. But, after this conquest, he was obliged to return to his own country, where his presence was required. The Turks immediately assembled a prodigious army for regaining the Holy City, which they ultimately took, putting the German garrison to the sword, in the year 1234; since which time, the Christian powers, weary of these useless expeditions, have made no considerable effort to possess it.

The Christians were entirely driven from Palestine and Syria in the year 1291, about one hundred and ninety-two years after the capture of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Boulogne.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

☞ The Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of Massachusetts will hold its annual communication in Masons' Hall, in Boston, on Tuesday next.

☞ The Grand Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of the state of New-Hampshire will commence in Concord, on Tuesday next.

The Annual Communication of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of New-Hampshire will commence on Thursday next.

☞ The *Patterson Bank*, located in Patterson, New-Jersey, has stopped payment. Its bills have been selling in New-York during the present week, at half their nominal value.

A friend at Guverneur, St. Lawrence co., in a letter to the editor, dated May 27, speaking of anti-masonry, says:—"Lately we have had but little on the subject here, unless it is introduced by masons, *jacks*, or *bats*, and when it is called up, a difference is plainly visible in the aspect of the leaders. Shortly after town meeting they got up an anti-masonick meeting of the two towns, Guverneur and Fowler, at which time two masons renounced the institution—one was Rev. Mr. Stowell, who, when he commenced preaching was a Methodist. After a little while, he renounced Methodism and joined the Baptists;—was licensed, and at length ordained a minister of that persuasion. Since he renounced masonry he has also renounced the Baptist principles, and is now a Presbyterian preacher—so that enough is told of him. The other was Mr. Hebard. I have but little doubt that his renunciation was in consequence of disappointment about some little petty office, say collector of this town—he may have some other motive, but *he don't look as though he felt exactly easy of late*. There are a few more that I am in hope, or rather did hope, would renounce; but I fear they have all gone that will go about this vicinity."

ISAAC MURPHY. The following is an extract of a letter to the editor, dated Pittsburgh, May 26, 1829. The reader will probably recollect that Murphy was the object of anti-masonick sympathy some weeks since, and that his murder

was charged upon the masonick institution with as much confidence and seeming truth as that of Morgan is at the present moment. The avidity with which every thing that can in any manner agitate the publick mind, is seized upon by anti-masons, is one of the best possible comments upon their character.

"Please inform your readers that Isaac Murphy has written to one of his friends in this quarter that he is practicing law in some part of the western country—his friend does not however tell *where*! Murphy says his absence from this place was owing to a *temporary derangement*! If so, why not return in his *lucid* intervals and clear up his character?—It is all fudge! You published the correct account of the matter some weeks since."

We copy the following pretty thing from the Craftsman. It is copied literally from the original. Squire Gardner hails from Newfane, Niagara county; and it is said he is one of the leading and most intelligent anti-masons in that quarter. Be this as it may, however, he rode into office on the popular hobby, very much to the credit (as the reader will discover) of "the Young lion of the West." The county should vote the 'Squire a pistareen to buy one of Cobb's Spelling Books.

"Benja Gardner Esq to the county of Niagary to any Constable in the said county you are hereby commanded in the name of the people of the State of Newyork to take a coopers adds and broad ax one brace believed to be at the house of of John Danaels you are commanded to search the said Daniels house an if foand to also pring before me the body of the defendant to answer to the people of the stat of Newyork how and whenc you came by the propperty here of fail not given under my hand this the 23 of of Aprael 1829 Benja Gardner j p"

The Steam Frigate FULTON THE FIRST, which had been moored at the Navy Yard, at Brooklyn, for several years, and used as a receiving ship, was destroyed by explosion, about three o'clock, P. M., on Thursday last. It is supposed that the fire was communicated accidentally to the magazine, containing three barrels of damaged powder, and which was visited by the gunner a few minutes previous to the accident, for the purpose of procuring ammunition to load the evening gun. One hundred and forty-three men belonged to the Fulton at the time of the explosion; twenty-eight of whom were fortunately on shore. Of the remainder, as far as ascertained, twenty-three were instantly killed, and twenty-two wounded—one of whom has since died; seventy remain to be accounted for. At the moment of the accident, the officers and their guests were in the ward room seated at dinner. Commodore Chauncey, who had been on board the frigate for several hours, on a visit of inspection, left her a few moments before the accident.

The anti-masons in Pennsylvania, wherever they can muster two in a place, (which is not always an easy matter) are talking of a state convention. We have no objections to their having one, and wish them just the same success as attended that which was held in this state. Have they any speech maker? If not we bespeak the job for Solomon Southwick.

A work in three volumes, entitled *Specimens of American Poetry*, is just issued from the Boston press. We have not seen it. It is spoken of well by some and indifferently by others.

A new work by Paulding, entitled *Tales of the Good Woman*, is highly commended.

FROM EUROPE. English papers to the 2d May have been received at New-York. They contain very little of interest—the following are the principal items.

The Plymouth Herald says it is confidently reported, that the government of Great Britain, joined by that of France and Austria, will inform Russia that they will not remain silent spectators, and see Turkey become a conquered country. If Russia still perseveres, it is more than probable that a higher tone will be used, and perhaps the torch war, lit in the east, may spread its flames throughout Europe.

Westminster Abbey was discovered to be on fire on the 29th of April, but no material injury was done; it was presumed to have been the work of some incendiary.

Kean has experienced a paralytick shock from which he

can never so far recover as to appear on the stage again. He was in Ireland, at the Royal Hotel, Dublin.

Trade continued depressed in the various manufacturing towns.

An extensive forgery has been committed by a clerk in the Custom House, London.

The tax on British spirits the last year amounted to four millions, on tea three millions, and on candles half a million. Fresh prosecutions are going on in Naples, for political offences, and several persons have been sentenced to death.

PORTUGAL. It is stated in a London paper of the 29th April, that the Marquis of Barbacena has received peremptory orders to return to Brazil with the young Queen of Portugal. The Queen was to leave Laleham on the 27th, for London, to receive a silver sceptre, with a copy of the constitutional charter from the Portuguese in the British capital. Count Palmella has left England for France, where he will live as a private individual. Lord Strangford is supposed to be on his way home.

A London paper of the 23d of April contains the following extract from Lisbon, dated 4th of April:—"We are assured that in an assembly of magistrates, held at Juchoz, who sat several hours in deliberation, Don Miguel himself became the accuser of his sister, whom he charged with conspiracy against his person, and the system established by him. The magistrates are said to have been so weak as to decide that proceedings should be commenced against the Princess, and the magistrate Calherios is charged to make a report thereon."

It is confidently stated that Lord Beresford is to proceed to Portugal as ambassador extraordinary from England, to endeavour to effect an arrangement between the two brothers, Don Pedro and Don Miguel.

An article from Falmouth says that the young Queen of Portugal was expected to sail for that port, for Rio Janerio, early in May.

COBB'S ABRIDGEMENT OF WALKER'S DICTIONARY. This work has been compiled apparently with great care. The errors and discrepancies which have crept into larger editions are corrected and avoided, so that it is believed by those who have examined it, that the orthography and pronunciation are more correct than in other school dictionaries. Several instances of improvement might be adduced, which render this work valuable. [N. York Statesman.

ITEMS.

Cats in demand. The Philadelphia, U. S. Gazette contains an advertisement for ten dozen young cats, wanted for shipping. A friend of ours drowned his cat the other day, in consequence of her having become familiarly acquainted with his milk-pan. Just as if cats could live without sustenance! Although our cats, like our poets, are not appreciated properly in their own country, we rejoice that their value is duly considered abroad. Ten dozen Yankee cats will keep all the rats of England in order.

[N. Y. Courier & Enquirer

Look forward. A man has no business to walk forward while he is looking backward. It is an insult to the whole street—a sort of general defiance. It is as much as to say, "keep out of my way, for I am coming." Such a man is no better than "houtis humani generis," and should be knocked down incontinently. There are but two men living who are entitled to walk forward and look backward—our friend the SULTAN, and SOLOMON SOUTHWICK. [Ibid

A Factotum Wanted. The London Times lately contained a notice to the following effect:—"An Editor, one whose principles are church and state, is wanted for an old established provincial paper. He will be required to report proceedings at public meetings, read proofs, to superintend the printing department, and to fill up his leisure hours in the counting house!" We wonder the advertiser did not add, to rock a cradle, to take charge of a turnip-field, and mend umbrellas."

A Miracle! Solomon Southwick's last paper does not contain one indecent, or blasphemous sentence, and there are only four that are scurrilous. Wonders will never cease. [Noah.

Ridiculous Bigotry. The two following paragraphs may be fairly allowed to offset each other:

A bill is before the Illinois Legislature, prohibiting the disturbance of the publick peace on the Sabbath, "by begging money or any other thing" for the support of Missionary, Bible, and other religious societies, on pain of incurring a forfeiture of not less than five, nor more than ten dollars!

In consequence of the invitation given to Mr. Rayner, the Universalist preacher, to pray for the House, the Congregational and Baptist Clergymen in Hartford have refused to pray for the legislature. These gentlemen must set a high value upon their prayers. [New Haven Register.

A new and very elegant mode of decorating the walls of rooms, instead of papering them, has been adopted in Paris. It consists of glass stained by a peculiar process with landscapes or historical subjects. It is the invention of a re-

tired officer; and in that country, where novelty is so much encouraged, and glass is so cheap, the inventor is likely to be well remunerated.

According to the usual mode of reckoning Popes, his Holiness, the lately deceased Pope Leo XII. is the two hundred and fifty-second since Peter the Apostle; of these, 208 were natives of Italy, 14 were Frenchmen, 11 Greeks, 6 Syrians and Dalmatians, 5 Germans, 3 Spaniards, 2 North Africans, and 1 Englishman.

Safety Blanket. Mr. Caleb Pierce, of Salem, has invented a fire screen, which he has exhibited in Boston, to the satisfaction of every one, who has seen it. It is merely a canvass sheet to cover the roof or the sides of a building exposed to the fire. The sheet on the upper edge, is provided with a canvass tube into which water is thrown by the engine hose, and as the water percolates through it keeps the canvass so wet as to resist the effects of fire.

The anti-masons at Lockport, got another prostration at the recent charter election. We have a charter election, here, in a few days, when it is probable they will run a ticket. Very well: we believe they will come off second-best, notwithstanding the acres written over by the Doctor Treacle, scribbler for the Buffalo Patriot.

[Buffalo Republican.]

The hon. Cadwallader D. Colden, formerly a member of the Senate of this state, has come out for anti-masonry, and addressed a tiresome letter to a committee in New-York explaining his views. Mr. Colden desires to be governor—it is said. If he be so, and he is to come in under the auspices of anti-masonry, he is a "poor man on a poor travel."

[Ibid.]

It is reported, that an ingenious hatter in anticipation of Mr. Colden's running for governor, is bringing out the "Colden hat"—consulting with a paddy on the propriety of giving it an original air—"By the tiles which grows in the bog of Kincaid, sure ye'll slouch it all round—that's the air for sich a hat."

[Ibid.]

The "Spartan Band." The many names and colours the political anti-masons have assumed, beat all *natur*. They now come out and style themselves the "Spartan Band." *Spartan Banditti*, would be more appropriate, we should suppose, seeing they war against the peace and good order of society, and rob reputation, while they would prevent freemen from enjoying civil and religious privileges in common with themselves.

[Northern Phoenix.]

The *antis* have just found out another degree, which they style the "Check degree." They were initiated to the art and mystery of this degree by the Republicans at the town elections this spring. Last fall it was revealed then, but they just begin to understand. The next degree we believe is the "put-down degree" which will be shown next fall.

[Ibid.]

ANTI-MASONRY IN PORTUGAL. The Boston Bulletin mentions a circular lately handed about in Lisbon, with the view of inflaming the royalists against the masons; the following is the closing portion of this document, whose sentiments we hope may not be rashly adopted by the Anti's on this side of the water:

"Let the Queen Donna Carlotta de Bourbon govern, and deal death at one blow to the republican monster of Freemasonry. The gallows and the triangles must work conjointly and with energy, and fires must be kindled in every quarter of Portugal, to reduce to ashes the bodies and property of these vile monsters. Then, and then only, may we exclaim safely and triumphantly,

Long live the absolute King!
Long live our holy religion!
Long live our beloved Queen!
Long live all true royalists!
Death and destruction to all Freemasons!"

Renunciations. The opinion now entertained of political anti-masonry, may be inferred from this. When old Captain —, of Brighton, was asked by another anti-mason to sign a paper renouncing political anti-masonry, "No—no!" said the veteran, vehemently: "Though I have been an anti-mason, I'll be d—d if I ever own it publicly!" [Roch. Republican.]

Two Pigeons came passengers in the packet Amethyst, from Liverpool to Boston. They picked out their hammocks in the rigging, and were fed by the contributions of the sailors. It is supposed in Boston that they flew away from England to escape the civil war which Lord Eldon predicted, if Catholic emancipation was granted.

[N. Y. Eng.]

ANOTHER RENOUNCER. C. D. Colden of New-York, who was a very high Mason for a long period, says in his renunciation that he "never knew a 'very great Mason' who was not a very great fool." He evidently judges others by himself.

He also says he was a Mason for 40 years! If he knew any evil of Masonry, he deserves a coating of tar and feathers for not revealing it 80 years ago.

He has the honesty, however, to exculpate Masons, as a body, from all knowledge of the Morgan business, and avows a belief that Masons generally (excepting those immediately concerned) were as innocent of the outrage as himself. And although a high Mason for 40 years, he solemnly avers that to his knowledge, *Masonry never mingled in politics*. Hence,

the anti-masons can no longer charge Masonry with the above offences, without virtually belying their new recruit.

[Rochester Republican.]

The city and county of New-York contains about 200,000 people—a tenth of the population of this state. Yet in that vast multitude sufficient Antimasons cannot be found to support a single weekly paper! So much for the "rapid spread of Antimasonry" with which the political jugglers in this quarter are endeavouring to keep up the courage of their followers!!

[Ib.]

A late number of the antimasonic paper at New-York contained a notice requesting its subscribers to meet at a certain place, to consider whether under all circumstances, it was advisable to continue the publication.

P. S. We have since learned that the above paper is "defunct and dead!" The political cause it advocated will soon share the same fate—Southwick, Colden & Co. to the contrary notwithstanding.

ANTIMASONRY. A drunken fellow by the name of Leonard, who was long since discarded from the society of decent men, has been wandering about the neighbourhood of Randolph in this state, selling steam-grammars, at retail, and antimasonic nonsense by the acre. A short time since, he put up a handbill in East Randolph, proposing to "deliver and act out" a lecture on Masonry, explaining all the ceremonies, as performed in "the old established lodges," and calling himself "the first mason in New England, and the second in the United States of America, who openly disclosed to his fellowcitizens the secrets of the long hidden art of *what has*, for centuries been known and received among different kingdoms, empires, states, tongues, nations, people and languages, by the high sounding title of Ancient Masonry." To his handbill announcing this important and disinterested labour of love, is appended a certificate signed by nobody, and naming no particular lodge, purporting that the said Leonard has been regularly honoured with three degrees of freemasonry. The lecture was gratuitous—but "gentlemen who are able and willing," were given to understand that they might "contribute whatever their benevolent feelings lead them to bestow." The smallest favours, doubtless, were thankfully received. Truly this is a glorious mode of sponging upon the credulous yeomen, and raising the wind in order to pay grog scores from tavern to tavern.

[Boston Bulletin, May 26.]

ABORIGINAL CUSTOMS. The Cherokee Phoenix has the following account of the subdivision of the Indian tribes into clans and the peculiar usages to which that subdivision gives rise. These clans have hitherto in many authors been confounded with the tribes:

INDIAN CLANS. Most of our readers probably know what is meant by Indian clans. It is no more than a division of an Indian tribe into large families. We believe this custom is universal with the North American Indians. Among the Cherokees are seven clans, such as Wolf, Deer, Paint, &c. This simple division of the Cherokees formed the ground work by which marriages were regulated, and murder punished. A Cherokee could marry into any of the clans except two, that to which his father belongs, for all that clan are his fathers and aunts, and that to which his mother belongs, for all of that clan are his mothers and sisters, a child invariably inheriting the clan of its mother. This custom, which originated time immemorial, was observed with the greatest strictness. No law could be guarded and enforced with equal caution. In times past, the penalty annexed to it was not less than death. But it has scarcely, perhaps never been violated, except within a few years. Now it is invaded with impunity, though not to an equal extent with other customs of the Cherokees.

But it was the mutual law of clans, as connected with murder, which rendered the custom savage and barbarous. We speak of what it was once, not as it is now; for the Cherokees, after experiencing sad effects from it, determined to, and did about twenty years ago, in a solemn council abolish it. From that time, murder has been considered a governmental crime. Previous to that, the following were too palpably true, viz:

The Cherokees, as a nation, had nothing to do with murder.

Murder was punished upon the principle of retaliation. It belonged to the clan of the murdered to revenge his death.

If the murderer fled, his brother or nearest relative, was liable to suffer in his stead.

If a man killed his brother, he was amenable to no law or clan.

If the murderer (this, however, is known only by tradition,) was not as respectable as the murdered, his relative, or a man of his clan of a more respectable standing, was liable to suffer.

To kill, under any circumstance whatever, was considered murder, and punished accordingly.

Our readers will say, "those were savage laws indeed." They were; and the Cherokees were then to be pitied, for the above were not mere inoperative laws, but most rigorously executed. But we can now say with pleasure, that they are all repealed, and are remembered only as vestiges of ignorance and barbarism.

[Cherokee Phoenix, Feb. 18.]

MARRIED,

In Fort Ann, Washington county, on the 27th ult. by Rev. Mr. Miner, SOLOMON COWEN, esq. of Hartford, to Miss ELECTA T. BUSH, of Fort Ann.

At Brattleboro, Vt. on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. M'Gee, Mr. THOMAS M. BURT, of Warwick, Orange co. N. Y. to Miss LYDIA BUTTS, of South Hadley, Ms.

DIED,

At his residence in Youngstown, Niagara county, on the 28th inst. Col. WILLIAM KING, a meritorious officer in the late war, and recently a member of the legislature of this state. He was buried on the 29th inst. with military honours, under the direction of the commandant of Fort Niagara. His funeral was attended by a large assemblage of afflicted relatives and friends.

Col. KING was in the expedition at Little York, under Pike, commanding the troops of 15th regt., and at Four mile creek, where he received a wound, and highly distinguished himself.

In this city, on the 27th ult. Mrs. MARY SICKLES, aged 89 years.

On the 3d inst. aged 81 years, Mrs. ANNA STAATS, widow of the late William Staats.

CONTENTS THE IRISH SHIELD FOR MAY.

History of Ireland, Chapter VI. Ossianick Fragments, No. II. (*The Castle of Enniskillen*.) Literary and Biographical Notices of Irish Authors and Artists, No. VII. (*George Farquhar*.) Ancient Architecture of Ireland, No. II. Discursive Remarks on Painting and Sculpture, No. I. A Biographical Sketch of Rubens. (*Translated from a late French Periodical*.) Publick Edifices of Dublin, No. II. (*The Four Courts*.) Desultory Strictures on the Drama, No. I. (*Racine and Lee*.) Original Patch Work—Personifications in Poetry, Beauty, A Roman Dandy, A Roman Belle, To Discover the Secrets of a Woman's Heart, Elocution, The Vicar of Bray, Oliver Goldsmith, A Historian, The Voice, Justice, Origin of Making Glass, Game of Chess, Garrick, Milton's Italian Sonnets, The New-York Stage, (*Park Theatre*.) The Association of the Friends of Ireland in New-York, Catholic Emancipation, Bishop England, Our History of Ireland. *Original Poetry*—The Modest Lily of Manour Hamilton, The Sigh, Sonnet to a Rose, The Winter of the Mind, The Harp of Erin, The Triumph of Love.

Published monthly by CALEB BARTLET, No. 76 Bowery, New-York. Terms, \$3.50 a year in advance.

JOB PRINTING,

Of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed on moderate terms, at the office of the *American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*, No. 3, Beaver-street, one door west of South Market-street, Albany.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE, & Co. No. 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of *Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Boilers, Ovens, and Hall Stoves*, together with Russian, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tongs, Tin Plates, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.

Albany May, 1829.

18m2

AMMON RASEY respectfully informs his old customers, his friends, and the publick in general, that in consequence of his old stand, No. 5-8, being torn down for the purpose of rebuilding, he has removed his *PORTER AND READING ROOM* to No. 570 South Market-street, a few doors below the Old Corner, where he will at all times be happy to wait upon those who may favour him with a call.

He has fitted up his new establishment in the best manner possible for the reception of company, and every exertion will be made on his part to render it an agreeable and pleasant resort.

May 18.

18tf

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, of first to his friends and the publick, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 3m.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANNBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House, keeps constantly on hand and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles.

Albany, March 4, 1829.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 12 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shavers, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Carrier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handlers in the most approved style, and on as reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

3tf

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market-streets, Albany. WILLIAM FEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 12 1/2 cents a volume. Feb 14

3m3

POETRY.

From Willis' American Monthly Magazine for May.

THE RED ROVER.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

A battle-gun on the mighty sea—
A tone to shake the main!
Slow rolls it on the sleeping sky,
And thunders back again!
The bannery blaze that lighted from
The cannon's mouth is o'er,
And the smoke, like incense, goes away
To slumber on the shore.

The setting sun looks goldenly
Upon the ocean's breast,
And the waters leap like living things
To meet their burning guest:
But where the melancholy North
Uprises blue and steep,
A snow white sail is coming forth,
And dancing o'er the deep.

And ever as a moving surge
Its form before her flings,
She stoops and rises gracefully,
As one of living wings;
But as she clears that shadowy lele,
And sails towards the sun;
That crimson belt that girdles her
Is seen—the fearful one!

And now each sailor's eye is bent
Towards that threatening form,
Which neareth to them as a pent
And sudden coming storm.
And every cannon teems with death,
And every flag unfurled,
As they would waste in but a breath
The strength of half the world!

The hungry waves are climbing up
The ship's o'er leaning deck,
And for the hardy seaman's form
They seem to look and beck.
The sun is gone; the twilight sky
Is prodigal of cloud,
And the war star glimmers fitfully
Beyond its misty shroud.

But where was he—the Rover,
Who had had such fearful reign?
When the thunder's tone was over,
He was travelling on the main;
And the moon came out—the stars were bright
And gemmed the whole blue sky—
And he went up his way that night
As "One not born to die."

From Posthumous Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE PINE FOREST OF THE CASCINE
NEAR PISA.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the woods, and on the deep,
The smile of heaven lay.

It seemed as if the day were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which shed to earth above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the Pines, that stood
The giants of the waste;
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude,
With stems like serpents, interlaced.

How calm it was—the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound.

The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew,
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.

It seemed that from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain's waste,
To the bright flowers beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced;—

A spirit interfused around,
A thinking, silent life,

To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife.

For still it seemed the centre of
The magic circle there—
Was one whose being filled with love
The breathless atmosphere.

Were not the crocusses that grew
Under that ilex tree,
As beautiful in scent, in hue,
As ever fed the bee?

We stood beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
And each seemed like a sky
Gulphed in a world below;—

A purple firmament of light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And clearer than the day.

In which the massy forests grew,
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any moving there.

Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its very leaf and lineament
With that clear truth expressed.

There lay fair glades and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark green crowd
The white sun twinkled like the dawn
Under a speckled cloud.

Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.

And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysium air,
An atmosphere without a breath.
A Silence sleeping there.

From the "Rivals of Este and other poems, by James G. Brooks and Mary E. Brooks."

PLEDGE TO THE DYING YEAR.

Fill to the brim! one pledge to the past
As it sinks on the shadowy bier;
Fill to the brim! 'tis the saddest and last
We pour to the grave of the year!
Wake, the light phantoms of beauty that won us
To linger awhile in those bowers;
And flash the bright day-beams of beauty upon us,
That gilded life's earlier hours.

Here's to the love—though it flitted away,
We can never, no, never forget!
Through the gathering darkness of many a day,
One pledge will we pour to it yet.
Oh, frail is the vision, that witching and tender,
And bright on the wanderer broke,
When Irem's own beauty in shadowless splendour,
Along the wild desert awoke.

Fill to the brim! one pledge to the glow
Of the heart in its purity warm!
Ere sorrow had sullied the fountain below,
Or darkness enveloped the form;
Fill to that life tide! oh warm was its rushing
Through Adens of arrowy light,
And yet like the wave in the wilderness gushing
'Twill gladden the wine cup to-night.

Fill to the past! from its dim distant sphere
Wild voices in melody come;
The strains of the by-gone, deep echoing here,
We pledge to their shadowy tomb;
And like the bright orb, that in sinking flings back
One gleam o'er the cloud-covered dome,
May the dreams of the past, on futurity track
The hope of a holier home!

From Mr. J. Robinson's Translations of the German Lyric Poets.

HOPE.

BY SCHILLER.

Man is found on the airy vision to brood
Of brighter and happier days;
And is ever chasing some fleeting good,
Which with flattering illusion betrays;
The changing world no novelty brings,
Yet man still hopes for better things.

Hope in the cradled infant smiles,
She plays round the frolicsome boy,
The youth with her magic enchantment beguiles,
Nor can age her power destroy;

For when in the grave he wearied lies,
Hope sits on the grave, and points to the skies.

Nor is this the fair dream, unsubstantial and vain,
Of a head with wild fancies elate,
The heart from within echoes loudly again,
We are born for a happier state;
And what that voice would bid us believe,
The hoping soul will never deceive.

[From the Massachusetts Journal.]

TO SPRING.

"My time is past, my time is past."—F. Melton.

Once—long ago, thou gorgeous spring,
Thy green woods echoed my welcoming,
And I joined, in heart, each wild bird's wing,
And soared away:—

"My time is past."

Then all was sunshine, light and bloom,
I did not dream of the cursed doom,
That has buried my hopes in the deep, deep tomb,
To sleep for aye:—

"My time is past."

Alike the snow-wreathed winter wind,
The spring-flower chaplet, gaily twined
To this worn heart and wearied mind,
This withered clay:—

"My time is past."

Pass on! pass on!—sweet scented breeze,
Whisper of spring with the tall fresh trees,
O! come not in mockery to lips like these,
Pale in decay:—

"My time is past."—

F. P.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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MASONICK RECORD.

GRAND LODGE.

The Rt. W. *Grand Lodge of the state of New-York* held its annual communication at the Grand Lodge Room, at Masonick Hall in the city of New-York, on Wednesday the fifth instant; the session continued until Friday afternoon. The following officers were elected:—

The M. W. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Grand Master.
The Rt. W. Mordecai Myers, Deputy Grand Master.
The Rt. W. Ezra S. Cozier, Senior Grand Warden.
The Rt. W. Welcome Esleeck, Junior Grand Warden.
The Rt. W. James Herring, Grand Secretary.
The Rt. W. James Van Benschoten, Grand Treasurer.
The Rt. W. and Rev. John Read, of Poughkeepsie,
The Rt. W. and Rev. Peter A. Overbagh, of Ulster county,
The Rt. W. and Rev. A. R. Martin, of Richmond county.
The Rt. W. and Rev. E. M. Johnson, of Brooklyn,

Grand
Chaplains.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

At the annual communication of the *Grand Encampment of Knights Templars for the state of New-York*, held at St. John's Hall in the city of New-York, on Friday, the 5th instant, the following Grand officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Ezra S. Cozier, of Utica, Grand Master.
James Herring, of the city of New-York, Deputy Grand Master.
Ambrose L. Jordan, of Hudson, Grand Generalissimo.
Adriel Ely, of Watertown, Jefferson county, Grand Captain General.
Levi Beardsley, of Cherry Valley, Otsego county, Grand Senior Warden.
Welcome Esleeck of Albany, Grand Junior Warden.
Richard Pennell, of the city of New-York, Grand Recorder.
Rev. Joseph Prentiss, of Catskill, Greene county, Grand Prelate.

The cry of the ignorant lovers of the marvellous, which denounces all masons because some wicked ones are supposed to have committed murder, begins to wax more faint. The people who go round the country like pedlars, selling the pretended secrets of masonry at twenty five cents a head, turning every barn and school house into a sort of puppet show, in which a *soi disant* mason is to officiate as manager, find their business gradually diminishing. Those who consider masonry and its persecutors equally unworthy of the credit of convulsing a great nation, will be glad to hear, in addition to these facts, that the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, and other of the great dignitaries of the nation have recently countenanced the masonick fraternity by attending the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the first lock of the Ohio and Chesapeake canal, by the Grand Master of Masons in the District of Columbia.

The following, which shows the disposition of the Chief Magistrate to discountenance the persecution of a whole order for the faults of a few individuals, will be read with interest.

[*Boston Commercial Gazette.*]

From the National Intelligencer.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.

CEREMONY OF LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE FIRST LOCK.

The active contractors for the 8th section of this great national undertaking, having got the first Lock on the line ready for construction, invited the GRAND MASTER of Masons in the District of Columbia to lay the corner stone thereof, on Friday last, the 29th ult. The Grand Lodge accordingly assembled in Potomac Lodge Room, in Georgetown, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and accompanied by a considerable number of other Masonick brethren, proceeded

in cavalcade, to the 8th section of the Canal, about seven miles above Georgetown. Here they were soon after joined by the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, (Past Grand Master of the State of Tennessee, who had been invited by the Grand Master of the District to honour the ceremonies with his presence,) attended by the Secretary of War, the Postmaster General, and the Mayor of Georgetown. The company having assembled at the lock-house (a neat stone edifice erected on the high ground, for the residence of the lock keeper) and partaken of some refreshment, the procession was formed and proceeded to the scene of operation—the PRESIDENT and other official gentlemen immediately in advance of the GRAND MASTER, the contractors and officers of the work, and other citizens in the rear, and the whole moving to the fine music of the Marine Band, whose inspiring strains “through dale and thicket rung.”

On reaching the entrance of the lock, the masonick procession was reversed in its order, and then advanced to the spot where the ponderous corner stone was suspended, the PRESIDENT in front of the whole. The assemblage being arranged on the extensive floor of the lock, the GRAND MASTER laid the stone in its bed, with all the customary ceremonies of his ancient institution, which were rendered the more interesting from the fact that the gavel, or mallet, which he made use of was the same used by general WASHINGTON in laying the corner stone of the Capitol. Within a cavity in the stone were placed a set of the gold and silver coins of the United States, a copy of each of the District newspapers, and a silver plate, bearing on one side the following inscription:

“The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, commenced on the 4th of July, 1828, by John Quincy Adams, then President of the United States. This, the first Corner Stone of a Lock of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, laid the 29th day of May, A. D. 1829, A. L. 5829, by the R. W. Win. Hewitt, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of the District of Columbia. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States.”

ON THE REVERSE.

“Officers of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company:

Charles Fenton Mercer, President,	Benj. Wright, Engineer in Chief,
Phineas Jannney,	Nathan S. Roberts, Members of the
Joseph Kent,	and
Peter Lenox,	John Martineau, Engineers.
Frederick May,	Robert Leckie, Insp'r of Masonry,
Walter Smith, and	Daniel Van Slyke, Eg. of the work,
Andrew Stewart,	Theophilus Williams, Ass't Eng.
Clement Smith, Treasurer,	Walter W. Fenton & Co. Contractors.
John F. Inglo, Clerk,	James A. Baker, Architect.”

Having completed the ceremonies, and pronounced a benediction on the work, the GRAND MASTER offered to the PRESIDENT of the United States the opportunity of expressing any thing which he might desire to say on the occasion. The President returned his thanks for the opportunity afforded, and briefly expressed his convictions of the public importance of the great work of which the corner stone just laid was a constituent part, and of the successful progress of which such abundant proofs were on every hand exhibited—the deep interest which he felt in it—his sincere wishes for its complete accomplishment, and his fervent hope that the prayer just uttered by the worshipful GRAND MASTER for its success might be fully realized.

The procession then returned to the house, where refreshments had been profusely provided by the liberal contractors, and, after resting and refreshing themselves a short time, the President and his attendants, and the Masonick Fraternity, re-entered their carriages and returned to the city. A number of citizens, attracted thither by the occasion, took the opportunity of being introduced to the PRESIDENT, whose presence, indeed was unexpected to most of them, and, therefore, as well as considering the excessive heat of the day, and the badness of the route for carriages, was the more gratifying.

Many of our citizens who had never visited any part of the work since its commencement, embraced this opportunity of doing so, and accordingly left their carriages, and walked up the line of the canal, for two or three miles to observe the progress which had been made on the different sections as they passed. The magnitude of the excavations, and the height, the beauty and solidity of the extensive walls which

face the Potomac in those places where it washes the fort of the river embankment, appeared to surprise as well as gratify, all who now, for the first time, witnessed what had been done within the brief space since the work was commenced—especially when they understood that the line for forty or fifty miles, exhibited similar and even greater proofs of the vigour with which the work has been pressed forward by the company and its agents. The pleasure of viewing this magnificent work, with the additional attraction which the beautiful and romantick scenery of the Potomac presents at every step, will soon render a ride up the Canal one of the most delightful excursions which any portion of the Union can offer.

An engagement of the President and Directors of the company, on a different part of the Canal, prevented their presence at the laying of the corner stone at the 8th section. The attendance of the President of the company was prevented also by other duties, which the subjoined letter from him will explain:

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1829.

DEAR SIR: The indispensable necessity I am under of preparing, in a very short time, of materials yet to be collected and arranged, the annual report to be submitted to the Stockholders of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, in general meeting on Monday next, denies to me the pleasure of being present at the Masonick ceremonial of laying the corner stone of the first lock begun on the canal, at one o'clock to-morrow.

Be so good as to communicate this apology for my necessary absence on an occasion so interesting, and my thanks to your brother Masons for the dignity which they are about to impart to it.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. F. MERCER.

DANIEL VAN SLYKE, Esq.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

FASHION AND ANTI-MASONRY.

Every body knows the progress of Fashion, and how ludicrous those appear who live far from the seat of *Miss Bon ton*, when they assume modes of dress which have long been discarded by the original inventors. Let a person travel from the head quarters of the fickle goddess, and by the time he arrives at a distance of two or three hundred miles he imagines by the dress of the people, (unless the difference between the *cut* and *make* of city and country tailors precludes the inference) that he has made a retrogression of two or three years in existence; but the grotesque figure of the honest boor is generally so unlike the primness of the city dandy, that he is not long deceived. He finds that the fantastick fashion which had long since fallen into disrepute in his native city, is spreading like an infection over the outskirts of the republic. He contemplates upon it, after it has passed away, with mingled emotions; in doubts whether the whimsical inventors or the servile imitators deserve the greater share of ridicule.

Thus it has been with *anti-masonry*—it raged and spread like an epidemic, and made as great havoc in domestic and social happiness, as the plagues of Egypt. The ignorant and deluded rallied round the *Le Roy* standard, like the *beau monde* round an artificial *domina* imported from a foreign court. The abettors of this ignis fatuus hoped to acquire notoriety by joining in the hue and cry against freemasonry, and to ride into stations of honour and profit over the backs of prostrate superiors. And to give a kind of sanction to the unhallowed scheme, a few priests, who have a much higher regard for a benefice than for truth or conscience, were enlisted in the campaign. This artifice was quite ingenious, for it is well known that there are thousands who have no sentiment of their own, and never form an opinion on any subject till it can be derived from what they consider an *unerring* source—from their *ministers*.

But what is the present condition of this anomalous fabric? The principal pillars that supported the anti-masonick, anti-benevolent, and anti-humane edifice, are already crumbling in the dust; and those that are now endeavouring to erect, in regions quite distant from the original head quarters of anti-masonry, what may be compared to porches.

kitchens, and out-houses to the ignoble temple, will find themselves but illly accommodated, when they discover that the main body of the building has sunk beneath the influence of reason and common sense.

Some of the good people of Pennsylvania have lately had an anti-masonick convention in the city of Lancaster; but their report has no more connexion with the principles of freemasonry, than paganism has with christianity. They undoubtedly calculate to furnish an elegant piazza to *Solomon's house*; but if it stands, it must stand *alone*.

From the Rutland (Vt.) Herald.

The following is an extract from a note prefixed to a sermon preached by Rev. Amos Drury, chaplain of the Grand Chapter of Vermont, which has just been published. Mr. Drury has for a number of years, till within a short time, been pastor of the congregational church in West Rutland. During this time we have been personally acquainted with him; and no man in our acquaintance possesses to a more eminent degree the ardent piety of a christian, blended with the expansive benevolence of the philanthropist. We pretend to no knowledge of the institution of speculative freemasonry, further than we are witness to its acts and to the characters of men who belong to and uphold it. But the testimony of such a man as Mr. Drury respecting the institution, goes further with us than that of a hundred, yea, a thousand, of those who, in renouncing their connexion with it, perjure themselves by their own evidence. Mr. D. says:

"If any are of the opinion that I regard the anti-masonick excitement as just, and that I dare not stand out in opposition to it, in defence of the principles of speculative freemasonry, they labour under a very great mistake. And I am willing to say openly and publicly that I do esteem the principles of masonry as worthy the attention of any man; and that there is nothing in the obligations of the institution, nor in the ceremonies, which is inconsistent with christian and ministerial character. And while I have for years absented myself almost wholly from the communications of the fraternity, on purpose to ease the feelings of those whose minds were prejudiced against it, I do still feel myself bound to assert that I regard the anti-masonick excitement which is now agitating many portions of the civil and christian community, as one of the greatest curses that ever visited our land."

From the (Cooperstown) Freeman's Journal

During the sitting of the Northern Associated Presbytery last week, at Westford Otsego county, an application was made from the church at Harpersfield, Delaware county, for the dismission of the Rev. Stephen Fenn from the pastoral charge thereof, which produced the unanimous adoption of a resolution in the words following:

"Resolved that the differences of opinion in regard to masonry are not viewed by us as a sufficient reason why there should be a dissolution of the relation between Pastor and Church."

The publick may put such a construction upon the above proceeding as they choose, but when they are informed that the Rev. Mr. Fenn is a mason, we think the conclusion must be inevitable, that it was sought to immolate him in the same spirit which at the west has broken up churches and destroyed the social harmony of society.

CELEBRATIONS.

The anniversary meeting of the W. Grand Lodge of the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations will be holden at Friendship Hall, in Chepachet, Rhode Island, on Wednesday, the 24th June inst. The Grand Lodge will assemble at 10 o'clock, A. M. The members of the Grand Lodge, proxies of lodges, members of subordinate lodges, and all others concerned, are requested to take notice, and give their attendance accordingly.

By order, W. HUMPHEY, G. Sec'y.

Providence, June 6th, 1829.

The publick are respectfully informed, that the corner stone of the Evangelick Lutheran church, in Williamsport, Maryland, will be laid on Wednesday, 24th June. The committee are happy to add, that the masonick fraternity have kindly consented to officiate in character on that occasion.

BENJAMIN CROW,

JOHN BAKER,
JACOB WOLF,
Building Committee.

Williamsport, May 22, 1829.

The festival of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated by St. John's Lodge, Post Mill Village, in Thetford, on the 24th of June, inst. Procession will form from the masonick hall, at 11 o'clock, and proceed to the church, where the publick exercises will be performed.

The members of the neighbouring lodges are respectfully invited to attend with suitable badges and clothing. By order of the lodge, PRES. WEST, jr. Sec'y.

Thetford, June 1, 1829.

The anniversary of St. John the Baptist will be observed by Hiram Lodge, No. 21, at Winchester, Virginia, on the

24th inst.; when it is expected that the exercises will correspond with the dignity of the occasion. The neighbouring lodges and transient brethren are respectfully invited to attend.

B. BUSHNELL, Sec'y.

Winchester, June 5, 1829.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

EXPERIMENTS WITH PRUSSICK ACID.

A great number of experiments with prussick acid was made a few weeks since in New-York, by Mr. Henderson, a medical student. This gentleman states, that having great doubts on the subject of the reports which had been given of the power of hydrocyanick (prussick) acid, he procured a quantity of two sorts—the pure, as it is made in the greatest possible strength, and the medicinal acid, as made by Garden, of London, which is of about one-seventh the strength of the pure acid. Mr. Henderson first rubbed three drops of the pure acid upon his naked arm, the effect of which was to make him stagger considerably, so as to keep with great difficulty from falling. An intense pain of the head succeeded, with a difficulty of sight; but this was not of long duration, and a strong taste of bitter almonds remained in the mouth for two hours. At the end of that time he recovered, and was as well as if nothing had happened. On the following day he swallowed eight drops of the acid as it is used in medicine, and increased the dose within the space of three days, to sixteen drops at each dose, twice a-day; but his head and sight became so violently affected, that he relinquished his experiments, &c. upon himself, and was several days before he completely recovered. He then tried the effect of the pure acid upon animals. A cat, upon whose nose he had rubbed four drops, walked a distance of eight or ten yards without the slightest appearance of being at all affected; but it then suddenly stopped, leaped into the air, and fell down dead. He then held a pen, the feather of which had been dipped into the acid, in an iron cage in which two rats were confined, so as to irritate them, and cause them to snap at the feather; they had no sooner done so, than they fell as if they had been shot. A large dog of the Newfoundland species was killed within three minutes by four drops of the acid being poured into its nostrils; whilst another dog of similar size and breed had a drachm of the common acid, such as is used in medicine, and with which several persons have recently destroyed themselves in England, poured down its throat without effect. Whether this difference was to be attributed to the change which the acid undergoes by dilution, or to a difference of nervous sensibility in the animals, Mr. Henderson does not state,—probably to both. He mentions, indeed, that whilst he has seen one man take six drops of the medicinal acid four times a-day without apparent effect, another from merely smelling at the bottle in which it was contained, has been compelled to keep his bed for several hours. Upon frogs and other cold-blooded animals the acid had very little effect. Two frogs, upon the soft part of which he had rubbed a considerable quantity of the pure acid, suffered for a time as if from intoxication, and then recovered and hopped away. Upon insects of various kinds the effects were very curious. On the first application of the acid they curled up their legs, and were to all appearance dead; but in the course of a few hours, many of them, after exuding a black fluid, recovered life and strength. Mr. Henderson, in the paper from which this account is given, gives several cases of remarkable cures in stomach complaints, and in indigestion generally, from the use of the prussick acid; but he states that its effects are so different in different persons, that it can never be prescribed with safety by the physician who has not been well acquainted with the constitution and previous habits of his patient:—to use his own words, "it is a medicine to be prescribed only to a physician by a physician."

COMPOUND EYES OF INSECTS.

Mr. Carpenter, in the March number of the Technological Repository, states the result of microscopick observations made by him, to ascertain the truth of the existence of numerous eyes in some

insects. Among the subjects experimented on by Mr. Carpenter, and which amounted to upwards of 200, the most familiar were, the boat-fly, dragon-fly, gnat, bee, wasp, ichneumon, bombardier, assassin, cock-chaffer, peach-fly, earwig, grass-hopper, locust, cricket, and cock-roach. Mr. Carpenter represents himself as fully convinced that the whole of these insects did really possess numerous and distinct eyes, varying in number, according to the species of insect; in some upwards of forty, in others a thousand, and upwards of thirty thousand in some species! The eyes of the libellula, Mr. Carpenter says, are, on account of their size, peculiarly well adapted for examination under the microscope. They are a couple of protuberances immovably fixed in the head, and divided into a number of hexagonal cells, each of which contains a complete eye. The external parts of these eyes are so perfectly smooth, and so well polished, that when viewed as opaque objects, they will, like so many mirrors, reflect the images of all surrounding objects: each of these protuberances, in its natural state, is a body cut into a number of faces, like an artificial multiplying glass, but with this superiority in the workmanship, that as in that glass every face is plane here every one is convex; they are also much more numerous, and are contained in a much smaller space. Each of the eyes is an hexagon, varying in its size according to its situation in the head; and each of them is a distinct convex lens, and has a similar effect in forming the image of an object placed before it: Other creatures are obliged to turn their eyes towards the object, but insects have eyes directed thereto on whatever side it may appear.

The Editor of the "Repository" confirms the statements and conclusions of Mr. Carpenter, after inspecting the preparations of that observer, and from experiments made by himself, on the compound eyes of the French crary-fish, the lobster, and the common domestick or house-fly.

THE GATHERER.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SWISS.

There is, perhaps, no canton of Switzerland where superstition has cast deeper roots than in that of the Grisons. Like the peasantry of Germany, they scrupulously consult the signs of the almanack before they undertake any thing they consider of importance; such as sowing, planting, reaping, cutting of trees, bleeding, cupping, vaccinating, &c. But the most important season for them to dive into futurity is Christmas Eve, and they employ an endless variety of devices to obtain this interesting result. This is especially the case with such damsels as have passed the ominous limit of their twenty-fifth birth day, without having met with a husband, and who are now naturally anxious to ascertain whether and in what manner this supreme felicity is to fall to their lot during the ensuing year. For this purpose they put heaps of salt or bran in such places as are inaccessible to light; they bawl up the chimney; throw their slipper backwards; draw cards; open their psalter at random by means of a pin; pour melted lead or the white of an egg into water; pull a piece of wood from the fire; walk about the village green, or even the church yard; and from the peculiar appearances they observe, foretell all they wish to know. A woman must be excessively ugly to renounce the hope of being ultimately relieved from that state of single blessedness which seems so irksome to these simple people; and a quarter of a century of annual disappointment does not cool their conjugal ardour, and make them renounce these fooleries.

The surest and best omen, however is to see their future suitor in a dream. To effect this, the expectant, without uttering a word, fetches salt, flour and water, from three different houses, and at midnight, makes from these ingredients a small cake, which she eats before going to bed. This cake being very highly salted, and the heated imagination of the person rendering the blood feverish, it is natural that she should feel thirsty the next morning, and express a desire to drink before she goes to work. The first young man who then offers her drink is the person destined by heaven to marry

her; and from that moment all little tricks of rustic coquetry are set in motion to bring about the execution of the celestial decree, and often with success.

When a person hears the cuckoo sing for the first time, and asks him if he shall enjoy long life, the bird's next note being long or short, is considered as a reply to the important question.

The *ignes fatui* are, among the Grisons, less an object of terror than of pity, as they suppose them to be the souls of infants who have died without baptism. They never see one, without endeavouring to sooth the pain of the supposed sufferer by the recital of a few *pater*.

TAILORS.

There is nothing upon earth that is of so much utility to men in general as fine clothes. A splendid page, a magnificent house, may draw the gaze of idle passers, and excite an occasional inquiry. But who, that has entered taverns and coffee-houses, has not perceived that the ratio of civility and attention from the waiter is regulated by the dress of his various customers? A stranger, elegantly and fashionable attired, will find little difficulty in obtaining deference, politeness, and even credit, in every shop he enters; whereas the stranger, in more homely, or less moodily garb, is really nobody. In truth, the gentleman is distinguished in the crowd only by the cut of his trousers, and he carries his patent of nobility in his coat-lap. And to whom does he owe this index of his identity, but to his despised and much calumniated tailor?

There is not a metamorphosis on all the pages of Ovid so wonderful as that which the great magician of the shears and thimble is capable of effecting. If there be the most unpleasant disproportion in the turn of your limbs—any awkwardness or deformity in your figure, the enchantment of this mighty wizard instantly communicates symmetry and elegance. The incongruous and unseemly furrows of your shape become smooth and harmonized; and the total want of all shape is immediately supplied by the beautiful adulations of the coat, and the graceful fall of the pantaloons. And all this is by the potency of your tailor. His necromantick skill, unlike that of too many practitioners of supernatural arts, is exercised only for the benefit of the world: and whilst Circe transformed the companions of Ulysses into brute beasts, the benevolent enchanter of our day transforms brute beasts into handsome and attractive men. Nay, had Olympus been furnished with a tailor, Brotheus would have had no necessity to burn himself to death for the purpose of escaping ridicule from the gods on account of his deformity.

But he who is most indebted to this manufacturer of elegant forms, is the lover; and the base ingratitude of this sort of person is dreadfully enormous. After he has riveted the gaze of his mistress upon his charming figure, drawn forth sighs of admiration for his remarkable elegance, excited the most tender perturbations by the grace of his movements, and finally acquired a complete surrender of her heart by the striking interest of his attitude when kneeling at her feet, he ignorantly and presumptuously ascribes this to his own intrinsic qualities, without ever remembering that the abilities of his tailor are the sole source of all his success. The very being, who has endowed such a man with all his attractions, rests contented with the payment of his bills, (if he be fortunate enough to obtain that;) whilst the other, by the power of fascinations so procured, obtains a lovely wife and twenty thousand pounds. *Sic vos non vobis, &c.*

Such is the skill of that wonderful being, the tailor, that his transformations are not more extraordinary than sudden. The time which is occupied in thus new moulding the human frame is really trivial compared with the stupendous change which is literally wrought. It is true, the soul may remain the same, but a new body is actually given to it by the interposition of vestimentary talent: and this is what we have always believed to be the genuine meaning of the metempsychosis of Pythagoras.

It is not, therefore, without the most cogent reasons that we assert our opinion, that the distich of

Pope, "Worth makes the man," or the title appended by Colley Cibber to one of his dramas, "Love makes the man," ought henceforth to yield, in point of truth, to the irrefragable principle which we here solemnly advance, "that it is the tailor makes the man."

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

From The Shepherd's Calendar, by James Hogg.

One young man, in particular, who was I believe overtaken by justice for his first offence, stated, that after he had folded the sheep by moonlight, and selected his number from the flock of his former master, he took them out and set away with them towards Edinburgh. But before he had got them quite off the farm, his conscience smote him, as he said, (but more likely, a dread of that which soon followed) and he quitted the sheep, letting them go again to the hill. He called his dog off them, and mounting his pony, rode away. At that time, he said his dog was capering and playing around him, as if glad of having got free of a troublesome business; and he regarded him no more, till, after having rode about three miles, he thought again and again that he heard something coming up behind him. Halting, at length, to ascertain what it was, in a few minutes his dog came up with the stolen drove, driving them at a furious rate to keep pace with his master. The sheep were all smoking, and hanging out their tongues, and the driver was fully as warm as they. The young man was now exceedingly troubled; for the sheep having been brought so far from home, he dreaded there would be a pursuit, and he could not get them home again before day. Resolving, at all events, to keep his hands clear of them, he corrected his dog in great wrath, left the sheep once more, and taking his dog with him, rode off a second time. He had not ridden above a mile, till he perceived that his dog had again given him the slip; and suspecting for what purpose, he was terribly alarmed as well as chagrined; for the day light approached, and he durst not make a noise calling on his dog, for fear of alarming the neighbourhood, in a place where both he and his dog were known. He resolved therefore to abandon the animal to himself, and take a road across the country which he was sure his dog did not know, and could not follow. He took that road, but, being on horseback, he could not get across the enclosed fields. He at length came to a gate, which he closed behind him, and went about a half a mile farther, to a farmhouse, where both his sister and sweetheart lived; and at that place he remained till after breakfast time. The people of this house were all examined on the trial, and no one had either seen sheep or heard them mentioned, save one man, who came up to the young man as he was standing at the stable-door, and told him that his dog had the sheep safe enough down at the Crooked Yett, and he needed not hurry himself. He answered that the sheep were not his—they were young Mr. Thompson's, who had left them to his charge; and he was in search of a man to drive them, which made him come off his road. After this discovery it was impossible to get quit of them; so he went down and took possession of the stolen property once more, carried them on, and disposed of them; and, finally, the transaction cost him his life. The dog, for the last four or five miles that he had brought the sheep, could have no other guide to the road his master had gone, but the smell of his pony's feet.

INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN

The following extraordinary circumstance is given, on the authority of Mr. Leonard Knapp, in "The Journal of a Naturalist." A travelling man one winter's evening, laid himself down upon the platform of a lime-kiln, placing his feet, probably benumbed with cold, upon the heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation, the fire gradually rising and increasing, until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. Lulled by the warmth, he still slept; and, though the fire increased until it burned one foot (which probably was extended over a vent hole) and part of the leg

above the ankle entirely off, consuming that part so effectually that no fragment of it was ever discovered, the wretched being slept on! and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey, but missing his shoe requested to have it found; and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg-bone, the tibia, crumbled into fragments, having been calcined into lime. Still he expressed no sense of pain, and probably experienced none, from the gradual operation of the fire, and his own torpidity, during the hours his foot was consuming. This poor drover survived his misfortunes in the hospital about a fortnight; but the fire having extended to the other parts of his body, recovery was hopeless.

PUZZLING IRONS.

An expert hand will take off nine puzzling rings in six minutes. I have in my possession one with thirty-six rings, which was made for a gentleman who vainly hoped he could disengage them in a comparatively short time. He did, I believe, persevere till he had taken off half the number, (for it remains with me in that state) after working at it at intervals, for about six or eight weeks, when he was obliged to give it up. Any one unacquainted with the power of numbers could scarcely be made to believe that, if nine rings can be taken off in six minutes, four times that number would require nearly 3058 years and a half, working twelve hours in the day, without intermission, or that the average time required for taking off each ring would be about eighty five years. [*Mechanics' Magazine.*]

MADE DISHES.

Instead of "Do let me send you some more of this mock turtle"—"Another patty"—"Sir, some of this trifle,"—"I must insist upon your trying this nice melon," the language of hospitality should rather run thus:—"Shall I send you a fit of the cholick, Sir?" "Pray let me have the pleasure of giving you a pain in your stomach." "Sir, let me help you to a little gentle bilious head-ache." "Ma'am, you surely cannot refuse a touch of inflammation in the bowels."

If you feed on rich sauces drink deep of strong wine,
In the morn go to bed, and not till night dine;
And the order of nature thus turn to your survey!
You'll quickly contract palsy, jaundice, and scurvy!!!

[*Dr. Kitchener's Housekeeper's Oracle.*]

INFANTILE COURAGE.

Two bulls, of equal bravery, although by no means equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a Laird's house, in the highlands of Scotland, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to the window, the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son, a boy of between five and six years of age, belabouring with a stiff cudgel, the stouter of the belligerents. "Dugald! Dugald! what are you about?" exclaimed the affrighted mother. "Helping the little bull," was the gallant young hero's reply.

CONCERT HOURS.

In 1792, Sunday Concerts were the fashion among the nobility; they were continued to preposterous hours. At Lord Hampden's, where an immense crowd of noble personages were collected, the first concert of the season was kept until half past four in the morning. At its conclusion, his Lordship asked Hackwood (a well known eccentric violinist,) to stay for supper. "Thank you, my Lord," said Hackwood, taking out his watch, "I cannot, for I think my wife is waiting breakfast for me."

TELEGRAPHICK COURTSHIP.

Last week the young girl who manages the signals at one of the telegraphick stations, Bidson, we believe, had the following query put to her by signal:—"How d'ye do, my dear?" To this she immediately replied, adopting the same mode of communication, "Mind your own business, sir, and don't be ogling the girls."

THE LEGENDARY.

THE WIFE OF SEVEN HUSBANDS.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT LONDON.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward the First, of long-legged memory, there lived upon Corne-Hills, over against the spot where the water-tonne was a few years afterwards built, a certain blithe and buxome widow, very wealthy, and as fair withal as she was wealthy; she was only in her twenty-eighth year, of a tall and stately shape and bearing, and with commanding and yet right modest features; her face was oval, her hair and eyes of bright black; her forehead high; her eyebrows arched, almost into semi-circles; her nose slightly aquiline; her cheeks high coloured, and yet delicately so; her lips small, and prettily bent; her teeth white and regular; her chin rather forward and dimpled; and her complexion dark though not swarthy; so that upon the whole she had rather a Jewish cast of countenance.

Mistress Alice was a very handsome woman, and, as has been before said, very wealthy, for her father always petted her, and although he had two other children, sons, he quarrelled with them both and turned them out of doors, and very solemnly vowed he would disinherit them, and there is little doubt he would have kept his vow, but that they prevented him, the eldest, by being drowned in the Fleet river, and the other by getting murdered in an affray with the city watch. At the old man's death, therefore, he left all his property, real and personal, to his "deare daughter Alice," who was then twenty-one years old, and had lately been married for the first time in her life. She has been already introduced to the reader as a widow, and if he was tempted to be surprised at her being so young a one, what will he think when he reads that she was a widow for the fifth time?—ay, and was now on the eve of being married to her sixth husband—this was Master Simon Shard a draper of Corne-hill, who had a well-filled purse, a rather corpulent figure, a round and ruddy face, and was about two and thirty years of age. It is said he had been enamoured of the fair Alice previously to her three last marriages, but that he had not had courage enough to break his mind to her till some time after the death of her fourth husband, and when he did so he found she was engaged to his immediate forerunner, at whose death he again pressed his suite—was accepted, and they were married. After living for about six months on the most seemingly loving and comfortable terms, Master Shard was found dead in his bed, without any previous illness or indisposition: this was very strange, at least strange it will probably seem to the reader, though it was not so to Mrs. Alice's neighbours, for wonderful to relate, all her other husbands had died in the same way, and under the same circumstances. There had been from time to time many various opinions afloat upon this subject, and they had become more prevalent, stronger, and of longer lasting upon the successive deaths of each of her husbands. The most moderate had merely observed, that "for certain Mrs. Alice was a very unlucky, or a very lucky woman," according to the speaker's appreciation of wedlock: others looked wiser, and seemed to think a good deal, but very little, generally contenting themselves with observing, "That it really was very odd;" but again there were others, who—especially on the death of Mr. Shard's predecessor—declared that "such things were clean out of the common run of nature, and that either Mrs. Alice, or some one not to be named among Christians, must have bewitched her husbands," (and here the speaker and listeners, especially if females, would devoutly cross themselves) "or else some thing or other" (also it seemed not to be named among Christians) "had carried them off in a very odd way, to say the least of it;" and to this cautious and mysterious opinion the generality of the last mentioned gossips with additional self-crossing, assented. Still, however, Mrs. Alice's conduct was so, not only unobjectionable, but praiseworthy; she was so pious and charitable a woman, so good a neighbour, so kind a friend, and in short so publicly and privately fulfilled all

the domestick relations of life, in so exemplary a manner, that even the tongues of those who secretly envied her wealth, her beauty and may be her luck, had not as yet dared to wag in open scandal against her: but a sixth occurrence of so extraordinary an event, it would seem gave sudden loose to their hitherto confined scruples and tongues: or, perhaps the reason why they more freely vented their suspicions or their spite on the present occasion might be that Master Shard had been a man of great influence in the city—his connexions stood high in the eyes of men, and he had a cousin who was sheriff at the time of his death, and who declared when he heard it, "by cock's marrow, he would see into the matter that very moment," and accordingly next morning, for he was just going to sit down to dinner when he made the above declaration, he presented himself with a *posse comitatus* at Mrs. Alice's door—and then the neighbourhood, as with one voice, spoke out against her; for their long held opinion of her (at least they said it had been long held) now found the countenance of power—her piety had been hypocrisy, and they had thought so all along—her charity ostentation,—her goodness and kindness, even those that had benefited by them, now found some hole to pick in, and in plain and pithy English they called her a murderess.

While this was going on without Mrs. Alice's doors, another kind of scene was taking place within. The sheriff had been readily admitted, and was followed not only by the *posse of the county*, but by a *posse of the tenue* (to use, I believe, a strictly lawful phrase), consisting of all sorts of people, who either had or thought they had, or thought they should like to have some concern in the business. They found the widow by the bedside of her departed husband: she not only did not fly from but courted investigation, and accordingly the body was investigated, but not the slightest sign of violence was found upon it; no trace of steel or poison—all was as tight and as unaccountable as it ought to have been. There were some present who pretended to a great knowledge of human nature, and who strictly watched Mrs. Alice during the whole transaction, and their evidence went still further to clear her from the imputation it was sought to affix upon her: for they said her conduct was thoroughly natural—she was distracted between indignation at the charge brought against her, and grief for the cause thereof; and yet there was no overacting in her grief, it seemed just what she would be likely to feel for the loss of such a husband, and to be rather sorrow for the spell that appeared to be upon her, than for the man himself. The sheriff and his friends therefore, whatever they might have thought or wished, found themselves forced to declare her guiltless; and after partaking of a slight refectation, consisting of boiled beef, suet puddings, sausages and ale, left the widow to her solitude. His declaration of her guiltlessness was soon known among her neighbours, almost all of whom without delay or difficulty returned to their former good opinion of her, greatly pitying her for the trouble she had been put to, and much wondering how folks should be so spiteful as tell such wicked stories. In a few days orders were given for the burial of the late Master Shard in Mrs. Alice's family vault, which was in St. Michael's church, and which vault, though one of considerable extent, Mrs. Alice seemed in a fair way of filling choack full with her husbands.

St. Michael's church stood at the period of this tale, and for aught the teller knows to the contrary, stands to this day at the eastern end of Cornhill, and about midway between this church and Mrs. Alice's house there was a pot-house or tavern, known by the sign of the "Sevenne Starres;" in the tap-room of this tavern, upon the afternoon when Master Shard was to be carried to his long home, there was assembled a very merry company of some dozen worthy citizens who were getting full of good things and gratitude towards the giver of the feast, Master Martyn Lessomour, a young merchant, whose safe return from a long and successful voyage in the Mediterranean they were met to celebrate. Master Lessomour was not yet thirty, though hard upon it; tall, strongly and well-built; his face was handsome and manly, and his

large blue eyes looked like mirrors of his frank heart; his complexion was naturally fair, but exposure to sun and storm had given it a healthy tan, as they had also yet more bleached his light hair, which he wore long and curling down his neck and shoulders; in short he was altogether a comely young man to look upon, and the rogue knew it too, for it was particularly observed of him that his carriage, which was at all times free and easy, would assume a little bit of a swagger when he either met in the streets, or passed under windows where were sitting any young and pretty city damsels. In his merry moods he was playful as a month-old kitten, as very a galliard as the best among them; but when business required it, he was as staid and sober as if an idle jest or an extra cup of canary had never passed his lips, so that he was equally well thought of among the grave and the gay; some of the oldest and wealthiest of the citizens would nod to him in passing, and some even went so far as to declare upon 'Change, "they believed young Master Lessomour would be a man well to do in the world, if," for they generally added a reservation, "if he only took care of himself and had good luck." They might indeed have been a little influenced in the formation of this good opinion, by the fact of his being the only heir and great favourite of a very rich and very old uncle. On the afternoon in question, he and his boon companions were at the height of their merriment, when one who was sitting in the bay window, that jutted out into the street, observed the funeral of Master Shard approaching, and gave notice thereof to the others. The passing of a dead body being a solemn event, and they being orthodox Christians (according to the orthodoxy of those times) merriment was therefore suspended, and I will not undertake to say there was not a share of curiosity mixed up with this religious feeling for they rose, one and all, and huddled into the window recess, in order to have a fair view of the funeral procession, which as matters went then—a days was a very sumptuous one. Most of the party present being acquainted with the circumstances of the case, at once recognized whose funeral it was, and the ignorant and anxious ears of Master Lessomour were greedily drinking in sundry marvellous tales of the rich widow of Corne-Hille, when she herself passed immediately by the window, looking becomingly downcast and sorrowful.

"Be she what she may," exclaimed my young merchant, "by the pillars of St. Hercules, she is a lovely wench, and steps out like an emperatrice."

"A witch, Master Martyn," replied one, the oldest of his companions, "a wicked witch is she, take an honest man's word for it, who should know something about such things."

"He is married to a shrew," said another, in an audible under tone, which produced a hearty laugh against the former speaker: in this, however, Master Lessomour did not join, nor with his companions who resumed their places round the well stored table, but drawing a stool into the window recess, and taking a tankard of ale with him, he sat him down, intending, he said, to have another glimpse of the fair widow as she should return from the church, meanwhile, he requested the company to tell him something more about her as they seemed to know so much, and he nothing, having been so long away from home—and accordingly, Master Andrew (he who had boasted of his knowledge of such things, and was indeed reputed the most garrulous gossip in the parish) with the assistance and interruption of his companions, when they thought he had not made enough of a good point, went through a relation of Mrs. Alice's life and adventures; and, which relation, divested of a considerable share of fiction with which Master Andrew had laden it, and put together, it is humbly hoped in something of a more coherent manner, corresponded very nearly with that which has already been laid before the reader. During all this while, Martyn Lessomour spoke not a word, and, when at length the narration was ended, he slapped his hand lustily on the window-sill, and cried out, "By the seven stars, and they are ruling ones now," casting up his eyes to the sign over the door, "but it is a strange tale—and whether true or false I will soon know—for if the mind of man hold good within me four-and-twenty

ty hours, I will some how or other scrape knowledge with this said witching widow."

At this observation, there was a general outcry, some declaring he would not do as he said, others that he could not; and some presuming on long intimacy with him, or on their greater advance in years, vowed he should not.

"And we'll see that, my merry masters, in an eye-twinkle," cried Lessomour, "for here comes the dame back as if to my wish;" and with that, to the no small wonderment of his friends, he started from his seat, and clapping his cap upon one side of his head, hurried out of the door, and posted himself on the middle of the path, whereon Dame Alice with a few attendants was returning: he staid there, till she came within two or three paces of him, and then drew back to make way for her—she looked up, and their eyes met, and, bowing as gracefully as he could, which was not indifferently, he drew back still further. Mrs. Alice turned with the intent to cross the road, but some horsemen riding at the moment prevented her from doing so; whereupon Master Lessomour, stepping to her side, said, "Fair dame, will you let a stranger do his poor duty here, and see you safe over." She curtsied, and accepted the arm he offered her; and after escorting her across the road, where they again exchanged courtesies, he left her, and joined his companions, who from the window had beheld with astonishment his bold gallantry. They conspired to attack him with a good deal of bantering and railery upon his exploit; but he was in such high spirits at the good success of it, and so well pleased with the way in which he had acquitted himself, that he fairly turned the tables upon them; or if literally speaking, he did not do that, they pretty nearly did it for themselves; for in the course of two hours there was not one of the party, with the exception of Master Lessomour, who was too merry to get drunk, except Master Andrews, on whom liquor had no more effect than on a sponge, only making him heavy: with these exceptions, there was not one who did not turn himself under the table.

Martyn dreamed all night of the lovely widow, and rose next morning at the first break of dawn, and betimes to visit the widow. In due time they were married and lived very happily.

It chanced, however, that, as they were sitting together silently one evening upon a low stool or settle (in shape something like a modern settee, only with quaintly carved frame and elbows,) gazing upon the dying embers of a wood-fire, that had been piled up between the brazen dogs on the brick hearth, that Mrs. Alice fetched a sigh.

"Why dost sigh, sweetheart?" said her husband; "art not happy?"

"I knew not that I sighed, dear Martyn," she said. "Certes, it was not for lack of happiness, for I am right happy."

"I am glad to hear thee say so, and think thou sayest sooth—if I may at all judge from mine own heart—for I am happier than I ever yet have been."

"And so, in truth, am I, Martyn—for I am happy now; and, indeed, I never knew happiness till I knew thee."

"Nay, now thou art snrely cajoling me, sweetest. Meanest thou, thou wert never happy ere now?"

"I say, till I knew thee, never—never!" As she said this with great stress on the word *never*, Martyn, whose arm was girdling her, felt her shudder strongly, and he shook too.

(Conclusion next week.)

MISCELLANY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

A RAMBLE.

'Twas a sunny day in the merry month of June, that I strayed into the park with a book in my hand, to enjoy the coolness of the shades. I seated myself on a cushion of soft grass, by the side of a bubbling brook, overhung by the branches of the maple and wild cherry. A refreshing coolness was afforded by the zephyrs, which played along the rivulet, bearing on their wings the odour of flowers, while above, one of nature's songsters was tuning his throat to innocent melody.

"What a delightful place," thought I—"Surely here, for a season, at least, one may enjoy unalloyed happiness. All around whispers peace, and every sense is furnished with its source of gratification."

While I was thus congratulating myself on my change of situation, a swarm of mosquitoes had singled me out as their game, and flew around me humming and buzzing, as if sounding their war cry. They paid no kind of regard to my ease, or my rights as a peaceable citizen, but straightway made a fierce attack, and I soon felt their bills piercing my skin in a manner any thing but comfortable. It may well be imagined, that this was no small drawback on my enjoyment. However, I always like to turn an inconvenience to the most advantage—so I fell to philosophizing, and thought I discovered that 'tis the case in life, that there is no situation so pleasant, but is subject to evils—liable to be disturbed by mosquitoes.

The situation of a man in power appears to the great majority of mankind a very enviable one. The idea of rising above our fellows, of hearing our deeds echoed from the trump of Fame, and perceiving the multitude bow obsequious to our dictation, is certainly rather agreeable in the perspective—but could we know the perplexities that never fail to accompany exalted stations, and view the inmost thoughts of the great, and feel the heart-burnings, jealousies, and animosities that rankle in their bosoms, we would acknowledge that there is a tormenting swarm of mosquitoes about them.

The rich man, too, is envied—and certain it is, he enjoys advantages that may be turned to good account. He has at his command the most refined sources of pleasure. He can gratify his curiosity and add to his information by travel. He can open to himself the treasures of literature, and enjoy the society of the most intelligent. But how few, comparatively, improve duly these advantages. On the contrary, do we not see them harrassed continually by a never satisfied desire to amass! so that instead of stopping to enjoy the fruits of their exertions, they continue to toil on as though existence depended upon it. How many are tormented by that worst of all mosquitoes, *ennui*—a kind of misery occasioned by the mere circumstance of having nothing to do. And however strange it may appear, to those who have always felt the spur of necessity, this evil is worse than absolute want; for the latter is real, and may be removed by industry; while *ennui* has its seat in the imagination, and consequently defies a remedy. This is the sting that drives so many of the rich to the bottle for relief, and thus, since they know not on what to employ their faculties, they very sagely destroy them. Add to these, the numerous bodily infirmities induced by a life of inactivity, and the constant fear of losing possessions, and 'twould almost sum, that it were preferable to live in a humbler sphere, rather than be annoyed by these grievous mosquitoes.

Professional men are generally supposed to enjoy life with less toil or inquietude, than falls to the lot of others, and as respects the exertion of their physical powers, they do indeed live in a state of greater ease, than what are called the labouring classes. But the long and arduous course of study, requisite previous to entering on the practice of a profession, the ill health frequently induced thereby, the danger of no success at last, the difficulty of procuring advantageous situations, the fickleness of a support depending solely on popularity—these are the mosquitoes, that haunt the professional man, and serve to balance the advantages he enjoys.

The bachelor frequently chuckles at the idea of bearing the bite of fewer mosquitoes, than the double man; but his is the enjoyment of a coward. He dares not enter society, and play his part like a man, from a dread of its burthens. The mosquito, that buzzes busiest around him, is the prospect of a barren and unfriended old age.

'Tis true that the married man is sometimes sorely annoyed by a mosquito, in the shape of a scolding wife; but yet the bite is well repaid, by having objects on which to rest his affections and his hopes, when he shall have nothing left to hope for himself here.

Upon the whole, I believe it will be found that there are mosquitoes, humming around every situation in life; and that the best way to brush them off, is to accustom ourselves to look upon the fair side of things, endeavour to find out the advantages, rather than the evils, that surround us, and take care never to become discontented by indulging in unavailing regrets. Q.

From the American Manufacturer.

AFFECTED ROMANCE.

The season of pleasant sunshine, and flowers and musick—of "love, roses and lettuce" has arrived. The earth—more tardy than usual in changing the garb of winter—has now begun to assume quite a respectable appearance. We strolled out of the city, the other day, and were gratified to find the latent vegetation of the old trees bursting into life and beauty; and the hills, donning again their green mantles, which have suffered nothing from the rude buffetings of the past winter. The streams are leaping down the rocks lightly and gracefully as ever, and the birds are answering their wild musick, in notes as pleasant and as meaningless. The very skies look warm and inviting—nothing of that awful purity which they put on in the nights of winter—dazzling, gorgeous and magnificent, but cold and forbidding as the icebergs of the North. The hues of the clouds themselves have become richer and deeper. We have always loved to look upon the clouds—those old, and ever-varying, yet indistinct, tulle curtains of Heaven—now glorious with the hues of sunset—and anon darkened with the presence of the thunder, flinging down upon us their great shadows, as if the wing of some dark angel was sweeping between us and the sun. Not that we are fond of the storm—of the thunder-storm in particular, for we always shudder when we hear its first growl among the hills—but when it *does* come, with its terrible visitation of lightning, streaming in upon the almost palpable darkness, and flashing over pale faces and motionless forms—then it is that the sensation of fear is lost in an all absorbing admiration of that Power, which is thus manifesting itself to an unbelieving world.

It is fashionable to talk of nature in a mystical and dreamy style—as if its fountains of gladness and exceeding beauty were not open to all—as if the same sun, the same flowers and the same musick, were not among the gifts, held in common—things which are never propertyed, apportioned or set apart. There is a great deal of affected romance in the world—and people talk prettily of flowers, and streams and moonlight because it is fashionable to do so—not from any exquisite delicacy of feeling, or a more clear and peculiar perception of the beautiful. Romance and sentimentality may perhaps, be pardonable in the country, where a few aberrations from the prose path of existence, might be excused, and very rationally accounted for. But for a city lady—a receiver of compliments, and a worshipper of fashion, to talk of the charms of the country—as if she really preferred the tame and quiet solitudes of nature to the bustling routine of fashionable life, is altogether too much for credulity itself. She would sigh amid the flowers, and within hearing of the waterfall, for the gayety and splendour of the city, as sincerely as Dr. Johnson did, when, surrounded by the beautiful scenery of nature, he gave his preference to the noise and crowd of Fleet-street.

From the New-York Morning Courier.

FALLING IN LOVE.

"Falling in Love!" Oh thou birth and death of bliss, thou Alpha and Omega of human enjoyment, thou very quintessence of contradiction—where and what art thou, that we always arrive at thee by a fall.

"Falling in Love!" Reader didst thou never ponder upon the expression with all its deep signification? It is motion then. Love never comes to us—motion downward too. Where is the dream of the poet and the matin creed of existence, which thrones the little god in the Heavens above, and elevates his worshipper to the same glorious height? All evaporated, gentle reader—all gone

—sleeping with the thousand bright fancies that hover round the porch of being, but leave us to tread its stony path alone:

A fall! We must move very swift, for we often reach the bottom before aware we have left the top. *Strange* might be added, but no—It is less strange for chips of humanity to go down than up. Ah! unfortunate wight, born to be thwarted, crouching at the bottom of the golden wheel, never flatter thyself that no lower gulph gapes for thee! prudence bows in impotence, and calculation fails to insure you against Falling in Love.

Falling! why not walking, creeping, climbing—then one might look about a little; but a fall! oh, ye powers—who can tell the finis of a fall! what bumps and scratches and battering and bruising; eternal scars and cureless wounds, broken limbs, and bended head, to say nothing of mental damages—Heaven save us from falling in love! Year after year have we trod the paths of life with cautious steps and palpitating heart, turning a deaf ear to the syren song, and a closed eye to the sparkling snare, till as a youngster maliciously observed the other day, we shall soon be so blind and deaf in reality as to be not worth catching. But alack! is age a safeguard? look at the grey headed falling daily. Is wisdom? see statesmen and soldiers—what tactics can apply, or what wisdom avoid undefined, unlocated love, only known by its effects. What confusion! only imagine one of your star-gazing, eagle-eyed sons of fire stopped in his career by this immeasurable unmentionable abyss, vortex, whirlpool—this land and water trap. His Mars eclipsed by Venus—aircastles vanishing—schemes frustrated—thought uproar, and every beautiful theory of independence playing Scylla and Charybdis round; what pity 'tis this viewless point could not be made visible, and pity 'tis gentle reader, that people cannot walk in Love. Then all this confusion might be avoided—no loggerheads cracking together in their descent, Sapphos no more be driven to desperation, and Antonys might retreat in time to save a crown.

"Falling in Love!" Mademoiselle, they say has facilities for remounting; keep thy wisdom, fair one, it is more than equalled by thy lordly compeer. Nevertheless, Reader, for our own special case, we have a dreadful presentiment, that once fairly in, we never could get out; perchance terror and mighty mystery which envelopes the whole affair may magnify the danger—indeed we have at times had strong thoughts of courting the worst, plunging in over head and ears, and daring fate—but alas! fate's frown in the shape of Love, is not to be trifled with, reader. Snares are yawning round us, thousands are gone, are going, and forever will go, down. And should we once get in, and then, indeed, be fairly unable to get out again. Ah! Heaven save us from "Falling in Love!"

From General Miller's Memoirs.

GAMING.

Gambling, the besetting sin of the indolent in many countries, is ruinously general throughout South America. In England, and other European states, it is pretty much limited to the unemployed of the upper classes, who find a never ending supply of dupes to knead. In South America the passion taints all ages, both sexes, and every rank. The dregs of society yield to the fascination as blindly as the high born and wealthy of the old or of the new world. It speaks much in favour of the revolution, that this vice is sensibly diminishing in Peru, and to the unfortunate Montezugo belongs the honour of having been the first to attempt its eradication. A noted gambler was once as much an object of admiration in South America as a six-bottle man was in England fifty years ago. The houses of the great were converted into nightly hells, where the priesthood were amongst the most regular and adventurous attendants. Those places are now more innocently enlivened by musick and dancing. Buena Vista, a seat of the late Marquess of Montemira, six leagues from Lima, was the Sunday rendezvous of every fashionable of the capital who had a few doubloons to risk on the turn of a card. On one occasion, a

fortunate player, the celebrated Baquijano, was under the necessity of sending for a bullock car to convey his winnings, amounting to above thirty thousand dollars: a mule thus laden with specie was a common occurrence. Chorillos, a fishing town, three leagues south of Lima, is a fashionable watering place for a limited season. Here immense sums are won and lost; but political and literary coteries, formerly unknown, daily lessen the numbers of the votaries of fortune.

So strong was this ruling passion, that when the patriot army has been closely pursued by the royalists, and pay has been issued to lighten the military chest, the officers, upon halting, would spread their ponchos on the ground, and play until it was time to resume the march; and this was frequently done even on the eve of a battle. Soldiers on piquet often gambled within sight of an enemy's advanced post.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

☞ The address of the members of the Masonick Institution in Geneva, opposed to the surrender of charters, and the measures recommended in a circular from several members of the masonick fraternity in the county of Ontario, will be published next week.

We thank "Q." and "Frances" for their correspondence, and desire its continuance.

The *Narrative of the Anti-Masonick Excitement*, noticed in the Record some time last winter, will be published in Batavia, on Monday next. It forms a duodecimo volume of more than 250 pages, and the price is one dollar. The author is Henry Brown, esq., a lawyer of fine abilities, and an honourable man. We have been politely furnished with a copy; and though we have given it but a hasty and imperfect glance, we think it will prove highly interesting to those who desire to review the "Rise and Decline and Fall" of the excitement. Mr. Brown has written without bias, and given what he considers a strictly impartial account of his subject; and those who desire a true history of the "Morgan affair" can not do better than peruse his "Narrative."

Many of the particulars related by Mr. Brown materially illustrate the more prominent facts, with which every one is acquainted; and we shall take an early opportunity to give them a more attentive perusal.

LITERARY. We are indebted to Mr. Wilmer for a regular weekly list of all the new publications which issue from the English press. Our list of May 16, received by the Pacific, contains the titles of twenty-nine new works, published within the week ending that day, and one hundred and forty works preparing for publication. We select a few of the titles of each. Works Published—Raleigh's (Sir W.) Works, 8 vols. 8vo., edited by Oldys; Sargent's Life of Archbishop Cranmer; Taylor's Survey of German Poetry, vol. 2; Tales of Field and Flood, by J. Malcolm. Works Announced—Byron's Life, by Moore; Barrington's Historic Anecdotes; Beatrice, a Tale, by Mrs. Hofland; Book of the Boudoir, by Lady Morgan; Douglas's Travels, &c. on the Columbia River; Devereux, a Novel, by the author of Pelham; Everest's Journey through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden; Edgeworth's Taking for Granted, a Novel; Forest Scenes in the Wilds of America, Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron; Hood's Comic Melodies, with music; Hall's (captain Basil) Travels in the United States; History of the Campaigns of the British Armies in Spain and Portugal, by the author of Cyril Thornton; Humboldt's Lectures on Physical Geography; Haigh's Sketches of Buenos Ayres; Lockhart's Life of Cervantes; Life of Heber; M'Taggart's Three Years in Canada; My Landlady and her Lodgers, by the

author of Annals of the Parish; Tales of the Wars of our Times, by the author of The Story of a Life, &c.; The Anniversary, lately an Annual, to be published in monthly numbers, with costly engravings; The New Forest, a Novel, by the author of Zillah; The Venetian Bracelet by L. E. L.

The fertility of the English Press is really calculated to move an American's wonder. A letter from London says Horace Smith makes six volumes a year; Bulwer, the author of Pelham, &c. six more; Theodore Hook writes ten pages a day, "and Banim spins his Irish yarns faster than a rope-maker can his hempen ones!" Dr. Channing is very popular in England; and "Cooper is beset by all the minor critics of the day." It is said that Colburn asserts "that he has cleared fifty thousand pounds sterling the past year, by his publications," and no one doubts him! Murray has sold 32,000 copies of lord Byron's works the past year; and thirteen thousand pounds were laid out upon one of the Annals alone, and eleven upon another.

Mr. Wilmer has obligingly forwarded us the second number of the COURT JOURNAL, a new weekly paper published by Mr. Colburn, London, and designed for the amusement of English nobility. We shall look over it, and if we find any thing worthy the perusal of our readers, we shall extract it. The first article in the Court Journal is entitled "Thoughts on Aristocracy."

The project of an anti-masonick state convention, in Vermont, has been relinquished; and the half a score of fortune hunters who invented it, are returning to their senses. "Ganging bock agen" is the anti-masonick order of the day, in every quarter.

The patriot Phelps has again mounted the throne of the Ontario Phoenix. In his last paper he says Mr. Colden is a *New-Jersey General*! This is the latest discovery that we are acquainted with.

There is at present connected with the THEATRE a more efficient company than has graced its boards for a long time. Jefferson alone is worth a score of ordinary drivellers; and the company generally is such as should ensure the house a generous support. Messrs. Duffy and Forest are too well known to the liberal portions of our citizens to need eulogy, and there are others who are worthy of particular marks of favour. The repeated attempts to sustain the drama in this city have heretofore met with little encouragement, and the seasons have closed in a manner by no means creditable to the community. Let the energy and industry of the present managers meet with a better spirit. A. B.

The New-York papers received by the Mail this morning contain European news as late as May 16th, received by the packet ship Pacific, which arrived at that port on Thursday.

The London papers state that a coolness has arisen between the King and the Duke of Wellington, on the subject of the Russian and Turkish War. His Grace, it is said, wishes to put a stop to the ambitious projects of the Czar, and that he has proposed, in the first instance, firmly to remonstrate with Nicholas; and, if that should fail, to declare war against him. To neither of these propositions, it is asserted, the King will agree. That, in short, he has determined neither to declare war against the Emperor, nor to risk one by any decided remonstrance." The London Morning Herald affects to disbelieve the story; but the Morning Journal replies that it has "the very highest authority" for saying that the statement is "substantially correct." The Duke of Wellington holds no private conferences with the King and it is supposed he cannot long be Premier. "And as for Mr. Peel," adds the Journal, "his retirement is settled. We wish him all peace and every happiness in those shades where neither the smiles of the court, nor the reproaches of the people, can penetrate to his annoyance."

The Chronicle speaks of a report which it does not credit, that the Duke of Wellington was anxious to transfer the Premiership to a distinguished statesman, whose liberal opinions are well known, and who, for the last three years, has been a friend of the Duke.

Mr. O'Connell presented himself at the House of Commons on the evening of the 15th. He had previously taken the

oath, required by the late act of Parliament, in the Court of King's Bench. The Speaker, having taken the chair, requested any new members that might be present, to come forward and take the necessary oaths. Mr. O'Connell then came forward and the rolls containing the usual oaths being presented to him, some conversation took place between him and the Clerk, the purport of which was stated to the Speaker by the Clerk. The Speaker then said to the House that the gentleman proposed taking the oaths required by a law which had passed since his election. The Speaker decided that Mr. O'Connell must take the oaths which were required when he was elected, and accordingly directed him to withdraw for the present. Mr. O'Connell then bowed to the Speaker and retired under the gallery.

A long debate ensued in the House. A motion finally prevailed to postpone until the 18th the consideration of the question, whether Mr. O'Connell should be heard from the table or the Bar. The question on that day, it was agreed should take precedence of all other business.

In alluding to this subject the Morning Chronicle says:—"How such a construction as that indicated by the Speaker should have entered his head, is to us astonishing."

LATEST FROM LISBON. Captain Mason, at Boston, on Tuesday evening, from Lisbon, which place he left on the 14th May, informs that no papers could be obtained by himself or consignee, as their publication had been suppressed by the tyrant Miguel; the inhabitants of the city were in great confusion, the prisons filled with victims to satisfy his blood-thirsty vengeance, and executions were constantly taking place. He understood that fifty of the first citizens of Oporto were to be hung at that place about the time he sailed, and that the wives and children of many who formerly lived in splendour, were seen begging for bread in the streets!

From the Buffalo Journal.

COL. KING. The corpse of this individual was scarcely deposited in its grave, when the anti-masonick party asserted that he was not dead. The story they tell is, that masons induced him to abscond; after which, to save his bail, the friends assembled and buried an empty coffin! These men talk of their respect for religion and domestic happiness, yet they have no scruples in asserting that the widow of colonel King and his twelve orphan children have followed with all the "mockery of woe," an empty coffin to the habitations of the dead. That the tears which on that occasion, were shed for the husband and the father, were evidences only of affected grief, assumed in defence of the masonick institution.

What are the people prepared to think of a combination of men who can thus, with the cry of religion in their mouths, violate the sanctity of the grave, scoff at the tears of bereaved relations, and brand with the charge of hypocrisy, the wailings of the orphan, whose tender years and unfeigned sorrow are blazoned to the world as evidence of crime. For what, it will be asked, is this done? To promote the views of a political party! No better motive can be found. It is the work of those who, aspiring to power and place, labour constantly to promote suspicion and distrust in society to advance their political views.

Without dwelling longer upon the relentless depravity of the act under consideration, let us spend a moment in contemplating the effects of such wickedness. This will be best done by assuming a case. Well, let us suppose a culprit was convicted last week at our county court, of grand larceny, and when remanded to prison, to await his sentence, was placed in the debtor's apartment. Here, during the night, he forced open the outer door, with an axe, and escaped. These, we believe, are the facts. Now, our Sheriff, Jailor, and District Attorney are all anti-masons; and although we have not the least suspicion that either of these officers, or any one else was accessory to the escape, yet we might readily create such suspicion, and raise up a party in the county to act upon it. We might pursue the subject until no act of these officers should be fairly or honestly construed; and, without invading the solemnity of a funeral procession, we might render, in the opinion of honest and worthy men, their whole lives disrespectful by implication.

This is but a single case, nor is it marked by any peculiarity. By perverse intention and untiring efforts, suspicion may be made to pervade every walk of life, and attach to every station in community. What the situation of society would be, under such a state of things, we need not describe; nor need we comment further upon the motives of those who can charge bereaved relatives with concealing sinister designs under the funeral rights performed over the mortal remains of one whom in life they had loved.

From the Cayuga Patriot.

A good deal of contrivance and disguised preconcert, appears to have been resorted to, to draw out Mr. Colden's sentiments. He gives a distorted view of the masonick institution, which may have been occasioned either by prejudiced feelings or motives of private ambition. He admits, however, the main facts, for which we have contended: That the masons, as a body were not privy to or concerned in the abduction or death of Morgan. We presume he must admit also, that the masons, as a body, have never understood that they were bound to do any thing contrary to moral principle, or hostile to the interests of society, and that

they have acted honestly in joining and adhering to the masonick institution. Of course, as a body, they are not the proper subjects of proscription or persecution. Punish the guilty, wherever they can be discovered, and if the innocent are wrong in their sentiments or opinions, convince them by fair argument, but do not injure them. This is the course that ought to be pursued by honest anti-masons. But when we see a set of unprincipled men abusing and proscribing their fellow-citizens for their honest opinions and attachments, and riding anti-masonry as a political hobby, to acquire power and office, words cannot express the disgust we feel at such baseness of conduct and motive.

From the Norwich (Chenango co.) Journal.

CADWALLADER D. COLDEN. This gentleman has renounced masonry in his old age, with the expectation of being the anti-masonick candidate for governor. The bargain has been made by the few; we shall see whether the many will sanction it. He has undoubtedly done it to promote the interests of his party; but more particularly the interests of his own dear self. He denies that masonry is a political institution, and says that the craft had nothing to do with the abduction of Morgan. But he thinks if it should become political, it might be dangerous. It is in fact a glaring exhibition of mental imbecility, garnished with a little learning, which, in his case, was like seed sown upon a barren soil.

From the Fredonia Censor

Some of our poor, weak, renouncing brethren have a peculiar way of attaching importance to themselves. They affect to stand in great fear of being murdered by the masons, or having some other dreadful punishment inflicted upon them; betraying either a consciousness of guilt or an over-weening anxiety that they shall not become as noted as Morgan. But they stand in the same predicament as the fellow Hill, who accused himself of the murder of Morgan,—he being too insignificant to be hanged.

TO THE CLERGY OF ALL DENOMINATIONS IN THIS STATE.

For some years past in many of our churches, collections have been made on the 4th day of July, or on the preceding or following Sunday, for the benefit of the American Colonization Society. During the last session of the legislature of this state, a state society auxiliary to the American Colonization Society, was instituted in this city. The managers of the state society now respectfully request and urge the reverend clergy of all denominations in this state, with renewed zeal to repeat their efforts on the approaching anniversary of our independence, on the preceding or succeeding Sunday, to make collections to promote the benevolent and highly interesting objects of the American Colonization Society. What other purpose of benevolence can be more interesting to us as christians, philanthropists or patriots? What else can be done that promises such beneficent results? The well known objects of the American Colonization Society are the moral elevation of the freed black man; introducing into Africa and spreading the benefits of knowledge, civilization and christianity; the abolition of the slave trade on its western coast, north and south of Liberia; and in process of time, in accordance with the spirit of the age, with public opinion in the slave holding states, and with the interest of those states, to expel slavery from this blessed land.

This ultimate and grand object is of course distant, but it should be considered that in the history of nations, a century is but as a day in the life of an individual. We should think of the changes that have occurred in human opinion; in the condition of men and of nations, during the lapse of the last century, during the brief period of our own lives.

Who can think of estimating the good that has already been done by the American Colonization Society. It is not extravagant to say, that the condition of multitudes of our race during the progress of future centuries, may be influenced by the establishment of the colony of Liberia. Every vessel sent by the charity of the wise and good of this country, with freed black people to Africa, may carry with it seeds which will spring up and produce fruits of moral and intellectual good for ages to come. In planting that little colony, we may hope that a work has been done "which not years, nor ages, nor time, nor eternity shall undo." The growth of the colony will facilitate its intercourse, and increase its commerce with this country; and consequently diminish the price of the passage from the one to the other. It has hitherto progressed beyond the hopes and expectations of its founders and patrons. Coffee, the produce of Liberia, is now selling in this city.

We have every inducement to exert ourselves in hastening on all the good expected from the efforts of the society; and it is hoped that the collections to be made the next 4th of July, will exceed those of any former year.

The moneys to be collected may be transmitted to Richard Yates, Esq. cashier of the New York State Bank, and treasurer of the society.

JOHN SAVAGE, President.

R. V. DE WITT, Secretary.

CHARLES R. WEBSTER, HARMANUS BLECKER, JABEZ D. HAMMOND, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, JOHN WILLARD, Managers of the New York State Colonization Society.
Albany, June 8th, 1829.

The corner-stone of a new Methodist Church was laid at Georgetown, D. C. on the 1st inst. with Masonick ceremonies.

Southwickiana. Solomon Southwick, in his last Observer, acknowledges a fondness for sweet things, particularly gingerbread. He does not say whether he is or is not fond of ginger-pop. [N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

Southwickiana. Solomon talks about "common sense," in his last Observer. Solomon has no business to do this, his sense being all uncommon. [Ib.

Unfortunate Mistake. A Western paper says that a paper in its vicinity is to be edited by John Rascal, Esq. [Hascal "he would have said!"] [Ibid.

DIED,

In this city, on Tuesday afternoon last, Mrs CATHARINE EIGHTS, widow of the late Abraham Eights, aged 80 years.

On Saturday morning last, at the residence of his son, in Roxbury, Massachusetts, departed this life, general HENRY DEARBORN, aged 78 years and three months.

In Hamilton, Butler county, Ohio, on Thursday, the 19th ult. captain JOHN CLEVELY SYMMES, extensively known as the author of a theory of open Poles and Concentrick Spheres. Captain Symmes was a native of New-Jersey, but emigrated to the western country. He was attached to the Army of the United States for a number of years, and during the late war distinguished himself on the northern frontier by his coolness and intrepidity. He sustained through life the character of an amiable and exemplary man, and died with religious composure and philosophick resignation. He was buried with military honours.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the publick, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of tea, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 3m.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE, & Co. No 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of *Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Box, Open, and Hall Stoves*, together with *Russia, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tong, Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.*; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.
Albany May, 1829. 18m2

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY—The subscribers, successors to R. STARR & Co. in the above foundry, continue the business in its various branches, and are prepared to execute orders for the following type, at the regular prices, on a credit of six months, or at a discount of 7 1/2 percent, for cash, viz:
Roman and Italics—Twenty, Fourteen, Ten, Eight, Seven Five, and Four line pica, Canon, Double pica, Double Great primer, Double English, Double Small Pica, Great primer, English, Pica, Small pica, Long primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, pearl.
Two line letters—pica, Small pica, Long primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, yearl.
Full face capitals—Small Pica, Long primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion.

Antiques—Ten and Eight line pica roman, Five line Pica italic, Four line Pica, Double Great primer, Double Small Pica, Great Primer, and Pica, with lower case; and Long Primer, Brevier and Nonpareil.
Italians—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Two line Brevier, and Two line Nonpareil.

Twelve—Double Small Pica.
Black—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer Pica Long Primer.

Open Blacks—Five line Pica, Double Small Pica, Great Primer. *Shaded letters*—Six line Pica ornamented, Two line Brevier and Two line Nonpareil double shade; Two line Nonpareil meridian shade Double Great Primer, Two line Brevier, Two line Nonpareil, and One line Brevier, single shade; Two line Minion and Two line Pearl italic single shade; Double Small Pica roman, and One line Brevier italic Antique shaded.

Script—English, on inclined body, (cast on a new plan.)

Greek—Pica.

Borders and Flowers—From Six line Pica to Pearl, all cast in copper matrices.

Checks—Canon and Double English, plain and opened.

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The type upon which this paper is printed was cast at the above foundry.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

JULIA, TO HER LOVER.

Edgar, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee, so that maugre all thy pride
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide. *Shakspeare.*

And wilt thou then, my Edgar dear,
To other climes depart,
Nor stay to dry the rising tear
That swells my breaking heart,
Thy Julia, oft I've heard thee say,
Was all on earth that's worth thy stay,
And can thou her so calmly leave,
And o'er her image never grieve.

Julia, thou loved one, thou didst say
Weep not for me, my love,
The time's but short and while away
'T will serve thy worth to prove.

We parted then, I saw him go,—
He left me, shrouded deep in wo,
And deep in wo, I shall remain
Till Edgar doth return again.

Oh Heaven! a hapless maiden cheer,
My loved one guard, I pray,
Where'er he is, be thou still near
And keep him day by day.

At thy command the foaming crest
Of Ocean's wave sinks calm to rest,
Let that command make smooth the sea,
And Edgar bring to love—and me.

FRANCES.

From the London Magazine.

HOBBLEDEHOYS.

"Not a man—nor a boy,
But a Hobbledehoy."

Old Song.

O these is a time, a happy time,
When a boy is just half a man;
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,
And flirt with him like a fan:
When mamma with their daughters will leave him alone,
If he only will seem to fear them;
While, were he a man or a little more grown,
They never would let him come near them.

These, Lilly!—these were the days when you
Were my boyhood's earliest flame,—
When I thought it an honour to tie your shoe,
And trembled to hear your name;
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,
Though your lips seemed half to invite me;
But, Lilly! I soon got over this,—
When I kissed—and they did not bite me.

O! those were glad some and fairy times,
And our hearts were then in the spring,
When I passed my nights in writing you rhymes,
And my days in hearing you sing:
And do n't you remember your mother's dismay
When she found in your drawer my sonnet;
And the beautiful verses I wrote one day,
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet!

And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,
Where your task you were wont to say;
And how I lay under the holly hush,
Till your governess went away:
And how, when too long at your task you sat,
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,
I brayed like an ass—or mewed like a cat,
Till she deemed the place was haunted!

And do not you, love, remember the days,
When I dressed you for the play,
When I pinned your kerchief and laced your stays,
In the neatest and tidiest way:
And do you forget the kiss you gave
When I tore my hands with the pin;
And how you wondered men would not shave
The beards from their horrible chin?

And do you remember the garden wall
I climbed up every night,—
And the racket we made in the servant's hall,
When the wind had put out the light;
When Sally got up in her petticoat;
And John came out in his shirt—
And I silenced her with a guinea note,
And blinded him with a squirt?

And don't you remember the horrible bite
I got from the gardner's bitch
When John let her out of the kennel for spite,
And she seized me crossing the ditch:
And how you wept when you saw my blood,
And numbered me with love's martyrs—
And how you helped me out of the mud,
By tying together your garters?

But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,
And those days are all gone by,—
And fortune may give me the best she can,
And the brightest destiny;
But I would give every hope and joy
That my spirit may taste again,
That I once more were that gladsome boy,
And that you were as young as then.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AN EVERY DAY CHARACTER.

Fallentis semita vite.

Horac.

Near a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
To guard from evil Church and Steeple,
There stood,—alas! it stands no more!—
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master!

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants,
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns, and making presents:
Though all the Parish were at strife,
He kept his counsel, and his carriage,
And laughed and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head;
Warm was his double ale, and feelings,
His partners at the whist club said,
That he was faultless in his dealings—
He went to Church but once a week;
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, Hospitals, and Schools,
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools,
And he subscribed to half dozen;
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at his door,
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some publick principles he had,
But was no flatterer, nor fretter;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said, "I can not make them better!"
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle."
And cut the fiercest quarrels short,
With—"Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle."

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had couched beneath his master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable—
Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Where'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse, and patterns;
Adeline was studying baker's bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain: and while Decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair Nurse to bless or bore him;
His rugged smile, and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crossed in love,
Before he came away from College—
Some darkly hinted, that his Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him,
Some whispered with a solemn face,
That there was something odd about him!

I found him at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double,
Sickness was coming on him then,
To take him from a world of trouble—
He prosed of slipping down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will,—
The next he sent for Dr. Bailey.

And so he lived,—and so he died!—
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand—"Ah!" he cried,
"Penelope must were the willow."
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket;
And say, that when I call again,
"I'll bring a license in my pocket."

"I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
(I hope his master's shoes will suit him:)
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake—or shoot him.
The Vicar's wife will take old Fox,
She'll find him an uncommon mouser;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.
"Whether I ought to die or not
My doctors can not quite determine;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid;—but nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection!—
Tom!—we shall meet again;—and yet
I can not leave you my direction!"

[From the New-York Mercantile Advertiser.]

THE SKY ROCKET.

BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

Thou dost but mock the elements, proud thing!
And let the stars, so quiet, turn thee pale;—
The fire of nature's womb may lend a wing—
And the wind let thy scintillations sail:
Still, thou art earthly, and to earth must fall,
As meteor fly with robe of borrowed light:—
Oh, if my soul could so o'erleap its wall,
And have a chance of such a gallant flight,
It should not be dispersed like unstrung pearl,
But on and on give out a fearless ray;
Winnow a path between the night-lamp's curl;
And rush to glory, through the milky way.—
Nor rest, until it glowed before God's throne,
As incense quivers on an altar stone.

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JOB PRINTING.

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THIS PAPER

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AT NO. 3, BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1829.

NO. 21.

MASONICK RECORD.

TO THE PUBLICK.

Our apology for addressing you, if any is necessary, is to be found in the very extraordinary papers which have appeared in the publick prints, bearing the signatures of some seventy respectable members of the masonick fraternity. One of the papers in question is a "CIRCULAR," addressed to the masonick lodges in the western part of our state, proposing to them the *abandonment of their charters*, as a means of restoring peace to the community, which is highly excited by reason of the *outrage* committed on the person of WILLIAM MORGAN. The other is an "ADDRESS TO THE PUBLICK," echoing the advice given in the Circular, and stipulating, on the part of the signers, to withhold their attendance on masonick meetings.

The appearance of the last mentioned paper before the publick prior to the transmission of the Circular, containing the propositions to the lodges, is a remarkable circumstance. It is not for a moment to be presumed that "peace" is to result from the mere publication of the proposed means of effecting it: it is, according to the views of the brethren, to result mainly (if it results at all) from and through the abandonment of masonick charters.

Now, it does appear to us, the brethren would have proceeded with a better prospect of effecting their object, if they had silently sent to the lodges the Circular, and when the lodges should be convened for the purpose of deliberating on the expediency of adopting the proposals, then to have attended personally on the meetings, so far as they could do so, and to have shown by arguments and facts the propriety of following the advice given them. We regret that this course was not taken.

There is one circumstance connected with this proffered peace offering, with which the publick are unacquainted, and which is only known to a few of the *Circular* brethren: it is this—the *very proposals contained in the Circulars were, at a convention of masons held at Canandaigua on the first of February last, duly considered and negatived*. This convention was called, and the proposals submitted and advocated, by a few of the brethren whose names are appended to the Circular. Seeing then that the temper of the brethren as expressed in convention was not at that time favourable to the proposals, and believing that "peace" would result from the abandonment of the charters—and feeling anxious, as they ought, that every member of the masonick family, however exalted or however humble, should share in the pacification, it is strange this course was not taken. Had it been, we are not sure but that, in the end, the proposals would have been acquiesced in, and a general peace might have been the result.

We regret extremely that our Circular brethren took the course they did. We regret it mainly on their own personal account; they have subjected themselves to the suspicion that it is not a general peace they are seeking—not a peace which shall carry the olive branch to *all*, but shall only extend it to a *few*. We would if possible save them from this cruel suspicion. If our humble testimony shall be received, we will say that, to our knowledge, there is attached to the Address in question as pure names as can be found in any community.

The outrage committed on the person of William Morgan in depriving him of his liberty, and in all probability of his life, has called forth the honest sentiments of indignation and abhorrence from the people. These sentiments are just, and are felt "by us in common with our countrymen." They are such as will always be felt and evinced by a people prizeing the blessings of liberty, whenever high-handed crime tramples on the sovereignty of the laws. Junius said to the British publick, "the people are sometimes wrong in their *opinions*, but in their *sentiments* they are never mistaken." The observation is a sound one, and will apply in all communities where the blessings of freedom are enjoyed. At this time and in this community, it is peculiarly illustrated. While we accede to the justness of the *sentiments*, we beg leave to enter our most solemn protest against the correctness of the *opinion* entertained, that, as this daring outrage was committed by *masons*, it grew out of, and proceeded from the *principles* of masonry. *Masonry*

requires from its members perfect obedience to the laws of the land. This we affirm to be a *fundamental requirement*, admitting of no exception—not even in governments of arbitrary and despotick rule.

This is not the time for, nor is it our intention to enter into a *defence* of the masonick institution. We will barely observe that it was devised for wise and salutary purposes—namely, of extending to all parts of the world the blessings of good feelings and charity. It is *simply a widely extended charitable institution*; having for its object the amelioration of the human family; "uniting men of all countries, of all religious sects, and of all political opinions, in the bonds of social intercourse." Such do we solemnly affirm to be the scope and end of the institution: and never have we seen, in *any instance*, (and some of us have been members of the order for the last thirty years,) the institution prostituted to political or religious sectarian purposes. It is matter of pride that no mason who has renounced the institution has in his zeal to find favour with the enemies of masonry, preferred any specific charges of such prostitution.

We claim to ourselves no merit by reason of being masons; but at the same time we protest against the charge or the conclusion that, because we are masons we must of necessity be bad men. Our institution comprises a numerous body of men, possessed of the same feelings, prejudices and passions as enter into the composition of other men. We are neither wiser nor better than others; we partake of the infirmities of humanity; and while we had occasion heretofore to rejoice at the liberal feelings and principles inculcated by the order, and evinced in the general conduct of its members, we could not believe that any of them would ever swerve from the path of duty through the influence of the fell spirit of *fanaticism*. But yet, so is the fact: this demon, which in all ages, in all countries, and in the most sacred of causes has shown its Hydra head, has stretched forth its bloody arm and sent to the grave, "unannounced and unannealed," the trembling victims of its vengeance—so is the fact, that in this enlightened age, this nineteenth century, it has shown itself among some few members of the masonick order; maddened them with its impulses, and propelled them to the commission of the foul crime of robbing a fellow man of his liberty, and probably of his life. We join with you, fellow citizens, in your feelings of deep abhorrence of the transaction, and we mourn the corruption of human nature as evinced in the commission of the deed.

It is a fundamental rule of justice, sanctioned by all civilized nations, that every man shall be held responsible for his *own* acts, and for those *only*. This rule is deeply engraven on the human heart: it is an impress of the great Eternal, who is the fountain of justice. Now, we ask you *not as mendicants seeking popular favour* and distinction, but as men living under a happy government, in which equal rights and equal laws are secured to all and govern all, whether this rule shall be reversed as to us?

Are the blessings of good government to be withheld, while its requirements and exactions shall be demanded from us? Protection and allegiance are reciprocal duties. Will you demand the one and refuse the other? If we are to be *disfranchised*, does not justice require that you free us from the *burthens of government*?—should we not be exempt from taxation, and ought not our names to be stricken from the muster rolls of our militia?

We beg of you, fellow-citizens, to *pause*. Let reason resume its empire. Do not, we beseech you, violate the eternal principles of justice in persisting in a course of persecution towards us, unworthy of the age in which we live. Do not subvert the wise provisions of our constitutions and our laws; for in dealing out to us a measure which they do not give, you attempt their subversion. Our free and equal laws *cost much*. They are the "perfection of human wisdom;" a perfection arrived at through slow and tedious processes. They comprise the wisdom of all nations, of all ages—accumulated through pain and suffering. It would be wise, in our judgement, to transmit them unshaken, unimpaired to the remotest posterity.

The object of this address is to conciliate you. We are anxious for peace. And this anxiety is increased when we find that it is not *enough* that this part of the state shall be torn and distracted with the "Morgan excitement;" but

that the whole state and Union must be shaken with it. It is with grief that we see talented men lending those talents which were given them to be employed in promoting peace, union and safety, for the purpose of extending the evils felt here, into all parts of our common country. We wish for "peace," but wish for it on terms which will not compromise our integrity; and on such terms only will we accept of it. Suppose the avenue to "peace" to be the abandonment of freemasonry through the medium of the publick journals, declaring it to be base; and suppose we should seek "peace" *through this avenue*, as some have sought it; would you extend the olive branch to us—take us into your confidence—because, to our other commendatory qualities we added that of *hypocrisy*? We know you to well—we are too well read in the human heart not to know, that, by using hypocrisy and making ourselves traitors, we should present such claims to your regard and consideration as would fail us at some future day. *Treason* may be approved, but the traitor is always despised.

As in the physical so in the moral world—a calm will succeed a storm. Your passions, your resentments will subside. When that period arrives, we are anxious to be found worthy of your respects and of our own. We are not bigoted in favour of masonry: if it must sink, it will not be through the efforts of persecution; but through the efforts of calm and sober reason. If reason cannot demolish the fabrick, the battery of persecution will be used upon it in vain. Our object in addressing you is not to sustain the edifice of freemasonry, but if possible to bring about "peace"—to put an end to the distracted state of feeling which pervades every dwelling in this part of the state.

Our laws presume every man to be innocent until the contrary appears. This wise and beneficent rule is reversed in our case. Be it so. To exculpate ourselves from the charges preferred against us as a body and individually, *as the rule is reversed*, so necessarily the *ordinary mode of proof must be changed*. From the nature of the case, our own testimony must and ought to be received in exculpation. We must therefore be permitted to avail ourselves of this mode of justification. If it shall be found unavailing, the consciousness that *we have done all that honest and honourable men can or ought to do*, will sustain and cheer us in the midst of trial and persecution. Therefore,

We, the Members of the Geneva Lodges and Members of the Masonick Institution, residing in Geneva and its vicinity, appealing to ALMIGHTY God for the truth of our declarations, DECLARE, that we have had no agency, directly or indirectly, in the abduction of William Morgan: that prior to his abduction we had no information that the outrage against his person was contemplated, and at this time his fate, whatever it may be, is to us unknown.

We most solemnly affirm, that the principles of freemasonry require no services or duties from its members incompatible with the laws of the land: but that they inculcate and enjoin obedience to the civil laws as a fundamental duty.

GEORGE GOUNDRY,
WM. TIPPETS,
LUTHER KELLY,
NATHAN DASKAM,
E. NOBLE,
G. C. WOOD,
JOHN A. JONES,
G. CLARK,
WM. GIFFING,
JOHN SHOOK, JR.
JOHN SWEENEY,
E. HALL,
J. S. HOGARTH,
JOHN PLACK,
C. M. RICE,
WM. MILFORD,
JOHN RICE,
H. W. DOBBIN,
H. C. WEST,
JAMES HUSTON,
ELIAS BEACH,
STEPHEN BRIZSE,
GIDEON HALL,
R. HOGARTH,
S. M. MORISON,
MARTIN GROVE,
LYMAN GRANGER,
Geneva, March, 1829.

FRED. VANDEMARK,
GARADUS NOBLE,
WHITNEY SQUIER,
SEBA SQUIER,
SAM. O. CODINGTON,
A. TORRANCE,
D. W. KEELER,
JOHN R. BARNES,
CASTLE SOUTHERLAND,
GEORGE C. ENTRICAN,
JOHN FRANKENBURGER,
PHILO WYLLIE,
JOHN BABCOCK,
THOMAS BARNES,
WILLIAM EASTON,
JOHN GREGORY,
PRESERVED B. TAYLOR,
A. CHIDESTER,
THOMAS ROBSON,
IMLY PRESCOTT,
JOHN SHETHER, sen'r
ISAAC RALL,
WM. BARKER,
ISRAEL WEBSTER,
REUBEN ROYCE,
J. W. NEWKIRK,
J. F. AXTELL.

CELEBRATIONS.

Amicable Lodge, No. 22, will celebrate the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, on the 24th inst. Members of the neighbouring lodges and chapters are respectfully solicited to attend. The band of music attached to the 8th regiment of Artillery, are engaged for the day. The procession will be formed at 10 o'clock precisely.

NATH'L CAULKING, DANIEL TOWER,
ADISON R. GILLMORE, Committee.
New-Hartford, Oneida co., June 12, 1829.

The Nativity of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated by Constellation Lodge, at Dedham, Massachusetts, on Wednesday, the 24th of June current. Neighbouring lodges, chapters, encampments, and the brethren generally are respectfully invited to attend, with appropriate clothing, and officers with their insignia. Addresses may be expected from M. E. Rev. Paul Dean, and Comp. Samuel H. Jenks, of Boston. The procession will form at 10 o'clock A. M. Suitable accommodations and refreshments will be provided by Br. Francis Alden, particularly for the ladies. Per order of the Committee of Arrangements.

Dedham, June 4. ELISHA THAYER, Sec'y.

The members of Kingston Lodge, the members of Esopus Lodge, and the members of New-Paltz Lodge, of Free and Accepted Masons, are hereby respectfully invited to attend the celebration of St. John's day, at the lodge room, at Mr. John Tack's, in Marletown, on the 24th inst. The brethren are requested to be punctual in their attendance at 10 A. M. The procession will be formed at that hour at Mr. Tack's, and proceed from thence to the Dutch Church, where an appropriate sermon will be delivered by a Rev. brother. Travelling members and sojourners belonging to the fraternity, and in good standing, are invited to attend. By order of the Committee.

JOHN HILL, JAMES M'GINNIS,
DAVID HUNT.
Marletown, June, 9, 1829.

The approaching Anniversary of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, will be publicly celebrated at Somersworth, (Great-Falls,) New Hampshire, by St. John's Lodge, Portsmouth; Humane Lodge, Rochester; Stafford Lodge, Dover; Pythagoras Lodge, Portsmouth; Lybanus Lodge, Somersworth; Rising Star Lodge, New-Market: St. John's Lodge, Berwick; and several other Masonick bodies of a higher order. An Address will be delivered on the occasion, by Hon. Br. JOHN HOLMES. Dinner Tickets one dollar each. Brethren of the fraternity generally, are respectfully invited to attend. The procession will be formed at nine o'clock, A. M.

JOSHUA EDWARDS,
for the committee.

Putnam, Uriel, and Eastern Star Lodges, will celebrate the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist on the 24th inst. at Ashford, Connecticut. The brethren are requested to convene at Br. Dyer Clark's, at 9 o'clock, A. M. The usual exercises may be expected at the meeting house in the 1st Society, commencing at 11 o'clock, A. M. The brethren of adjacent lodges are invited to attend.

DARIUS MATTHEWSON, GEORGE W. WEBB,
COLVIN WHITNEY, ARTEMAS FLETCHER,
DAVID AVERY, ICHABOD BULKLEY.
June 10, 1829. Committee.

There will be a procession and Installation of the officers of Mt. Pleasant Lodge, at Mount Pleasant Ohio, on the 24th June, 1829. Brethren of the neighbouring lodges and their vicinities are respectfully invited to attend.

The Festival of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated in this village, by the several lodges in the 3d masonic district, on Wednesday the 24th inst. The lodge will convene at Masons' Hall at 9 o'clock A. M. and proceed to the meeting house, where religious exercises will commence at half past 10 o'clock. A discourse will be delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Brown of Troy, N. Y. Members of neighbouring lodges are respectfully invited to join in the celebration and meet at the hall. All others who may feel disposed, are also invited to attend at the meeting house.

M. S. WALLER, Sec'y.
Middlebury, Vt., June 15th, 1829.

A resolution was adopted at a late meeting of the members of "Genesee Royal Arch Chapter," and "Rising Star Lodge," in Genesee county, to return the charters of that chapter and lodge to the source from whence they came. Accompanying this resolution is an address of the members to the public, setting forth their reasons for the measure. These are, a disposition to restore peace to the community of which they are members, and to evince their continued desire, as good citizens, to acknowledge the will of the majority upon all subjects, when such will can reasonably be required to operate. The address is candid and manly, and as such we doubt not it will be fully satisfactory to honest anti-masons, and highly offensive to all other members of that party.

[Buffalo Journal.]

ASTRONOMY.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE ASTEROIDS.

Ceres is 163 miles in diameter, and appears of a ruddy colour (which is also the prevailing hue of the others), and shines with the brilliancy of a star of the eighth magnitude: it is surrounded with an atmosphere 675 miles in height, which gives it very much the semblance of a small comet or nebulous star. Pallas, another of the asteroids (eighty miles in diameter), has a similar nebulosity surrounding it, 468 miles in height. Juno and Vesta are destitute of this nebulous atmosphere, though the latter—which is the smallest of the four (diameter forty-nine miles), and subtending an angle not greater than one of the Saturnian satellites, or half a second—shines with a light so pure and distinct as to be visible to the naked eye, as a star of the fifth magnitude.*

The form and position of the orbits of the asteroids, and the physical changes observed in them, suggests the idea of their being a sort of connecting link, uniting the planetary and cometary bodies. The orbits of the old planets vary but slightly from circles; those of the new planets are considerably eccentric, though not so much as those of comets. The apheion of Juno is double the distance of its perihelion; and the distance of the centre from the foci of its ellipse 68,588,433 miles. It passes over that half of its orbit nearest the sun in half the time occupied in traversing the other half; the major axis of its orbit little exceeding in length that of the comet of Encke—the former being 450,800,000 miles in length, and the latter 420,000,000 miles.

The orbits of the asteroids make greater angles with the ecliptic than the planets, and in this respect resemble comets, some of which have their paths considerably inclined, and ascend or descend at right angles to the earth's path. The least inclination of a planet's orbit to the ecliptic is that of Uranus, which is 46 min. 20 sec.; and the greatest that of Mercury, which is 7 deg. The inclination of the orbit of Vesta is 7 deg. 8 min. 9 sec.; and that of Pallas 34 deg. 50 min. 40 sec. The inclination of the orbits of the comets of Encke and Gambart are, respectively, 13 deg. 20 min. and 13 deg. 33 min.; and of one that appeared in 1818, the position of its path relative to the ecliptic was 89 deg. 47 min.

More considerable and sudden changes are also observed in these small bodies than in the planets. Venus, it is supposed, has had an atmosphere generated about its orb since the commencement of the past century, which conceals those irregularities on the surface formerly so distinctly seen. Mars has a periodical change about its poles, supposed to arise from the melting of the snows when the planet is in certain parts of its orbit. Jupiter also has sudden changes in its belts, which are supposed to arise from its swift rotation. These changes in the planets are different to those observed in the visible hemispheres of Ceres and Pallas, which are sometimes pale, overclouded, or as if surrounded with dense mist, and, at other seasons, suddenly shine forth and display well-defined discs. Variations of a similar nature are also observed in the brilliancy of the other two.

To account for these phenomena, so anomalous in the planetary system, some have supposed the asteroids to be fragments of an exploded planet, formerly moving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Some curious coincidences occur to render such a theory plausible; for, on the supposition of such an explosion, the fragments ought to have two common points of reunion, through which they would all pass; and it is remarkable that the positions of the nodes of the asteroids favour the idea of their having diverged from the same place. The smallest parts also would be thrown to the greatest distance from the original orbit, while the larger would, on account of their greater quantity of matter, deviate less from the path of the primitive

* Very considerable differences occur in the results obtained by Schroeter and Herschel in measuring the diameters of the asteroids. It is highly probable that the former included portions of their atmospheres in his measurements, while the latter (who is generally considered to be the most accurate) measured only the nucleus or disc.

planet. This is supposed to account for the orbit of Pallas and Juno (the smallest of the four) being more eccentric than Ceres and Vesta.

The immense atmospheres of Ceres and Pallas have furnished materials for another theory relative to "the lost comet of 1770," which ought, by computation, to have returned ten times since that year, but which has not been since seen. It has been supposed that this comet, passing near these two asteroids, communicated to them those immense nebulous atmospheres by which they are surrounded; but, unfortunately for this theory, the comet is not lost, but is revolving in a new orbit, into which it has been directed by the powerful attraction of Jupiter. It is rather surprising that some bold theorist has not identified in these asteroids the comet of 1770 itself, having the following data: That the explosion of a comet is a more probable event than that of a planet; that the asteroids were discovered not long after the comet was missing; that the form and inclination of their paths, together with considerable physical changes in their orbs, assimilate them to the nature of comets; and that, supposing the comet disrupted at right angles to its tale, there would be an unequal distribution of its atmosphere among the fragments, which would account for two having these atmospheres, and the others being destitute.

But there is no necessity for adopting such violent hypotheses. These small bodies are neither the wreck of a ruined world, nor are they wrapped in the newly acquired train of a comet wandering from its course. In the whole of creation, wherever the power of the Divine Being is evinced, there is also displayed harmony, and an arrangement for the general preservation; a beautiful connexion may be traced, uniting bodies apparently opposite in their natures, gliding through the various links, which ascends from the minute to the stupendous—from the grain of sand that fetters the proud ocean, to the rolling world, and all the vast orbs that move through immensity.

It is singular that the existence of these bodies, or at least of a planet moving near the courses which they pursue, was indicated by a very curious law, discovered by Prof. Bode,—that the excesses of the distances of the planets above Mercury form a geometrical series, of which the common ratio is 2: the mean distances at which the asteroids revolve are nearly equal, and complete the relation, which was before wanting. By assuming 10 as the mean distance of the earth from the sun, the following will be the result of this remarkable analogy:—

	Distance in round numbers.	
Mercury	4	= 4
Venus	4 + (3 × 1)	= 7
Earth	4 + (3 × 2)	= 10
Mars	4 + (3 × 2 ²)	= 16
Asteroids	4 + (3 × 2 ³)	= 28
Jupiter	4 + (3 × 2 ⁴)	= 52
Saturn	4 + (3 × 2 ⁵)	= 100
Uranus	4 + (3 × 2 ⁶)	= 196
A planet next beyond } Uranus, if any exist }	4 + (3 × 2 ⁷)	= 368

which latter is a little greater than the proportional distance of the apheion of the comet of Halley. It is not easy to see the reason of this law, which is also lately found to prevail among the satellites of the system, relative to their mean distances from the centres of their respective primaries. Though hitherto unexplained, it is worthy of observation, that a similar law, relative to the periodical times and distances of the planets, remained veiled in obscurity until the connexion was discovered to be a necessary consequence of the laws of gravity. The explanation of this singular law may be reserved to some future period, when it will doubtless be found to be an important part of that grand scheme, every particular of which indicates design and perfect harmony.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the London Mechanics' Magazine.

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.

Sir: Will you permit an individual who has, four times in the course of his life, nearly become a victim to lightning, or a thunder-bolt striking a house, and making its way into the interior, to

inquire, what would be the best precaution to take, or the best means to adopt in an apartment, effectually to guard against the danger of being struck by lightning during a thunder-storm? I am, &c.
FULMEN.

We extract the following directions on this head from our common-place-book:—Places of the greatest Safety in a Thunder-storm.—In case a thunder-storm were to happen while a person is in the house, not furnished with a proper conductor, it is advisable not to stand near places where there is any metal, as chimneys, gilt frames, iron case-ments, or the like; but to go into the middle of a room, and endeavour to stand or sit upon the best non-conductor that can be found at hand, as an old chair, stool, &c. It is still safer to bring two or three mattresses or beds into the middle of the room, and, folding them up double, put the chair upon them; for they not being such good conductors as the walls, the lightning will not choose an interrupted course through the air of the room and the bedding, when it can go through a continued and better conductor—the wall. The place of most absolute safety is the cellar, and particularly the middle of it; for when a person is lower than the surface of the earth, the lightning must strike the surface of the earth before it can possibly reach him. But when it can be had, a hammock, or swinging bed, suspended by silk cords equally distant from the walls on every side, and from the ceiling above and below, affords the safest situation a person can have in any room whatever, and what, indeed, may be considered quite free from danger of any stroke of lightning. If a storm happens whilst a person is in the open fields, and far from any building, the best thing he can do is to retire within a small distance of the highest tree or trees he can get at; he must by no means go quite near them, but should stop at about 15 or 20 feet from their outward branches; for if the lightning should fall thereabout, it will very probably strike the trees; and should a tree be split, he is safe enough at that distance from it; besides, from repeated observations, it has been ascertained, that the lightning by no means descends in one undivided track, but bodies of various kinds conduct their share of it at the same time, in proportion to their quantity of conducting power.

TANNING.

A tanner, named Rapedius, of Bern Castle, on the Moselle, has discovered a new species of tan proper for dressing leather. It is the plant known by the name of Bilberry or Whortleberry, (*Vaccinium Myrtillus*, or *Myrtillis*) which should be gathered in spring, because at this season it dries more readily, and is more easily ground. Three pounds and a half of this tan suffice for dressing a pound of leather, while six pounds are required from the oak to produce the same effect. By this new process, tanners can gain four months out of the time required for preparing strong leather. A commission having been appointed at Treves to examine the leather so prepared, reported, that they had never seen any as good, and that every pair of shoes made therefrom lasts two months more than what are manufactured from common leather; that the skin of the neck, which it is difficult to work, becomes strong and elastic like that of the other parts. The shrub should not be pulled up, but cut with a bill, to obtain the reproduction of the plant the following year. When cut, damp does not deteriorate it, which is not the case with oak bark, which loses ten per cent. of its value by being wetted.

[From the French.]

INFUSION OF WALNUT LEAVES TO DESTROY INSECTS.

It appears by a late communication to the London Horticultural Society, by Sir Charles M. L. Monck, Bart. that worms which infest plants in pots were destroyed by a pint of an infusion of walnut leaves given to each pot. The worms quickly emerged from the mould to the surface, and were removed. This treatment was repeated in the following week, when a few more worms were extracted; the plants which had been sickly, after this application resumed their health and blossomed strongly. This success induced Sir Charles to try

the experiment on orange trees, and other plants in pots, and it was attended with equal success. He thinks that the infusion is beneficial, not only in destroying the worms, but that it acts also as a manure. The infusion is made by pouring boiling water on fresh walnut leaves, which having stood till cold, is ready for use.

THE GATHERER.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

DIRECTIONS TO HOT PEOPLE.

Now-a-days, nobody is cool—every face is as red as a beet, and every man's blood is hot enough to boil an egg. What is to be done? *imprimis*—keep your temper—it will never do to get into a passion at this season—reserve your wrath till the first frost, and you may then blaze away as much as you please. Secondly—rise early, even before the sun, and enjoy his astonishment at seeing himself beat. Wash your whole body, put on clean linen, and take a slow walk of twenty minutes and fifteen seconds. Don't jump out of the way at any sudden alarm—it is much better to be quietly run over by a cart or two, than to jump into a fever. Sit down to breakfast moderately; don't bolt into your chair as if you were thrown out of a third story window. Drink no coffee; it is too heating—tea or milk you may take in any quantity; but eat no meat as you eschew caloric—every mouthful is an incipient fire brand. A little bread (and, if you are in love, a cold potato) degeune. Eat slowly, and beguile the time, by reading the *Courier and Enquirer*. It will always put you in good humour, and your smiles are very becoming. Put on a white hat, and away to your place of business. If any thing has gone wrong, don't scold—scolding is allowed only in winter. If you meet any friends on the way, give a gentle look of recognition, but do not bow or say "good morning"—talking is very exciting. If you can conveniently meet with a little misfortune, do so—melancholy is very cooling, and what is more, it makes others cool towards you. You thus gain considerable comfort from their icy reflection.

"As the day grows warm and high," you become thirsty. You are afraid to drink cold water—you therefore mix a little brandy (or a good deal) with it to prevent any bad consequences—you put in a lump of ice, and quaff it off without ceremony. You goose! cold brandy and water, taken suddenly into your stomach, is just as dangerous as cold water—so is cold punch—cold any thing else—so would a parcel of cold live coals, if you could freeze them. your best beverage is claret and water—you may cool it if you please, but you must sip it very gradually. We mean, real *bona-fide* claret—none of your poke-berry juice, which is absolute poison.

Do not eat much dinner—animal food puts the lion in a fever, and so it will serve man. If you find that you have much appetite, eat a lump of sugar, or take a walk into the kitchen, just before the table is set. The best thing for you is a little hash and mashed potatoes—it saves a great deal of labour for the jaws. You may smoke two cigars afterwards—the smoke warms your mouth, and causes a rush of air into it which overbalances the artificial heat. In the evening you may read a novel or listen to music—it must be slow music, however—the "Dead March, in Saul," or something like it. "Yankee Doodle" would put you in a fever in five minutes. Go to bed early—leave your windows open—the free, pure air never harms any body that is used to it, and if you are not, it is high time that you were. Take as many airs upon you as you can—the hen sets all the summer night upon the fence, and takes no cold. Are you not ashamed to be more delicate than a hen?

SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.

We were lately visiting in a house where a very pleasing and singular portrait attracted our observation; it was that of a young lady represented with a partridge perched upon her shoulder, and a dog with his feet on her arm. We recognized it as a representation of the lady of the house, but

were at a loss to account for the odd association of her companions. She observed our surprise, and at once gave the history of the bird and the spaniel. They were both some years back, domesticated in her family. The dog was an old parlour favourite, who went by the name of Tom. The partridge was more recently introduced from France, and answered to the equally familiar name of Bill. It was rather a dangerous experiment to place them together, for Tom was a lively and spirited creature, very apt to torment the cats, and to bark at any object which roused his instinct. But the experiment was tried; and Bill, being very tame, did not feel much alarm at this natural enemy. They were of course, shy at first, but this shyness gradually wore off: the bird became less timid, and the dog less bold. The most perfect friendship was at length established between them. When the hour of dinner arrived, the partridge invariably flew on his mistress's shoulder, calling with that shrill note which is so well known to sportsmen; and the spaniel leapt about with equal ardour. One dish of bread and milk was placed on the floor, out of which the spaniel and the bird fed together and after their social meal, the dog would retire to a corner to sleep, while the partridge would nestle between his legs, and never stir till his favourite awoke. Whenever the dog accompanied his mistress out, the bird displayed the utmost disquietude till his return; and once, when the partridge was shut up by accident during a whole day, the dog searched about the house with a mournful cry, which indicated the strength of his affection. The friendship of Tom and Bill was at length fatally terminated. The beautiful little dog was stolen; and the bird from that time refused all food, and died on the seventh day, a victim to his grief.

[The Menageries.]

ALTITUDE OF CERTAIN BUILDINGS.

	Metres.
The highest Pyramid in Egypt	146
The Cathedral at Anvers	144
The Cathedral at Strasburg	142
The Steeple of St. Stephen, at Vienna, (Austria)	138
The Steeple of St. Martin, at Landshut	137
St. Peter's, at Rome	132
The Steeple of St. Michael, at Hamboro	130.5
The Steeple of St. Peter, at Hamboro	119
St. Paul's Cathedral, at London	109.7
The Cathedral of Ulm	109.4
The Cathedral of Milan	109
The Tower of the Asinelli, at Bologna	107
The Dome of the Invalids, at Paris	106
The Cathedral of Magdebourg	101.6
The Cupola of the Pantheon, at Paris	77
The Balustrade of Notre Dame, at Paris	60
The metre is 39.37 inches. [From the French.]	

POLYGAMY.

It is well known that the Turks avoid answering questions put to them concerning their religion, to prevent being exposed to criticism or raillery. A lady of quality reproached a Turkish ambassador, on the Mahometan religion allowing them to have several wives. The ambassador, without entering into any discussion, replied, "It permits it, that we may be able to find in several, all the graces which are concentrated in you alone."

INDIAN PLASTER.

All the fine plaster with which the walls of the houses are covered in India, and which is so much admired by strangers, is composed of a mixture of fine lime and soapstone, rubbed down with water: when the plaster is nearly dry, it is rubbed over with a dry piece of soapstone, which gives it a polish very much resembling that of well-polished marble.

The initial letters of the Latin names of the kings of Bonaparte's family form the Latin word *Nihil*, (nothing;) and this used to be called the genealogical acrostick:

—udovicus.
—osephus.
—ieronimus.
—oachim.
—apoleo.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE WIFE OF SEVEN HUSBANDS.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT LONDON.

(Concluded.)

After a short pause, he resumed, "Didst thou, then, not love thy other husbands, Alice?"

"Love them! No, Martyn—no; I hated them with a deadly hate." And at these words her face grew lividly pale, her eyes fixed on her husband's with a strange and snake-like glistening, that his marrow thrilled again, and his heart beat thick. He spoke to her, however, in a meek voice, and said—

"Why didst thou hate them so, Alice?"

"Because that they were drunkards and faithless, Martyn; and, therefore, I hated them so; and therefore, were it possible thou shouldst be such, I should even so hate thee, much, very much as I now love thee." She uttered these words in a tone of deep tenderness, and fell weeping on his neck.

He strove, both by caresses and assurances, to soothe her; but it was some time before he could do so. The conversation was not resumed, and they retired to bed. But Martyn's mind continued very restless, and he lay awake after his wife had gone to sleep: he could not dismiss her words from his brain, nor efface the impression made thereon; and, after turning the matter over a great many times, he came to the resolution that he would see a little more into the matter. At last he fell asleep, but it was only to wake soon from a wild dream. He thought he and his wife were still sitting on the low settle, as they had been that evening; and that their faces were lit up, as they then had been, by the fitful glimmering of the dying embers—that hers wore the same livid hue, and her eyes glistened in the same snake-like manner, that had then so frightened him; and that they were fixed as then, upon his, and, though her look was most shocking, that he was fascinated by it, and could not move away his glance from hers; and her face kept growing paler and paler; and her eyes grew brighter and brighter, and more and more terrible; and he grew sick and sicker at heart, and felt a reeling in his brain, and a choking in his throat; and still he could not turn his eyes from her. And, behold! her long black curls, that hung about her neck and shoulders, seemed of a sudden, and yet slowly, to become instinct with life; and, one by one, they uncurred themselves—some moving their ends to and fro, and up and down, as he had seen leeches do in a vase when they had sought to fix their heads somewhere—others, again, twined themselves round the carved rail work of the settle—while others, arching and stretching themselves out, twisted round his neck so tightly that they nearly throttled him. He woke up in alarm and agony, and found his wife's long hair indeed, around his neck—and her arms, too; and her head was lying on his chest, and she was sobbing violently. He asked her what ailed her; and she said she had had a dreadful dream, all of which that she could recollect was that she had seen him murdered.

Martyn slept no more that night; and, the next morning, he rose betimes, and, pretending business, he went out at an early hour. Business, however, he had none. He walked forth at the Cripplegate, and strolled through the Finsbury fields, and so away into the country, without any fixed determination or even knowledge of whither he was going. It was a drizzly day, too; but he seemed unconscious of it, though he was soon drenched to the skin. But he kept walking about, thinking over the scene of the last evening, and all the stories he remembered to have heard of his wife from the day he first saw her, and all the other stories he could remember ever to have heard respecting witches and their cunning, till he began to hold his wife one in real earnest; or, if she was not a witch, she certainly was something else of an unusual nature, but what he could not just then bring himself to decide. Still he felt that he was not, somehow or other, safe with her, in spite of all her fondness for him; and reflecting upon her expressions of deep hate for her former husbands,

and the cause whereto she had ascribed that hate, he conceived a design to try her love, which he determined upon carrying into immediate execution. It was long after sunset when he returned home, and he went straight to bed, pleading cold and weariness. The next day, he sat all the forenoon with his wife; but, in spite of her kindness and attentions, he could not overcome the disagreeable feeling that was upon him. He remained reserved, and almost sullen; and, at last, Mrs. Alice seemed infected with the same manner. At noon he left his house, and went straight-ways to Master Andrew, who lived not far off, with the purpose of inducing from him a recital of some of those marvellous tales wherewith he had, on a former occasion, regaled him. His purpose was, however, so far forestalled; for when he came there, he found he had some friends with him, and, of course, he was not anxious to make his wife's conduct matter of public talk. He sat, therefore, the whole evening nearly in silence; for which, however, they made full amends by their boisterous and drunken musick. He sat as late as any, and left them with full determination of putting his plan into effect that very night. On his way home, he trod casually upon a piece of apple rind lying in the path, and, slipping, fell into the mire, for it had been raining all that day too. At first he was not a little put out; but, after a little reflection, remembering that this very mischance might be made serviceable to his scheme, with disordered dress, bending knees, drooping mouth, and half-closed eyes (assuming, as much as he could, the bearing of a drunken man), he presented himself at his door. His wife, although it was now late in the night, had sent the servants to bed, and herself sat up for him—a mark of attention that some very loving wives do at times pay to their husbands, often more to their annoyance than comfort. In the present instance, however, nothing could have happened more to Lessomour's wish. The moment his wife saw him, her face flushed even to darkness, and her large black eyes widened to a greater size, as she said in a tone half of anger and half of dread, "Why, Martyn, what is this? what has befallen thee?"

"I've been with some friends, my love," he replied, speaking thickly.

"Martyn! Martyn!" she answered, and bit her lip, and shook her head, "a get thee to thy bed; I will follow quickly."

He went accordingly; but it was sometime before she did follow him, and she lay down by his side without speaking a word to him. He pretended to be asleep, though he did not really sleep all that night; nor more, he thought, did she—for she tossed about, and seemed very restless, now and then muttering to herself; and as soon as morning broke, she rose, and dressed herself, and left the room. The whole of that day he staid at home, feigning to have a bad head ache. She was very attentive to him, but in no way hinted at his conduct of the foregoing evening. In two or three days he repeated the experiment, and with nearly the same success, saving that Mrs. Alice seemed a little more gloomy the following day. He tried a third time and a fourth, and that night she did not come to his bed at all. The next morning she spoke to him, for the first time upon the subject; she expressed more sorrow than anger—talked kindly to him—said she had hoped once, twice, and even thrice, that his coming home full of liquor might have been a mishap; but she now felt forced to fear that drunkenness was becoming an usage with him; and she begged him, with tears in her eyes, as he prized her happiness, to stop in good time, ere it did in truth become an usage. He was moved by her earnestness, and promised her, and, at the time, himself determined to disquiet her no farther on this head; but an impulse which somehow he could not resist, urged him in a few days to break his word. Twice more his conduct called forth pressing entreaties from his wife—the last time, indeed, they were mingled with some reproaches; but it all was of no effect upon Lessomour; he continued in the career he had begun. The day after he had returned home, for the seventh time, in a pretended state of drunkenness, his wife said to him, "Martyn, I have prayed thee till I am weary: I now warn thee—take heed.

As my husband, I owe thee love and duty; but I can pay neither to a drunkard. Heed my warning, or woe upon us both!"

And did Martyn still go on with the pursuit of his experiment?—He did. Although he saw it was losing him his wife's love, and winning him her anger—her hate—he went on, with an unswerving resolution, which, in such a cause, seemed obstinacy or madness, or worse. In the present enlightened age, I should not like to say he was bewitched, or to attribute to any supernatural influence the strong impulse which led him on to do as he was doing, in spite of his better sense and better feeling—in spite of the love he had unquestionably borne his wife—in spite of the danger which he felt he was thrusting himself into and feared; and yet I equally dislike to suppose that he was tempted to this severe trial of his wife's love and duty either by too great faith in them, or a want of it; though something, perhaps, of a similar nature was the trial to which Henry put his *Emma*, and *Posthumous* his *Imogene*: in neither case, indeed, so severe a one, nor, for his personal safety, may be, so dangerous; but, whatever might have been his motive, it certainly to himself was as inexplicable as he owned it to be irresistible. Again, therefore, he transgressed, and was again threatened; again he reiterated his offence; and then his wife said to him the next day, "Goest thou forth to-day, Martyn?"

"I must, indeed, Alice," he answered; "I have weighty business to do to-day."

"Then mark me, Martyn. I am not going to pray thee; but I have warned thee once, I have warned thee twice, and I now warn thee for the third and for the last time. Go at thy risk, and see thou heed this warning better than thou have done mine others. Go not forth to-day Martyn; or, going, come not back to me as thou hast been wont of late to come. Better that thou stay from me altogether; but better yet that thou stay with me altogether, Martyn."

"Nay, nay, I needs must go, Alice."

"There needs no plea, Martyn, but thine own will—thine own stubborn will—that will not bend to thy wife's prayer. Ay! I said I would not pray thee, but I do now. Look! see, Martyn! I am on my knees here to thee—and there are tears in mine eyes!—and, kneeling and weeping thus, I pray thee go not forth to-day. I have had dreams of late—dreams of bad foretoken, Martyn; and only last night I did truly dream that—" [Here she gulped, as if for breath.] "Thou wilt lose thy life, an thou go forth to-day, Martyn."

THE CATASTROPHE.

But Martyn Lessomour, like Julius Cæsar, was not to be frightened from a fixed purpose by a wife's dreams; and he answered her,—

"Wife, wife, thou art a fearful woman, and make me fear thee; but, natheless, I shall go."

"Go then," she said, and rose and left him; and he shortly after went from the house—he returned in the evening in the same assumed state as before, and went to bed. For the last two days that he had played this part, since his wife had begun to use threats, he had gone when he left his own house, either to a friend's or tavern, where he slept away all the time he was absent, in order that he might lay awake during the night, to watch what his wife would do; but during this day he had not, for the disquietude of his mind, been able to sleep at all; but now that he was in bed, such a drowsiness came over him, that in spite of all his endeavours he soon fell into a sound sleep. From this he was aroused by his wife getting out of bed; yet, although he at once started into thorough wakefulness, he had the presence of mind to be still asleep, and lay still and watched her. She had thrown a night gown around her—but her hair was loose, and hung struggling about her neck, and as she passed the foot of the bed, the light from a lamp that was burning on a table, fell through her locks upon her face, and Martyn saw that it was of that livid paleness, and that her eyes were brightened by that hateful snakelike look, which he had only once before beheld in reality, though in memory, thousands and thousands of times: he saw too that she held a small knife in one hand. Slowly and stilly, like a ghost, she glided on—but

away from him; and going up to the place where she had hung her gown up when she undressed, she took it down and ripped open one of the sleeves of it, and took something out: she then went to the hearth, where there was a fire burning, for it was winter, and having laid the knife and whatever else she had in her hand, beside the lamp upon the table, she seemed searching for something about the hearth. At last Martyn heard her mutter, "Not here—how foolish—heedless of me—I must go and fetch it from below." She moved towards the door—Martyn's heart beat high within him, as he thought the moment she should be gone, he would leap from the bed and rush past her down stairs, and out of the house—for he strangely felt to be alone would be more dreadful than to be in her most dreaded presence. She stopped, however, at the door—laid hold of the latch, but did not rise it—and continued in a low mutter, "Not here; mayhap that it was for some good end that I forgot it—mayhap that I should give him one more trial yet—shall I? I shall—one more trial I will give thee, dear Martyn, dear still, though lost, I dread—one more—one more;" and saying this, she hurried back to her bed, and leaning upon her Martyn's shoulder, sighed and sobbed, not loudly indeed, but as if her heart were cracking—and he—he lay deadly still by her side, for he really feared to speak to her, even though it were to speak comfort; or when he thought of doing so, the remembrance of her word, "one trial more" stifled him—she seemed soon after to doze. In the morning he took care to rise before her, and woke her in so doing—he went up, as if by accident, to the table, and saw that beside the knife there lay a smallish round lump of lead.

"What is this for, Alice?" he said, in a careless tone—for he knew she was watching him.

"What is it?" she replied. He took it to her bedside. "That," she continued, "is a weight from the sleeve of my gown; I cut it out last night, to put in a smaller, for I find it too heavy."

Martyn laid it down and presently left the room. It was sometime before his wife joined him below stairs, and when she did at last come, her eyes looked so swollen and red, that Martyn was pretty sure she had been weeping; he said nothing about it, however, but in a few minutes rose, and took down his cap, and said, "I am bidden forth to dinner again to-day Alice." "Good bye then, Martyn, good bye," was all her answer, and that was said in a low, very solemn, and yet kind tone of voice. He lingered in the room for a moment or two, in the hope she would say something more to him, for he felt less inclined to pursue his fraud that day than he had ever felt before; perhaps it was from a return of love he felt this, perhaps from fear—she said, however, nothing more, indeed did not seem to notice his presence: so after saying "Well, good bye, Alice," he withdrew. He went at once to his next door neighbours, and requested them to hold themselves in readiness, in case he should want for their assistance in the night, for he had some idea, he said, that there would be an attempt to rob, or perhaps to murder him that night. This greatly alarmed his neighbours, and they promised to do what he requested, and the moment he had left them they sent for a reinforcement of their friends and also begged of the fitting authorities that there might be an additional watch set in their neighbourhood that night.

Lessomour returned earlier by some hours than usual, and to his wonder, found his door was not fastened within. He entered, and called, but no one answered—he fastened the door, and went up to his bedroom, where he found his wife already in bed, and seemingly fast asleep—this was the first time she had not set up for him. He made a great noise, overturned stools and boxes, and sundry other things, and then cursing at them after the manner of drunken men—but his wife still seemed to sleep soundly; he spake to her, but she made no answer. Really believing she was asleep, he got into bed, and pretended himself to sleep, and to snore—still she lay quiet. For two hours after he got into bed she never moved; but then she quickly but silently slipped from the bed, hurried, but still without noise, to a stool near the fire, took from under one of the cushions a small iron ladle, and what Martyn knew again for the leaden weight

he had seen in the morning—this she put into the ladle, and kneeling upon one knee, set it upon the fire; in about a minute she turned her face to the bed, and then raised it up, and Martyn saw that though her features were frightfully written with bad passions, there were tears in her eyes that bespoke an inward struggle. She rose notwithstanding, and whispered—"Now—no flinching"—and walked up to the bed, with the ladle containing the molten lead, in her right hand; and just as she brought this forward to pour in her husband's ear, he started up with a loud outcry, seized her hand jumped out of bed, at the same time saying, "Shameless assassin! have I caught thee? help, ho! help, neighbours! Help—murder!" Alice did not scream—nor start even—but stared in her husband's face, and with a strong effort freed her hand, flung the ladle into the fire, sank on a stool behind her, and hid her face in her hands. Lessomour continued calling for help, which call his neighbours, to do them justice, were not slow to obey—but to the number of two score and odd, well armed, they forced the outer door, and were hastening up the stairs. As they were close upon the bed room door, Alice took her hands from her face, and with a hollow voice said—"Martyn Lessomour, before the ever living God, I am glad this hath so happened." Before he could reply, his neighbours and the watch were in the room, and upon his charge, seized his wife.

The next day the coffins of her former husbands were all opened, and in the skulls of each was found a quantity of lead, which had plainly been poured in through one of the ears. Mrs. Alice was soon after tried upon the evidence of her living husband, and that of her dead ones, which though mute was no less strong. She would say nothing in her defence; indeed after the words she spoke to her husband in their bed-room on the night of her apprehension, she never uttered another: only, in the court, during her trial, when Lessomour was bearing witness that he pretended drunkenness to try what effect it would have upon her—when he swore to this, Alice, whose back had hitherto been towards him, turned rapidly round, fixed her glazing eye upon his, and uttering a shriek of piercing anguish, would have fallen, but that her jailer caught her in her arms; and that look and that sound Martyn Lessomour never forgot to his dying day. His wife was found guilty of petit treason, and was burnt to death at Smithfield, according to the law of the land.

And so great a noise did this story make, that in the course of that year a statute was passed, more determinately to settle the office of Coroner, and the powers and duties of him and the jury he should summon to the Inquest.

Martyn Lessomour lived to be a very old, and, as had been foretold of him, a very rich man—but he never was a happy one.

MISCELLANY.

From H. E. Dwight's Travels in the North of Germany.

DUELLING IN GERMANY.

The genuine university duel differs from any other in Europe. In some slight degree the mode varies in the different universities, but the leading features are every where the same. The weapon used is a straight sword, about three feet in length. Near the point it has a double edge, so that it will cut equally well on either side. To protect the hand, a circular piece of brass or iron of six or eight inches in diameter rises between the handle and the blade. These three parts are separated from each other, the cap receiving the circle of defence, the handle being placed in their pockets, and the blade concealed in a hollow cane, or carried under their coats. Thus prepared they promenade the streets, and go to the theatre of combat, without even exciting a suspicion in the minds of the *gendarmes* or constables, (for I know not what else to call them,) attached to the university. When assembled at the room which is to be the scene of their prowess, the parties consist of the following persons: the combatants—the seconds—the umpire who is chosen by the seconds, whose province it is to determine when they shall com-

mence, and when they shall terminate their contest—the surgeon—and finally a few friends of the parties, who are usually invited as witnesses. The dress consists of very thick gloves, which come almost to the elbows; and of a leathern jacket corresponding with a breast plate, which is so stuffed and padded that a sword can not penetrate it. This descends below the hips, and guards every vital part of the body. Nothing but the face is thus exposed, as if this were the only part of the person worthy of being ornamented with scars. At this they aim all their blows, as it is considered unworthy of a *Bursch* to strike at the legs of his opponent. The seconds are arrayed in the same costume as the combatants. They place themselves on each side of their friends with drawn swords, and ward off those blows which defy the skill of the principals. Although not in the thickest of the affray, they not unfrequently receive wounds themselves.

A duelling code is established here, by which all the students were governed. I have not yet been able to procure it, but have been informed of some of the laws. From them, as well as from descriptions of such scenes from eye-witnesses, I shall be able to give you an idea of such a combat. If the offence is trifling, they strike a certain number of blows, I think it is twelve, and if no blood flows, they shake hands and separate. If the offence is of greater magnitude, they continue fighting until one of them is wounded, or until they have struck twelve times twelve. During a long contest, which results from an equality of skill on the part of the combatants, they occasionally stop to recover their breath, and after a few minutes respite they commence again with new ardour, continuing their strife in some instances half an hour, before either of the parties is wounded. Whenever blood is visible, the umpire immediately orders a suspension of arms. The surgeon then examines the wound. If it is two inches in length, and opens of itself one-fourth of an inch, the duel ceases; as a wound of these dimensions is considered ample satisfaction for any offence that can be atoned for by the sword. The parties then become friends, the grasp of the hand being the sign of reconciliation; and leaving the wounded student with the surgeon, they repair to town, provided, as is usually the case, the duel is fought at a little distance from it.

Many of the students here are horribly hacked, and not a small number of them carry on their faces the scars of many a duel. It not unfrequently happens that these wounds transform a very fine face almost into deformity. Instances have occurred where both eyes have been put out by a too well directed blow; in others, the nose* has been cut off, or the jaw has been so wounded as never to recover from it. Within a short time, one of the students has lost his nose; another an eye; while others have been so hacked as to be disfigured for life. They seem as proud of these scars as an old Roman warrior, apparently believing that their reputation for courage will be in proportion to their number in size. I have been informed by those who have every opportunity to form a correct estimate, that more than two hundred of these duels have been fought here during the present term. Among the students, I have two acquaintances, one of whom during this period, has fought seven, and the other six times. These are not very rare instances. It is currently reported that another has sent and received eighteen challenges, which are to be cancelled by as many duels the approaching semester or term.

The thirst for acquiring distinction, by fighting, and by getting into rows with the police, with the Philistines, and with each other, attracts many young men to those universities; who reside here for no other object than to pass their time as pleasantly as possible, with the intention of leaving behind them the brilliant reputation of a genuine *Bursch*. While here, their hours are passed in fencing, riding, smoking, drinking beer, and fight-

* You probably have heard that artificial noses are made in Europe. One of the Heidelberg students, who had lost this member in such a contest, procured one, which was in his opinion a very respectable one. While fishing in the Rhine, as he looked over the side of the boat to watch his nibbles, this ornament unfortunately dropped into the stream, and was lost to him forever.

ing, and in all these accomplishments, they take the lead. This class, which may form perhaps the tenth part of the students, make more noise, and fight more duels, unless there is a quarrel between the Landsmannschaften, than all the others. They are the men who always stand ready to dispute the pavement with you, and *Sie sind ein dummer Junge* is always on the end of their tongues. They are ready to embark in any carousal, and the *Burschen* song coming from their throats salutes your ear long after all honest persons should be at home. These are the men at all the universities, who fill the beer cellars with smoke, and songs, and with noise, from the loud laugh which issues from these subterranean caverns, to the thundering shout with which they greet the air as they emerge into starlight. All the duellists, however, are not of this character. Some of those who fight are very peaceable and gentlemanly in their deportment. If, however they have the reputation of being expert swordsmen, they are sure of being challenged by the class of students just mentioned, who with the hope of gaining the reputation of wounding them in combat, cheerfully expose their faces to the danger of receiving such honourable scars.

From the Court Journal.

THE DEVIL IN PISA.

The Devil has lately been in Pisa,—according to one man's testimony at least;—and God forbid we should have better evidence. A drunken cooper, playing unsteadily at bowls, lost game after game, and bet after bet, till, in a rage at his ill luck, he burst open his waistcoat, seized on the Madonna's miniature, which every good Catholic loves to feel dangling from his neck, and tore it to pieces, and trampled on it, blaspheming like a Turk. So great a profanation was never known; the bystanders shrank from him in terror; and he, to keep up his unholy courage, still blasphemed, and swallowed wine, (every one remaining at an awful distance from the prodigy,) till he swore he would leave them all to the Devil, and go home by himself. No one offered to accompany him; and, whether it was owing to the urging of that word "devil," or to the wine, or both together, he began, as well as a man could in his worse than maudlin state, to be dreadfully frightened. As ill luck, his old enemy, would have it, his reeling zig-zag way lay through the Piazza di Santa Caterina. All the world knows that if anybody crosses that Piazza alone, and a dog meets him, and stares him full in the face, that dog is the Devil incarnate. Now it happened that a dog meet him just in the middle of the Piazza, and looked up at him; when, with a loud shriek, the cooper fell down flat on his face. "At that instant," he asserts, "the Devil seized on me, flew up in the air with me to a tremendous height, and there, keeping fast hold of my heels, whirled me round and round. In this awful situation I begged pardon of the Madonna, and prayed for her assistance with all my heart and soul. When the Devil heard me pray, exasperated at my repentance, he dashed me to the earth. I should have been certainly destroyed,—my head and bones crushed to atoms without doubt,—had not the ever-blessed Madonna at that moment descended, and, catching me by the arm, broke my fall, so that I came to the ground without the slightest injury." It is easy to imagine, considering the poor fellow's panic, and the whirl in his own head at the time, that he verily believed every particular of the story he related; and, as a proof of his sincerity, he has dedicated himself to a religious life. But we could not hear of any other person in Pisa who put faith in it, except an old woman, who assured us it was true, and entirely owing to his not having been baptized. As there was so little credulity, the priests were silent, though perhaps some fifty years hence, there may be admirable attestations, (the old woman's included,) confirming the miracle; and, in the event of the cooper's falling into a state of melancholy madness in his convent, he may chance to be canonized.

A singular custom was formerly observed in the city of Middelburg, in the Netherlands. When

any inhabitant died, a bundle of straw was placed before the house, with the ears towards the street, if the deceased was a man; but towards the house, if a woman.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

☞ "The Misfortunes of the Twentieth Century," by H. and "A Riddle," by Q. shall be inserted next week.

THE FESTIVAL. Our letters and papers assure us that the approaching Festival will be celebrated very generally, and with as much good feeling and attachment to the masonic institution as in former years. The evidence thus afforded of firmness and good faith on the part of adherents, is the best proof of the stability and abiding virtue of our order. In ordinary times there is something in the meetings of the fraternity which is calculated to call the best feelings of human nature into action; but at the present time, when every slander that can be invented is heaped upon the institution, the commemoration of its ancient usages is a source of increased and peculiar gratification. In these celebrations no selfish feeling participates,—no private interest is consulted or thought of; all ambition is forgotten, save that of encouraging feelings of benevolence and adoration, and works of charity: human kindness is at its flow; and every feeling which can ennoble the nature of man, holds its festival. Let those whose souls are incapable of appreciating any goodness cavil at the institution as they please; so long as those who *know* its worth justly value it, it will survive every trial, and gather honour and strength from every struggle.

The following extract, which we take from Mr. Brown's *Narrative of the Antimasonic Excitement*, was originally published in the *National Observer*, and written by its editor, *Solomon Southwick*, soon after the abduction of Morgan, in 1826. We would not be understood as attaching peculiar importance to any opinion which Mr. Southwick has at any time expressed; but there can be no doubt, that his sayings of 1826 are worth as much as those of the present day. Let the reader, however, give what credit he pleases to the following: the masonic institution is above the eulogy as well as the censure of Solomon Southwick; and we publish this extract merely to show the admirable consistency of the gentleman, and as a tolerable specimen of his weathercockish tendencies.

"We shall only add, to what has been said by the editor of the Repository, that as to the book, which Morgan has written, we do not believe it is worth a cent. We think that all who purchase it, will 'pay dear for the whistle.' Such attempts have been made before now, and have always terminated in the disgrace of their authors, without injuring the cause of masonry. But, as we have said before and now repeat it, Morgan's folly, depravity, or wickedness, form no justification for the violation of the civil law, which has taken place in his person, as well as that of Miller the printer. If we have a government of laws, let us adhere to it; for anarchy is the ruin of all.

We repeat it again, that *we do not believe Morgan's book to be worth a cent*; but if there be any who wish to know something about masonry that is worth knowing, let them purchase a book, which was translated from the German, about a year since, and published by Messrs. Hosfords in this city. The work is worth reading; for whilst it shows what abuses masonry has been subjected to in England, France, Italy, and elsewhere, it likewise discloses, as far as they can be disclosed, THE GOOD SOURCES OF THE INSTITUTION, AND SUBLIME PRINCIPLES OF VIRTUE WHICH HAVE EVER GOVERNED IT IN ITS PRISTINE PURITY. The author of the work in question, was a mason of high distinction in Europe; and the gentleman who translated it, has long been a respectable citizen of this state, (a naturalized German, who came to this country during the Revolution) and is well known to, and intimate with some of the most respectable citizens of Albany. We are not at liberty to mention his name, and should not have mentioned it here, but for attracting the attention of the public to his book, which possesses the interest of romance, or deep dramatic design, with the strictest regard to historic

truth and correct principles. It is worth a thousand such trash as Morgan's: which, we repeat it, whoever purchases, will 'pay too dear for the whistle.'"

☞ The May number of the *Western Monthly Review* completed its second volume and second year. The table of contents will be found in a subsequent column. The third volume will commence on the first of July next, and every one who desires (as every one should) to be acquainted with the western portion of the Union, will benefit himself by patronizing it.

☞ The June number of *The Ladies' Magazine* reached us this morning. We have not, of course, had time to peruse it; but the reader will find the table of contents in another column. We forgot to state that the number for May was embellished with a fine lithographic print. The *Ladies' Magazine* is got up in very superior style, and the talent connected with it does honour to the literature of the country.

The emancipation of the Irish Catholics was celebrated by the Friends of Civil and Religious Freedom, in New-York, on Wednesday last. A dinner was given "in Niblo's best style," some very good toasts drank, and several speeches made. It is said the whole went off with great eclat.

THEATRE. There have been several very good pieces very well acted at the Theatre during the present week; and every thing indicates that the house will sustain a far different and better character than heretofore. We hope the encouragement may keep pace with it. Jefferson is re-engaged, and will appear to-night in *Zemba*, and *Who's the Dupe?* Let those who love fun, and those who do not know what it is, go and see him.

From the Watertown (Jefferson co.) Freeman.

RELIGIOUS ANTI-MASONIC MEETING. The anti-masonic managers in this county, finding, in spite of all their efforts, that their cause is rapidly declining, and that good sense and liberal feelings are likely to triumph over fanaticism and hypocrisy, have resorted to another expedient to keep alive the dying members of political anti-masonry. The religious feelings and prejudices of the community are now appealed to, and the seeds of discord and disunion are to be sown among our churches and religious societies, to minister to the ambition of political demagogues, who hope to obtain, by the force of prejudice and fanaticism, that which their own merits and the sober judgment of the community would never award to them. Accordingly, an "anti-masonic religious meeting" is formally announced in the last Censor, to be held in August next. By what authority, or by whose request the meeting is called, we are not informed, but we presume the very pious and worthy editor of the Censor has assumed that authority—a man who was never suspected of a religious feeling, or a virtuous principle. Are the religious community prepared to commit the interests of religion to the keeping and guardianship of such men as Morton, Goodale & Co.? Will religion be honoured by this attempt to connect it with an unholy crusade, to minister to the ambition of political adventurers? Is it in accordance with that spirit of christian charity, which is the foundation of all religion? Is it calculated to promote a spirit of harmony and brotherly love, so essential to the true interests of the church? These are questions which address themselves to the sober judgment of the religious community, and which they are now called upon to decide. But we are confident that the respectable portion of the religious community have not authorised the call of a meeting of this kind. It is designed for political effect, and the prime movers and promoters of it would sacrifice—we had almost said the kingdom of heaven itself, were it necessary to consummate their political purposes.

From the Rochester Republican.

OPINION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN BRUCE'S CASE. *Eli Bruce and others, ad. the People.* The only question upon which our advice is requested, is, whether Bruce should not be acquitted of the charge of *conspiracy*, inasmuch as the evidence that proves the conspiracy proves also the abduction of Morgan? It is not intended to call in question the correctness of the verdict of the jury upon the charge for conspiracy. It is not necessary, therefore, that we should give any opinion upon the question whether the testimony was sufficient to authorize the conviction.

We are of opinion that the facts in this case do not constitute a *merger*. The offence of conspiracy is a distinct and separate offence—and not at all necessary to, or necessarily connected with the false imprisonment shown by the evidence. The defendant, Bruce, might commit the of-

fence of abduction or imprisonment without having been guilty of the conspiracy.

It was decided in Lambert's case, in the court for the correction of errors, that when the indictment charges a conspiracy, and also the commission of the unlawful act conspired to be done, it was to be considered an indictment for the offence itself. This is not that case, or, at least, it is not so presented to us. Upon the case, as it appears before us, we advise the court of general sessions to give judgment upon the conviction against the defendant.

May 7, 1829. JOHN SAVAGE.

In connexion with the above opinion, we have procured from Gen. Matthews, one of the defendant's counsel, the following explanation:

The objection made by the counsel of Bruce was, that the testimony proved that the act conspired to be committed (to wit, false imprisonment, &c.) was committed pursuant to the conspiracy, and that that was the offence. Such, in effect, is the above opinion; for the court say that it was decided in Lambert's case, in the court of errors, that, where indictment charges a conspiracy, and also the commission of the unlawful act conspired to be done, it was to be considered an indictment for the offence itself, that is to say, the offence conspired to be committed.

Now, it can make no difference whether the indictment charges the act conspired to be committed, to have been committed, or whether proof establishes the commission of the offence conspired to be committed. The result is the same. The manner of charging the offence cannot alter the nature of it. The counsel for Bruce had no knowledge of Lambert's case when they made up Bruce's case. They adapted it to the objection made by them: and if their case had gone up, the opinion would unquestionably have been different; but it was altered after it went out of their hands, with the honest, but mistaken purpose of simplifying it, and so the real objection was not presented to the court.

From the Morristown, N. J., Jerseyman.

Mr. Colden must certainly have had some person at his side tickling him when he wrote—"I have been a Mason a great number of years, and have held very high Masonick offices." But what the mischief got into the old gentleman's head when he directly adds, "I have never known a very great Mason, who was not a very great fool?" Probably his conscience told him that what he then was writing was very applicable to his own peculiar case. Some people have been so uncharitable as to suppose Mr. Colden is to be the next anti candidate for Governor. This can not be for the "Young Cub" is too aspiring, and is already on the ground—Sir Solomon having been distanced the first heat, will be withdrawn from the course, and employed to cry—"mad dog."

ANTI-MASONICK DECENCY. The anti-masons are brutally railing at the death of colonel King. The grave itself is insufficient to protect its inmates from the fury of the harpies. The anti-masonick gentry say that the story of King's death is a mere fiction—that he is not dead—but that he has fled, and an effigy was buried to lull suspicion! They hint likewise that his grave will be ransacked, and the coffin taken up for examination! Such an infamous course would be perfectly characteristic of the men who tore up the corpse of Timothy Monroe and pulled his hair and whiskers to make him "a good enough Morgan till after the election!" [Roch. Daily Adv.]

Weed abused the western lodges for surrendering their charters, and he sneers at the members of the Skaneateles convention for retaining them. These are the inconsistencies of a demagogue. [Onondaga Journal.]

VARIETIES.

Library of Arbedil. Among several trophies which the Russians gained in Persia during the last war, there is a very valuable literary treasure, the library of Arbedil, the city where the Persian Kings are crowned. The acquisition was made by Count Suchtelen, at the taking of Arbedil. The library was founded in 1013 of the Hegira; the then reigning King Abbas I. having deposited the manuscripts collected by him in a mosque. It is now to be conveyed, by order of Nicholas, to St. Petersburg, under a military escort.

Voltaire. It has been doubted whether Voltaire valued more highly his reputation as a poet, or as a prose writer. The following reply may throw some light on the subject:—A friend seeing him engaged, would not enter for fear of interrupting his labours, "Entrez, entrez," said the philosopher of Ferney, "Je ne fais que de la vile prose."

Musick. The German, who makes a science of every thing, treats musick learnedly; the voluptuous Italian seeks from it vivid but transient enjoyment; the Frenchman, more vain than sensitive, speaks of it with effect; the Englishman pays for it, but interferes no farther.

Suicide. A powerful treatise on this subject has been published by Dr. Heyfelder, of Berlin. The following re-

marks deserve notice: That difference of religion is not without influence upon suicides, which is more rare in Catholic countries than in others; and in countries, such as Spain, where suicide is very rare, assassinations are very rare, and vice versa."

Number of Students in the Prussian Universities. A Prussian official gazette has published the following account of the number of students who have frequented the seven universities of that kingdom, in the years 1820 and 1828:—

Number of Students	In 1820.	In 1828.
In Theology, Protestants	853	1951
Papists	256	888
In Philology and in Philosophy	373	714
In Law	928	1539
In Administration Economy (Kamerla- Wissenschaften)	95	111
In Medicine	623	731
Total	3144	5654

Of whom—Native Students 2450 4804
Foreign Students 694 1150

It is probable that many of the Prussian youths are educated in other parts of Europe; without, however, considering this, but merely taking the above statement, that, in 1820, there were 2450 native students, and 4804 in 1828, we obtain the following results:—

	1820	1828
The entire population of Prussia 11,272,482.		
In 1820—12,532,278 in 1828: which gives		
One Scholar for	4971	2613
One Student, destined to instruct either in Schools or in the Churches for	8431	4120
One Student, designed for the Administra- tive or Legal Profession, for	12666	8562
One Student in Medicine for	27360	25235

If these proportions be adopted, and the period of study at the university be estimated according to established regulations, four years for the medical profession, and three years for every other one; if the mean time of a man exercising his profession after quitting the university be taken at 30 years—Prussia will be found to possess.

	Inhabitants.
One ecclesiastick or professor brought up at a university, for	442
One functionary for	256
One physician, for	3360

A new author is about to appear in the literary world who is likely to hold a very distinguished station in it. His genius has long been recognized in private circles, and some of his productions have, without his knowledge, found their way into several weekly papers. His first avowed publication, now on the eve of appearance, is an historical novel, to be called "Richelieu, a Tale of France," a work which may be fitly announced in our columns, inasmuch as the scene of the tale is chiefly at the Court of France in the eventful days of Louis XIII. [London Court Journal.]

John Locke. A Life of the celebrated John Locke is preparing for publication, by Lord King. It will comprise extracts from his Journals, Correspondence, and other papers in the possession of the author's family.

ITEMS.

Family Jars, not Jars of Sweetmeats. Mr. Joseph Lane of Keseeville, advertises his wife Charlotte as having eloped from his bed and board, without any justifiable cause. Whereupon Mrs. Charlotte replies that Mr. Joseph never had any bed, but that she has taken her bed with HER, and that she leaves it with the publick to say whether being knocked down and turned out of doors is or is not a justifiable cause for leaving his board.

"Oh! Matrimony, thou art like
To Jeremiah's figs,
The good were very good—the bad
Too bad to give the figs!"

[N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.]

A Royal Authoress. We learn from the London Gazette, that "the Illustration of the recherche pursuits of fashionable life by means of novels is now about to receive its highest perfection. The class of fashionable authors has risen in rank from private gentlemen to peers; and we are now assured, that a work to be called "The Exclusives," from the pen of an authoress of royal blood, is actually in the press."

"Hard Times." Last week one of the editors of this paper went on a collecting tour, to a place where he had seven or eight subscribers. He received money from one—promises from three—ascertained another was on the jail limits, and two more were non est inventus.

[Rensselaerville Folio.]

A newly commissioned magistrate sent the following note to a bookseller—"Sir, please send me all the ax of the Legislature that belong a Gustis of the Peas, as I am now one. Yours, &c."

The editor of the Lancaster Gazette declares from experience, that a slight application of mercurial ointment, will effectually remove the disease in the peach tree, usually called the yellow leaf. One ounce of the ointment will be sufficient for fifty trees.

JOB PRINTING.

Of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed on moderate terms, at the office of the *American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*, No. 3, Beaver-street, one door west of South Market-street, Albany.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW is published in Cincinnati Ohio, at the close of every month: Each number will contain 56 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages.

Gentlemen disposed to patronize this work are requested to enclose *Three Dollars* to the Publisher, when the numbers will be regularly forwarded according to the directions given.

Contents of No. 12. Inland Trade with New Mexico; Origin of Language; Hallam's Constitutional History of England; Liberty and Liberal Education; Remains of Babylon; The Wabash and Miami Canal; To our Readers.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent Albany.

LADIES' MAGAZINE conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41 Washington-st Boston—and by Bourne, at the Depository of Arts, 359 Broadway, New-York, & Thomas T. Ash, 150 Chesnut-st. Philadelphia. Each number will contain about 50 pages of original matter, the whole making a beautifully executed octavo volume of 600 pages. Price three dollars per annum, to be paid on delivery of the third number.

The contents of the *Ladies' Magazine* will be an original miscellany, calculated to improve the taste and foster the talents and virtues of women; at the same time particular regard will be paid to the diffusions of that knowledge of our own country, its scenery and history and its character, and manners of its inhabitants, which Americans of either sex should be careful to acquire. But no sectional prejudices shall be admitted to interfere with the spirit of the work, which is intended to be strictly American.

The constantly increasing patronage which this work has received, during the year it has been before the publick, is the best criterion of its merits. The *Ladies' Magazine* is now circulated in almost every city and state in the Union.

Contents of No. VI. for June. *Original Miscellany*—The Country and the Common; Remonstrance of an Album; Sketches of American Character, (Capt. Glover's Daughter;) The Brownie of Cawder Castle, (A Scottish Legend;) Recollections, No. 3, My Cousin Sophy Dane; The Dangers that beset the Female Sex; Letters on Female Character; The Athenæum Exhibition, Letter to the Editor; Bedford Street Infant School. *Original Poetry*—The Rose; Abraham's Trial; The Sea Maid; To the Violet; To my Boy; Woman's Love; Sonnet. *Literary Notices*—Edge Hill, or the Family of the Fitzroyals; Specimens of American Poetry; Amir Khan, and other Poems; The Happy Valley; Happy Days; The Warning; The Garland of Flora; Ourika, a Tale from the French; To Readers and Correspondents.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent Albany.

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY—The subscribers, successors to R. STARR & Co. in the above foundry, continue the business in its various branches, and are prepared to execute orders for the following type, at the regular prices, on a credit of six months, or at a discount of 7 1/2 per cent, for cash, viz:

Roman and Italics—Twenty, Fourteen, Ten, Eight, Seven Five, and Four lines pica, Canon, Double paragon, Double Great primer, Double English, Double Small Pica, Great primer, English, pica, Squa pica, Long primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Minion, Nonpareil, pearl.

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Fractions and Leaders of all sizes, from English to Pearl. English, Pica and Long Primer piece Fractions; Spanish and French Accents, and Accented Vowels, Figure Vowels, Superior Figures, Dashes, and Astronomical and other Signs, of various sizes; Long Primer Space Rules. Also, Leads ten to pica, and thicker; Quotations; Brass Rules, &c. and Ornaments and Cuts, in great variety.

Printing materials of every description, and of the first quality, at the lowest prices—Cases, Stands, (an improved pattern,) Gallies, Composing sticks, Chases of all sizes, improved newspaper Chases, in two parts Ball, stocks and skins, Bodkins, Furniture, &c. and, Prout's and Johnson's printing Ink, constantly on hand. Presses of all kinds furnished at the manufacturers' prices. Wells' Improved presses will be kept constantly on hand, and may be examined at the foundry.

Large additions in the variety of type have been made since the specimen of this foundry was published of which specimens are now nearly completed, and will soon be sent to printers. The punches of which are cut by the senior partner of this firm, whose reputation as a superior letter-cutter is well established; and the whole business being under our immediate superintendence, no pains is spared to make our types in every way worthy the attention of printers. An important improvement in the composition of the type-metal has also been made—copper and some other ingredients being added, which render it both harder and tougher, and of a finer grain. Type cast at this foundry are warranted to be as solid as any cast in the country, and that they will not settle in height from the pressure in using. Particular care is also taken to have the type well dressed, and the founts regularly put up.

Old type is received in exchange for new, at 10 cents per lb. Orders, by mail, or left at the foundry, No. 8 Liberty-st, will receive prompt attention.

STARR & LITTLE.

The type upon which this paper is printed was cast at the above foundry.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

O'er dismal thoughts dull bigots hang.
Reject the pleasures life would give,
By fancy suffer many a pang,
And daily die, while yet they live.

Such seem to think that joy's a sin,
That never heart was light and gay
Where did not lurk, concealed within,
The germs of fell depravity.

The buoyant step, the laughing eye,
The blythesome look that youth bestows,
The bosom stranger to the sigh,
The cheek where lively beauty glows,—

These marks of innocence and joy
Oft meet the scowling bigot's frown,
Whose woful mind dark fears employ,
And thoughts that weigh the spirits down.

But let us still the present prize,
Enjoy the moments as they pass,
Seize on the pleasures that arise,
Nor think that each will be the last.

Q.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

TO THE HUDSON RIVER.

Written on the passage from Albany to New-York, April 10, 1820.

Thy course is through a varied scene,
Of all that's smooth and rugged too;
Through rocks and wilds and meadows green,
Thou dost alike thy track pursue.

Glide on thou mighty River! Glide
Through fertile grounds and mountains high;
Till lost in Ocean's swelling tide,
Thy name famed Hudson there must die!

There buried in boundless grave
Of kindred waters, long to lie;
Till God commands thy liquid wave,
In airy spouts to mount on high.—

Thus mortals, on the stream of life,
Are passing onward down to death;
Through mixed scenes of care and strife,
From early days till latest breath.

Then laid at last in silent graves,
"To mingle with their kindred earth;"
Till God who rules the Oceans waves,
By sound of trumpet shall call them forth.

Then happy he who's just indeed,
Whose works have all been purified;
Who at the bar of God can plead,
For me O Father, "Jesus died."

A. B.

CASTARA.

BY W. HARRINGTON—1835.

Life the violet which, alone,
Prosper in some happy shade;
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betrayed,
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights in th' publick view.

Such is her beauty, as ho arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace,
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place,
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent;
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands;
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where, oft, honour splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast;
Virtue safely can not sit
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast;
Sweetly spends a winter's night;
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie,
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven fly;
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

THE MOTHER'S CALL.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Come, sweet ones, come to the fields with me,
I hear the hum of the honey bee,
I hear the call of the gray cuckoo,
I hear the note of the shrill curlew,
I hear the cry of the hunting hawk,
The sound of the dove in our customary walk,
The song of the lark, the tongue of the rill.
The shepherd's shout on the pasture hill.

My sweet ones, all come forth and play,
The air is balm, and I smell new hay;
Come breathe of the flowers, and see how neat
The milk maid trips on her scented feet;
Young folks come forth all joy, and run
Abroad as bright as beams of the sun;
Old men come out with a sadder grace;
And matrons come with a graver face.

The smoke streams up, and the air is rife
With joy, and all is light and life.
From East to West there's not a stain
In all the sky, and the birds are fair,
And the beasts are glad, while man in song
Breaks out, for rain has loded long,
And earth has drunk more than her need
To fill her flowers and nurse her seed.

Now, now ye come, my little ones all,
As the young doves come at their mother's call;
One run to yon tall fox-glove, and see
At his breakfast of balm the golden bee;
Another go hunt from bud to bloom
The worm that flies with a painted plume;
Or see the doe solicitous lead
Her twin fawns forth the odoriferous mead;
Or mark the nestlings, newly flown,
With their tender wings and their crests of down.

But stay, my children. Ere ye run,
Who made the sky and yon glorious sun?
Who framed the earth and made it sweet
With flowers, and set it 'neath mankind's feet?
'Twas one in heaven. Kneel down, and lay
Your white foreheads to the grass, and pray.
And render Him praise, and seek to be
Pure, good, and modest—then come with me.

From the Messenger of Intelligence.

DEPARTED LOVE.

The crimson morn may raise the flowers
That drooped beneath the midnight hours,
Wake into life the distant bowers
And silent grove:

But where's the morn that can restore,
When life's first dream of bliss is o'er,
The charms that bloom on earth no more
Of banished love?

A course where once the streamlet threw
Its silver cloud of sparkling dew,
Now parched and desert to the view,
A lonely cot,

That mourns its gilded herbage green,
Its thousand glittering waves between:—
Such is the soul where once has been
Departed love.

A dream of joy that, sadly breaking,
Leaves the lone heart to weep in waking,
At all it prized, and hoped forsaking,
Its heaven beneath:

A dark and heavy cloud of sorrow;
A night, for which earth knows no morrow
Whence hope a few faint rays might borrow;
A living death.

Yes! though another love may rise,
To light awhile life's gloomy skies,
And Hope, with all its meteor joys,
The passions move.

'Tis but the twilight of a day,
Whose loveliest hours have passed away,—
A feeble, faint, and dying ray
Of early love.

No! not on earth the morn can rise,
To kindle passion's ecstasies:
Its crimson gleams o'er other skies
In scenes above.

Heaven only can the joys restore,
The love that blooms on earth no more;
And give the heart, when time is o'er,
Its former love.

THE SKY LARK.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness!
Blessed is thy dwelling place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying? &

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth:
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness!
Blessed is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of tea, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

Albany, May 23, 1820. 17 3m.

ROLAND ADAMS.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBON, & Co. No. 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Boilers, and Hall Stoves, together with Russia, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tongs, Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.

Albany May, 1820.

18m2

AMMON RAEV respectfully informs his old customers, his friends, and the public in general, that in consequence of his old stand, No. 528, being torn down for the purpose of rebuilding, he has removed his PORTER AND READING ROOM to No. 570 South Market-street, a few doors below the Old Corner, where he will at all times be happy to wait upon those who may favour him with a call. He has fitted up his new establishment in the best manner possible for the reception of company, and every exertion will be made on his part to render it an agreeable and pleasant resort.

May 18.

19m

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House. Keeps constantly on hand and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1820.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgeon's Instrument Maker, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 28 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article. Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to. Albany, Feb. 14, 1823.

3f

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILDS.

AT NO. 3, BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, IN ADVANCE—otherwise, Three Dollars. JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1829.

NO. 22.

MASONICK RECORD.

From the Norwich (Chenango co.) Journal.

ANTI-MASONRY UNMASKED.

It was to establish personal liberty upon a safe and enduring basis, as well as to secure our political independence, that our revolutionary fathers encountered the dangerous conflict with British power. Freedom of speech, of the press, and the right to social enjoyment, undisturbed by the minions of tyrants, together, with the liberty of worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences, were the blessings to which they aspired. In so holy a cause they were invincible, and our free constitution were the fruits of their dauntless achievements. But it has been well said, that "the condition on which God grants liberty to man, is eternal vigilance."

To maintain in their pristine purity, the free principles for which our fathers fought and bled, has been, as it always should be, the constant aim of the democratic party. So far their efforts have been successful, notwithstanding the untiring exertions of designing men, to wrest the constitution from its true meaning, and convert it into an instrument of oppression. But it seems the time has now come, when its destruction is menaced, under the specious guise of pretended alarm for the public safety. Our *Oatases* and *Beddoes*, are prowling for victims. In the delirium of their heads and the corruption of their hearts, they have fabricated their plot, erected their Moloch, and denounced against all who will not kneel and propitiate their idol with a sacrifice, disfranchisement and persecution.

We had supposed, that the rights of American citizens were too firmly secured to be shaken by any combination of men, however desperate or depraved. We had supposed, that if a citizen conducted himself with propriety and virtue, if he discharged his private and political duties with honesty and fidelity, that no man would have the hardihood to attempt his disfranchisement. But we were mistaken. Our personal rights are no longer held sacred. A conspiring band of Catalines and their dupes, have set the laws and the constitution at defiance, and erected their own prejudices and passions into an unholy tribunal, for the purpose of degrading and persecuting all those who have the firmness to resist their encroachments. We allude to the political anti-masons at the west, and their hypocritical coadjutors in this section of the state.

But lest we should be accused of charging them unjustly, we will select from the report of their committee of the Senate, a few passages which will develop their views and principles. We thank them for this precious document, for we intend to make it the means of their entire prostration. What could induce them thus to make public their dangerous principles we know not, unless they imagined that victory was sure to perch upon their piratical flag at the next election. But whatever it was, whether "moonstruck madness," or a want of knowledge of the character of the American people, it could not have been ushered to the world at a more propitious period.

In relation to "remedial laws" they observe—"the Autocrat of all the Russians has exerted the force of his edicts against Masonry, but without having been able to extirpate it from his dominions." After alluding to England and France,

they add, "And in Spain, the meeting of the members of a lodge to admit, and actually admitting a new member, is made felony of DEATH." They do not in terms recommend the same laws here. But why are the tyrannical edicts of Russia, and the merciless laws of bigotted Spain, paraded forth on paper with apparent approbation in this report, unless for the imitation of the government and people of this state? That they would rejoice in the establishment of similar laws in our country, we may gather from what follows. They express, faintly, doubts as to the "constitutionality" of such measures here, but observe, "that legislative enactments of 'somewhat different character, and more prospective in their operation, ought to be adopted,' &c.

They, it seems have a little doubt, as to the "constitutionality" of punishing with torture, imprisonment and death, their fellow citizens, who have been guilty of no crime—who have offended against no law, merely for belonging to an institution which Franklin cherished and Washington loved and adorned, and which they for sinister purposes, without reference to its merits or demerits, choose to denounce. But should success crown their efforts—should the sceptre of power be entrusted in their hands, those doubts would vanish—*opinion* would be no longer free; and the man who should be suspected by their pimps, spies or parasites, of belonging to a secret society of any description, would be dragged from his family and friends, incarcerated in a loathsome dungeon, or stretched upon the rack to feast with his groans the ears of some murderous Inquisitor, or left to a bloody death. Is the picture too highly coloured? Why was *Spain* cited as an example? Why was barbarous and despotick Russia brought forward as a pattern—Russia, where the people are slaves, transferable with the soil on which they labour in debasement for their brutal masters? Partial disfranchisement they recommend in the same jesuitical manner. First to deprive the people of their rights, and then follow with more grievous oppression is always the crafty policy of tyrants.

With respect to the "prospective enactments" which they recommend, we are left in the dark. They do not tell us whether they would employ the rack, the gibbet, or the stake, to punish those who dare to violate their bloody edicts. They have, however, given us a sufficient view of their ulterior designs, to warrant us in saying, that their object is the destruction of our liberties. We do not make this assertion on slight grounds; for should their avowed object be carried into effect, liberty would be at an end. If they can disfranchise and punish one set of men for their opinions, they can do the same to another; and when the young wolf once gets a taste of blood, he is never satisfied while a victim remains to quench his savage thirst.

They say that Masons are *impious*, wicked and dangerous; but they adduce no proof, excepting tales manufactured by themselves, and fit only to attract the attention of "gaping idiot wonder." And could not the same false accusations be made against any other body of men? Universalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, might be made obnoxious to the same charges. In vain would they plead their innocence. Some Southwick, or some Weed, could be procured to fabricate falsehoods; and some of their own fraternity might be found to commit *deliberate perjury*, for the purpose of their condemnation. Would

they appeal to the purity of their lives for justification! Experience has shown that power in pursuit of safety or vengeance, is deaf alike to reason and to mercy. Apostate Christians of old were found to accuse their brethren of the most wicked and debasing crimes, and procure their persecution and death. Give way to his ruthless assault upon liberty in one instance, and all safety will vanish. No man can trust his neighbour or his friend. When treachery is made honourable and perjury a virtue, no innocence, however clear, can justify the intended victim—no respectability or purity of life, preserve him from the scaffold.

Such is the tendency of the principles avowed by the leaders of the party who have now assumed the name of anti-masons. They would be much better characterized by the designation of anti-republican. It may be asked, is such the object of the political anti-masons of this county? Of many of them unquestionably. Others merely wish to acquire political power, and think they shall be able to controul the storm in its fury. Deluded men—they will only be a feather in the gale, to be blown about at random. Should they offer resistance they would be the first to be sacrificed. They should therefore pause before they proceed further—before they kindle a flame which will consume themselves.

What, under this state of things, are democrats to do? Pursue the same course which they always have pursued—support their principles, adhere to their party, rally around the constitution as the ark of their safety, and protect the rights of all that they may themselves be protected. Every honest man should consider it his duty to strip these ambitious and unprincipled politicians of their disguise, and expose their objects to the condemnation of the community. In doing this we shall be seconded by the wise and the virtuous, and in the end receive the thanks of thousands saved from ruin and disgrace.

There is nothing wanting to effectually prostrate political anti-masonry, but information, disseminated among the people. They have only to learn who is engaged in it, and what are their principles, and their fancied power will be

"Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
And turn to ashes on the lips."

In Chenango, it is already on the wane. It enjoyed for five or six weeks an apparent prosperity in two or three towns; but we have certain information, that even in those towns the fever is abating. Its political character has been discovered, and it is now most thoroughly despised.

From the (Utica) Oneida Observer.

The freedom of discussion no republican would wish to abridge; the principles of masons as well as the principles of religionists of every sect, it is fair and proper to scrutinize; but any attempts to establish new and oppressive political tests, should be resisted. To be an *anti-mason*, every man has just as good a right as to be an *anti* Presbyterian or anti Baptist; but when individuals would make such difference of opinion, a ground of disfranchisement and of expulsion from office, it becomes gross intolerance; such in spirit as caused in times gone by the imprisoning, branding and burning of heretics. It is therefore only against *political anti-masonry* that we remonstrate. If masonry is wrong in principle, it can be put down by appeals to the consciences of men much easier than by a system of *political proscription*, which is calculated only to

exasperate and render its victims more obstinate. But political partisans who aim more at the possession of power than the annihilation of masonry, assert that to "refuse to permit masons to hold any office so long as they adhere to the institution, is not intolerance; if they are persecuted, say they, they persecute themselves, by refusing to renounce it." Such miserable sophistry has been gravely used. Those who write it are wicked, those who believe it are unfortunate. The poor and oppressed Catholic of Ireland might have been taunted with similar language; "*you are not oppressed: you persecute yourselves by refusing to renounce your religion and embrace the Protestant faith.*" Many of the political anti-masons doubtless think, what they call *Popery*, worse than *masonry*, and they would therefore if they deemed it necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose, find a ready excuse for compelling believers in the Catholic faith to abjure it or submit to a cruel and odious political disfranchisement.

From the Buffalo Journal.

We are accused of an attachment to masonry. We admit the charge—but not in the sense implied. Our attachment goes no further than a desire to protect it, and ourselves, from the sweeping charges aimed at the institution by corrupt and designing demagogues. It is pronounced dangerous to the country; the charge attaches to every individual who ever did or now does belong to it. The anathemas of bigots are hurled at it—its members are pronounced "hell deserving," and the consolations of religion are denied to the conscientious and pious. We know that its character is misrepresented; and knowing this, we shall still exercise the right of free citizens in maintaining our opinions.

From the Onondaga Journal.

The anti-mason party of the western counties, are following in the steps of their predecessors. They denominate themselves "*democratick anti-masons.*" This appropriation is as absurd as any that ever preceded it. It is a satisfactory evidence of their conscious feebleness, and is also an augury of their downfall. If there is no virtue in *anti-masonry*, the superfluous appertainment of "*democratick*" will carry none to it. We are led to these remarks by this circumstance, the seizure and use of the word most forcibly reminding us of a passage in Pollock's *Course of Time*, where the hypocrite is described as stealing—"The livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in!" We want no other criterion by which to specify the nature of the new party in our borders.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Annual Communication of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Vermont* was held at Mason's Hall, in Rutland, on Wednesday the 17th inst. An excellent and highly appropriate discourse was delivered at the north meeting house, by the E. and Rev. Amos Drury, G. Chaplain, to a numerous and respectable auditory, from Isaiah 21st—11th, "Watchman, what of the night?"

The following companions were duly elected officers of the Grand Chapter, for the year ensuing:

Joel Clapp, Grand High Priest; Hannibal Hodges, Deputy Grand High Priest; Naphtali Shaw, Grand King; Philip C. Tucker, Grand Scribe; Benjamin Land, Grand Treasurer; Joel Green, Grand Secretary; Rev. Hadley Proctor, Grand Chaplain; James Barrett, jr. Grand Marshal; Benjamin Smith, Grand Visitor; Silas H. Hodges, Aaron Barns, and Abel Page, Grand Stewards; John Cobb, Grand Sentinel.

Officers of *Lafayette Lodge*, in Alps Village, Nassau, Rensselaer county, for the present year:—

Timothy C. Larkin, Master; Lewis Cross, Senior Warden; Peter Brown, jun., Junior Warden; Lyman Williams, Senior Deacon; William Waterbury, Junior Deacon; Alanson Wilbur and Shash Adsit, Stewards; Jason Simmons, Tyler.

NOTION. Mr. Colden says "he never saw a very
who was a very great fool.

[Predonian Censor.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

Thomas Wildey, G. S. of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States, accompanied by Past G. S. Small, of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, arrived in this city on Wednesday evening last, on the regular visiting tour to the several lodges of Odd Fellows in the northern and eastern states. The several lodges of the city assembled at the room of Hope Lodge, No. 3, where the G. S. was received with appropriate honours. On Thursday evening a sumptuous repast was served up at the United States Hotel, under the direction of a committee of the order, of which about sixty guests partook. If furnished in season, we shall give the toasts and a sketch of the proceedings in our next.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the Brattleborough (Vt.) Messenger.

THE BRATTLEBORO' PRESS.

This new power press has now been in constant operation for a considerable time, and the rapidity with which it throws off the work while at the same time it executes in the most beautiful manner, would seem incredible were we not eye witnesses of its operation. It is the second one which has been constructed on the same plan, but it contains many important improvements, which render it now perhaps the most perfect machine of the kind in existence. The first one has been in operation nearly a year and has worked extremely well, but this one has not only surprised but delighted us by the regularity as well as the rapidity of its motion.

It works two forms at a time, which are inked by the same apparatus, the impression given by two platens, one at each end. Two girls are required to put on and lay off the sheets which is all the labour required. The ordinary rate at which it runs is *three* tokens an hour, although on newspapers or other common work *fifteen* sheets a minute may be thrown off; indeed it has been run at the rate of *eighteen* a minute, though this is more sheets than can be handled for any length of time. In fact we see not how any more can be done on a press of any construction, for there is no delay in any part, the sheets may be put on as fast as they can be handled. If we mistake not, the great Napier press cannot do much more than this does, with twice the number of hands.

The length of the machine is about eight feet, and the whole does not occupy many more square feet of room than the common press; the machinery which is exceedingly compact, is all contained between the ribs and the floor. The workmanship does great credit to the ingenious manufacturer, Mr. E. H. Thomas of this place. The price will be very moderate and such as to bring it within the reach of nearly all who require one. The proprietors are now manufacturing them for sale, and any communications addressed to Messrs. Holbrook and Fessenden will meet with prompt attention. We earnestly recommend it to the notice of all who are interested in printing, as the most perfect machine of the kind of which we have ever heard.

THE NATURALIST.

From the Magazine of Natural History.

THE SHIPWORM.

Of the marine tribe of Molluscules, the *Teredo navalis*, the shipworm, is the only one which has excited notice by its destructive powers. This shell-enclosed worm, which Linnaeus has styled the "*calamitas navium*," is said to have been introduced into our seas from the East within little more than a century. They are now common in all the seas of Europe; and being gifted with the power of perforating wood, they have done, and continue to do, extensive mischief to ships, piers, and all sub-marine wooden buildings. The soundest and hardest oak cannot resist them; but, in the course of four or five years, they will so drill it, as to render its removal necessary, as has happened in the dock-

yard of Plymouth. In the years 1731 and 1732, the United Provinces were under a dreadful alarm, for it was discovered that these worms had made such depredations on the piles which support the banks of Zealand, as to threaten them with total destruction, and to claim from man what he had wrested from the ocean. Fortunately they, a few years after, totally abandoned that island, from causes unknown, but suspected to be from their not being able to live in that latitude when the winter was rather severer than usual. The method now adopted to preserve the timbers necessarily used about the docks at Plymouth is, to cover that part which is continually under water with short broad-headed nails, which, in salt water, soon cover every part with a strong coating of rust, impenetrable to these animals.

From Brande's Journal.

SPIDERS.

It would be very interesting to know whether the gossamer threads thrown out by these insects are in an excited state of electricity: their divergent state would seem to imply they were; for there seems to be no other natural cause which could prevent them from coming together, especially before the insect had left its resting-place. If electric, then neighbouring bodies, as the hand or branches of a tree, or a stick, &c., would attract them; but care would be required in making the experiment, from the readiness with which these threads would move upon disturbance of the air. If electric, then it would be important to know whether they were positive or negative; which their attraction, or repulsion, by a stick of sealing-wax, rubbed on the sleeve of a coat, would at once determine. It is well known that these threads are almost perfect insulators of electricity, and would retain a charged state for a long time in a dry sunny atmosphere.

THE GATHERER.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

MAXIMS OF JOHN BULLISM.

When you travel in a stage-coach, make all the passengers, both inside and outside, fully acquainted with your name, business, and objects in travelling, before five minutes have elapsed. Among the rest, be sure you give them to think you are a man of property, and the personal friend of at least half-a-dozen nobles or members of parliament. If in trade, inform them you have something very handsome in the three per cents., and live on terms of perfect familiarity with the great Jew.

Honesty is the best and most profitable policy in the long run, but there are a thousand exceptions to this rule in private practice.

Do no charity by stealth; it is never repaid in this world to any advantage; do it openly, and there are chances of its returning cent per cent.

You may keep a running horse, or two, though you are a magistrate sworn to put down gambling: you need not bet upon the race-course yourself. You may subscribe to Fishmongers' Hall, and go there without throwing the dice. You may share the profits of a *roulette* table, without venturing your luck. It is strange that vulgar understandings cannot discriminate in these matters!

When you have made up your mind finally to do any thing, ask the advice of your friend about it. The act of consultation will please him, and you will be none the worse.

Human happiness is more or less complete in a ratio with successful pecuniary accumulation.

If you enter a drawing-room before dinner a little time too early, and find yourself *vis-a-vis* with an unlucky visiter as forlorn as yourself, do not utter a word. The chances are, nine out of ten, he will not speak first, that is, if he be a true Briton. Stare at him as hard as you can.

If you meet a lady in society, old or young, married or single, who equals you in argument, or rises superiour to the thousand and one automaton disgorged monthly from fashionable boarding-schools, report her a *bas bleu* to your male acquaintances, and warn her own sex to shun her.

When you meet an inferior in a publick street, it is your duty to cut him, if any one who knows

you is in sight. If you cannot escape a recognition, do it with as little parade as possible—a movement of the lips is sufficient—and walk on at a quick rate. Who knows but the Lord Mayor, or Mr. Alderman Blowbladder, may observe you?

A grain of impudence will fetch more in the market than twelve bushels of modesty.

If you visit foreign parts, and meet a countryman who may be useful to you, do not hesitate to avail yourself of his services; but be sure never to acknowledge him should you meet in your native land, unless he receive some other introduction to you, and you have it on creditable evidence that he is a man of good property.

Never allow reason weight in any thing you have resolved to be right that is opposed to it. Reason may be useful in mathematicks, to men of genius, and to scholars; but it has little to do with every-day existence, with the Three per Cents, the national revenue, the Stocks Exchange, or the Indian House.

Never get acquainted with your next-door neighbour, unless you find he is in good pecuniary circumstances. If you meet on the highway, or touch elbows at your respective fore-doors, look at each other like two strange tom-cats, and pursue your way.

When you dine with the Lord Mayor or any of the Aldermen of Brobdingnag, and they attempt to exhibit their skill at repartee, be sure decide the wealthiest to be the wittiest. It will insure you a good dinner another time, perhaps something more.

In choosing a wife, prefer even Bristol ugliness to beauty, especially if there be a fortune. Beauty will change, intellect may be too much for you, but ugliness will be true to you as to itself; besides its advantage of preserving you from the effects of conjugal frailty.

A judge's wig is a Delphick mystery, whether brains be in it or not. It is a symbol of sublimity wisdom—an umbrella over an oracle.

When you dine at a publick dinner, always take your seat opposite a favourite dish. Carve it yourself, and select the choicest bits, then leave it to your right-hand neighbour to help the rest of the company.

Always stick your napkin in your button-hole at the dinner table, if you admit such French superfluities at all. Eat with the sharp edge of your knife towards your mouth; forks won't take up gravy. Never wipe your lips when you take wine with a lady, and fill both her glass and your own until daylight is not visible through crystal.

When Mrs. Bull is obstreperous, go to the coffee-house and call for your glass. It is an excellent cure for her complaint, and you will get the latest news retailed in the most engaging manner, with the pleasure of knowing she is biting her lips at home in vexation.

Never hold any intercourse with people of whom the world speaks ill. 'Tis true they may be, and generally are, among the very best of mankind, but as they are not reputed to be so, what is that to you?

Some persons cant about the wickedness of the times: believe them not; this is the most saintly of ages, the most pure of generations, considering its temptations.

Never leave a dispute to be settled by arbitration; if you are rich, always appeal to law, especially if your opponent be poor. The lawyers will manage for you long before the case gets up to the Lords, and perhaps secure your rival in *banco regis* for expenses. In an arbitration, the case may be decided against you in a twinkling. It is a capital thing that justice and a long purse are sworn brothers; besides, moneyed men should have some advantage in society.

So little is the value of an oath understood by any but the Bull family, that none but the post-boys and the vulgar use oaths in foreign nations, America excepted; but that country being a chip of the old block, already rivals honest John; outdo him she must not.

Lard your butter, wet your tobacco, pipe-clay your flour, sand your sugar, sloe-leaf your tea, coal-ash your pepper, deteriorate your drugs, water your liquors, alloy your gold and silver, plunder your bankers, and, while none know it, who is the worse!

Then to church, and thank God you are not as other men.

Live and talk as if you were to live for ever. If you have accumulated tens of thousands, try and make them hundreds of thousands. Why should you retire and make way for the industry of others, while you are able to treasure up more.

Give credit, take credit, live upon credit; if you are wealthy, your own money will be gathering interest at the same time. If you are poor, you have no other means to live by.

In matters of business, let there be no favour. If you are dealing with your own father, give nothing to him. Screw the uttermost farthing, and, if need, sell him.

Give only to receive.

Men of genius are fools; the truly great men know how to make money, and money is power—the power of making more money. Your men of genius are at best but harlequins with empty pockets.

MODEL OF THE INQUISITION.

The English papers give an account of a curious model of the prison and officers of the Inquisition, formerly situated at Coimbra, in Portugal. It is exhibited in Pall Mall. It was constructed by Mr. Young, a British officer, lately in confinement for several months as a state prisoner of Don Miguel. The following is a description of it from a London paper.

When we visited the model, Mr. Young was in attendance, and pointed out the various departments and uses of the building. The model is on a scale of half an inch to a foot, and upon being taken to pieces exhibits the utmost recesses of the place, from the external roof down to the subterranean dungeons. The instruments of torture, and the mode of using them, are also displayed by very ingenious devices. Five varieties of treatment, as varieties in torture were mildly termed by the Holy Office, are exhibited:—The water treatment, whereby the patient whose refractory disposition would not allow him to confess all he knew to the Grand Inquisition, was bound down with cords and obliged to swallow several gallons of water, administered through a funnel, till, on the point of suffocation, he was humanely released by being placed heels uppermost, so that the superfluous liquid might run out through his mouth and nose—the fire treatment, whereby an untoward temper was warned of the deference due to the Inquisition, by being fixed on an iron cradle, with the soles of his feet exposed to a brisk fire, without the power of withdrawing them a single inch from its scorching influence, a treatment which may be regarded as somewhat an approach to the Mahomedan's hell, pictured as a place where men are shod with boots of red hot iron, making their brains boil like a cauldron. There are three species of the violent treatment by which men were repeatedly hauled up by ropes to the ceiling of a high room and suddenly let down, so as frequently to dislocate and break their limbs. By another device a man was tied down to a horse manger, with his hands fastened behind him, so as to be obliged to eat his food like a pig or an ox. This, however, as Mr. Young explained it, was not deemed a punishment, but only a degradation. The holes through which the Monks were enabled to see what every prisoner was about, the knowledge of which was often used by the Grand Inquisitors to impress their victims with the belief of their possessing supernatural powers—the secret places where the bones of those who were murdered, or reduced to death by the lingering pangs of confinement, were deposited, until the celebration of an *Auto da fe*, when they were burnt; and many other "secrets of the prison house" equally interesting and instructive, will be found fully and intelligibly displayed in Mr. Young's Model.

BARBARIAN MAGNIFICENCE.

In an account of the funeral of the late King of Madagascar, we find the following passage.

"The tomb was constructed at a small distance from the catafalque, and, according to the custom of the country, precious articles, such as gold and silver vases, crystals and porcelains, valuable fowl-

ing pieces, a golden powder flask, magnificent arms, trinkets, watches, clocks, cloths, and linens, and the portraits of Louis XVI., Louis XVII., of George IV., of Bonaparte, of Frederick the Great, in oil colours were enclosed therein, as well as several engravings of Napoleon, of Kleber, Massena, Marbot, Dessaix, Bernadotte, Eugene, Beauharnois, Poniatowski, &c., and other engravings, several of which were coloured, representing views in Europe, and land and sea battles given by France, and from the beginning of the revolution to the fall of the Emperor Napoleon. To these were added \$150,000 in gold and silver coins and ingots. Six of the finest horses of the stables, and 20,000 oxen, were then sacrificed to the manes of the King. All these offerings were estimated at a sum-total of \$350,000, including the coffin, made of 14,000 Spanish dollars. This coffin was eight feet long, and four and a half feet high and broad, and nearly a line in thickness."

From the Menagerie.

THE HYÆNA TAMEABLE.

Bishop Heber saw a gentleman in India, Mr. Traill, who had a hyæna for several years, which followed him about like a dog, and fawned on those with whom he was acquainted; and the Bishop mentions this as an instance of "how much the poor hyæna is wronged, when he is described as untameable." M. F. Cuvier notices an animal of this species that had been taken young at the cape, and was tamed without difficulty. His keepers had a complete command over his affections. He one day escaped from his cage, and quietly walked into a cottage, where he was retaken without offering any resistance. And yet the rage of this animal was occasionally very great when strangers approached it. The fact is, that the hyæna is exceedingly impatient of confinement, and feels a constant irritation at the constraint which, in the den of a menagerie, is put upon his natural habits. An individual at Exeter Change, some years ago, was so tame as to be allowed to walk about the exhibition room. He was afterwards sold to a person who permitted him to go out with him into the fields, led by a string. After these indulgences, he became the property of a travelling showman, who kept him constantly in a cage. From that time his ferocity became quite alarming; he would allow no stranger to approach him; and gradually pined away and died. This is one, out of the many examples, of the miseries which we inflict upon animals through an ignorance of their natural habits; and the same ignorance perpetuates delusions, which even men of talent, like Goldsmith, have adopted; and which still, in the instance before us, leads many to say with him, "though taken ever so young, the Hyæna can not be tamed."

The other day, a man of ninety-nine was buried at Pere-la-chaise, at Paris, and was followed to his grave by twenty children, fifteen grand-children and great-grand-children. Happily, such populations are not common! The deceased, it appears, had buried six wives, and married the seventh: he died in the full enjoyment of his senses, and assured his numerous progeny that he did not regret life, as he knew he was about to rejoin the six beloved partners of his days, who had gone before him. Few men, we fear, would be consoled by such an idea in their last moments, or at any moment of their existence! [Literary Gaz.]

No other period of the world, and no other people will compare with those of New-England, at the moment of the breaking out of the American revolution. They were high spirited without pride; they were well informed and well educated, at the same time that their demeanor was lowly, and their occupations toilsome. They were moral and religious without a single ceremonial exhibition of it, and they were determined and brave, without any conception that bravery was a virtue or a source of distinction.

The Romans owed their origin to vagabonds; Britain to savages and wild men; and Botany Bay to thieves. Future heralds will be puzzled to determine which of the Aborigines are entitled to the most dignified coat of arms.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the (Boston) American Manufacturer.

THE NOYADE.*

We had laid long in prison. The world seemed to have forgotten us. It was only when the surly keepers bestowed upon us their curses with the execrable sustenance, which we were daily compelled to partake of, that the horrible monotony of our confinement was broken. We knew nothing of all that was going on around us. Separated from our families—alike ignorant of their fate and our own destiny, hope at length forsook us, and we were silent in despair.

We were at length aroused by the entrance of an officer of the guard of Carrier. I had noticed him before my confinement—and marked him as I would some dangerous serpent. The impress of the demon was upon his countenance. I had seen him once, when the work of destruction was going on, and a pleasant group of farm-houses were bursting into flames, writhing his scarred visage into a smile. I had never seen such a smile before. It told of dark and hateful passions, of exultation like that which an infernal spirit may be supposed to feel, when some new victim is consigned to the unquenchable fire of torment.

He told us he had orders to conduct us from the prison. Eager questions were made as to the design of this command. He made no reply, but commanded the door of our dungeon to be thrown open. We passed out—many, with a joyful hope of speedy release, and the enjoyment of their home. A band of soldiers received us and conducted us to the open air.

It was a beautiful night of moonshine. The soft light rested on the hills around us, silvering the pointed roofs and old spires that stood up among them. The broad sheet of the Loire lay before us, like a vein of silver upon a ground of emerald. Nantes—the once rich and beautiful metropolis of the Vendee, was silent as the sepulchre. Black smoke curled up at intervals into the moonlight, from the smouldering ashes of fallen dwellings. The hand of the spoiler had been there—the tide of revolutionary madness had gone over the fair city in a mingled wave of fire and blood.

We reached the water's edge. A low, dark-hulled vessel lay ready to receive us. "On board, traitors!" said the officer who had guarded us thither. "You are destined for Bellisle." I marked his features as he spoke. The same infernal smile was playing upon them—but more fiendish—more revolting than ever. Bellisle lay at the mouth of the Loire. The outline of its fortress was just visible, grim and ragged against the sky. The revolutionary banner was flapping above it, like a bird of evil, hovering over its destined prey.

We were hurried on board the vessel, which to our astonishment was already crowded, with prisoners like ourselves. The young and beautiful and highborn of both sexes were there. There were many, very many familiar faces in that group, seen dimly in the lamplight—proud men and lovely women, whom I had known in happier hours—but there was no look of recognition given or received; every one felt the pressure of some unshared and peculiar anguish, and our meeting was in silence, broken only by the thick sob and passionate burst of tears.

A light hand fell upon my shoulder, and a voice, to whose tones my spirit would have responded from the very threshold of eternity, pronounced my name. I started at the sound. The next instant I was clasping to my bosom the fairest maid of Nantes—the last and brightest link in the broken chain of my affections. High souled and noble hearted girl! I see thee now through the dark medium of years, with a perception as clear as if thou wert a being of yesterday. That clear ex-

pense of brow, so touched with intellectual paleness, and that eye so proud, and yet so full of tenderness, are living before me. The pencil of memory is an unerring one, when its powers are called forth by an affection which but gathers a deeper intensity from despair.

There are moments in life, when the affectation of indifference, and the constrained coldness of ceremony are forgotten, and the deep and holier feeling of the heart itself, are poured out in all their freshness and original purity. Such moments cannot exist in the sun-lit places of worldly prosperity. They are found in the shadowy path of adversity—or never. When the great and busy world around us has proved but a vain and gorgeous deception,—a mockery, rendered more terrible by its promise of beauty,—then it is that the fountains of deep sympathy are broken up, and hearts are mingled together in a love which belongs not to earth.

It was so at this moment. Agnes and myself had tasted bitterness from the same fountain. The sins—I should rather say the virtues, of our parents had been visited upon us, in vengeance. We were thrown together at a moment, when every whim or caprice of our enemies was unquestioned authority for deeds of unparalleled cruelty. We knew that there was those around us, who would exult at our destruction—fiends who feasted upon human suffering, and trampled down the altar and extinguished the household fire with a zeal surpassed only by the enormity of their crimes. We knew all this—and yet, that moment was the happiest one of our lives.

A shout rang from the deck above us, and a quick dashing of oars succeeded. Then, there was a crash, as if the planks beneath us were rent away by a strong hand. The horrible truth burst upon us. The vessel had been fitted up with a *sous-pape* or false bottom—the fatal bar had been withdrawn—we were in the middle of the Loire, and the uprushing of its waters were already felt.

Never shall I forget the awful shriek that went up at this moment. I had been on the red battle field, and heard in the pauses of the fight the groans of intolerable anguish arise from a thousand writhing victims—but never, so never, had my ears been tortured by a cry like this. It was an unearthly embodying of terror, which can be compared to nothing but the shriek of the doomed multitude, when the last curse shall have smitten them from the presence of the just made perfect. It rose wild and horrible for a moment,—then followed the dreadful sounds of strangulation, blended with the groanings of the vessel, as the waters forced its way upwards.

I remember a suffocating sensation—a struggle—a sinking down—a convulsive shudder!

I rose again to the surface. The bosom of the river was ruffled, and black. Boats were hurrying across it, filled with demons in human form. Wherever a victim struggled above the waves, a corse floated, or a garment caught the moon shine, pistol-shots and sabre-blows were directed. I had passed many boats unnoticed, and hope began to invigorate my limbs, when suddenly a drowning person caught hold of me. My motion was retarded. I shook off and spurned away the wretched sufferer. The body sunk before me—I saw the death-like countenance, and Oh, God! it was that of Agnes! There was one imploring extension of the arms, one look of agonizing supplication,—and she went down—down to her cold sepulchre, almost within my reach.

One moment of unutterable anguish followed—and my reason forsook me. How I escaped from the river I know not, but my returning consciousness found me in the dwelling of a peasant, who I afterwards learned, had discovered me, insensible, upon the margin of the river. The horrid recollection of the past came over me, and I fled from my deliverer as if to escape the dreadful thought, which has, from that moment to the present, never ceased to haunt me. The images which it conjures are distinct and living—fearful blendings of tenderness and terror. At one moment I behold my lost Agnes, mild and beautiful as an angel, with the words of her affection melting upon a voice of music. Then the scene changes,—the shriek—the engulfing waters, and all the horrors of that night

of agony, are present in my mind. I feel the death-clasp upon my arm, and a strong shudder goes over me, as if I were again shaking the dying from my support. Then the outstretched arms—the pale and supplicating countenance—the mute appeal for succour, and the vain attempt to afford it, darken the cloud of memory, which settles upon my soul.

My story is told. Those who have marvelled at my dejection, who have mocked at grief which they could not fathom, may here learn the secret, which for years has lain upon my soul like the malediction of a parent.

I have been a wanderer and an outcast in the land of my fathers. I have seen its populous places made desolate, and its orange groves sprinkled with the blood of those who had nursed them. I have seen the multitude shake off the chains of priestcraft, drag the cowed head in the dust, extinguish the sacred flame of the altar, and trample on the cross. They had set up a new idol—a new Divinity, which they knelt to under the sacred name of Liberty. It was that liberty which opens the flood gates of crime, and casts off from the arm of the assassin, the fetters of the law.

Yet a change came. I have seen one horde of assassins swept away by another. The wretch who conducted the fatal Noyade, himself perished by the hand of his fellows. I saw him on the stained scaffold, awaiting his inevitable doom, with a grim and terrible composure. He bent himself to the block, and died with a curse upon his lips!

I am a broken down and grey haired man—yet it is not with the weight of years, or the silencing of time. Sorrow has more than done their work; and I go out among the smiling faces of mankind, and the glorious creations of the Divinity, with a spirit which takes no hue of gladness from the beauty and harmony around me. One thought, from which there is no escape, rests like an evil shadow upon me, and lends to the glory and loveliness of earth, its own sombre colouring. But the light of my earthly existence is rapidly waning, and I look forward with a blessed hope to the moment, when, casting off the sorrows of humanity, the tired and weary spirit shall rejoice in that destiny which awaits the afflicted and penitent of earth.

MISCELLANY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

THE MISFORTUNES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

It is said by philanthropists that the present age is one of charity and of kindness towards all that deserve it. Societies and institutions for the amelioration of almost every variety of the human species, are in rapid and successful progress. The wants and distresses of both Jew and Gentile are alike cared for, and universal charity appears to be rapidly arriving at the zenith of its glory. I am somewhat surprised that among the various objects which have been attended to, one, very important, and to which our sympathies should be directed, has been overlooked. I refer to the misfortunes of the century that is to follow us—the twentieth. I am far from approving of Sir Boyle Roche's famous argument, who triumphantly asked "why we should do any thing for posterity, since posterity never did any thing for us?" It may be thought strange that while the boastings and praises of the all enlightening march of mind are vivid in my hearing, that I should fear any thing for those who are to come after us. It is precisely this march of mind from which I fear the most injurious results for our unfortunate followers. There will be no such thing as originality; not one new idea will circulate from pole to pole. When we look around upon the world and see the thousand volumes that are daily springing into existence, and that flood of ideas that is rolling in upon us from that mental spring, the public press; and above all when we reflect how completely the mine of originality is becoming robbed of its gems by the poets, essayists, and novelists, how can we imagine that the least spark of novelty will be perceptible in the ideas or writings of the unlucky twentieth century. Poetry, with all its liquid epithets, its harmony of words and tone, must then be silent; for what

10a. A ferocious revolutionist, while employed by the National Guard to bombard the aristocracy of Nantes, fitted up vessels with gunpowder, which his prisoners of all ranks and sexes, were ordered to transport to Bellisle, had them all shot down. Adsit, the Loire and drowned by the withdrawal of the water. At one time seven hundred persons were who endeavoured to escape by the river. Mr. Colden was by the guards, who amused him who was a very good victim on the head. This is a true story. —Fide Narrative of the Pen-

can be said but what has already been said. Earth and air will have been robbed of their imagery. The laureate will but repeat the ode of years ago; the dramatist must consent to be the eulogist of former days. The guitar of the serenader will tingle to words that have charmed the ears of maidens who will then sleep their "dreamless sleep;" epick and heroick stanzas and sonnet must consent to be the echo of what has been. Even "unwritten musick" will have all its changes rung ere that time.

Unfortunate Posterity! there will be no such question as "what news?" The word will be banished from the dictionary.

The only glimpse of sunshine in the shade that hangs over them, is the fact, that they will have no recollection of the faces of both male and female that now meet us in every direction. Perhaps in those days they will gaze on the forms and features of some of the then reigning queens of beauty, and perhaps in their ignorance, pity us their ancestors, who they imagine never had charms like those upon which to fix our eyes; but even here they are thwarted, for how can they win her smiles excepting by the same phrases that thousands before them have used, and the "fair ladye" will sigh that she could not have lived in our age, when the thoughts and feelings came with the purity of originality.

Perhaps there may be some comfort in store for the slandered profession; the lawyers of that century will at least be saved that study which so many of them in the present age find so troublesome. Precedents will have accumulated to such an extent that the bewildered legalist will with sincerity exclaim, "Bring me no more reports."

The physician will look back on the thousand triumphs of his science in our time, and mourn that there are no laurels left for him to win. And even the clergyman will (perhaps unwittingly) rouse the feelings of his hearers in the same language and in the same sentences that every Sabbath brings to our hearing.

I leave the rest of their misfortunes to the imagination of my readers. Perhaps they may think that I have but too clearly proved in this essay that the deficiency of ideas has already made its appearance.

Albany, June, 1829.

The following article, which we take from the *London Mirror*, was written after reading the essay on WINE DRINKING, which was extracted into the *Record*, from *Brande's Journal*, some weeks since. WINE, we believe, is not a proscribed liquor, even with the *Temperate Society*, and if it were, "equal and exact justice" would require that we should hear its defence. We hate proscription, it is so anti-masonick.

WINE.

The article appears to have been written with a view of inducing a more frequent use of that wholesome and invigorating beverage by adducing a host of respectable names of antiquity. But I am somewhat inclined to believe, that notwithstanding the classic lore and learned style in which the article appears, that many there are, whose adverse temper, and whom the present "march of intellect" has so far rendered callous to *authoritative* conviction, that they still remain scepticks of the extraordinary good qualities and virtues, which the ancients believed this beverage to contain; only because they have thought fit to adhere to the common adage, that no opinion ought to be received upon men's authority, without a sufficient reason assigned for its correctness. It is with this view of the subject then, that I venture to make the few following observations. In the first place, we will briefly consider the nature and chemical properties of wines, and their tendency and action upon the constitution.

The characteristic ingredient of all wines is alcohol, the proportion and quality of which, and the state and combination in which it exists, constitute the essential properties of the numerous kinds of wines. The colour of the red wines is produced from the husk of the grape, they being used during fermentation; on the contrary, the colourless wines are those where the husk of the

grape is not used during the process of fermentation. The colouring matter produced from the husks is highly astringent, consequently the red and white wines are very different in their qualities, and very different in their effect on the stomach.

All wines contain more or less acid; for British wines are considered less salubrious than those of foreign, from their having an excess of malick acid, which our fruits contain. The foreign wines are reckoned superiour in quality, in consequence of their containing an excess of tartarick acid, their fruit containing a greater portion of this acid than does ours. Wines during fermentation, if improperly managed, will produce *acetick acid*, which will greatly deteriorate their quality.

Various have been the opinions of eminent men on the effects of wine upon the constitution. It would be needless to enter into a detailed account of all those who have written for or against its utility; the following from a modern eminent writer against the use of wines will suffice, and serve to show that the opponents to wine-drinking have at least some reason on their side. Mr. Beddoes, states, in his "Hygeia," vol. ii, p. 35, that an ingenious surgeon tried the following experiment:—He gave two of his children for a week alternately after dinner, to the one a full glass of sherry, and to the other a large China orange; the effects that followed were sufficient to prove the *injurious tendency* of vinous liquors. In the one the pulse was quickened, the heat increased; whilst the other had every appearance that indicated high health; the same effect followed when the experiment was reversed. This certainly is a formidable objection, but let us before drawing a final conclusion, examine the opposite arguments.

Wines, and, indeed, all fermented liquors have an antiseptick quality. They are in direct opposition to putrefaction, and in proportion to the quantity of alcohol which they contain, so will be their value and beneficial tendency. Now the circulating fluids of our system have a continual tendency to putrefaction; and the food we take, both animal and vegetable, tends to produce this effect; if, therefore, something of an antiseptick nature, or of a nature in direct opposition to this principle be not received, the fluids would ultimately become a mass of corruption, with the extinction of life. If we meet with an individual whose habits are abstemious, as regards the drinking of wines or fermented liquors, we generally discover him to have a great predilection for that valuable commodity *salt*, which article being in its nature antiseptick, answers the same purpose as wine. Therefore, the labouring man, whose narrow circumstances prohibit him from the advantage of a daily use of wine, by taking with his food a sufficient quantity of salt, and his apportioned quantity of malt liquor, retains his vigour and strength of body equally with those whose more ample means render them capable of acquiring the necessary quantity of wine daily. Doctor Barry mentions an experiment made on a soldier, who was hired to live entirely for some days on wild fowl,* with water only to drink; he received in the beginning his reward and diet with great cheerfulness, but this was soon succeeded by nausea, thirst, and disposition to putrid dysentery, which was with some difficulty prevented from making further progress, by the physician who made the experiment. Again he remarks, "I knew a person who, by the advice of his physician, abstained for some years entirely from salt, drank chiefly water, and used freely an animal diet, and by that means acquired a violent scurvy; he was, after some time, relieved by a strict regimen of diet and medicine, and as he afterwards used salt and vegetables with animal food, and drank wine more freely, never had a return of the disorder." It is therefore evident, that a moderate use of wine tends to promote health, and keeps off the numerous train of disorders, to which the constitution of man is subject, thereby lessening the evils incidental to human nature. We can then exclaim with Virgil of wine,

"Deus ille malis hominum uitiosiores dicit."

*It must be recollected that wild fowl in consequence of their living on animal diet, give more readily a putrid disposition to the fluids.

From Mrs. S. C. Hunt's Sketches of Irish Character.

INDEPENDENCE.

"INDEPENDENCE!" it's the word, of all others, that Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who "love the land," or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village—such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, "as dacent a boy," and Shane's wife, as "clane skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach, to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. "Good morrow Shane!" "Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady—and wont ye step in and rest—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!" "Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to day—if a heavy shower comes, it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the sithe these two days." "Sure, it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parel, my lady. Did n't he promise me the loan of his sithe; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and depending on that, I did n't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years." "But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?" "To Carrick!—Och, 't is a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground, (saving your presence,) for I depended on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Capper, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it." "Where's your pretty wife, Shane?" "She's in all the woe o' the world, Ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the fault this time, any how, the child's taken the small pock, and she depended on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow pock, and I depended on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor—but out o' sight out o' mind—the never a word she told him about it, and the baby has got it nataral, and the woman's in heart trouble (to say nothing o' myself;)—and it the first, and all." "I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men." "That's a true word, my lady—only she's fidgetty like sometimes; and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough, and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing." "I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane?" "Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too—I depended on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's, this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot: but where's the good? says I, sure he'll bring it next time." "I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage, at Clurn Hill. I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and depend solely on yourself." "Och, Ma'am dear, don't mention it—sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth, this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here, quite innocent like—'Shane, you v'e an eye to the Squire's new lodge,' says he. May be I have, says I. 'I am y'er man,' says he. How so, says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' said he; and I'll spake to the Squire for you, my own self.' The blessing be about you, says I, quite grateful—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it; and depending on him, I thought all safe,—and what d'ye think, my lady! Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the Squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by y'er lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle." "It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn." "That's a true word for ye, Ma'am dear, but it's hard if a poor man can n't have a friend to DEPEND on."

From the London New Monthly Magazine;

THE ACTOR.

Perhaps Fortune does not buffet any set of beings with more industry, and withal less effect, than Actors. There may be something in the habitual mutability of their feelings that evades the blow; they live, in a great measure, out of this dull sphere, "which men call earth;" they assume the dress, the tone, the gait of emperours, kings, nobles; the world slides, and they mark it not. The Actor leaves his home, and forgets every domestick exigence in the temporary government of a state, or overthrow of a tyrant; he is completely out of the real world until the dropping of the curtain. The time likewise not spent on the stage is passed in preparation for the night; and thus the shafts of fate glance from our Actor like swan-shot from an elephant. If struck at all, the barb must pierce the bones, and quiver in the marrow.

Our Actor—mind, we are speaking of players in the mass—is the most joyous, careless, superficial flutterer in existence. He knows every thing; yet has learned nothing; he has played at ducks and drakes over every rivulet of information, yet never plunged inch-deep into any thing beyond a play-book, or Joe Miller's jests. If he venture a scrap of Latin, be sure there is among his luggage a dictionary of quotations; if he speaks of history,—why he has played in *Richard* and *Coriolanus*. The stage is with him the fixed orb around which the whole world revolves; there is nothing worthy of a moment's devotion one hundred yards from the green-room. It is amusing to perceive how blind, how dead, is our real Actor to the stir and turmoil of politics; he will turn from a Salamanca to admire a *Sir John Brute's* wig; Waterloo sinks into insignificance before the amber-headed cane of a *Sir Peter Teazle*. What is St. Stephen's to him—what the memory of Burke and Chatham? To be sure, Sheridan is well remembered; but then Sheridan wrote the *Critic*.

A mackerel lives longer out of water than does an Actor out of his element: he cannot, for a minute, "look abroad into universality." Keep him to the last edition of a new or old play, the burning of the two theatres, or an anecdote of John Kemble, and our Actor sparkles amazingly. Put to him an unprofessional question, and you strike him dumb; an abstract truth locks his jaws. On the contrary, listen to the stock-joke; lend an attentive ear to the witticism clubbed by the whole green-room—for there is rarely more than one at a time in circulation—and no man talks faster—none with a deeper delight to himself—none more profound, more knowing. The conversation of our Actor is a fine "piece of mosaic." Here Shakspeare is laid under contribution—here Farquhar—here Otway. We have an undigested mass of quotations, dropping without order from him. In words he is absolutely impoverishable. What a lion he stalks in a country town! How he stilts himself upon his jokes over the sleek, unsuspecting heads of his astonished hearers! He tells a story; and, for the remainder of the night, sits embosomed in the ineffable lustre of his humour.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, London, 1783.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

In the most ancient times, and in ages anterior to the entrance of the Romans, the language spoken in Spain was the Celtiberian; but in the towns on the sea-coasts, wherein were planted colonies from Tyre and Carthage, the Phœnician and Punic tongues prevailed, incontestible proofs of both we have on their coins which have reached us.

* * * * * At length the Roman policy and language prevailed, with their dominion, over the Spanish mints and publick monuments. * *

* * * * * The residence of the Arabs in Spain, during seven centuries, insensibly added numbers of Moorish proper names to the Spanish orthography; from these sources is composed the elegant idiom spoken over the greatest part of Spain called "La Lengua Castellana," and which, in many respects, approaches nearer to the Latin tongue than even the Italian.

Before the establishment of the house of Bourbon on the throne of Spain, their language was al-

ways esteemed a necessary and elegant accomplishment of the English nobility.

The best Spanish Grammar and Dictionary ever published in England, was composed in 1699, by John Minshew, a professed teacher of the Spanish tongue in London, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; why the Italian language should have since so prevailed in this country, as almost to obliterate the Spanish, may be accounted for by the constant resort of our gentry into Italy, where the mildness of its governments and the interesting objects of its Roman antiquities have constantly allured them; perhaps, likewise, the inimitable compositions of a Petrarch, the enchanting music of their Theatres, and the divine melody of a Metastasio may have enticed our literati to study, and fill their libraries with Italian books. Sure I am that the Spanish language is equally worthy of their attention; and to those who understand it thoroughly, it will be found full as soft, more comprehensive, manly and florid, without the eternal flatness of accent which renders the Italian so peculiarly adapted to the notes of music.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

To Correspondents. "The Misanthrope and the Youth," by Q. and "Stanzas," by CAMPBELL, shall be inserted next week. We render our thanks to them, and to H. and FRANCIS. They will at all times be more than welcome.

According to the Almanack, the FOURTH OF JULY will happen on Saturday next. It is the general opinion that it will come and go very peaceably; and the notion of *hard times* has so firm a hold of men's brains, that we are inclined to the same way of thinking. Much of the pomp and circumstance of war, we believe, is not prognosticated by any one. Men's blood is done leaping in their veins on the approach of the day, and there seems to be more labour than glory in its celebration.

Solomon Southwick, who sometime since became anti-masonick missionary, as we at the time duly informed our readers, has got into a pretty considerable business in that line, which we suppose is tolerably profitable for these hard times. He held forth, one day last week, somewhere in Schoharie county; and on the 24th instant, was at it again in Washington county. A few days since he entered into an engagement with the anti to make his first appearance at Hudson, in the Methodist Meeting House, on the anniversary of our national independence: it appears, however, that in this instance the wonder of the nineteenth century calculated without his host, as the following extract from the Hudson Gazette satisfactorily testifies:

To the Editor of the Hudson Gazette:

Sir—It appears from a notice in your paper of last week, that there is to be a meeting held in the Methodist Church, on the fourth of July, for the purpose of disapproving of all secret societies. This is to give notice to the inhabitants of Hudson, and its vicinity, that the doors of the Methodist Church will not be opened for any such purpose.

By Order of the Trustees.

Hudson, June 20, 1829.

Even the wisdom of Solomon is not infallible. It is now said the indefatigable gentleman has become wrathly with Hudson, and resolved to harrangue the fashionables at Saratoga Springs, on the Fourth.

Anti-masonry is making headway in something of an Irish fashion. Giddens' anti-masonick reading room in the village of Rochester, is *shut up*; the pious Mr. Greene's establishment of the same character, in the village of Batavia, is also *shut up*; the Madison Farmer, a "whole hog" anti concern, is *stopt*; the New-York Beacon, the Rev. H. D. Ward's glory and consequence, is also *stopt*; parson Strong's Hartford Anti-Masonick Intelligencer is *suspended*; the Boston Free Press moaned pitiously and pitifully over its condition,

a week or two since, and will without doubt shortly be also *suspended*: the Palmyra Freeman *half stopped*, for some weeks past; and as for the National Observer, Solmon is getting to be so harmless, that the paper must ere long die of debility.

As an evidence that the "excitement" is gaining ground wonderfully in the city of New-York, it is stated that several persons, all of whom were suspected of being anti-masons, were lately taken to the Almshouse in a state of mental derangement. It is not said whether Mr. ***** and the Rev. H. D. Ward were among the number.

For the American Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

The masonick oaths do not then impose any moral obligation on those who take them. And I apprehend that no man believes that they do. For even masons will overreach each other in trade, contend with each other for offices, and murder each other in duels, notwithstanding their masonick oaths. [Corres. North Star.]

Those who do not belong to the masonick institution have no means of judging it, except by the representations of its friends or enemies, who have been, or are still members. Allowing the above to be correct, may we not inquire, *whence this excitement against the institution?*

Let us allow, for the sake of argument, or even, if you please, because it is the case, that masons are under an obligation to protect each other, right or wrong, "murder and treason not excepted;" yet "no man believes that this obligation is morally binding;" consequently no one is influenced by it; and however much we may condemn the folly of receiving or imposing such an obligation, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," yet here, according to the above concession, the folly ends. Admitting the above to be correct, we should rationally expect that honourable men would be opposed to the masonick institution, but we should expect them to oppose it as a "mere nothing," not calculated to produce any beneficial effect on community. We should not expect, however, to see them withdraw their confidence from those masons, who had been tried and found faithful. In fine, we should not expect to see *political anti-masonry* rearing its ghastly head at the ballot boxes, or denouncing a Clay, a Jackson, a Webster, or a Clinton, *because they were masons*, as unworthy the confidence of the people.

"Facts are stubborn things." Facts prove that masons have frequently been politically opposed to each other. And even the North Star correspondent stated no more than the truth, when he declared that they sometimes "overreach each other in trade, contend with each other for offices, and murder each other in duels." To their disgrace as men and masons be it spoken. But as one undeniable fact is better than ten thousand fine spun theories, have we not seen masons filling offices of honour and profit with credit to themselves and honour to the state? Did Hancock preside over our provincial congress, during our revolutionary struggle with Great Britain, with less dignity and ability, because he was a mason? Was Washington less virtuous, less republican, or less attached to the cause of the people? Was La Fayette less enthusiastick in the cause of liberty, because he was attached to the "republican monster Free-Masonry?" If all these questions must be answered in the negative, why then this antimasonick proscription?

I am no mason, nor advocate for masonry; but while life remains shall always continue the undaunted advocate of

EQUAL RIGHTS.

THEATRE. Mr. Pelby, one of the best actors upon the American boards, has played in this city a few nights during the present week. He made his first appearance in Hamlet, on Wednesday evening. We are sorry to say the house was not such as it should have been. The play was well sustained throughout, and we think that the acting of Mr. Pelby has left an impression upon the minds of those who witnessed it that will not be easily eradicated. Mr. Duffy played Laertes with his usual energy and excellence. Ophelia could scarcely have had a better representative than Mrs. Jefferson. Last evening Mr. Pelby appeared in the character of Brutus; Mrs. Pelby personated Tullia. We were not present.

Of Jefferson it is unnecessary to speak, farther than to say we believe his second engagement is nearly fulfilled. His acting, though in one sense always the same, has no sameness in it.

Forbes improves rapidly, and bids fair to be a most excellent actor. He sustained the character of the Duke Aranza, in the Honey Moon, on Thursday evening, with much credit.

Forrest met with a serious accident on Monday evening, during the performance of the drama of Blood for Blood. By using a real instead of a false dagger, he inflicted a wound on himself which created apprehensions for his life; we are

happy to learn, however, that he is now considered beyond danger.

Those who really wish well to the drama, should bear in mind that their encouragement would be well timed, if bestowed at present, and in good earnest.

The Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland, adjourned its annual session on Saturday last. Another unsuccessful attempt was made to elect a successor to Bishop Kemp. The principal candidates were Mr. Johns and Mr. Wyatt.

"HARD TIMES." A Troy paper states that there are several boats at Whitehall, loaded with lumber, "which cannot come through the Champlain Canal for want of money to pay the canal toll."

REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES. The following table may be useful for occasional references:

Battle of Concord, April 20,	1775
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17,	1775
Battle of Old Hampton, Va. where we took 5 decked vessels, some time in November,	1775
Battle of Great Bridge, near Norfolk, Va. December 18,	1775
Battle of Fort Washington, 17th November,	1776
Battle of Fort Lee, 19th November,	1776
Battle of Trenton, when Gen. Washington and his Army took one thousand Hessians, &c. 26th December,	1776
Battle of Princetown, 2d January,	1777
Battle of Brandywine, 11th September,	1777
Battle of Germantown, 4th October,	1777
Burgoyne's army taken near Saratoga, 17th October,	1777
Battle of the Red Banks, October 22,	1777
Battle of Monmouth, June 28,	1778
Battle of Stony Point, 16th July,	1779
Battle of Long Island, 27th of August,	1779
Cornwallis and his army taken at York Town, Va. October 12,	1781
Battle of King's Mountain, I think some time in October,	1781
Battle of Guilford, N. C. 16th March,	1781

Professor Eaton, in the last number of Siliman's American Journal of Science, has shown that five is the most favourite number of nature. He says at least half of all known plants have the parts of fructification in fives, or in a number which is the product of five. The radiated division of animals, such as the seastar, medusa's head, and every species of coral rock have their rays in fives or in a number produced by some product of five. Throughout the whole vertebral division of Cuvier, five is the leading number. We have five fingers to the hand, and five toes to the foot, in common with most animals which are provided with organs for suckling their young. We have five senses—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling; and Prof. Eaton further says that there are five principles constituting the highest order of vertebral animals, to wit, man. 1. Inert matter. 2. The attractive principle. 3. The living principle. 4. The sentient principle. 5. The intellectual principle.

ITEMS.

The Alexandria Gazette remarks that the year 1829 has been fruitful in remarkable events. In this year General Jackson became President of the United States—the Catholic Emancipation Bill passed the House of Parliament—one of the most splendid and ancient Cathedrals in Europe was burned—a most destructive earthquake occurred in Spain—and one of the most awful accidents, the blowing up of the Fulton, has occurred in this country. The above is a meagre list of the remarkables that have distinguished this year thus far.

Spain, as she now is, is an example how far the most felicitous combination of nature's best gifts may be counteracted by heavy oppression—how far the energy of a lofty national character may be borne down and depressed by a gloomy superstition, and its virtues and enterprise exhausted by the heavy despotism which has brooded over a people originally generous and noble.

A French paper states that a patent has been taken out in Paris for a new coach, with one wheel only; capable of accommodating from 30 to 40 passengers.

Some revolutionary symptoms are said to have made their appearance in France. There seem to have been excitations in several towns, and agitations in the Chambers of Deputies.

A society of lads has been formed in Providence with a view of suppressing profane swearing.

The Boston Statesman says that one of its contemporaries lately observed of a new work, "we have given it a nasty perusal!" *Hasty* "he would have said."

ANTI-MASONRY.

THE WHISKER CASE. The trial of the indictment against Luther Tucker and Henry O'Reilly, for the publication (in the Rochester Daily Advertiser and Republican) of an alleged libel on Thurlow Weed, one of the Morgan Committee, relative to the means by which the whiskers and hair of Timothy Monroe were pulled for the apparent purpose of making that corpse resemble the body of Capt. Morgan, is again postponed, notwithstanding yesterday (Monday) was assigned by the District Attorney for trial. The defendants were fully ready for trial last fall; but the Judge (Cowan) refused to try it, notwithstanding the heavy expense to which they were subjected in procuring the attendance of witnesses, some from a distance of 200 miles. The defendants had also taken all the preparatory measures for trial at this Court; but it seems that the persons who were most active in procuring the indictment against them, are now, for some reason or other, determined to defer the investigation into the subject-matter of the alleged libel.

[Rochester Republican, June 16.]

EDWARD GIDDINS. It is often asked why Giddins the anti-masonick almanack maker, is not indicted. He confesses that he was Morgan's jailer for several days—and a hard-hearted and brutal jailer he was. While he carried Morgan his victuals in one hand, Giddins held a loaded pistol in the other—ready to blow out Morgan's brains if he offered any resistance. Yet this wretch is permitted to "go unwhipped of justice," and to enrich himself by retailing the story of his own infamy! He enjoys the special favour of the Morgan committee, and fattens on the credulity of the anti-masonick party!!! What candour or honesty can be expected from men who denounce a whole fraternity as conspirators and murderers, while they themselves protect and cherish the wretch who stands self-convicted of crimes which should damn him to infamy and the gallows? Giddins' renunciation of masonry is seemingly considered a sufficient panacea for all his crimes! Such are the "beauties of anti-masonry!" [Ibid.]

ANTI-SOCIETIES. The editor of the Harrisburgh Chronicle thinks it would not be surprising if, before the dog days are over, we shall have anti-canal meetings and excitement. He has a recollection of the time when the excitement was directed against the Lawyers—and another editor wonders why an *Anti-going to sleep with a candle burning Society* has not been organized for the purpose of putting out the practice of reading in bed by candle light. [Ibid.]

Whiskerando is snivelling at the removal of Bates Cook from the Lewistown post office. He says Bates "is a man in whom ALL the human virtues may be summed up!!" If Bates is as modest as he is "happy," he would rather have his whiskers shaved than be rendered ridiculous by such bombastick puffery. [Ibid.]

Another "great fool," (according to Mr. Cadwallader D. Colden's doctrine) has renounced masonry—no less a personage than the Rev. Joshua Bradley, and the anti's are in ecstasies on the occasion. They are welcome to him. His exertions of late years appear to have been principally directed to getting all the money he could from the masonick brethren, and having, as we know, been foiled in his attempt to get the handling of all the masonick funds in this state, he has now, Arnold like, gone over to the enemy. One of two designs he undoubtedly has in view; either to start an anti-masonick party in Kentucky, (where he now resides,) at the head of which he intends to place himself, or he thinks this will recall him to Genesee county, to which place he has sent his renunciation to be first published. Every person who has seen the man, knows his excessive vanity, and will in this case at least respond to Mr. Colden's doctrine quoted above. [Fredonia Censor.]

C. D. COLDEN. "Indeed I have never known a very great mason, who was not a very great fool," says Mr. C. D. Colden. But his conscience stung him after he had penned the words, and he "begs to be understood." So, to save appearances, he excepts Washington, Clinton, Warren, La Fayette, Franklin, R. R. Livingston, Jackson, Marshall, and many venerated Clergymen, and means "by great masons, those who are proud of their pompous titles; who are fond of decorations," &c. Now, reader, when you reflect how proud the "Hon." C. D. Colden was of the title of Mayor—how fond of decorations in the way of equipage—and combine this with the acknowledged fact that he has held "very high masonick offices and honours"—it will be strange indeed if you do not perceive one instance at least, and perhaps the only one, in which a very great mason is a very great fool. [Ulster Sentinel.]

It is laughable to see how the anti's treat Mr. Colden's letter. When they touch upon what he says of the good and evil of the institution, they wag their tails right merrily; but when they come to that part where he says the masons generally were ignorant and innocent of the abduction of Morgan, and that the institution has never been used for political purposes, they sheer off, and go on the other side, or caution their readers not to believe this part. How very wise, consistent and commendable this is.

MORE INDICTMENTS. The Grand Jury which were in session in this village last week, closed their labours by pre-

sending four indictments to the court against the following individuals—William R. Thompson, Nathan Follett, William Seaver, Jr. and Blanchard Powers. Eli Bruce was brought from Canandaigua jail to this village, on a habeas corpus, as a witness before the Grand Jury; but refusing to kiss the book, he was immediately taken back.

[Batavia Times.]

SOUTHWICKIANA. Solomon says in his last Observer, that masons "can better bear to be called *knaves* than *fools*," preferring the compliment to the head at the expense of the heart. Solomon does not say which of the appellations, he himself prefers. We insist that he shall have his choice, unbiassed by public opinion.

[N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.]

MARRIED.

At Hillsdale, Columbia co. on the 12th inst by the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, DAVID L. FARNHAM, esq. of Enosburg, Vt. to Miss HANNAH COLLIN, daughter of David Collin.

Communicated for the Amer. Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

OBITUARY.

Departed this life on the 24th ult. in Hamilton, Monroe county, Mississippi, NATHANIEL B. BUCKINGHAM, Jr. in the 24th year of his age, of a typhus fever, after a long and painful illness which he bore with uncommon fortitude. The deceased was a young man of prepossessing manners, and of promising talents, an amiable disposition, a dutiful son, and an affectionate brother; besides which he has left numerous friends, who were most fondly attached to him, in the deepest affliction, to mourn his untimely death, for here "on earth we are in the midst of death." His remains were interred on the day following, at Columbus, with masonick honours, attended by a large concourse of citizens, who came to pay the last sad tribute to him they loved so much.

Sure 'tis a curse, which angry fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those,
Who are fashioned of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herb decay.

J. N. W.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of tea, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 3m.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE, & Co. No 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of Cooking Stoves, Franklin's Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves, together with Russia, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Hovel and Tong, Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.

Albany May, 1829.

18m2

AMMON RASEY respectfully informs his old customers, his friends, and the public in general, that in consequence of his old stand, No. 528, being torn down for the purpose of rebuilding, he has removed his PORTER AND READING ROOM to No. 570 South Market-street, a few doors below the Old Corner, where he will at all times be happy to wait upon those who may favour him with a call.

He has fitted up his new establishment in the best manner possible for the reception of company, and every exertion will be made on his part to render it an agreeable and pleasant resort.

May 18.

18rf

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANNON MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House, keeps constantly on hand and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. To those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 18 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Sheers, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Carrier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife handles in the most approved style, and on reasonable terms. Locks repaired, N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

3rf

LADIES' MAGAZINE conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41 Washington-st. Boston—and by Bourne, at the Depository of Arts, 359 Broadway, New-York, & Thomas T. Ash, 130 Chestnut-st. Philadelphia. Each number will contain about 50 pages of original matter, the whole making a beautifully executed octavo volume of 600 pages. Price three dollars per annum, to be paid on delivery of the third number.

The contents of the *Ladies' Magazine* will be an original miscellany, calculated to improve the taste and foster the talents and virtues of women; at the same time particular regard will be paid to the diffusion of that knowledge of our own country, its scenery and history and its character, and manners of its inhabitants, which Americans of either sex should be careful to acquire. But so sectional prejudices shall be admitted to interfere with the spirit of the work, which is intended to be strictly American.

The constantly increasing patronage which this work has received, during the year it has been before the public, is the best criterion of its merits. The *Ladies' Magazine* is now circulated in almost every city and state in the Union.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1829.

NO. 23.

MASONICK RECORD.

From the Batavia Times.

To the Rev. JOSHUA BRADLEY, of Louisville, Kentucky.

Sir—Your renunciation of Freemasonry which has of late appeared in some of the anti-masonick papers in this quarter, is deserving of some small notice. Not on account of any surprise it may have created in the mind of any of the brotherhood—because those who have been best acquainted with you, view the course you have taken as according perfectly with your character.

But that the publick may have a fair opportunity of judging of you correctly, I have thought proper to notice a few things in your renunciation, and to compare them with some of your masonick writings. You say, "I never had a thought that masonry was religion." I would ask you to turn your attention to a book written by you, entitled "Some of the Beauties of Freemasonry"—page 12, where you acknowledge our principles to be drawn from revelation. Page 17, "Here, without molesting the peaceful abodes of any, we cordially unite our talents—raise a fund for the indigent worthy brother, the widow and the orphan, and bow our knees before the Father of lights; beseeching him to make us his sons—to keep us from the contaminating principles of selfishness, and to enable us to spread our arms as extensively as possible to deliver our brethren from calamity, their connexions from penury, and the whole world from darkness and condemnation." Now, sir, will you say that that system which has its origin in divine revelation has no religion in it—and will you say that an institution has no religion in it whose members are taught by its glorious precepts to bow the knee before the Father of lights, humbly imploring his mercy that he would permit them to become his sons—that he would enable them to be instrumental in alleviating suffering humanity, and that the whole world might be delivered from darkness and condemnation. Page 48—49, "The united effects of christianity and genuine masonry are ever productive of the best society." Hence masonry becomes the handmaid of christianity, from which it draws its principles, and Mr. Bradley denies there being any religion in masonry. "It teaches those great and awful truths on which futurity is founded, and points to the means by which we may obtain the rewards of virtue." "And whatsoever we promise, religiously to perform." Has Mr. Bradley been sincere in saying that he never thought there was any religion in masonry? Let the world give the answer. Page 156, "Let it not be supposed that you have here laboured in vain, and spent your strength for nought, for your work is with the Lord, and your recompense with your God." "Finally, brethren, be ye all of one mind, live in peace, and may the God of love and peace delight to dwell with and bless you."

Here Mr. Bradley says that the mason's work is with the Lord; and that his recompense is with his God; and that the God of peace and love will delight to dwell with and bless him—and then says, "I never thought there was any religion in masonry."

Again, "Thou hast promised that where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them and bless them."

"In thy name we assemble; most humbly beseeching thee to bless all our undertakings, that we

may know and serve thee aright; and that all our actions may tend to thy glory, and to our advancement in knowledge and virtue."

I think Mr. Bradley had better return to Newport, R. I., where he first settled in the ministry, and there inform them that the doctrine which he had promulgated among them and elsewhere, in his preaching, was false; and that although the Gospel said that "Where two or three are met together in my name" &c., that the actual meeting of men agreeably to the words of our Saviour would be no evidence of any religion in the church. I will here transcribe parts of a number of paragraphs which Mr. B. has introduced into his book, which may be found from page 164 to 172—"May we be active under thy divine light, and dwell in thy truth—enable us to be faithful to thee—Take us under the shadow of thy protection, and to thy service and glory may we consecrate our hearts—May we always have faith in thee, and hope in salvation."—"Formed as thy temple, and enriched with thy wisdom, we look up to thee to inspire us with understanding, with science, with virtue, with all that can dignify, refine, and exalt our nature and render the temple at least not wholly unworthy of its sacred inhabitant." "May brotherly love and charity always abound among us, and when we have finished our work here below let our transition be from this earthly tabernacle to the heavenly temple above—there among thy jewels may we appear in thy glory, for ever and ever—May thy Kingdom come—may thy will be done," &c. "Especially would we at this time render thee our thanksgiving and praise for the institution." "Give us grace diligently to search thy word in the book of nature wherein the duties of our high vocation are inculcated with divine authority." "Let all our actions prove to an admiring world that our lives are sincerely dedicated to thee our God, and to the relief of our fellow creatures; and finally when we yield up our breath to thee, may we be admitted into that sublime and eternal Lodge, where happiness reigns without alloy, and where around the throne of the great Jehovah we shall sing hallelujahs to his name."

From the foregoing can any rational being believe one moment Mr. B. when he says, "I never had a thought that masonry was religion," when every temper and disposition that is necessary for the soul to possess, is expressed in those sublime ejaculations to the Author of our existence, with Mr. B.'s acknowledgment of its divine origin? I have not pretended to quote the half of those passages in Mr. B.'s book that go to show conclusively that Mr. B. did once think masonry divine. In two verses in his poetry at the close of his book, he expressly calls masonry a divine art, not less than three times. But Mr. B. may say that the composition is not his own. Granted—but he has introduced this poetry into his book as authentick—besides, to one unacquainted, the lines would appear to be his own production; for he has forgotten to let his readers know that they were borrowed. But happily for the sake of the case, we are furnished with a substantial proof that Mr. B. did once view the institution of masonry divine. In a small catch-penny work of Mr. B.'s, addressed to masons, (by which he obtained from the lodges and chapters in this state, hundreds of dollars) he says, "Here my imagination glows, and I seize and clothe myself in the vestments of one of our poets, and close my address with his dictions."

"Hail masonry divine!
Glory of ages shine."

Long mayest thou reign—
Where thy lodges stand
May they have great command,
And always grow the laud,
Thou art divine."

And the last line of the next verse is "Thou art divine." Hence it seems that there was a time when Mr. B. thought at least that the institution was divine; and of course there must be religion in it—but now he says he never believed it. How are these inconsistencies to be reconciled? Not upon any fair ground of reasoning. Mr. B. further says, "Some terms in the obligations I never liked." I would request him to look at the 14th page of that book, out of which so much has been quoted, where, speaking of the introduction of a candidate, he says, "He may be informed by those whom he can believe, that the obligation which he is to take is perfectly moral and compatible with the principles of christianity, civil society and good government." I think it would be well for Mr. Bradley to point out such part of his obligations that he does not like, which he says is perfectly moral and compatible with the principles of christianity, civil society and good government—for it may be there is some thing in morality, christianity, civil society and good government that is corrupt, which the wisdom of the honest Elder has discovered; and if so, the world ought to know it. But in the 169th page we find the Rev. gentleman giving fervent thanks to his Heavenly Father for the institution, and that he would keep the members thereof steadfast in their obligations, &c. Hear his words: "We thank thee that the few here assembled before thee have been favoured with new inducements, and laid under new and stronger obligations to virtue and holiness. May these obligations, O blessed Father, have their full effect upon us."

Will not Mr. B. shudder when he reflects on the moral depravity of human nature—that the adversary of men and goodness should prompt him to say that he did not like obligations that would lead him to virtue and holiness. Perhaps it is time for him to follow the example of his prototype—let him cry out, "I have sinned," and cast down the purchase money, &c. That declaration, "But masonry is a human, cunningly formed system of deception," does not so very well accord with the writings and publick speeches of Mr. B. and I think that in this place at least, we may well apply the old adage, that "A ——— ought to have the best memory."

But if we were to judge of masonry from the conduct of some of its members we might join with Mr. B. in many of his remarks. He has given us a long catalogue of questions to answer which is intended to implicate many of the fraternity; but he has neglected to ask some other questions of equal importance—namely:—

Who was it that wrote the book entitled "Some of the beauties of Freemasonry," which was intended as a rival to S. Webb's Monitor, a standard work throughout the union, the principal or the whole of which was copied into said book? Ans. J. Bradley. Who was it that rejected this book on account of the unprincipled conduct of its author in attempting to rival his brother in the merit due him for his labour; and also for copying one whole chapter of S. Town's "Speculative Freemasonry?" Ans. The Grand Chapter of N. Y. For this book its author received nearly \$2,000. It was emblazoned with all the embellishments and true features of christianity, brotherly love, relief and truth; and for the express purpose, (if we are to believe his own words,) to make it sell well—for he says

in one word that there is no religion in it. Who was it that wrote a catch-penny address to masons—the cost of which was not more than 6 cents, and sold them for 25 cents—a mere castle built in the air, and after obtaining the real object, which was cash (the amount of which was several hundred of dollars) received almost from every lodge and chapter in the state, then abandoned his visionary project and decamped to parts then unknown? *Ans.* J. Bradley.

The foregoing is a sad picture of the depravity of human nature. We learn from Mr. B. that for about 13 years, while ministering at the altar in holy things, that he was an active and zealous mason; endeavouring by writing and his public eulogies to make the people believe that the institution was holy. Not until a very recent date has he discovered the impropriety of secret societies; and that obligations taken in such societies are not binding, notwithstanding such obligations are (if we are to believe Mr. B.) “perfectly moral and compatible with the principles of christianity, civil society and good government.” Can an honest community render one excuse for Mr. B. for saying that he never thought there was any religion in masonry after fairly canvassing all of his writings upon the institution? No—They must say that he played the hypocrite in high style for about 13 or 14 years; or that he has told that which was not true in his renunciation.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

CELEBRATION.

Thomas Wildey, Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of the order of Independent Odd Fellows in the United States, accompanied by the moveable committee of the G. L. of the U. S., arrived in this city on Wednesday, the 24th ult. on their quadrennial visiting tour through the Union. The members of the several lodges in the city assembled at the room of Hope Lodge, No. 3, where the G. S. was received with appropriate honours. On Thursday evening following, a splendid supper, in honour of the occasion, was served up at the United States Hotel, under the direction of a committee appointed for the purpose, to which about sixty guests, principally brethren of the order, did ample justice. After the cloth had been removed and wine substituted, the following toasts were drank:—

1. *The Grand Sire of the U. S.* The principles of Odd Fellowship are practically illustrated in his unceasing parental exertions to promote the advancement and prosperity of the order.

2. Our motto—“*Friendship, Love and Truth.*” The three links in Odd Fellowship—the fraternal tie, which binds the hand and heart to each other.

3. *Hope, Philanthropic, and Clinton*—the three lodges of Odd Fellows in the city. May the purity of their principles be as imperishable as their names.

4. *Charity.* The ruling principle of our order.

5. *Odd Fellows throughout the globe.* Although strangers to each other in language and country, when we meet, we welcome each other as brothers.

6. May it be the pride of every Odd Fellow, that he has a heart to feel for, and a hand to alleviate, the sufferings of his fellows.

7. *Ourselves.*

“Let us send round the bowl and be happy awhile—

May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,

Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,

And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.”

8. *Odd Fellows in America.* May they never be wanting in feelings of gratitude to him,* who first planted the seeds of “*Friendship, Love and Truth,*” in the western hemisphere.

9. May all the odds be evened—half of the evens be odd—and both odds and evens live happy.

10. *The Fair Sex.* May they always find a heart in the hand of an Odd Fellow.

Several appropriate volunteers were given, but as they were not submitted in writing, they are necessarily omitted. We recollect one, however, which we think will be understood by many who do not belong to the order:

“*Political Antimasonry*—The odds are decidedly against it.”

*Thomas Wildey, G. S. of the G. L. of the U. S.

The festivities of the evening were peculiarly marked with that spirit of fellow-feeling which is a characteristic of the order, and nothing occurred which could be a source of after regret.

ENCAMPMENT OF ODD FELLOWS.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the state of New-York commenced its sitting on the 24th ult. and after having been in session several days, adopted such measures as were deemed best calculated to promote the welfare and increase the usefulness of the order. The Grand Sire, in conjunction with the G. L., instituted an Encampment of Patriarchs, and elected and installed their respective officers, on Saturday evening, in presence of the members of the several lodges, assembled at the spacious room of Clinton Lodge, No. 7.

The following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:

G. M. and P. G. Russell Watts, G. P.; P. G. John O. Cole, G. H. P.; P. G. Daniel P. Marshall, S. W.; P. G. Murdock M'Pherson, S.; P. G. George Kane, J. W.; P. G. Philip Johnson, T.; P. G. Joseph Barton, G.

The G. S. accompanied by the moveable committee, left this city on Monday last, by way of New-York, for Boston.

Officers of Clinton Lodge of Odd Fellows, No. 7, elected June 26, 1829—

John F. Porter, M. N. G.; Martin Gaylord, V. G.; John Groesbeck, Warden; Isaac L. Welsh, Secretary; Roland Adams, Treasurer.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From Brogniart's Works

THE BOTANY OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD.

According to the most recent investigations of the celebrated French savant Adolphus Brogniart the son, the vegetation of the antediluvian world corresponds with the three epochs of the successive formation of the soil or surface of the earth, from the earliest times of the creation to the great flood.

To the first epoch—which is contemporary with the most ancient and most simple formation of the earth, and reaches to the appearance and configuration of the coal strata—belongs a number of plants, the structure of which is simple in the highest degree. These plants are remarkable on account of their scarcity and the extraordinary size of their dimensions. Whilst our present vegetable world numbers at least 200 different families, the above mentioned earliest stage was limited to six families. On the other hand, the ferns, which now grow but from 20 to 25 feet in length, attained at that period, an altitude from 40 to 50 feet. Brogniart is of opinion that the formation of coals, which marks the close of this period of vegetation, arose out of the destruction of the most ancient vegetable world. He considers it as an undoubted and indubitable fact, that life, on the surface of the earth, commenced with the vegetable kingdom, and that animals without vertebral spines (*spinæ vertebrales*) followed. The ocean probably contained not any fishes at that period.

The second epoch of this antediluvian vegetation, corresponding in a geological respect with the formation of sand stone (called *gres*, in French), and limestone and sands with the formation of clay, comprises, in the first place, a number of large land plants, found amongst these strata, but in too trifling a quantity to give a decisive character to the vegetation of that period, and afterwards a series of plants, found amongst limestones and their remains, especially amongst the limestone of Mount Jura. The cryptogama were predominant; but, on the other hand, not a vestige could be found of palms, or dicotyledon plants, of our times. No mammalia or viviparous animals, existed yet either on the land or in the sea. The only animals with vertebral spines were reptiles, and these differed much from the present in their spines and size; and amongst which, we must number those specific creatures, destined by nature both to fly and to swim, the plerodatyia, plesiaura, and ichtyosaura.

The third and last epoch of antediluvian vegetation, which is far more interesting than the first

and second, and is distinguished from the latter by limestone formations, containing some vestiges of marine plants, corresponding with the period when the last irruptions of the water took place, betwixt which these enormous animals were engendered, the remains of which have been so accurately distinguished in modern times; such as the paleotherion, the anoplotherian, and other species, is now wholly extinct; and, after these, the antediluvian elephant and other contemporary generations of animals. The plants belonging to this period are divided into two different mountain species, one of which was formed by precipitations and sediments after the irruptions of the sea, and the other by inundations of fresh water. These plants correspond, in a great proportion, with those at present existing. The animal world attained, during this period, the highest degree of perfection, but man formed as yet no part of it.

THE REPOSITORY.

From Mr Jefferson's Memoirs and Correspondence.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

It appearing in the course of these debates that the colonies of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina, were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem, but that they were fast advancing to that state, it was thought most prudent to wait a while for them, and to postpone the final decision to July 1st, but, that this might occasion as little delay as possible, a committee was appointed to prepare a Declaration of Independence. The committee were John Adams, Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston and myself. Committees were also appointed, at the same time, to prepare a plan of confederation for the colonies, and to state the terms proper to be proposed for foreign alliance. The committee for drawing the Declaration of Independence, desired me to do it. It was accordingly done, and being approved by them, I reported it to the House on Friday, the 28th of June, when it was read and ordered to lie on the table. On Monday, the 1st of July, the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and resumed the consideration of the original motion made by the delegates of Virginia, which, being again debated through the day, was carried in the affirmative by the votes of New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. South Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it. Delaware had but two members present, and they were divided. The delegates from New York declared they were for it themselves, and were assured their constituents were for it; but that their instructions having been drawn near a twelvemonth before, when reconciliation was still the general object, they were enjoined by them to do nothing which should impede that object. They therefore thought themselves not justifiable in voting on either side, and asked leave to withdraw from the question; which was given them. The committee rose and reported their resolution to the House. Mr. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, then requested the determination might be put off to the next day, as he believed his colleagues, though they disapproved of the resolution, would then join in for the sake of unanimity. The ultimate question, whether the House would agree to the resolution of the Committee, was accordingly postponed to the next day, when it was again moved, and South Carolina concurred in voting for it. In the mean time, a third member had come post from the Delaware counties, and turned the vote of that colony in favour of the resolution. Members of a different sentiment attending from Pennsylvania also, her vote was changed, so that the whole twelve colonies who were authorized to vote at all, gave their voices for it; and, within a few days, the Convention of New York approved of it, and thus supplied the void occasioned by the withdrawing of her delegates from the vote.

Congress proceeded the same day to consider the Declaration of Independence, which had been reported and laid on the table the Friday preceding, and on Monday referred to a Committee of the whole. The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with, still

haunted the minds of many. For this reason, those passages which conveyed censures on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give them offence. The clause, too, reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under their censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others. The debates having taken up the greater parts of the 2d, 3d, and 4th, days of July, were, on the evening of the last, closed; the Declaration was reported by the Committee, agreed to by the House, and signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson. As the sentiments of men are known not only by what they receive, but what they reject also, I state the form of the Declaration as originally reported, &c. &c.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

Shepherd—May is a merry month, and I ken na whether the smiles or the frowns on her face be the mair beautifu'—just like a haughty damsel, in the pride o' her teens, sometimes flingin' a scornfu' look to you over her shoulther, as if she despised a' mankind; an' then a' at ance, as if touched by gentle thochts, relaxin' intil a burst o' smiles, like the sun on a half-stormy day, comin' out suddenly frae amang the breakin' clouds, and changing at ance earth into heaven. O, Sir, but the lodge is a bonny place noo!

North.—I love suburban retirement, James, even more than the remotest rural solitude. In old age one needs to have the neighbourhood of human beings to lean upon—and in the stillness of awakening morn or hushing eve, my spirit yearns towards the hum of the city, and finds a relief from all o'er-mastering thoughts, in its fellowship with the busy multitudes sailing along the many streams of life, too near to be wholly forgotten, and yet far enough off not to harass or disturb. In my most world-sick dreams I never longed to be a hermit in his cave. Mine eyes have still loved the smoke of human dwellings—and when my infirmities keep me from church, sitting here in this arbor, with Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," perhaps, on the table before me, how solemn, how sublime, the sound of the sabbath-bells! Whether the towers and spires of the house of worship are shining in the sunlight, or heard each in its region of the consecrated city, through a softening weight of mist or clouds from the windy sea!

Shepherd.—For my ain part, Mr. North, though I loe the lochs and moors, and mountains, as well as do the wild swans, the whapws, and the red deer, yet could I, were there a necessity for't, be every bit as happy in a flat in any timmer tenement in the darkest lane o' Auld Reekie, as in Mount Benger it sell, that blinks sae bonnily on its ain green knowe on the broad bosom o' natur. Wherever duty c's him and binds him down, there may a man be happy—ay, even at the bottom o' a coal-pit, Sir, that rins a mile aneath the sea, wi' waves an' ships roarin' a thousan' fathom over the shaft.

North.—The philosophy of human life!

Shepherd.—Better still—it's religion. Wo for us were there not great happiness and great virtue in toons and cities! Let but the faculties o' the mind be occupied for sake o' the affections o' the heart, and your ee may shine as cheerfully on a smoky dead brick wa', within three yards o' your nose, as on a ledge o' living rock formin' an amphitheatre round a loch or an arm o' the sea. Wad I loe my wife and my weans the less in the grass-market than in the forest? Wad I be affected ither wise by burying ane o' them—should it so please God—in Yarrow kirk-yard than in the Greyfriars? If my sons and my daughters turn out weel in life, what matters it to me if they leave by the silver streams or the dry Nor-loch? Vice and misery as readily—as inevitably—befa's mortal creatures in the sprinkled domiciles, that frae the green earth look up through amang trees to the blue heavens, as in the dungeon-like dwellings, crooded ane aboon anither, in closes where its aye a sort o' glimmerin' night.

And Death visits them a' alike wi' as sure a foot and as pitiless an ee. And whenever, and wherever he comes, there's an end o' a' distinctions, o' a differences o' outward and material things. Then we mair a' alike look for comfort to ae source—and that's no the skies theirsells, beautifu' tho' they may be, canopyin' the dewy earth wi' a curtain wrought into endless figures, a' bricht wi' the rainbow hues, or amast hidden by houses frae the sicht o' them that are weepin' amang the dim city lanes—for what is't in either case but a mere congregation o' vapours? But the mourner mair be able, wi' the eyes o' faith, to pierce through it a' else of his mournin' there will be no end—nay, nay, Sir, the mair beautifu' may be the tent in which he tabernacles, the mair hideous the hell within his heart! The contrast between the strife o' his ain distracted spirit, and the calm o' the peacefu' earth may itherwise drive him mad, or, if not, make him curse the hour when he was born into a world in vain so beautifu'. [*Noctes Ambrosia.*]

From the New England Galaxy.

CAPTAIN HALL.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, &c.

One Capt. Basil Hall, of the British navy, proposes to publish a book about us, having passed through our country, eyes and ears open and pencil in hand, candidly notifying every body that he was about making a book! This gentleman has acquired a certain notoriety which it is not perfectly easy to account for—though it is perfectly evident that he mistakes it for fame. His former books have been interesting more from their subject than their execution, and one of them, about a certain fool's Paradise, called the Loochoo Islands, has been shewn to be very blundering. However, when here he attracted great attention, and was received very hospitably; and we do not think too hospitably. He was found, upon close inspection, not to be a very great Lion, but was feasted about, and all his comings and goings duly announced, partly because that is a way we have when any body comes from over the water to honour our poor republic, and partly by way of getting well out of—or rather, well into, his 'book.' This last motive the captain was up to; and it was excellent fun to see him at a dinner table, for instance, watch our eminent men, and note some saying which might be just well enough for the occasion, and then utter his 'ah, very fair, very fair indeed—I will certainly put that into my book,' with an air that said, 'you are really an excellent, hearty set of people, and some of you shall be immortalized; you shall be read and talked about in England, for you really do deserve it.' This was all very well—but we had nearly forgotten it, when we happened to meet with an extract from a speech of his lately uttered somewhere in England, wherein he takes occasion to speak of this country: probably, by way of giving his hearers a foretaste of his book! He seemed to think that the principal difference between this country and Great Britain lies in their more perfect liberty, and particularly in the greater freedom of the English press. This sounds rather absurd, and we dare say seemed a little paradoxical to some of his hearers; but there is a sense in which it is true. There is in England, perhaps, in all the walks of English life, and certainly in the English Press, a 'freedom' of which there are no examples here. It is a freedom from restraints which none can exempt themselves from in this country. A freedom from decency, from regard to the rights and feelings of another, from veracity, and indeed from all pretension to these qualities. The public have been shocked with the slanderous and unprincipled personalities which have disgraced some of the papers published in this country; but we are confident that no American editor ever for a moment thought of giving utterance to statements and allusions so enormously gross and indecent, and assaults, so ferocious, as may be found frequently in the 'Age,' or the 'John Bull,' or in Blackwood's Magazine. Sir James Macintosh says somewhere, 'the perfection of freedom is the perfection of restraint.' We do not think much of this saying—paradoxes are seldom worth much—but there is a sort of truth about it. The great object of prohibition is to prevent men from

harming or unduly interfering with each other. The more effectually a man is restrained from injuring his neighbour, or unjustifiably interfering with his conduct, the more perfectly his neighbour enjoys his freedom. It is thus that we reconcile the greater license with the less liberty of England. We are by no means disposed to think that our press is too free, that the checks which operate against it are of feeble or sluggish action, and need to be fortified or stimulated. But neither do we believe that the press of this country has passed from liberty to license, nor do we desire it should. With perfect cheerfulness and without one emotion of envy, we can see such men as Captain Hall escape from the restraint and galling fetters we endure and go to the enjoyment of that excess of liberty which awaits him at home.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

To enter this world without a welcome—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer and to be unable to communicate your suffering—to stand a sad and silent monument amid the joys of others, which you cannot understand nor conceive of—to be shut out of life—to carry within your own bosom the buried seeds of happiness, which are never to grow, of intellect which is never to burst forth, of usefulness which is never to germinate—to find even your presence afflictive, and not know whether you excite compassion or horror; a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent—without one exhilarating thought—without one idea of the present—without one recollection of the past—without one hope of the future. O! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds, and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow.

Now to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence,—to open the intellect, and let it gush forth in streams of light and joy—to rouse the affections that they may know and love God, the giver of all things, merciful in his chastisements—to enlighten the soul that it may see its origin and destiny—to cause the lips to smile,—although they cannot speak—the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow—and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear. O! what a beautiful supplement to the benevolence of Heaven!

[*Wm. Crafts.*]

THE GREAT TUN OF KONIGSTEIN.

One of the greatest curiosities in the neighbourhood of Dresden, is the great tun, erected at fort Konigstein, by general Kyaw, the height of which is 17 Dresden ells, and its diameter at the bung, 12 ells. This vast vessel, which is always replenished with excellent wine, is capable of containing 3709 hogsheads; and on its head, is a plate with a latin inscription, to the following purport:

"Welcome, traveller, and admire this monument dedicated to festivity, in order to exhilarate the mind with a glass, in the year 1725, by Frederick Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, the father of his country, the Titus of the age, the delight of mankind. Therefore drink to the health of the sovereign, the country, the electoral family, and baron Kyaw, governour of Konigstein; and if thou art able, according to the dignity of this cask, the most capacious of all casks, drink to the prosperity of the whole universe—and so farewell.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is labouring eternally, but to no purpose, and in constant motion, without getting on a jot; like a turnstile, he is in every body's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal but says very little; looks into every thing, but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few that are, he openly burns his fingers.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

A French officer, having arrived at the court of Vienna, the empress, knowing that he had seen the Princess de **, asked him if he thought this princess was, as reported, the handsomest person in the world? "Madam," replied the officer, "I thought so yesterday."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Collegians.

THE GALLYOWEN HAIR CUTTER.

He had scarcely taken his seat before the toilet, when a soft tap at the door, and the sound of a small, squeaking voice, announced the arrival of the hair cutter. On looking round him, Hardress beheld a small, thin faced, red haired little man, with a tailor's shears dangling from his finger, bowing and smiling with a timid and conciliating air. In an evil hour for his patience, Hardress consented that he should commence operations.

"The piatez were very airy this year, sir," he he modestly began, after he had wrapped a check apron about the neck of Hardress, and made the other necessary arrangements.

"Very early indeed. You needn't cut so fast."

"Very airy, sir. The white eyes especially. Them white eyes are fine piatez. For the first four months I wouldnt ax a better piate than a white eye, with a bit o' butter, or a piggin of milk, or a bit o' bacon, if one had it; but after that the meal goes out of 'em, and they gets wet and bad. The cups ar'nt so good in the beginning o' the season, but they hould better. Turn your head more to the light, sir, if you please. The cups indeed are a fine substantial lasting piate. There's great nutriment in 'em for poor people, that would have nothen else with them but themselves, or a grain of salt. There's no piate that eats better, when you have nothen but a bit o' the little one (as they say) to eat with a bit o' the big. No piate that eats so sweet with point."

"With point?" Hardress replied, a little amused by this fluent discussion of the poor hair cutter, upon the varieties of a dish, which, from his childhood, had formed almost his only article of nutriment; and on which he expatiated with as much cognoscence and satisfaction, as a fashionable gourmand might do on culinary productions of Eustache Ude. "What is point?"

"Don't you know what that is, sir? I'll tell you in a minute. A joke that them that has nothen to do, and plenty to eat, make upon the poor people that have nothen to eat and plenty to do. That is, when there's dry piatez on the table, and enough of hungry people about it, and the family would have, only one bit o' bacon hanging up above their heads, they'd peel a piate first, and then they'd point it up at the bacon, and they'd fancy within their own mind that it would have the taste o' the mait when they'd beaten after. That's what they call point, sir. A cheap sort o' diet it is, lord help us, that's plenty enough among the poor people in this country. A great plan for making a small bit of pork go a long way in a large family."

"Indeed it is but a slender sort of food. Those scissors you have are dreadful ones."

"Terrible, sir, I sent my own over to the forge before I left home, to have an eye put in; only for that I'd be smarter, a deal. Slender food it is, indeed! There's a deal o' poor people here in Ireland, sir, that are run so hard at times, that the wind of a bit o' mait is as good to 'em, as the mait itself to them that would be used to it. The piatez are every thing, the kitchen little or nothing. But there's a sort o' piatez, (I don't know did your honour ever see 'em?) that's gotten greatly in vogue now among 'em, an is killing half the country; the white piatez, a piate that has great produce, an' requires but little manure, an' will grow in very poor land; but has no more strength or nourishment in it, than if you had boiled a handful o' saw dust and made gruel of it, or put a bit of a deal board between your teeth, and thought to make a breakfast out of it. The black bulls themselves are better. Indeed the black bulls are a deal a better piate than they're thought. When you'd peel 'em, they look as black as indigo, an' you have no mind to 'em at all; but I declare they're very sweet in the mouth, an' very strengthening. The English reds are a nate piate, too, an' the apple piate, (I don't know what made 'em be given up) an' the kidney (though delicate of rearing), but give me the cups for all, that will hould the meal in 'em to the last, and won't require any intricket tillage. Let a man have a middling sized pit o' the cups again' the winter, a small caish (pig) to pay his

rent, an' a handful o' turf behind the doore, an he can defy the world."

"You know as much, I think," said Hardress, "of farming, as of hair cutting."

"Oych, if I had nothen to depend upon but what heads come across me this way, sir, I'd be in a poor way, enough. But I have a little spot o' ground besides."

"And a good taste for the produce."

"'Twas kind father for me to have that same. Did you ever hear tell, sir, of what they call limestone broth?"

"Never."

"'Twas my father first made it. I'll tell you the story, sir, if you'll turn your head this way a minute."

Hardress had no choice but to listen.

"My father went once upon a time about the country, in the idle season, seeing would he make a penny at all by cutting hair, or setting razurs or penknives, or any other job that would fall in his way. Well, an good—he was one day walking alone in the mountain of Kerry, without a hai'pny in his pocket, (for though he travelled a foot, it cost him more than he earned,) and knowing there was but little love for a county Limerick man in the place where he was, an' being half perished with the hunger, an' evening drawing nigh, he did n't know well what to do with himself till morning. Very good, he went along the wild road, an' if he did he soon see a farm house, at a little distance, of one side; a snug looking place with the smoke curling up out of the chimney an' all tokens of good living inside. Well, some people would live where a fox would starve. What do you think did my father do? He would n't beg, (a thing one of our people have never done yet, thank heaven!) an' he had n't the money to buy a thing, so what does he do? He takes a couple of the big limestones, that were lying on the road, in his two hands, an' away with him to the house."

"Lord save all here!" says he. "And you kindly," says they. "I'm come to you," says he, this way, looking at the two limestones, "to know would you let me make a little limestone broth over your fire until I'll make my dinner?" "Limestone broth!" says they to him again, "what's that eroo?" "Broth made o' lime stones," says he, "what else?" "We never heard of such a thing," says they. "Why then you may hear it now," says he, "and see it also, if you'll gi' me a pot an' a couple o' quarts o' sot water." "You can have it an' welcome," says they. So they put down the pot an' the water, and my father went over and tuk a chair hard by the pleasant fire for himself, and put down his two limestones to boil, an' kep stirring them round like stirabout. Very good, well, by an' by when the water began to boil, 'tis thickening finely," says my father; "now if it had a grain o' salt at all, 't would be a great improvement to it."

"Raich down the salt box, Nell," says the man o' the house to his wife. "O that's the very thing just," says my father, shaking some of it into the pot. So he stirred it again a while, looking as sober as a minister. By an' by, he takes the spoon he had stirring it, an' tastes it. "It's very good now," says he, "although it wants something yet." "What is it," says they. "Oych, wisha nothing," says he, "may be 'tis only fancy o' me." "If it's any thing we can give you," says they, "you're welcome to it." "Tis very good as it is," says he, "but when I'm at home, I find it gives it a fine bit a flavour just to boil a little knuckle o' bacon or mutton trotters, or any thing that way along with it." "Raich hether that bone o' sheep's head we had at dinner yesterday, Nell," says the man o' the house. "Oych, don't mind it," says my father, "let it be as it is." "Sure if it improves it, you may as well," says they. "Baitheashin!" says my father, putting it down. So after boiling it a good piece longer, "'tis a fine limestone broth," says he, "as ever was tasted, an' if a man had a few piatez," says he, looking at a pot in the chimney corner, "he could n't desire a better dinner. They gave him the piatez, and he made a good dinner of themselves an' the broth, not forgetting the bone, which he polished equal to chaney, before he let it go. The people tasted it, an' thought it as good as any mutton broth in the world."

* Be it so.

MISCELLANY.

From Brando's Journal.

NOSES.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ORGANS OF SCENT.

BY WILLIAM WADD, ESQ. F. L. S.

"Non cuiusque datum est habere nasum."—*Martial*.
 "I have a nose."—*Fraby*.

It has often struck me as a defect in our anatomical teachers, that in describing that prominent feature of the human face, the organ of the scent, they generalize too much, and have but one term for the symmetrical arch, arising majestically, or the tiny atom, scarcely equal to the weight of a barnacle—a very dot of flesh! Nor is the dissimilarity between the invisible functions of the organ, and the visible varieties of its external structure, less worthy of remark. With some, the sense of smelling is so dull, as not to distinguish hyacinths from assafoetida; they would even pass the Small-Pox Hospital, and Maiden-lane, without noticing the snackers; whilst others, detecting instantly the slightest particle of offensive matter, hurry past the apothecaries, and get into an agony of sternutation, at fifty yards from Fribourg's.

Shakspeare, who was a minute observer of the anatomical and physiological varieties of the human frame, did not allow this dissimilarity to pass unnoticed; and, moreover, he starts a query that has never been satisfactorily answered, from his time to the present; viz: "Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face?" And his nice discrimination about noses extend also to shape and colour,—from the "Red-nosed inn-keeper of Dav'ntry,"† and the "Malmsy-nosed knave, Bardolph,"‡ to him in Henry V., "whose nose was sharp as a pen!"

This celebrated "Malmsy-nose" possessed properties unknown to the same feature now-a-days. It was adapted to practical utility, in its application to domestick purposes, and moral instruction, by that great admirer and competent judge of its virtues, Sir John Falstaff, to whose sheets it did the office of a warming-pan;§ and who made as good use of it as some men do of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: "I never see it," said he, "but I think upon hell fire." It stands almost unrivalled in history, and ranks at least with that which gave a cognomen to Ovid,|| and the one to which the celebrated violoncello player, Cervetto, owed the sobriquet of *Nosey*. This epithet reminds me of another nose of theatrical notoriety, whose rubicund tint, when it interfered with the costume of a sober character which its owner was enacting, was moderated by his wife, who, with laudable anxiety to keep down its "rosy hue," was constantly behind the scenes with a powder puff, which she was accustomed to apply, ejaculating, "Od rot it, George! how you do rub your nose! Come here, and let me powder it. Do you think Alexander the Great had such a nose?"

Nor would I omit to mention one, contemporary almost with the above, by which the publick peace was said to be endangered, as recorded by a poet of the day, who states,—

"Amongst the crowds, not one in ten
 E'er saw a thing so rare;
 Its size surprised all the men,
 Its charms attract the fair.
 'Tis wonderful to see the folk,
 Who at the nose do gaze,
 All grin and laugh, and sneer and joke,
 And gap in such amaze.
 The children, whom the sight doth please,
 Their little fingers point,
 Wishing to give it one good squeeze,
 And pull it out of joint."

Much more is said by the poet in its praise; at last he falls into a moral strain:

"For many, as you may suppose,
 'Gainst nature loudly bawls,
 That one man should have such a nose,
 Whilst some have none at all."

And then concludes with some excellent sentiments:—

"Though ev'ry man's a nat'ral right
 To shew a moderate nose,
 Yet surely 'tis a piece of spite
 To spoil the world's repose."

* Lear.

† Henry IV. ii. 1.

‡ Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso: but for smelling out the odorous flowers of fancy? says Holofernes, the school-master, in Love's Labour Lost.

§ Henry V. ii. 2.

¶ Henry V. ii. 1.

|| "Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso: but for smelling out the odorous flowers of fancy?" says Holofernes, the school-master, in Love's Labour Lost.

"The wrong to exhibit such a show,
Though you may think it fun,
Yet still, good sir, you little know
What evil it has done.

What quarrels have from hence begun!
What anger and what strife!
What blows have pass'd 'tween man and man!
What kicks 'tween man and wife!

No longer, then, thyself disgrace,
In quest of beauty's face;
No longer, then, expose thy face,
To get thy nose a name.

Take it away, if thou art wise,
And keep it safe at home,
Amongst thy curiosities
Of ancient Greece and Rome."

Shakspeare would have thought it high treason,
for he says,—

"Down with the nose, take the bridge quite away
Of him, that's particular to forehead
Smells from the general weal."

There may have been many other such noses that have escaped observation,—“born to blush unseen:” enough, however, I have here stated of those my recollection furnishes me with at the moment, to establish the fact of variety, and to lead curious physiologists to a scientific classification of this prominent and well-deserving feature of the human face. I would recommend a proper distinction being observed between functional varieties, and those which arise from size, shape, or colour, of which, in a cursory way, may be enumerated first,—

SHAPE.*			
Roman. Grecian.	Snub. Pug.	Flat. Sharp.	Bottle nose. Parrotlike nose.
COLOUR.			
Red. Ruby.	Malisey. Claret.	Purple. Copper.	

Now, what does all this come to? *Cui bono?* A great deal for surgery; let us examine what may be done;—we know that noses may be supplied,—may not, therefore, a small one be enlarged, and a large one made small? We have seen a person with a *bunch of noses*, but can only, on the authority of Shakspeare, quote one “who had a thousand.”

For a great length of time nothing was admired in the world but Roman noses,—and then not a word was heard about them, till William III. brought them again into fashion.

People occasionally possess the power of voluntary action with the muscles of the nose, and can move it horizontally, or to the right and left,—draw it up or protrude it,—so as to make it take any position you please. Painters have been provokingly deceived by this stratagem, and have in vain attempted the portraits of such persons, who were able at every instant to produce a new physiognomy.

One of the qualifications for the Ugly Club was a nose eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth,—the thickest skin had preference.

Hitherto we have only considered external appearances; we must now notice its functional and other properties.

With some persons, the nose is a sort of barometer,—a certain state of atmosphere is invariably announced to them by an agreeable sensation of coldness at the tip.

Zimmerman used to draw conclusions, as to a man's temperament, from his nose! Not indeed from its size or form, but from the peculiar sensibility of the organ.

Cardan considered acuteness of smell as a proof of penetrating genius, and a lively imagination.

Halier could distinguish perspiration at ten yards' distance.

There have been instances on record of blind people who were able to discover colours by the touch; and deaf and dumb, who could feel sounds by placing their hand upon the speaker's mouth; this, however, is not more astonishing, than that the sense of smelling should be so acute, as to enable some persons to judge by it the quality of metals. Martial mentions a person, named Mamurra, who consulted only his nose, to ascertain whether

the copper that was brought to him were true Corinthian. There have been Indian merchants who, if a piece of money were given them, by applying their nose to it, defined its quality to a nicety, without touchstone, balance, or aqua-fortis. Europeans, also, are to be found whose sense of smelling is equally delicate and perfect.

Marco-Marci speaks of a monk at Prague, who, when any thing was brought him, distinguished, by its smell, with as much certainty as the best nosed dog, to whom it belonged, or by whom it had been handled. It was also said of him, that he could accurately distinguish, in this manner, the virtuous from the vicious. He was much devoted to the study of natural philosophy; and, among other things, had undertaken to oblige the world with precepts on the sense of smelling, like those who have on optics and acousticks, by distributing into certain classes a great number of smells, to all of which he had given names; but an untimely death cut him off in the midst of these curious researches.

The guides who accompany travellers on the route from Smyrna or Aleppo, to Babylon, have no other signs in the midst of the deserts, to discover their distance from the place of destination, than the smell of the sand alone, by which they determine with certainty. Perhaps they judge by the odour exhaled from small plants, or roots, intermixed with the sand.

Physicians, in visiting the sick, have been known to form a prognostick, before having seen the patient, from the effluvia of the sick-room. Those who are in the habit of visiting the insane, know the peculiar odour that characterises that dire calamity; and it was remarked of the plague, that it had “a scent of the flavour of mellow apples.”

It is said that monkeys possess this power of discrimination in a very eminent degree. A story is told of a lady who had a pet of this description, whom she made her constant companion, and who suddenly, without any apparent cause, forsook her, and could not be persuaded to re-enter her chamber. The lady was at that time infected with measles, which shortly after appeared upon her; but, on her perfect recovery, the monkey returned to her with his usual familiarity. Some time after, the same lady caught cold, and was apparently very ill, but without fever. The monkey, as far as might be judged from his appearance, seemed to condole with his sick mistress, and to understand the difference of her distempers, by the confidence with which he remained in attendance upon her.

It has even been said, that the sagacity of some dogs has led them to prognosticate the fatal termination of the disease. “Whilst I lived at Ripon,” says a learned doctor, “I took notice of a little dog, of a chesnut colour, that very often boded the death of sick persons, without being once, for aught I could learn, mistaken. Every time he barked in the night under the windows of any one whose sickness did not even appear dangerous, it happened, infallibly, that the sick person died that week. I know also,” observes the same author, “a man bit by a mad dog, who could distinguish his friends at a considerable distance by the smell, before even he could distinguish them by sight.”

So early as the second century, the supplying the deficiency of a lost nose became an object of professional consideration; and the Greeks gave the name *Kolobomata*,* to those who required such an operation. Taliacotus was the first who treated it scientifically; and, from his time, the art of Addition became one of the branches of surgery; and, under the title “*De Decoratione*,” formed a very interesting chapter.

Although Taliacotus has the credit of bringing the art of nose-making into fashion, and being the first to write on the mode and manner of performing the operation, yet it appears that one Branca had been in the habit of performing it long before, as we learn from an ancient author, whose name must, in this instance, be considered as the highest authority, being no less a person than *Nosomachus*.

Why the magistracy of Bologna should have conferred the high honour of a statue on Taliacotus it is difficult to understand,—unless the loss of

* We have no Greek.

the nose was of more frequent occurrence than in those days, from the barbarity of warfare and civil punishment; for an old law of the Lombards assigned the loss of the nose as a punishment for theft; and the captives in war were equally spoiled for snuff-takers.

That this was no uncommon dilemma with Italian gentlemen in the fifteenth century, appears by the style in which a Neapolitan poet writes to the noseless Orpianus:—“If,” says he, “you would have your nose restored, come to me—truly the thing is wonderful. Be assured that, if you come, you may go home again with as much nose as you please.”

It does not, however, appear that the nasal operation made any impression on our ancient English surgeons. Wiseman does not even mention it, though slitting the nose, and cutting off the ears, was a common mode of punishing political delinquents in his time; and it is said that Prynne, whose ears were cut off, had new ones made, “*a la Taliacotus*.” The fact is, that the operation was misunderstood, and disbelieved, as we know by the jocose manner in which it is alluded to by Butler. It has, however, been successfully revived, and performed, by Mr. Carpué.

Connected with the varieties of the organ of scent, is the well-known story of that extraordinary *lusus*, the *Pig-faced Lady*.

ABORIGINAL LITERATURE.

KNAPP'S LECTURES.

A series of lectures on American Literature, delivered, last winter, at the city of Washington, by Samuel L. Knapp, Esq. are preparing for publication in this city. The design of those lectures, we understand, is, by means of a historical and critical view of our literature, from its earliest beginnings, and a comparison of its condition with that of other countries, at the same period, or in similar stages of their national existence, to show the decided possession of strong literary talent in our countrymen—to show that they have always been equal to the occasion—that whatever literary efforts the times or the state of the country demanded have been made, not feebly, nor merely respectably, but vigorously, powerfully, and with the stamp of genius upon them. A considerable degree of historical research, and study of writers little known, is, of course, necessary to the successful execution of this work, and the love of the author for investigations of this nature is a great advantage in his favour. We have seen the first lecture. It opens the view which the author proposes to take of our literature, by some remarks on the language which is the vehicle of that literature, and to the perfection of which it must owe much of the strength of its impression upon the minds of those to whom it is addressed. At the close is the following narrative of a surprising exertion of aboriginal genius, which we copy as both intrinsically curious and well related. [*N. Y. E. Post.*]

The study of the languages is not, in this country, confined to a few learned men, but is pursued by many of those engaged in professional business. Duponceau and Pickering have written learnedly on this subject; and many others, who have as yet offered nothing to the publick, have, with them, in addition to their labours in the common track, made considerable progress in the examination of the languages spoken by the North American Indians; and it is now fully believed that this examination will afford the only clue to their origin, if ever one is found.

The Indians themselves are becoming philologists and grammarians, and exciting the wonder of the world by the invention of letters. The invention of the Cherokee alphabet has excited the astonishment of the philosopher in this country and in Europe; but as I have not as yet seen any satisfactory account of the progress and history of this greatest effort of genius of the present day, I will state what I know of it, from the lips of the inventor himself.

In the winter of 1828, a delegate of the Cherokees visited the city of Washington, in order to make a treaty with the United States, and among them was See-quah-yah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. His English name was George Guess; he was a half-blood, but had never, from his own account, spoken a single word of English up to the time of his invention, nor since. Prompted by my own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends, I applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters—one a half-blood, Caph Roger, and the other a full blood chief, whose assumed English name was John Maw, to relate to me, as minutely as possible, the mental operations and all the facts in his discovery. He cheerfully complied with my request, and gave very deliberate satisfactory answers to every question, and was at the same time careful to know from the interpreter if I distinctly understood his answers. No

* Lavater considers the nose as the fulcrum of the brain; and describes it as a piece of Gothic architecture. “It is in the nose that the arch of the forehead properly rests, the weight of which, but for this, would mercilessly crush the cheeks and the mouth.” He enters into the philosophy of noses with diverting enthusiasm, and finally concludes, “Non cuique datum est habere naum:”—it is not every one's good fortune to have a nose. A sharp nose has been considered the visible mark of a shrew.

stoick could have been more grave in his demeanour than was See-quah-yah; he pondered, according to the Indian custom, for a considerable time after each question was put, before he made his reply, and often took a whiff of his calumet, while reflecting on an answer. The details of the examination are too long for the closing paragraph of this lecture; but the substance of it was this—That he, (See-quah-yah) was now about sixty-five years old, but could not precisely say—that in early life he was gay and talkative, and although he never attempted to speak in council but once, yet was often, from the strength of his memory, his easy colloquial powers and ready command of his vernacular, a story-teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents of every kind, gave him some distinction when he was quite young, so long ago as St. Clair's defeat. In this campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was found on the person of a prisoner, which was wrongly read by him to the Indians. In some of their deliberations on this subject the question arose among them whether this mysterious power of "*the talking leaf*" was the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery of the white man himself? Most of his companions were of the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained the latter. This frequently became a subject of contemplation with him afterwards, as well as many other things which he knew; or had heard, that the white man could do; but he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject, until a swelling on his knee confined him to his cabin, and which, at length, made him a cripple for life, by shortening the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war and the pleasures of the chase, in the long nights of his confinement his mind was again directed to the mystery of the power of *speaking by letters*, the very name of which, of course, was not to be found in his language. From the cries of wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking-bird, from the voices of his children and his companions, he knew that feelings and passions were conveyed by different sounds from one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language. His own ear was not remarkably discriminating, and he called to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children. He found great assistance from them. When he thought that he had distinguished all the different sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictorial signs, images of birds and beasts, to convey these sounds to others or to mark them in his own mind. He soon dropped this method, as difficult or impossible, and tried arbitrary signs, without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist him in recollecting them, and distinguishing them from each other. At first these signs were very numerous; and when he got so far as to think his invention was nearly accomplished, he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter, who seemed to enter in the genius of his labours, he reduced them, at last, to eighty-six, the number he now uses. He then set to work to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded—as yet he had not the knowledge of the pen as an instrument; but made his characters on a piece of bark, with a knife or a nail. At this time he sent to the Indian agent, as some trader in the nation, for paper and pen. His ink was easily made from some of the bark of the forest trees, whose colouring properties he had previously known—and after seeing the construction of the pen, he soon learned to make one, but at first he made it without a slit; this inconvenience was, however, quickly removed by his sagacity. His next difficulty was to make his invention known to his countrymen; for by this time he had become so abstracted from his tribe and their usual pursuits, that he was viewed with an eye of suspicion. His former companions passed his wigwam without entering it, and mentioned his name as one who was practising improper spells, for notoriety of mischievous purposes, and he seems to think that he should have been hardly dealt with, if his docile and unambitious disposition had not been so generally acknowledged by his tribe—at length he summoned some of the most distinguished of his nation, in order to make his communication to them—and after giving them the best explanation of his dis-

covery that he could, stripping it of all supernatural influence, he proceeded to demonstrate to them, in good earnest, that he had made a discovery. His daughter, who was now his only pupil, was ordered to go out of hearing, while he requested his friends to name a word or sentiment which he put down, and then she was called in and read it to them; then the father retired and the daughter wrote; the Indians were wonder-struck; but not entirely satisfied. See-quah-yah then proposed that the tribe should select several youths from among their brightest young men, that he might communicate the mystery to them. This was at length agreed to, although there was some lurking suspicion of necromancy in the whole business. John Maw, (his Indian name I have forgotten) a full-blood, with several others, were selected for this purpose. The tribe watched the youths for several months with anxiety, and when they offered themselves for examination, the feelings of all were wrought up to the highest pitch. The youths were separated from their master, and from each other, and watched with great care. The uninitiated directed what master and pupil should write to each other, and these tests were viewed in such a manner as not only to destroy their infidelity, but most firmly to fix their faith. The Indians, on this, ordered a great feast and made See-quah-yah conspicuous at it. How nearly is man alike in every age! Pythagoras did the same on the discovery of an important principle in geometry. See-quah-yah became at once school-master, professor, philosopher, and a chief. His countrymen were proud of his talents, and held him in reverence as one favoured by the Great Spirit. The inventions of early times were shrouded in mystery. See-quah-yah disdained all quackery. He did not stop here, but carried his discoveries to numbers. He of course knew nothing of the Arabick digits, nor of the power of Roman letters in the science. The Cherokees had mental numerals to one hundred, and had words of all numbers up to that, but they had no signs or characters to assist them in enumerating, adding, subtracting, multiplying or dividing. He reflected upon this until he had created their elementary principle in his mind, but he was at first obliged to make words to express his meaning, and then signs to explain it. By this process he soon had a clear conception of numbers up to a million. His great difficulty was at the threshold, to fix the powers of his signs according to their plates. When this was overcome, his next step was in adding up his different numbers in order to put down the fraction of the decimal and give the whole number to his next place—but when I knew him he had overcome all these difficulties, and was quite a ready arithmetician in the fundamental rules. This was the result of my interview, and I can safely say that I have seldom met a man of more shrewdness than See-quah-yah. He adhered to all the customs of his country, and when his associate chiefs on the mission, assumed our costume, he was dressed in all respects like an Indian. See-quah-yah is a man of diversified talents; he passes from metaphysical and philosophical investigation to mechanical occupations, with the greatest ease. The only practical mechanics he was acquainted with, were a few bungling blacksmiths, who could make a rough tomahawk, or tinker the lock of a rifle; yet he became a white and silver smith, without any instruction, and made spears and silver spoons with neatness and skill, to the great admiration of people of the Cherokee nation. See-quah-yah has also a great taste for painting. He mixes his colours with skill, taking all the art and science of his tribe upon the subject, he added to it many chemical experiments of his own, and some of them were very successful, and would be worth being known to our painters. For his drawings he had no model but what nature furnished; and he often copied them with astonishing faithfulness. His resemblances of the human form, if it true, are coarse, but often spirited and correct, and he gave action and sometimes grace to his representations of animals. He had never seen a camel hair pencil when he made use of the hair of wild animals for his brushes. Some of his productions discover a considerable practical knowledge of perspective; but he could not have formed rules for this. The painters in the early ages were many years coming

to the knowledge of this part of their art; and even now they are more successful in the art than perfect in the rules of it. The manners of the American Cadmus are the most easy, and his habits those of the most assiduous scholar, and his disposition is more lively than that of any Indian I ever saw. He understood and felt the advantages the white man had long enjoyed, of having the accumulations of every branch of knowledge, from generation to generation, by means of written language, while the red man could only commit his thoughts to uncertain tradition. He reasoned correctly when he urged this to his friends as the cause why the red man made so few advances in knowledge in comparison with us, and to remedy this was one of his great aims, and one which he has accomplished beyond that of any other man living, or perhaps any other who ever existed in a rude state of nature.

It perhaps may not be known that the government of the United States had a fount of type cut for his alphabet, and that a newspaper, printed partly in the Cherokee language, and partly in the English, has been established at New Echota, and is characterized by decency and good sense; and thus many of the Cherokees are able to read both languages. After putting these remarks to paper, I had the pleasure of seeing the head chief of the Cherokees, who confirmed the statement of See-quah-yah and added that he was an Indian of the strictest veracity and sobriety. The western wilderness is not only to blossom like the rose; but there man has started up and proved that he has not degenerated since the primitive days of Crops, and the romantick ages of wonderful effort and god-like renown.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

ALAS, POOR YORICK! The long threatened Pennsylvania anti-masonick state convention had its being at Harrisburgh on the 25th ult.; and ended, if possible, still more contemptibly than the pitiful display of "mightiness" made in this state last winter. That state contains upwards of fifty counties, only twelve of which were represented; and the meetings at which the delegates were chosen, were each attended, on an average, by less than *twenty-five* persons! A most impartial representation of the opinions of a million and a half of people! The *Jacks* must be a numerous race in Pennsylvania.

The experiment in conventions has now been pretty well tried; and instead of building up the fortunes of the experiment rs, it has defeated them with their own weapons. Frank Granger's national convention looks "rather blue," we think; we really have a feeling of sympathy for the patriotic nerves of that excessively disinterested gentleman. How nobly and magnanimously he "sacrifices himself" for the "public interest!" *Shade of Leonidas*!—pray be so kind as to be jealous of thy reputation.

The great Mr. Frederick Whittlesey, of Rochester, too, was at Harrisburgh. He was sent there by the celebrated central committee, which august body, as we understand, has started him in the missionary business, in opposition to Solomon Southwick. Mr. Whittlesey however is not capable of doing much, any where; he can talk a little sentiment, and try to eulogize and immortalize the extraordinary labours of the central committee, and then he must stop. Now, Solomon can talk, and make a noise, and though nobody cares about it, it does well enough for a farce, and the scene passes off with some spirit. The exchange will be a bad one.

Two of the members of this state convention recanted anti-masonry in speeches to that body, and withdrew from it. They declared the convention a political manoeuvre—got up under false pretences, for the accomplishment of purposes of which neither they nor their constituents could approve. But the remainder, true to their character,

stuck together, and after much trouble and clashing of interests, closed their labours by nominating *Samuel Ritner* as a candidate for governor! It is supposed Mr. Ritner will receive two or three hundred votes, if he consents to run.

To-day has come, as Major Noah says of St. Valentine's day, because it comes once a year. It being a day on which men feel particularly *independent*, there can be little doubt many will be considerably puzzled to determine on the best method of displaying their perfect *freedom* from all civil, moral and religious restraints. Some will get gloriously fuddled, and then they will be *free* from all sober thinking, and mayhap, too, *free* from the capability of remaining upright. Others, perhaps, will kick up a row, to manifest their entire *freedom* from the restraints of civility and a peace-loving disposition; and if perchance a friendly shoulder-tapper should afford them protection within the walls of a certain habitation, not the most agreeable in the world, they will be very *free* from the dangerous allurements of the world without; and on the morrow they may discover that something from which they are perfectly *free*, is needed to declare them *independent* of the vile hold of the law. Those who have plenty of money will be *free* from the grinding grip of poverty, of which unfortunate sufferers are uncommonly sensible on the festival of independence; and those who have no money will be *free* from the anxieties and perplexities of wealth, and enjoy, according to Solomon's "*Pleasures of Poverty*," a comfortable degree of felicity. Those who patronize the temperate society to-day will be *free* from the headache in the morning; and those who do not, will undoubtedly be *independent* of that *freedom*. We advise the reader to be a sober and staid citizen, and as a reward promise him the *free* use of his faculties to begin the next week with.

THEATRE. Mr. Booth played Richard III. on Thursday evening to a more numerous audience than we have seen at the theatre at any time before, the present season. The managers certainly deserve a far better support than they have hitherto received. At great expense and trouble they have connected with their company some of the most celebrated actors in the country; and it may be safely said that at present there is as much (perhaps more) talent upon the Albany boards as upon those of any theatre in the Union. We are confident, too, that encouragement, when received, is appreciated as it should be, and is a stimulus to further exertion. Let those, then, who would see the drama flourish, support it, now that support may confer upon it a decided and lasting benefit; and let them do something too, to regenerate the character of the city, for its want of taste has become a proverb. A paragraph maker may talk of a "liberal" and a "discriminating" community; but if the theatre be unattended—if every one, however meritorious, who appeals to the public for support, is neglected, can it be said, with any justice, that they are *liberal*? and if merit and genius which is encouraged and fostered with peculiar care and solicitude in every other quarter, is here, and here alone, unheeded, or lorded over by shallow and imperious criticism, can it be said the community is *discerning*? Out upon such *liberality* and *discernment*! Faith, these words must have changed their meaning, or they are vilely used.

A Boston anti-masonick editor is fearful, lest we should publish a history of the Morgan excitement. He seems, to be very desirous that post should be buried in oblivion.

Solomon Southwick says, he is determined to thunder a little in Hudson, to-day. May heaven protect all feminine nerves.

Mr. Jefferson's Memoirs are issued, or "are being issued" from the press. The reader will find an interesting extract, concerning the Declaration of Independence, on our third page. We shall give further extracts hereafter.

Quid Pro Quo, by Q. and *Melancholy*, by C. C. of Randolph, Vt. shall be inserted in our next.

The Cincinnati Chronicle says there are no loungers in that place. What a paradise it must be.

From the Buffalo Journal.

THE DENIAL. In our paper of the 9th inst. we exposed the fact that the anti-masons were spreading a report that colonel King was not dead but had eloped, leaving his wife and children to mourn their loss over an empty coffin. Such at that time was the report circulated in Niagara, Monroe, Chautauque and Erie counties, by the anti-masons, and they gloried in the narration of the brutal tale, until they were met by a general frown of public indignation at so foul an imputation. Then an effort became necessary to escape the impending odium, and on the 16th inst. the following appeared in the Buffalo Patriot: "The last Journal accuses the anti-masons of asserting that colonel King is not dead—that the masons induced him to abscond; after which, to save his bail, the friends assembled and buried an empty coffin. This we believe to be a malicious libel. We have never heard any such assertions from anti-masons, nor have we seen it alluded to in one anti-masonick newspaper." On such authority, a disgraceful fact, notorious through several counties, is attempted to be disproved. When we penned our article on the 9th inst. we had before us the Chautauque Phoenix, published six days before, which held the following language upon the death of colonel King: "We would not disturb the clouds of the valley, nor wound the friends of the deceased by groundless surmises, but we should not be surprised to find even this a manoeuvre of the art-concealing and wonder-working art of freemasonry. Credulity's utmost stretch could hardly grasp such a belief, yet this would be no more surprising than what has already transpired." It will be soon enough for the public to discredit the disgraceful agency of anti-masons, in circulating this sacrilegious calumny, when their papers cease to publish it, and when men of truth and character shall confront it from other and better motives than to secure the weekly wages of their hireling employment.

The slander has been abandoned here from necessity, but it is still promulgated by anti-masons elsewhere. The same Chautauque Phoenix, on the 17th inst. significantly revives it thus: "We would not disturb the ashes of colonel King, if he is dead;" and it has lost none of its currency in some of the eastern counties, where we know it still circulates, upon anti-masonick authority, garnished with all the heart-sickening detail which accompanied its original fabrication.

ITEMS.

CHARACTERISTIC. During the sitting of the court in this village last week, a flaming political anti-mason, who was harranguing on the subject, declared that there never was a mason who was a good man. He was asked by a gentleman present what he thought of general Washington—whether he was not a good man. He replied "No—Washington was a *perjured scoundrel*, and I can prove it." He was asked for his proof, and he then said, "Washington swore allegiance to the king of Great Britain, and afterwards rebelled against him!" Such was the disgust and abhorrence of the bystanders, that the word *TORY* instantly fell from the lips of several. This slanderer of the Father of his country, seeing the patriotic indignation which his foul language had excited, thought it prudent to sneak off and join his brother Tories. [*Norwich Jour.*]

New Societies. It is said, that it is in contemplation to establish an *Anti-eating-over-too-much-society*—for gluttony kills as many, nay more, thousands than intemperance, though its immediate effects are not so demoralizing.

An *Anti-tobacco-society* is also on foot. We are incorrigible; we love the Indian weed, we will puff and chew it, let come what will. [*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*]

It is said that a worthy gentleman in New-Haven, Conn. has ordered a fine apple orchard to be cut down, because the fruit may be converted into an article to promote intemperance. Verily in this age of *Anti-Societies*, we may soon see the worthies of the land in league, to establish an *Anti-Apple* and *Anti-Rye* Society. Every time and age has its mania: We hope the world will *sober* down before doomsday. [*Ibid.*]

Southwickiana. We learn from Solomon's Observer, that the freemasons have taken to murdering horses! Solomon may now consider himself safe. When they kill him they will make way with a *long eared* animal. [*Id.*]

Anti-masonick *gin*, still holds its own in the west, being sold at three cents a glass. The anti-masonick razors are falling into disuse, as it is found out that they make no great shave. [*Ibid.*]

We observe, in a country paper, several songs, set to music, advertised, and amongst them is the following: "Softly waft ye southern breeches." Breeches would do quite as well. [*Ibid.*]

Pap. The Penn Yan Democrat copies one of our compliments to Solomon Southwick, and credits it "*N. York Pap.*" We suspect it is any thing but *pap* to Solomon. [*Ibid.*]

A paragraph is going the rounds of the anti-masonick papers, stating that the "venerable Roger Williams of Rhode Island, is out against freemasonry." The "venerable Roger Williams," after a life of singular activity, died about *one hundred and forty-five years ago!* so that he

must be "out," as to *all* terrestrial institutions. We have however, too much veneration for his character, to suppose that if alive, he could so far degrade himself as to become a follower of Solomon Southwick. [*Saratoga Sen.*]

DUTCH VICTORIES IN AFRICA. On the 2d of Oct. the Dutch forces at Elmina Castle, under Sir Frederick Last, obtained a great victory over 8000 Frantes, &c. who attacked that fortress.—On the 19th he obtained a still more glorious victory over 20,000 natives, under the king of Dinkira. The whole army was defeated with immense loss; their camps were burnt, and their provisions, &c. taken.—The natives of Elmina town and castle assisted the Dutch—the women, dressed in white, carried ammunition, and removed the wounded. The natives cut off the heads of the prisoners. [*Boston Palladium.*]

Death of the Queen of Spain. Captain Snow, of the ship States, who arrived at Baltimore on Tuesday evening from Genoa, and last from Gibraltar, states that on the day he sailed, 24th May, news was received from Madrid of the death of the Queen of Spain, and that minute guns were firing all day, and the flags on the castles and shipping were flying at half mast.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Order of Arrangement, as adopted by the Committee of the Common Council, and the Military Officers.

The Day to be announced by a gun at day-break. At sun-rise a salute of 13 guns, and the ringing of the bells of the several churches in the city.

At half past 10 o'clock, the Citizens, Societies, and military, will assemble at the Mansion House and City Hotel, in North Market street. At eleven o'clock, on the firing of a signal gun, the bells of the different churches will commence ringing, and the procession will move in the following order:—

Captain McCabe's Company of Horse Artillery,
Capt. Watson's Albany Republican Artillery,
Capt. Fry's Albany Independent Volunteers,
Capt. Groesbeck's Washington Guards,
Capt. Wright's National Guards,
Capt. Fassett's Governor's Guards,
Capt. Deuel's City Guards,
Officers of the United States' Army,
Military Academy,
Orator and Reader,
Revolutionary Society,
The Rev'd Clergy,
Executive of the State of New York and Suit,
Common Council, preceded by the Sheriff and his Officers,
Heads of the different Departments of State,
Chancellor, Judges of the Supreme, Circuit, and County Courts,
Representatives in Congress and State Legislature,
Societies, according to their order,
Citizens and Strangers.

The whole under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Van Schaick, of the 6th U. S. A., Marshal of the Day; assisted by Captain Fry of the Light Infantry, and Adjutant Ryce, of the 8th Rifle.

The procession will move through North Market, State, North Pearl, Columbia, and Montgomery streets, to the Third Presbyterian church; when, order being restored, the exercises will be as follows:—

Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Williams.
Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Orlando Meade, esq.
Oration, by Thomas W. Hartman, esq.
Benediction, by the Rev. Mr. —.

After the exercises at the church, the procession will again form, and move through Montgomery, Orange, North Market, and State streets, to the Capitol, where the military will fire a *feu-de-joie*. After which the military will move through State, South Pearl, J. Davis and South Market streets, to the Mansion House, where they will be dismissed.

At sun-set a salute by the Artillery.
John Cassidy, Cornelius Egberts, James Gibbons, committee on the part of the Corporation.
Capt. McCabe, Watson, Fry, Groesbeck, Wright, Fassett, Deuel, committee on the part of the Military.
Albany, July 4, 1827.

Arrangements for celebrating the 53d Anniversary of American Independence, by the Albany Apprentices' Society.

Order of the day.

At 9 o'clock, A. M. the members will assemble in front of the Lancaster school house. At 10 o'clock, they will proceed to the Mansion House to join in the procession, in the following order:—

The Marshal of the Day.
The Officers of the Society.
Orator and Reader.

Members of the Society in double file.
On leaving the procession at the church, the society will proceed through the principal streets in the city to their Session Room, where the following exercises will take place:—

Prayer by a Clergyman.
Declaration of Independence by a Member.
Oration by a Member.
Prayer and Benediction.

A proper person will be stationed at the door, with instructions to admit such ladies as may wish to honour the ceremonies with their presence, and also to admit the honorary members of the society. The honorary members consist of the Clergy, Hon. the Corporation, Trustees of the Albany Apprentices' Library, Editors of newspapers, and Officers of the Academy.

TWO PRINTERS. FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY, Albany, N. Y. The proprietors of this establishment have lately made additions to their assortment, and are prepared, on very short notice, to execute orders for entire offices for Job, Newspaper, or Book Printing. Their variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Letter, is as great as any other foundry in the United States. The style of the large and small letter is modern, and of the most elegant kind, having been cut by the most skillful artists in the country. Points of letter and printing materials, for distant places, will be put up with such care as to ensure purchasers against delays for letter or additions. The prices are uniform with the present prices of the New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston foundries.

Orders from the South will be promptly executed, and articles shipped from New York. A. W. KINSELY & Co. July 4 27th

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

THE MISANTHROPE AND THE YOUTH.

MISANTHROPE.

No longer will I bear this loathed existence;
This kindly steel shall free me from the load,
And end at once my misery and my life.

YOUTH.

Stay, stay thy hand, rash man! why would'st thou rush,
Unbidden, into thy Creator's presence? why
Dash from thy lips the cup of offered bliss,
Reject the thousand pleasures life would yield,
And headlong plunge into eternity.

MISANTHROPE.

Talk not to me of bliss, thou foolish youth,
Happiness from this dark bosom is estranged.
What lovely object is there here on earth
To charm me to a longer stay! What now
Of pleasure or of interest seest thou here,
To soothe the wretched and fallen life?

YOUTH.

What! Look around thee! Seest thou not
All nature fair inviting to content,
To happiness, to peace? Behold the earth,
In her gay robe of summer green arrayed,
Displays her loveliest charms. Behold the grove,
Where, through the vistas of the trees,
Winds the cool path in pleasing labyrinth.
The grateful canopy of green above
Shields from the ardours of the fervid sun—
Light zephyrs fan with flying-wing the air,
And whisper peace and quiet to the soul.
There through the midst the rippling streamlet runs,
With grateful murmurs in the verdant banks.
The sportive trout darts through the waters clear,
Rejoicing in its liquid element. Above,
Perched on the waving branch, or on the wing,
Carrol the merry birds, whose lively song
Denotes their joy and rapture. Think'st thou then
That 'mid a scene like that, where every sight
Is pleasing to the eye, and every sound
Is melody, pale, gnawing care can enter?
Surrounded by such scenes should man despond,
Admit within his breast dull melancholy,
Or here exist with other than delight?
And look abroad on all of nature's works,
On the full harmony of the universe,
On the alternate seasons, aptly made,
To fill with grateful change the varied year,
And minister to man's enjoyment.

MISANTHROPE.

Yes,

And to his misery too—for, not a year,
Nor changing season, not a month,
Or single day escapes to join the throng,
The Eternity of what have passed before,
But brings some blighting evil in its train.
Now pestilence with poisonous breath invades
The mourning nations—now dire war
Shakes fierce on high his blood-stained brand—
And in the quiet of the calmest peace,
Or in the healthiest air, devoted man
Can ne'er assure himself a day of life.
But what to me are nature's beauties? What
The gaudy hues in which she clothes her works,
When my cold eye has lost its sense of joy,
And brings no pleasing image to the mind:
And when no sounds, howe'er harmonious, charm
And ravish now, as once, my treacherous ear.

YOUTH.

Turn to thy fellow beings then,
And seek from social intercourse thy joy.
Pour forth thy sorrows to the trusty ear
Of some dear friend. List to his sympathy,
And be consoled. Seek lovely woman too,
Confiding, kind, and true—forget thy griefs
In her bewitching smile. Can man exist

Amidst the kind, the friendly, and the gay,
And not feel pleasure?

MISANTHROPE.

'T is in vain to talk

Of pleasure to a mind diseased.
There was a time when I too felt these joys,
When life's young morning cheered me with its smiles—
When the warm hand of friendship greeted me
With cordial welcome—when I too enjoyed
The social circle—when—but why recount
Pleasures that from me have gone for ever?
All, all is dull, and cold, and cheerless now.
My friends! where are they? Some are gone
To that still bourne whence none return;
Snatched by the hand of death from my embrace—
Never more to be beheld—And some have proved
Fickle and false to friendship's sacred ties—
But let it pass—I care not—all are false
When interest calls on them to be so.
Friendship and faith, philanthropy and love,
Are merely names, and find no welcome in
The cold and selfish bosoms of mankind.

YOUTH.

Dark, wretched man! I can but pity thee—
Since to thy dark mind, all that is good,
And lovely, and endearing, is estranged,
While, like a faithless mirror, it reflects
Distorted every object—Yet still live—
And live in hope, that yet will pass away
This cloud so black and fearful, from your soul;
Leaving it open once again to feel
The genial warmth of social happiness.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

STANZAS.

To a Young Lady who requested the Writer to tell her Fortune.

Nay, maiden, nay—ne'er should Sorrow
Blanch that pure and joyous brow—
Ne'er should Grief with envy borrow
Aught from thy bright beauty now:—
For youth's glad morn is fair to thee,
And not a wave sweeps life's smooth sea—
But time will smite with mildewed wing,
And age may prove the adder's sting.
That blue eye which beams so brightly,
Ne'er should lose its thrilling hue;
That pure heart which beats so lightly—
Never may it prove untrue:
But beauty soon will pass away
Like dew drops on a summer day;
Years—withering years, may wring that heart,
And woe may soon its sting impart.

That fresh cheek now blooms with roses,
And that lip retains its thrill—
On that forehead now reposes,
Like the sunbeam on the rill,
Thy auburn hair so fair and bright,
Upon its snowy throne of white:—
But shall I unto thee reveal
That Grief will all these beauties steal?

Shall I tell thee life is shaded
With the gloomy clouds of woe—
That thy youth will soon be faded—
That Time's scathe is sure though slow?—
Maiden! seek not to lift the veil
That makes the iron-hearted quail—
For life may prove a darkened shade
Till thou art in the cold grave laid!

CAMPBELL.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE IN OUR LAST.

Mr. Child—Please tell "Q," that the first line I read
Of his riddle, I plainly did see
The idea he had in his poetical head
Could be nought but the plain letter, D.

JULIUS.

THE IMAGE OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

TO —.

True indeed it is
That they whom Death has hidden from our sight,
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them
The Future cannot contradict the Past,
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone.

Wordsworth.

The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.

Byron

I call thee blest!—though now the voice be fled,
Which to thy soul brought dayspring with its tone,
And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
Eyes that ne'er looked on thine but light was thrown
Far through thy breast:

And though the music of thy life be broken,
Or changed in every chord, since *He* is gone,
Feeling all this, ev'n yet, by many a token,
O thou, the deeply, but the brightly lone!
I call thee blest.

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
As 'mid the waste an isle of Fount and Palm,
Forever gone!—the world's breath enters not,
The passion tempest may not break its calm:
'T is thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust unbaffled, mayest thou turn,
From weary words, cold greetings, heartless eyes.
Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn,
That filled with waters of sweet Memory lies
In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy home!—there is no power in change
To reach that Temple of the Past;—no sway
In all Time brings of sudden, dark or strange,
To sweep the still transparent peace away
From its hushed air.

And O that glorious Image of the Dead!
Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,
And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
Its high gift fearlessly!—I call thee blest,
If only there!

Blest, for the Beautiful within thee dwelling,
Never to fade!—a refuge from distrust,
And spring of purer life, still freshly swelling,
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust,
With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved!—it is no dream,
No false mirage for thee, the fervent love,
The Rainbow still unreach'd, th' ideal gleam,
That ever seems before, beyond, above,
Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth
Singled and marked, hast known its home and place.
And the high memory of its holy worth
To this our life a glory and a grace
For thee hath given.

And art thou not still fondly, truly loved?
Thou art!—the love his spirit bore away
Was not for earth!—a treasure but removed,
A bright bird parted for a clearer day—
Thine still in Heaven!

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of tea, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

Albany, May 23. 1829. 17 3m.

ROLAND ADAMS.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE, & Co. No. 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Box, Green, and Hall Stoves, together with Russian, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tongs, Tin Plates, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.

Albany May, 1829.

18m2

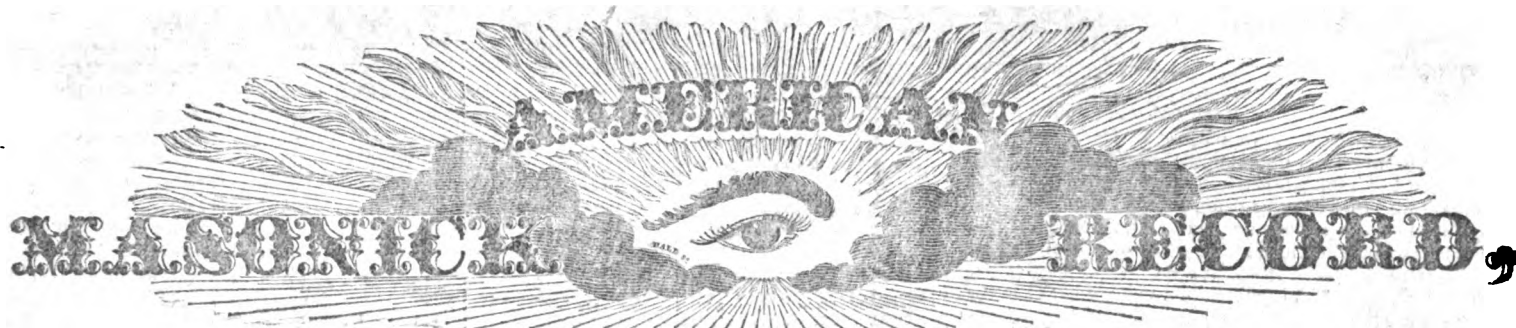
AMMON RASEY respectfully informs his old customers, his friends and the public in general, that in consequence of his old stand, No. 528, being torn down for the purpose of rebuilding, he has removed his PORTER AND READING ROOM to No. 370 South Market-street, a few doors below the Old Corner, where he will at all times be happy to wait upon those who may favour him with a call. He has fitted up his new establishment in the best manner possible for the reception of company, and every exertion will be made on his part to render it an agreeable and pleasant resort.

May 18.

18m5

THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1829.

NO. 21.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN APPEAL.

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE OF VERMONT.

The undersigned are a committee of Masons appointed by a convention representing the Masonick district of Addison and part of the district of Windsor, to submit to you some observations upon the subject of the excitement now existing in relation to freemasonry.

All of us have been for several years members of the society of masons. Most of us have been so for a very long period of time, and profess to be perfectly familiar with the principles and practices of the society, as they have existed in this State;—and believe them to have been the same among us as those who have universally prevailed wherever the society has existed. Since we have been masons we have had many opportunities of intercourse with intelligent members of the society from England, Ireland and Scotland; occasionally with those from the continent of Europe, and very frequently with those from the different states of this union. As far as our examination has extended, we have not been able to discover any important difference between their practices and principles and our own.

We do not intend, upon the present occasion, to enter into any discussion upon the antiquity of freemasonry. Our enemies have undertaken to instruct the world on this point. Some of them have very charitably assigned our origin to the Dionysian and Eleusinian games of Greece; others to the period of the Crusades; a third class to a combination among the serfs of Europe against the feudal barons of former times, and a fourth to a combination among the mechanicks of the Netherlands. We leave the supporters of these different theories to the enjoyment of their own opinions. It is sufficient for us to believe that the *true principles of Masonry* are as old as human benevolence, and none the worse that age has sanctioned and sustained them.

In Great Britain, the country from which most of us descended, and with whose history we are best acquainted, freemasonry has long existed unmolested, and every inquiry which the jealousy of its government has made upon the subject, has terminated in brightening its claims to the good opinion of mankind. In many of the countries upon the Continent of Europe also, it has existed undisturbed, and more than one of the crowned heads of that continent have promoted its objects and patronized its assemblies. The Abbe Barruel, Professor Robison and Thomas Paine, in vain circulated their slanders against it. Its peaceful character and well known virtues disarmed their shafts of all power to do it injury.

In two of the most despotick states of Europe the strong arm of power has indeed been levelled at the order, and its meetings have been suppressed. The ambitious Alexander, and the imbecile Ferdinand, pretended to fear a combination against their thrones from the secret meetings of the society; but the world has not yet been favoured with any evidence of the fact, save the unsupported assertions of one of the greatest tyrants and one of the most consummate bigots that ever existed. The assertion itself, must be, to every reflecting man, a self evident absurdity. Our doors are open to government officers as well as to other men, and there is not a nation in Christendom where some

one of them are not to be found among our members. To breath such a subject therefore within the walls of a lodge would involve a certain discovery, and as certain ruin.

Previous to the two last years the march of masonry in the United States has been steady and uninterrupted. If it has had enemies they have not avowed themselves. From its first organization among us, many of our wisest and best men, many of our most tried patriots, have become members of its lodges, have shared its honours and participated in its objects;—and no fact has ever yet been pointed out to show that it has interfered with the rights of any man. Since the occurrence of certain well known acts in the State of New York, alleged to have been committed by masons with the sanction of the society, and since their investigation in the courts of justice, publick attention has been much excited, and masonry and masons have been viewed with extreme jealousy and treated with unjustifiable severity. No pains have been taken to distinguish between the unauthorized acts of a few individuals and the merits of the society at large, and no distinction between a society, *as such*, and the characters of its individual members. The circumstances alluded to are taken as a test of the true character of the society, and the watchword of its new enemies is that *it must and shall be put down, right or wrong*.

Until within a very recent period, this excitement has been felt but slightly in the section of country in which we live. The last four months however have seen it burst upon us like the sudden explosion of a volcano. With scarcely an intimation of its approach, it was suddenly found spreading the seeds of discord in families, in churches and in societies. Constantly kept alive by a few artful leaders, whose motives are too obvious to be mistaken, the country was on fire with it almost before masons thought of its existence. The individual proscription and persecution which are following in its trains, are bitter as an Indian's hatred and unrelenting as death itself. The maniac fury of the deluded believers in witchcraft of former times, was, in comparison with this, but the gentle breeze of Italy to the hurricane of the tropicks. Those who have been led away by it appear hardly satisfied that any man should keep clear of the infection; and they have attached the cant appellation of "Jack Mason" to every man, not a mason, who will not enter into their views and join in their denunciations.

Many members of our society have been opposed at the polls, without any other assignable reason than that they were masons; they have been hunted down to the jury box and from that most studiously excluded. The dresses worn by us on some of our festivals have been seized on with avidity to sustain the charge of heresy and popery, as if our outer garments were of more consequence than the moral habiliments of the heart. We have been denounced because we wear the costumes for symbolick purposes that were worn by the Kings and Priests once commissioned by God to reveal his will. Every thing we say or do is tortured till it assumes a shape fit for the purposes of calumny. Many of our brethren in a sister state have been assailed in their business, and tradesmen and mechanicks have been deprived of their bread. In a recent instance also, the solemnity of the funeral occasion and the last rites to the dead in closing the mouth of the grave, have been, by our relentless pursuers, most barbarously disturbed and most wantonly violated. The atabal is indeed sounded,

the war cry is up, and the watchword is the extermination of masonry. This is a great demand and society is invoked to join in the sacrifice. Masonry, which has stood for ages, constantly walking in the paths of peace, which uses not the sword to propagate its doctrines, nor threats or solicitations to increase its numbers; an institution that has always been acquitted of the charges preferred against it; masonry, which has so often sustained "sinking nature, struggling against a world's vicissitude;" which in fine aims only at the amelioration of human suffering, is now called on to surrender;—The herald is at the gates.

With this feeling prevailing to a great extent among us, we have considered it to be a duty to address the publick. We claim to be as good citizens as our accusers, and *avow ourselves under no obligation to the society of masons or any other, which interferes with our duties to God and our country*. We do not expect to satisfy our enemies;—we can not anticipate that the light of reason will have any effect upon men who have volunteered in a crusade for our destruction, and many of whom are evidently governed by sinister views of their own. We would not attempt to arrest the attention of a madman, and we well know that the profligate politician and the interested hypocrite are beyond the pale of reason and of justice. We address ourselves only to those who are dispassionate and unprejudiced, and who honestly wish to know the truth.

We propose to notice some of the leading charges made against us by our enemies. And first in importance is the abduction and murder, (if he be murdered, which is not yet proved,) of William Morgan. Of the history of this transaction we know just as much as the rest of the world, *and no more*. Our sources of information are the same as theirs—the publick journals of the times. We know no others. The report industriously circulated that this transaction was planned by a general understanding among the masons of the United States, and that the lodges of Vermont furnished their quota of men to assist in the execution, is a wilful and malicious slander, without the least shadow of foundation. We are members of different lodges, many of us are members of the Grand Lodge of this State; and we here publicly and solemnly avow, that we never heard either of William Morgan or his book, except through the medium of the publick newspapers. Of our opinions of his abduction we are free to speak. By whomsoever done, or under whatsoever pretences, we view it now and ever have viewed it, as a violation of the rights of an American citizen, an unauthorized and illegal transaction, not to be defended, justified or palliated; an act contrary to the very first principles of masonry, and which we, as masons and as men, would do all in our power to unveil to the light of day and to bring upon its perpetrators the just punishment they merit. We have been taught to masonic principles which sanction any, the least, violation of the laws of the land, or which tolerate the commission of any crime whatever; and we are persuaded that nothing but the wildest delusion could have made even an anti mason believe, that any society could exist in this free country, for a single day, which violated in its principles the laws of nature, of morality and of religion.

The great text-book of anti masonry is that published in the name of William Morgan. In the zeal of anti-masons to persecute us, they have failed to discover that even that book, in its pretended recital of masonic oaths, does not sustain

the charges they bring against us of supporting masons, right or wrong, to the exclusion of other men. None of us ever took such an oath, and disavow being bound by any such obligation. Some of the more recent anti-masonick writers, finding Morgan's first ground not strong enough for the diseased appetite of anti-masonry, have since fitted their assertions to meet the wildest wishes of their new converts.

Combination for political purposes is charged as one of our greatest crimes, and we are particularly told, that we are bound to support masons for office to the exclusion of other men, and even against our own opinions. The freedom of elections is one of those rights over which the American people have ever watched with a wholesome jealousy, and American masons would be as slow to intrude upon it as any other class of citizens. We boldly pronounce all masonry which teaches such a distinction, to be spurious and corrupt, and we do not believe that any such ever existed in a regular lodge. No body of masons were ever known to act together on any political subject, and the Presidential contest, which has just passed, has shown that no society of men could be more divided in opinion than they. As men and as masons we have always considered ourselves at liberty to take our own course in politics unrestricted, and always have done so. Within our lodges it has ever been a forbidden subject; and indeed it has always been our pride, that men of the most opposite political views could meet together as masons and friends without any of the bickerings of party. Our society has taught them, without any reference to their politics, to cultivate mutual forbearance, to be "true to their government and just to their country."

The recent acts of several of our churches declare, that they consider free-masonry to be inconsistent with Christianity. If this were true, the warmest friend of masonry would not undertake to defend it. But we have never yet been told in what this inconsistency consists, and have never ourselves been able to discover it. Masonry requires a belief in the existence of an overruling Providence. Its forms and ceremonies are of a religious character. The Bible, in all Christian countries is placed upon its altars, and in many of our prayers we invoke the name of Christ. It is true that with particular creeds, the inventions of fallible men, the society does not interfere. It leaves each of its members to settle his own private belief between his conscience and his God. If it did more than this, it would be a tribunal abhorrent to reason and to justice; an inquisition to controul private opinion, and interfere with the rights of conscience. Many of us are members of churches and some of us have been tried by them for being members of lodges. Honest lives and a correct course of conduct have been considered insufficient pledges for the correctness of our principles, and some of our church brethren have declined extending their fellowship to us because we have committed the horrible crime of being members of a lodge. Painful as these circumstances have been, we have felt no other emotion than pity for their delusion. We know them to have acted hastily and rashly, and we believe that, at no distant day, the fever of passion and the delirium of hatred will give way to the reflection of soberness and the conviction of truth. Proscription and persecution cannot long retain their power in an enlightened community. They are at war with the genius of the American government and the character of the American people.

Not content with accusing us of sanctioning crime, of corruption in politics and of irreligion in principle, we are also accused of poisoning the fountains of justice. No absurdity is too great for a zealous anti-mason. We indignantly repel the charge and publicly challenge the proof. We call for the name of the Judge, the Juror, the sheriff or the advocate who ever prostituted masonry by making it subservient to so execrable a purpose. We ask what was the case in which the laws of the land were made to bend to masonry? Who received the detested benefit of the sacrifice? We know that within the last few months, Judges, Jurors, Sheriffs, and Counsel, have been repeatedly watched by the keen gaze of men, anxious to detect some isolated circumstance, from which they might propagate some probable story to injure the

society. No such fact has yet been found and no such fact ever will be found, because it does not exist. Convince us that masonry affects a judge upon the bench, and that it interferes with the sacred right of trial by jury, and from that moment we are anti-masons forever.

We consider freemasonry as it exists in modern times a great and valuable institution. We know that among us its efforts have been directed to the cause of benevolence and virtue. If its titles, its forms, its ceremonies, are objectionable to some men, not masons, we do not obtrude them upon such men, and they have no right to interfere with them. We are satisfied with them and certainly shall not ask their permission to continue them. All the favours we ask of them is, to let us alone. If they have no desire to do good to their fellow creatures, if they have no ambition to participate in our enjoyments, let them keep away from us, and leave us to enjoy our own sources of pleasure in our own way. When the world has proof that our masonick pursuits make us worse citizens and worse men, then indeed will there be some apology for rigid investigation and unyielding criticism. But as the case now stands we consider that no such proof has yet been given to the world.

We claim of our fellow citizens the same rights enjoyed by other men, and no more. The constitution proscribes no man who well performs the duties of his citizenship. Disregarding this truly republican principle, the avowed design of anti-masonry is a universal proscription of men, simply because they are masons. Let a principle of this description once gain the ascendancy among us; let the passions become enlisted in it, and no man can foretell the desolation of its end. The persecutor may soon in his turn become the persecuted, and "even handed justice, sooner or later, will commend the ingredients of the poison chalice to his own lips." We deprecate all persecution; no matter what name it bears, or what garb it assumes. It is dangerous to society, dangerous to individuals, and is the tyrant's usual engine to destroy the great cause of liberty itself.

If names could add weight to the moral worth of our society, we might easily refer our fellow citizens to a long line of departed worthies, in this and other countries, who have been enrolled among us. Eminent Statesmen, patriots, philosophers, philanthropists and divines, have found in Masonry rational sources of happiness, and have cheerfully given their sanction to a society calculated to ameliorate the moral condition of man. We take leave of our fellow citizens remarking, that we contend only for the principles which Franklin approved, which Warren taught and Washington loved; and that in the company of such men, whose virtues are written in the living characters of a nation's gratitude, we are content to stand or fall.

JOHN CHIPMAN,	WM. NASH,
SAMUEL STRONG,	P. C. LUCKER,
SETH STORRS,	CALVIN SOLACE,
SAMUEL SHEPHERD,	JONATHAN A. ALLEN,
EBEN W. JUDD,	HORATIO NEEDHAM,
LAVIUS FILLMORE,	JOHN M. WEEKS,
DANIEL COLLINS,	JOHN HOWDEN,
BELDEN SEYMOUR,	LUTHER COREY,
WM. WHITFORD,	ASAHEL PARSONS,
REUBEN SEXTON,	ARZAH CRANE,
JOHN SMITH,	HENRY SOPER,
WILLIAM WHITE,	J. F. TILDEN,
E. D. WOODBRIDGE,	PHILO S. WARNER,
MATTHEW CHAMBERS,	MARK MOOR,
STEPHEN HAIGHT,	CHARLES LINSLEY,
S. A. WEBBER,	J. W. COPELAND.

MEDICAL.

From the Boston Medical Journal, June 30.

POISONING BY MILK.

History of the Cases of Poisoning by Milk which recently occurred in a family in this city, by F. J. Higginson, M. D.

On the 21st of May last, at about 11 A. M. I was called to see a family said to have been poisoned. The family consisted of seven, of whom four, viz., the lady of the family, her child (a girl of four or five years,) a young woman who had been maid in the family and who had just been recovered from a pretty severe illness, and a little girl, also a servant. The three remaining members of the family were males, and were not at home. About two hours after breakfast, that is, at about 9 A. M., the

females in quick succession and with little warning, were taken with nausea and vomiting. All, with the exception of the little servant girl, who refused, soon got full doses of ipecacuanha, which, by the time of my arrival, had produced its full effect. At this time the lady was complaining of violent pain in the stomach, which had come on a few minutes before, the vomiting having previously ceased. Her countenance was very pale, her skin cool and moist, and her pulse feeble, though not extremely so. She was soon put into bed. Her child was lying in the lap, quiet, and unwilling to be disturbed, but not in much apparent suffering. She also was very pale, her lips slightly livid, her skin cool and moist, and her pulse feeble. She had vomited a great deal, and was still occasionally retching. The young woman was the greatest sufferer. Her countenance was deadly pale, her lips and eyelids sublivid, and her expression wild. As I entered she was tossing her arms about, and stamping violently on the floor. She was however soon calmed, the fit being evidently of an hysterical character. She had continual and violent retchings and complained of severe pain at the stomach. The little girl was apparently more easy. Soon after her attack she had a slight dejection, which relieved her for some time.

From the mode of the attack, and their being simultaneously and similarly affected, there could be no doubt that the phenomena arose from a common cause and that some noxious substance had been introduced into the stomach. I found, on inquiry, that their breakfast had consisted as usual, of bread and butter, milk, eggs, and coffee. No fish had been eaten in the family for two days previously. Some but not all of the family, had eaten cheese the preceding night. Whatever the poison might be, there was no question that it had been evacuated, as far as possible, by the vomiting, and the first indication was to check the inordinate action of the stomach, and, if possible, allay the pain. Dr. George Hayward, who had been sent for, arriving soon after me, was of the same opinion; and by his advice, laudanum was administered, in large doses, to all. Where it was not retained, opium pills were given with success.

Very soon our attention was called to the master of the house, who had come home on hearing of the sickness of his family. He was seized in the same manner with the rest. Soon after this, one and then the other of the two remaining members of the household came home sick from their places of business. Laudanum was given to all three, and whether owing to this, or some other cause they suffered far less than those first effected. As soon as the stomach became sufficiently quiet, the comp. infus. sennæ, was given and repeated in moderate doses. Under this treatment they mostly improved. In one or two cases the coldness of the surface increased; in the child it became extreme, and for some time there was no pulse at the wrist;—she came to however, under the use of warm water and paregorick. Before 2, P. M. they were all well enough to be left. Dr. Hayward saw them again before 4 o'clock, and by that time, the medicine having opened the bowels, they were all decidedly relieved, with the exception of the little girl who was mentioned as less ill than the rest. She had refused medicine, and accordingly suffered longer than the others. On the next day a good deal of weakness was the only ill effect perceptible. As it was a great object to ascertain, if possible the nature of the deleterious substance, I brought away about five ounces of water, and as much milk, for chemical analysis. The water I took from the copper boiler, in which the water used at breakfast had been boiled. The vessel had not been cleaned for many days. So important a matter is this, that it is a regulation both in our army and navy, that the copper cooking utensils shall be inspected once a day by the surgeon or his assistants. The water came through leaden pipes, but was the same they had used for a year. The milk was taken from an earthen pan, the same which that used at breakfast had been taken from.

The analysis of the milk and water was performed by my friend, Dr. C. T. Jackson, whose familiarity with the process of analytical chemistry entitles the results of his investigation to the fullest confidence. Not being able to see him when I left the substances

at his house, I could give him no clue to his discovery. The next day, he told me he had detected in the milk, *subacetate of copper* in very sensible quantities. I have been unable to discover by what means the poison was communicated to the milk. The account of the analysis drawn up by Dr. Jackson, and which is subjoined, puts the facts beyond question. It only shows the necessity of great care, on the part of house keepers, &c. not only as to the vessels in which articles of food are kept and preserved, but to the places where they are deposited.

Three only of the family took milk alone. The quantity taken by the others was, of course, very small, as it was taken in coffee. What is, perhaps, worthy of remark, is that these last took sugar with their coffee,—and this is the substance which Orfila says is the best antidote to the poison of verdigris. He states, to be sure, that large quantities are necessary for it to be of any avail; but in these cases the quantity of sugar must unquestionably have been to the quantity of verdigris, at least as 30 to 1. Those who took milk alone, however, were the first seized. F. J. HIGGINSON.

THE GATHERER.

From Segur's Russian.

CONSPIRACY OF THE STRELITZ.

Like all the malcontents, the Strelitz believed that discontent was universal. It was this belief which in Moscow itself, and a few days before the departure of their sovereign, emboldened Tskiler and Sukanim, two of their leaders, to plot a nocturnal conflagration. They knew that Peter would be the first to hasten to it, and, in the midst of the tumult and confusion common to such accidents, they meant to murder him without mercy, and then to massacre all the foreigners who had been set over them as masters.

Such was the infamous scheme. The hour which they had fixed for its accomplishment was at hand. They had accomplices, but no impeachers, and when assembled at a banquet, they all sought, in intoxicating liquors, the courage which was required for so dreadful an execution. But, like all intoxications, this produced various effects, according to the difference of constitution in those by whom it was felt. Two of these villains lost in it their boldness, they infected each other not with just remorse, but with a dastardly fear; and, escaping from one crime to another, they left the company under a suspicious pretext, promising to their accomplices to return in time, and hurried to the Czar to disclose the plot.

At midnight the blow was to have been struck, and Peter gave orders that at exactly eleven the abode of the conspirators should be closely surrounded. Shortly after, thinking the hour was come, he went singly to the haunt of these ruffians; he entered boldly, certain that he should find nothing but trembling criminals, already fettered by his guards. But his impatience had anticipated the time; and he found himself, single and unarmed, in the midst of this unshackled, daring, well armed band, at the instant when they were vociferating the last words of an oath that they would achieve his destruction. At his unexpected appearance, however, they all rose in confusion.

Peter, on his side, comprehending the full extent of his danger, exasperated at the supposed disobedience of his guards, and furious at having thrown himself into peril, suppressed, nevertheless, the violence of his emotions. Having gone too far to recede, he did not lose his presence of mind—unhesitatingly advanced among this throng of traitors, greeted them familiarly, and in a calm and natural tone, said, that as he "was passing by their house, he saw a light in it; that, supposing they were amusing themselves, he had entered in order to share their pleasures." He then seated himself, and drank to his assassins, who, standing up around him, could not avoid putting the glass about and drinking his health. But soon they began to consult each other by their looks, to make numerous signs, and to grow more daring—one of them even leaned over to Sukanim, and said in a low voice, "Brother, is it time?"

The latter, for what reason is unknown, hesitated, and scarcely replied "Not yet," when Peter,

who heard him, and also heard at last the footstep of his guards, started from his seat, knocked him down by a blow on the face, and exclaimed,—“If it is not yet time for you, scoundrels, it is time for me.” This blow, and the sight of the guards, threw the assassins into consternation—they fell on their knees and implored forgiveness. “Chain them!” replied the terrible Czar. Then turning to the officer of the guards, he struck him and reproached him with want of punctuality, but the latter showed him his order—and the Czar, perceiving his mistake, clasped him in his arms, kissed him on his forehead, proclaimed his fidelity, and entrusted him with the custody of the traitors.

His vengeance was terrible—the punishment was more ferocious than the crime. First, the rack; then successive mutilation of each member; then death, when not enough of blood and life was left to admit of the sense of suffering.

THE RUINS OF AMERICA.

BY JOHN NEAL.

There may be no such ruins in America as are found in Europe, or in Asia, or in Africa; but other ruins there are of a prodigious magnitude—the ruins of a mighty people. There may be no places of pilgrimage in America, unless it be some lowly battle ground, already forgotten by the neighbourhood, overgrown with a forest, and overshadowed with a perpetual deep darkness, or covered, far and wide, with a sea of watering herbage—the frightful vegetation of death; no places that have been sanctified by song and story, ages after ages, with beautiful tradition or fierce poetry, save here and there a small spot of earth shut in by the great hills, or fortified by the everlasting rocks, where the red man withstood the white man, while the noise and the flash of the terrible weapons with which the latter shot fire into the hearts of the former, appeared to the savage to be that very noise and brightness which he had seen set fire to the woods about his path, tear up the earth under his feet, and shatter the very sky over his head; or some other shadowy quiet place or smooth hill top, where the men of the revolution made war upon their fathers and brothers—upon the most powerful nation of the earth, while her ships covered the sea, and her armies were on the march in every quarter of the globe. There may be no piles of barbarian architecture, each a wilderness of turrets, towers and battlements, rocking to the sea breeze, or overshadowing the high places of power in America; no half buried city like the billiard and the sculptured treasures of art which encumber the earth and choke up the rivers of the old world, or come and go with the tide—appear and disappear, day after day, along the sea shore of the states that have perished forever, cities buried by the volcano or the earthquake, overthrown by the savage, swept over by the sea, or swallowed by the sand of the desert, yet crowded with strange beauty and full of glorious wreck; no prodigies of the mist of that beautiful dim vapour, the twilight of another world, the atmosphere of tradition, through which the bannered palaces, the rocky fortresses, and the lofty piles of Europe loom with a most unearthly grandeur. But if there are no such things in America there are things which are to be found nowhere else on earth now—the live wreck of a prodigious empire that has departed from before our face within the memory of man; the last of a people who have no history, and who but the other day were in possession of a quarter of the whole earth.

CHINESE MORALS.

THE MARRIED STATE, &c.

In a Canton Gazette is the following proclamation, in which command, admonition, and sage counsel are curiously mingled.—

“The Oanchasze, or criminal judge has issued the following proclamation:—‘Chow, by imperial appointment the criminal judge of Canton, hereby strictly prohibits the putting away of wives for slight causes, husbands conniving at the wife’s adultery, or selling her to another man. His object is to support the public morals. The relation of husband and wife is the first of the five social

bonds. The domestic female apartment is the source of all moral renovation. Husband and wife should respect each other as host and guest, and live in perfect harmony, like two well attuned instruments of musick. Thus, altogether, they should water their own garden, and eat the fruit of their labour. No dislikes should be allowed to arise from poverty or want. The wife should look up to her husband as her heaven, and not be allowed at her pleasure to desert him. For vile practices there is no place so bad as Canton. Sometimes prosperity makes men forget a former affection: Sometimes want, induced by a disposition addicted to gaming, and a lack of food and clothes, produce repudiation, without regret. Then the ejected wife, deceived by covetous go-betweens, is hired for clandestine purposes. Some sell their wives to sing and play, and submit to the embraces of others. Some invite profligate men to their own houses and give up their wives to prostitution. Such practices inflict a deadly wound on public morals; and therefore, Chow issues this proclamation to prohibit them. And he commands all persons, both the military and people, for the time to come, to obey the laws of decorum. Even if in deep poverty, still let them submit tranquility to Heaven’s decree. Diligence and economy must produce competence. All should know that legitimate posterity depends upon a lawful wife, and she ought not to be lightly rejected and sold for lewd purposes, to the disgrace of the family. Nor should there be the least connivance. If ye adulterers and adulteresses persist, and reform not, it is resolved to prosecute with the utmost rigour of the law. Under the luminous heaven and renovating sun of his present Majesty’s reign, it is impossible to endure you, ye wounders and destroyers of the public morals. Let each obey this mandate, and not induce a late repentance. The law of divorce is, that whoever puts away his wife, excepting for one of the seven legal causes, shall be punished with eighty blows. The seven causes are, having no son, lewdness, not serving her husband’s parents, loquacity, theft or robbery, envy and malice, some noxious disease. Of husband and wife, the first bond should be kindness; the union, righteousness; the continuance, decorum. Breaches of decorum may be overlooked; but unrighteous acts, such as a wife’s striking her husband, or a husband his wife, and wounding each other, make it necessary to insist on a separation; as much so as a man’s forcing his wife to cohabit with another man, or hiring her out for the same purpose. To modify the seven legal causes of divorce, which are rather sweeping, there are three exceptions. Some causes may not be alleged during the three years of mourning for a parent; nor if the parties were first poor and afterwards rich; nor if the wife was received into a house at the time of marriage, but had none to return to.”

IDLENESS.

An idle person is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world, and he only lives to spend his time and eat the fruits of the earth. Like a vermin or a wolf, when their time comes, they die and perish, and in the mean time do no good; they neither plough nor carry burthens: all that they do is either unprofitable or mischievous. Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world; it throws away that which is invaluable in respect of its present use, and irreparable when it is past, being to be recovered by no power of art or nature. [Jeremy Taylor.]

Mr. E. J. Coale’s Mnemonica, under the article of *Man*, contains the following useful hint: “married women live longer than maids.” A hint, perhaps, as useful to the other sex, may be found in a late number of the North American Review, in an article on the “art of being happy.” The reviewer concludes his remarks by observing that “the most judicious philosophers have laid it down as a fundamental principle, that a man is never happy without a good wife.”

BEAUTIFUL MOTTO.

The discoverer, Henry of Portugal, bore for his device the magnanimous motto—“the talent to do good.”

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

For the Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine.

CONFESSIONS OF A POET.

Reader, have you ever been a poet? If so, I give you a cordial greeting—we shall be able to sympathize together like two henpecked husbands. But whether you have ever suffered under the capricious domination of mistress muse or not, lend me your ear for a few minutes, and I will tell you my experience.

I was born in—but the name is not at all poetical, and I cannot bring my pen to write it—it is unworthy of being handed down to posterity, so let that pass. Whether a muse presided over my birth or not, I have never been able to ascertain. If she did so, she must afterwards have deserted her charge; for I was never known, like that renowned metre-maker, Pope, "to lisp in numbers." On the contrary, a rhyme was never hatched from the egg shell of my cranium until a comparatively advanced age. I had however, occasionally read poetical productions, and was particularly greedy of those delightfully meaningless verses, which jingle so sweetly and so abundantly through the pages of modern literary publications. From these founts I must have imbibed my inspiration. At all events this is the only way in which I can account for the circumstances that I am about to relate.

It was when I had attained my sixteenth year, that I was lounging about one evening in May, with nothing in the world to do. I began soon to feel, like most idle people, a touch of romance creeping over me. The time was favourable—the moon, that great patroness of lunatics and poets, was just rising, and as I gazed listlessly upon it, my fancy painted it as fairer than usual. Nature had put on a covering of green, and there was a stillness and softness in the air, that produced its influence upon my spirits. I began to think about Diana and her choir of nymphs, and Venus with her boy Cupid, all of whom I had been reading about in my Latin lessons. Just at that critical moment, there chanced to pass by, a girl in whom I had of late seen some admirable qualities. 'Tis true I had known her from childhood, and had often chatted and played with her familiarly at school without remarking any thing remarkably attracting in her—but of late, I know not from what cause it could have sprung, her eyes seemed much brighter and her skin much fairer than before. She was now in my view quite a wonderful creature.

On this occasion she seemed far lovelier than ever. The moon gave just light enough to set off her beauties. She shot a glance at me, and at that instant, I perceived a glow of poetical inspiration passing through my frame: I felt the muse stirring up my brains as 't were with the ladle of poesy, and ere I was aware, there was evolved a rhyme. I understood the meaning of the strange commotion I was in, and as soon as the beautiful object that had raised these sensations had passed by, I hastened to get ready pen, ink and paper, in order to give vent to my struggling conceptions. Never shall I forget this accouchment—it cost me infinite labour. I sat up till midnight, scratching my head and biting my quill, now and then revolving in my mind the beauties of that brilliant eye, or casting a look at the moon to quaff from thence new inspiration. Nothing, I am confident would have induced me to continue such long and patient exertion, but the immediate assistance of a muse; but which of the nine sisters it was that made me her protege, I could never divine.

My subject was, as you may suppose, an address to my fair one. The first couplet described her eyes, under the metaphor of two stars; and the next contained the assertion that they outvied the splendour of the lightning bug. I then, with huge travail, conceived the idea that the man in the moon was in love with my enchanter, and was likely to be my rival. This magnificent thought, together with the hope of a final triumph over him, occupied several stanzas. I concluded by wishing myself a fly, that I might light on her cheek and kiss it unresisting then, a glove, that I

might press her hand and; at last, a flower, that I might win her admiration.

At length the lamp of inspiration went out, and I went to bed: but my verses, and their theme, and my muse, appeared before me in my dreams, and I rose next morning with the firm conviction that I was a poet.

One crime makes way for another. It was not long before I found myself again committing metre, upon a similar occasion. This was repeated, until I began to feel very sensibly the effects of the indulgence. My spirit was becoming so sublimated, that I could scarce keep it down to the dull concerns of earth. Pride had swollen my bosom wonderfully, as I had enjoyed the felicity of seeing one or two of my productions in print. This convinced me at once that I was one of those favoured sons of genius, who, "few and far between," light up the rayless night of the world's stupidity. Study began to grow an intolerable bore, and I came at length to regard it as unnecessary. Application, I thought, was well enough for the dull and plodding, but genius could do without it. I frequently amused myself by enumerating the great poets who had spent idle or excentrick lives, and wisely came to the conclusion, that, as my talents were unquestioned, at least by myself, it would be the merest folly to trouble myself with much exertion. So I lived idle, indulging my genius; and I always remarked that the more I kept clear of employment, the more my poetical temperament grew upon me. At length my fancy became so cultivated that I could see something extraordinary or romantick in the most trivial occurrence. The persons around me became endowed with many qualities that I presume they themselves never thought of. I could rhyme upon any thing—nay, almost upon nothing. I produced on one occasion, a long string of stanzas upon a butterfly, and on another, covered a whole sheet with a dissertation upon a rose leaf.

Once, however, my poetical aspirations came near being nipped in the bud—in which case all my succeeding coruscations had been lost to the world forever. I had indited a sonnet "To my Fiddle"—(for I was a fiddler, like Orpheus, and to that may have been owing my fine sensibility to the harmony of numbers) I left it on my table unfinished—meanwhile, some wag entered, and chanced to cast his eye on it. There it lay, with the august apostrophe, "To my Fiddle," staring him in the face. This was too tempting not to be read—he did so, and then sat down and wrote a continuation, by way of burlesque. When I returned, I found my darling offspring profaned by the hand of another. Who could have dared to imitate my genius? The idea smelt of presumption. What then was my indignation when I found that instead of an imitation 'twas a mere caricature? My ire overflowed—I snatched up the paper, and tore it into a hundred pieces, vowing, in my resentment, to avenge the wrongs of my mental bantering, upon the head of its murderer. This incident impeded for a time the stream from the fount of Helicon. But my indignation soon subsided, my vanity healed, and I again fell to rhyming.

My pen scribbled in Albums without number, and in each one were inserted avowals of unqualified and undivided admiration. One would have thought that I had been enamoured of every daughter of Eve, indiscriminately—no such thing—'twas merely taking poetick license—besides, nobody believed me, and so there was no deception. In one, I lauded a black eye, as the perfection of beauty; in another, a blue; in another, a gray. To one, I was enraptured with her sylph-like form; to another, with her full rotundity of figure—thus becoming, in accordance with the sagest of maxims, "all things to all persons." In this manner, I gained the reputation among my fair acquaintances, of a notorious poetaster.

Such was the effect of these repeated efforts, that at last my brain coined rhymes with as much facility as words—I could not open my mouth, but out flew a jingle of words of the same termination. My cranium seemed to be converted into a kind of poetical mill, which ground out the English language into metre, in much the same manner as one of a different construction disposes of the

material for the staff of life. Meanwhile, I took care to continue sufficiently idle, as I found that industry always frightened my muse away.

You may well imagine, that I was now far gone in that condition in which one loses the character of a man, and becomes irretrievably a poet. At length, my further advance in this flowery road to beggary was stopped. I had written a piece on a lady's eye-lashes which I was disposed to consider one of my master pieces. This I had the vanity to read to a former preceptor of mine, a shrewd, sensible old man, who had sometimes spoken diminutively of the divine art, as practiced in modern times, and had once or twice given me a broad hint that I might be better employed than in its cultivation. He had obtained a great ascendancy over me, and I would have given any thing for his good opinion. This I was determined to extort, as another laurel to my Parnassian wreath. I accordingly produced my effusion, and desired his opinion upon it. His cool keen eye almost made me quail, but I proceeded to read. I had never before been able to detect any faults in my productions; but now, from what cause it arose I cannot divine, every line seemed to contain a blunder, and every sentiment was either trivial or silly. Still I drove on in a self assured manner, and in that lackadaisical tone in which I had been accustomed to rehearse to girls, until I came to a comparison which I had thought especially fine, between my mistress's eye brow and a thunder-cloud. At this I most unluckily looked up for a sigh of approbation. Good heavens! what was my confusion and chagrin when I saw his eyes glistening, and sides shaking with restrained mirth. My crest fell—my confidence deserted me in a twinkling, and I was hastily fumbling my piece into my pocket, and preparing to sneak off, when he coolly told me to be seated, and asked to take the production. He read it calmly over aloud, so as to make the naked sentiment stand out in relief, and pointed out without mercy all its faults. I winced under his criticism, but had so much veneration for his judgment and talents, that I could not but acknowledge it just.

"Young man," said he in conclusion, while I sat burning with shame and chagrin, "you have now had my opinion of your production, as you desired—and now let me counsel you, as you regard your success in life, to employ your time in more useful pursuits. Poetical talent, even when successful, will never earn you your bread, or gain you one valuable friend—much less that which devotes itself to such trivial subjects. Besides you are unfitting yourself for the business of real life, by indulging a sickly sensibility, and by giving loose reins to your imagination. Trust me now, you had better henceforth leave off this idle employment, and take to some other more worthy the dignity of a man."

My preceptor paused—he saw that he had done his work, and that a poet was extinguished. I was chop-fallen—all my imaginary laurels vanished into air, and my estimation of my own genius was depressed fifty degrees.

I have not since perpetrated a single rhyme.

APOLLO.

MISCELLANY.

NAPOLEON'S PASSAGE OVER THE ALPS.

The following sketch of the passage of the Great St. Bernard—and of the most extraordinary adventures in the life of the most extraordinary adventurer of modern times—is from the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, written for, and forming the first number of *The Family Library*, a collection of biography now in the press in London.

At St. Pierre all semblance of a road disappeared. Thenceforth an army, horse and foot, laden with all the munitions of a campaign, a park of forty field pieces included, were to be urged up and along airy ridges of rock and eternal snow, where the goat-herd, the hunter of the chamois, and the outlaw smuggler are alone accustomed to venture, amidst precipices, where to slip a foot is death: beneath glaciers from which the percussion of a musket shot is often sufficient to hurl an avalanche; across bottomless chasms caked over with frost or snow drift, and breathing

"The outburst at of the ice mountain top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insects wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite." *Byron's Manfred.*

The transport of the artillery and ammunition was the most difficult point; and to this, accordingly, the chief consul gave his personal superintendence. The guns were dismounted, grooved into the trunks of trees, hollowed out so as to suit each calibre, and then dragged on by sheer strength of muscle—not less than an hundred soldiers being sometimes harnessed to a single cannon. The carriages and wheels, being taken to pieces, were slung on poles, and borne on men's shoulders. The powder and shot, packed into boxes of fir-wood, formed the lading of all the mules that could be collected over a wide range of the Alpine country.

These preparations had been made during the week that elapsed between Bonaparte's arrival at Geneva and the commencement of Lannes's march. He himself travelled sometimes on a mule, but mostly on foot, cheering on the soldiers who had the burden of the great guns. The fatigue undergone is not to be described. The men in front durst not halt to breathe, because the least stoppage there might have thrown the column behind into confusion, on the brink of a deadly precipice; and those in the rear had to flounder knee deep, through snow and ice trampled into sludge by the feet and hoofs of the preceding divisions. Happily the march of Napoleon was not harrassed like that of Hannibal, by the assaults of living enemies. The mountaineers, on the contrary, flocked to reap the liberal rewards which he offered to all who were willing to lighten the drudgery of his troops.

On the 16th of May, Napoleon slept at the convent of St. Maurice; and in the course of the following days the whole army passed the Great St. Bernard. It was on the 20th that Bonaparte himself halted an hour at the convent of the Hospitallers, which stands on the summit of this mighty mountain. The good fathers of the monastery had furnished every soldier as he passed with a luncheon of bread and cheese and a glass of wine; and for this kindness they received the warm acknowledgments of the chief. It was here that he took his leave of a peasant youth, who had walked by him as a guide, all the way from the convent of St. Maurice. Napoleon conversed freely with the young man and was much interested with his simplicity. At parting, Bonaparte asked the guide some particulars about his personal situation; and having heard his reply, gave him money, and a billet to the head of the monastery of St. Maurice. The peasant delivered it accordingly, and was surprised to find that, in consequence of a scrap of writing which he could not read, his worldly comforts were to be permanently increased. The object of this generosity remembered, nevertheless, but little of his conversation with the consul. He described Napoleon as being "a very dark man," (this was the effect of the Syrian sun) and having an eye that, notwithstanding his affability, he could not encounter without a sense of fear. The only saying of the hero which he treasured in his memory was, "I have spoiled a hat among your mountains; well, I shall find a new one on the other side." Thus spoke Napoleon, wringing the rain from his covering as he approached the hospice of St. Bernard. The guide described, however, very strikingly, the effects of Bonaparte's appearance and voice, when any obstacle checked the advance of his soldiery along that fearful wilderness which is called emphatically, "The Valley of Desolation." A single look or word was commonly sufficient to set all in motion. But if the way presented some new and insuperable difficulty, the consul bade the drums beat and the trumpets sound, as if for the charge; and this never failed. Of such gallant temper were the spirits which Napoleon had at command, and with such admirable skill did he wield them!

From Dakewell's Observations on Mental Affections.

ANECDOTES OF INSANITY.

A gentleman who was under a violent paroxysm of mania, and confined to his room, was called upon by an old acquaintance, who had not seen him for several years. Upon going into his apartment,

the gentlemen said to the person who conducted him, "Will he know me, Sir?" "O dear, yes, he knows every body," was the reply. This the maniack overheard, and laughed. "What do you laugh at Sir?" said the attendant. "Why," said he, "I don't know every body but I know all those I used to know," putting out his hand at the same time to the stranger, and calling him by his name.

I once knew a patient, who was so violent and vindictive, that the securing of his arms and legs, so that he could neither strike nor kick, was absolutely necessary. In this state he continued raving, and abusing all about him. Among other things, he observed respecting himself, "What a shame for a man of my consequence to be kept as a prisoner! what is the reason of it? what has brought me to this!" I replied in a whisper "Your pride, Sir!" Never shall I forget that look of rationality and placidity, which his countenance immediately assumed. "Give me your hand, Sir; give me your hand, Sir," said he: "I had thought you must be mad for treating me as you have done; but I ask your pardon; you are a wise and understanding man, for admitting pride to be my complaint, you have taken a most excellent way to cure me. Your physick, and your authority, and these shackles, will cure pride, I'll warrant them."

Walking out with a patient on one occasion, we met a gentleman of our acquaintance; to whom, after the first salutations were over the patient said, "Well, Sir I don't eat the bread of idleness at Spring Valt. What with eating and drinking, taking medicine, and walking over these hills, &c. our time is pretty well taken up. Besides, I am busy composing a book. I am writing a sort of epitome of the history of the life of man, from his cradle to his grave." "Very well," said the gentleman, "when you publish your book, I shall take care to be a purchaser." "What," said the patient, "publish a book—a madman publish a book—why, was such a thing ever heard of?" "O, but," said the gentleman, "you don't call yourself a madman." "No, no," he replied, "I don't call myself a madman, but master does." And truly I did, for a more confirmed and inveterate case of insanity I never saw.

At another time, I was walking out with him, and we were accosted by a beggar. "Art thou in real distress?" said my patient. "I am, indeed," replied the beggar. "Dost thou want food?" said the other. "I do, sir, I assure you," was the reply. "Well, then," said the patient, "silver and gold have I none, but such as I have will I give unto thee. I will give thee advice: go into the next village and feign thyself mad: the people will then take thee up, and carry thee to that house above there, and they'll give thee plenty of food. I want to fast, and they will not let me. The scripture says 'fast and pray;' now I only want to fast and pray, but as they will not let me fast, I cannot pray." I must observe here, that previous to his being put under my care, he had fasted six days at one time; but, upon seeing me, he said it was all over, and he began to eat: and yet in a little time he was as obstinate with me, till he found I could force food into him with little trouble. He then said he might as well take it quietly. At one time, observing that we were annoyed with some sheep breaking into our premises, from the adjoining waste, he called out to me, "Master, I'll tell you how to keep those sheep away; you have only to catch the leader, and drench him with some of your physick, and hang me if either he or any of the flock will ever come again."

A gentleman who had made his escape from the asylum, after being taken, came to me and said, "I confess that I have been wrong in escaping; and to put you at ease on my account, I promise, upon my honour, that from this time I will never run away,—and you well know I am too tenacious of my honour ever to violate it." Soon after this, however, he again made his escape, and I was put to much trouble and expense in having him brought back. On his return he came with great confidence to shake hands with me. "No," I said, "I will not shake hands with any such persons as you are; a pretty expense we have been at! What do you think! did you not promise upon your word of honour that you would never run away?"

With a most sly look, he replied, "Sir, I did not run away, I walked every step."

Once, at breakfast, the morning being fine, I said, "Well, now ladies, for a long walk! nothing like exertion in these cases; nothing is got by sitting still." "True," said one of them, "how should the mind regain its rational powers if it is not rationally exercised?" These words should be written in letters of gold, and placed in every house where the cure of insanity is attempted, and yet they were spoken by one really insane.

If any mental attack can be made upon the hallucination of insanity, with a prospect of success, it must be the shafts of ridicule. I have often been pleased with the adroitness of my patients, though in ridiculing the folly of other patients, they were affected in a similar way themselves. Even in those low, desponding cases, which require every possible consolation, I have frequently observed, with great delight, the sympathies of friendship exerted by those afflicted with the same disease, with the most happy effect; so that under constant and judicious regulations, the insane may be the best society for each other. But it is not in wit or repartee, or in the occasional expression of the social feelings, that the nature of insanity can be determined. Those afflicted with this malady may generally, under proper management, be rendered agreeable and intelligent companions, capable of communicating any intelligence they previously possessed; and while those of a lower rank in life shall be capable of useful employment, those of a higher shall be able to exhibit their superior education to the best advantage.

From the Washington City Chronicle.

THE ROSE.

This beautiful shrub is found in almost every country, and in almost every country its beauty and fragrance have made it the ornament of the garden, and an object of admiration. Nature, as if delighted with this exquisite production of her hand, has multiplied its species and varieties to an almost unlimited extent; and the poet has sung its praises in all nations and in all ages. It has been wedded to the nightingale, and its fragrance and beauty have been the theme of every tongue. In Shiraz and Cashmere the rose is peculiarly odiferous, and yields the most fragrant otto, or essential oil.

Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave.

Moore.

Rhodes is said to owe its name to the immense quantity of roses which it produces. In the East this flower is particularly esteemed. The Guebres believe that when Abraham was thrown into the fire, by order of Nimrod, the flame turned into a bed of roses. The Turks conceived that it sprung from the perspiration of Mahomet, and they cause a rose to be sculptured on the monument of all ladies that die unmarried. The Mythological writers say that Apollo caused Rhodante, Queen of Corinth, in consequence of her extreme beauty, to be changed into a rose. The first rose is said to have been given by the god of Love to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to engage him to conceal the amours of his mother Venus, and hence it was made the symbol of silence. A rose was always placed above the heads of the guest in the banqueting rooms, to banish restraint, and to denote that nothing said there should be repeated elsewhere: and thus originated the saying *sub rosa*, under the rose, when a secret was to be kept. The perfume of this flower is thus accounted for by the fabulous authors: Love, at a feast of Olympus, in the midst of a lively dance, overset, with a stroke of his wing, a goblet of nectar, which falling on the rose, embalmed it with the delicious fragrance it still retains. And Catullus thus accounts for the colour of this flower, it having been originally white:

"While the enamoured queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jokers and fool-makes,
She leans upon a thorned rose-tree,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flower feels her blood, and blushes."

The petals of the rose are the only part of the flower that imparts the odorous matter to water, both by distillation and infusion. The otto, or es-

essential oil, is obtained from various species of the rose. The odour, though generally agreeable, has in some instances produced faintings, hysterical affections, inflammations of the eyes, &c. Orfila mentions an instance of a celebrated painter who could not remain in any room where there were roses without being in a short time attacked with violent cephalgia, succeeded by fainting. Dr. Priestly thinks these effects are owing to the carbonic acid gas which these flowers exhale. We will conclude this article with an account of the process employed in Asia, in making essential oil or otto of roses. 40 lbs. of roses, with their calices, are put into a still, with 60 lbs. of water; the mass being well mixed in the still, is placed over a gentle fire, and when fumes begin to rise, the cap and pipe are properly fixed and luted. When the impregnated water begins to come over, the fire is lessened by gentle degrees, and the distillation continued, until 30 lbs. of water have come over. This water is to be poured upon 40 lbs. of fresh roses, and thence are to be drawn from 15 to 20 lbs. of distilled water. It is then poured into earthenware pans or tinned metal, and left exposed to the fresh air for the night, the otto or oil will be found in the morning congealed and swimming on the surface of the water.

WESTERN ADVENTURES.

BY THE HON. JUDGE HALL.

Among the adventurers whom Boon described as having reinforced his little colony, was a young gentleman named Smith, who had been a Major in the militia of Virginia, and possessed a full share of the gallantry and noble spirit of his native state. In the absence of Boon, he was chosen, on account of his military rank and talents, to command the rude citadel, which contained all the wealth of this patriarchal band—their wives, their children, and their herds. It held also an object particularly dear to this young soldier—a lady, the daughter of one of the settlers, to whom he had pledged his affections. It came to pass upon a certain day, when the siege was over, tranquility restored, and the employments of husbandry resumed, that this young lady with a female companion, strolled out, as young ladies in love are very apt to do, along the banks of the Kentucky river. Having rambled about for some time, they espied a canoe lying by the shore, and in a frolic stepped into it, with the determination of visiting a neighbour on the opposite bank. It seems that they were not so well skilled in navigation as the *Lady of the Lake*, who paddled her own canoe very dexterously; instead of gliding to the point of destination, they were whirled about by the stream, and at length thrown on a sand bar, from which they were obliged to wade ashore. Full of mirth, excited by their wild adventure, they hastily arranged their dresses, and were proceeding to climb the banks when three Indians, rushing from a neighboring covert, seized the fair wanderers, and forced them away. Their savage captors, evincing no sympathy for their distress, nor allowing them time for rest or reflection, hurried them along during the whole day by rugged and thorny paths. Their shoes were worn off by the rocks, their clothes torn and their feet and limbs lacerated, and stained with blood. To heighten their misery, one of the savages began to make love to Miss — (the intended of Major Smith,) and while goading her along with a pointed stick, promised in recompense for their sufferings, to make her his *squaw*. This at once roused all the energies of her mind, and called its powers into action. In hope that her friends would soon pursue them, she broke the twigs as she passed along, and delayed the party as much as possible by tardy and blundering steps. But why dwell on the heartless and unmanly cruelty of savages? The day and the night passed, and another day of agony had nearly rolled over the heads of the afflicted females, when their conductors halted to cook a wild repast of Buffalo meat.

The ladies were soon missed from the garrison. The natural courage and sagacity of Smith, now heightened by love, gave him the wings of the wind and the fierceness of a tiger. The light traces of female feet led him to the place of embarkation—the canoe was traced to the opposite shore—the

deep print of the moccasin in the sand told the rest; and the agonized Smith, accompanied by a few of his best woodsmen, pursued “the spoil encumbered foe.” The track once discovered, they kept with that unerring sagacity so peculiar to our hunters. The bended grass, the disentangled briars, and the compressed shrub, afforded the only, but to them the certain, indications of the route of the enemy. When they had sufficiently ascertained the general course of the retreat of the Indians, Smith quitted the trace, assuring his companions that they would fall in with them at the pass of a certain stream ahead, for which he now struck a direct course, thus gaining on the foe, who had taken the most difficult paths. Arrived at the stream they traced its course until they discovered the water newly thrown upon the rocks. Smith, leaving his party, now crept forward upon his hands and feet, until he discovered one of the savages seated by a fire, and with a deliberate aim, shot him through the heart.

The women rushed towards their deliverer and, recognizing Smith, clung to him in the transports of newly awakened joy and gratitude, while a second Indian sprang towards him with his tomahawk. Smith, disengaged himself from the ladies, aimed a blow at his antagonist with his rifle, which the savage avoided by springing aside, but at the same moment the latter received a mortal wound from another hand. The other, and only remaining Indian fell, in attempting to escape. Smith, with his interesting charge, returned in triumph to the fort, where his gallantry, no doubt, was repaid by the sweetest of all rewards.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST was celebrated on the 24th ult. more generally, and with a better spirit than for many years before; and the result has shown how false are the assertions, and how fruitless the labours of the enemies of the masonick institution. Persecution has strengthened, instead of weakening, the bonds of friendship; and the brethren were never more firmly and honestly devoted to the support of their order, and to the cultivation of its benevolent principles, than at the present time. They pursue their way with the even tenour of moderation, free from inconsiderate zeal, and regardless of the censures and threats of their enemies. The spirit manifested by the friends of masonry in every quarter, on the occasion, was in the highest degree laudable, and creditable to the institution, as well as to the individuals as citizens. The ceremonies of the day were in many places connected with works of great public utility. The corner stones of several edifices, dedicated to divine purposes, were laid; and other works commenced, the beneficial effects of which upon the moral and physical energies of the people, will be felt for ever. We have collected the following summary from various sources, and shall hereafter, in our masonick department, give more particular accounts from other quarters.

In *Greenville*, Greene county, the day was well observed by Newry Lodge, and many visiting brethren. The Catekill Recorder says, “Nearly two hundred of the fraternity and about one hundred and fifty ladies formed the procession which proceeded to the church, where; with the appropriate ceremonies, a discourse was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Prentiss, A. M., Chaplain to the Grand Chapter of the state, and Rector of St. Luke’s church, in Catskill.”

In *Dedham*, Massachusetts, a sermon was delivered by Rev. Paul Dean, and an Address by Comp. Nahum Capen of Boston. Between four and five hundred ladies and gentlemen partook of a dinner at Mr. Francis Alden’s.

At *Sandy Bay*, Massachusetts, the corner stone of the third Universalist Meeting House, was laid by Tyran Lodge, in presence of a large concourse of spectators. A

very appropriate address was delivered by Rev. Thos. Jones, and prayers were offered by Rev. Thos. Whittemore. The ceremonies were highly interesting and impressive and the audience retired much gratified with the services.

In *New Hartford*, Oneida county, the day was celebrated by about three hundred of the fraternity. Elder Smith, a Baptist Clergyman, addressed the audience in a very appropriate and impressive manner. A dinner was prepared by Mr. Strong.

In *Chepachet*, Rhode Island, the Grand Lodge of the State held their annual meeting and paid due observance to the day. A procession was forward at the Hall of Friendship Lodge, which, (says the Providence Cadet) after being joined by a large number of ladies, proceeded, with an excellent band of musick, to the meeting-house, where an appropriate address was delivered by Rev. David Pickering which was highly approved by the members of the Masonick Fraternity, and was well received by the large concourse of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness the ceremonies of this interesting occasion. After the services at the meeting-house, the procession passed through the village to the place where, under a long extended awning a dinner was provided by Mr. Cyrus Cooke for the members of the Fraternity, and such ladies and gentlemen as chose to partake.

In *Middletown*, Rutland county, Vermont, the festival was more numerously attended than any ever previously witnessed in that county. An interesting sermon was preached by Rev. H. Practor, of Rutland; and (says the Rutland Herald) the proceedings throughout evinced that the efforts making to subvert the institution of masonry, have only the effect to stimulate its members to renewed zeal in its behalf.

As far as our information extends, the fourth instant was a rainy, and, without doors, a disagreeable day in many parts of the country. Within doors, however, we believe it passed off with as much zest and good cheer as it would have done if the heavens had smiled, and all without had answered the prayers of the most fervent supplicants for a glorious day. In this city the usual routine of ceremonies was observed. Cannons were fired; the bells were rung; orations were delivered to audiences quite as contented to hear them as if the heavens had been less lowering; and dinners were eaten with as good appetites, and toasts drank with as patriotic feelings, as men are wont to be possessed of on such occasions. The oration of Mr. HARMAN is well spoken of by those who heard it—we were not of the number, but as it is to be published, we shall have an opportunity of reading it. The Apprentices’ Society had also their orator, Mr. J. D. KEARNEY, whose production is said to have been very creditable to its author and particularly well adapted to the occasion.

It cannot be denied that the weather did (as it was eminently calculated to) dampen the mental as well as the bodily feelings of our citizens, and that the enjoyments of the day were rather too much of a single nature to suit the taste of every one. In all the cities and villages that we have heard from, the usual spirit predominated, but a universal complaint is raised against the weather. A correspondent who witnessed the ceremonies at Greenbush, has politely furnished us with the following notice of Mr. Brooks’s oration.

“James G. Brooks, the well known author of *Florio*, delivered an oration at Greenbush on the 4th inst. It did not detract from his high reputation, being distinguished by its beautiful imagery and language. Our national anniversary has furnished few, if any better addresses. His sentiments used by Mr. Brooks were highly poetical; his allusion to the existence of man, over whom, he said, the dark shadow of uncertainty bends while in his cradle, frowns when in his warm noon of life, and folds its gloomy arm around him when a corpse,—the contrast which he drew between our present and our past condition,—his vivid portraiture of the causes that should impel us, if danger ever again visited us, to,

‘Fearless, seek the front!’—

all characterized his address as one of genuine talent. He spoke in glowing language of the sufferings of those relics

of our revolution, men whose names will be the battle cry of future fields, and commented most feelingly on the tardiness of the justice awarded them. 'Open,' said he, 'the grave of St. Clair, and shower gold upon his coffin-lid, and if the dead can speak, he will say, your gratitude comes too late.'

'Mr. Brooks has set an example which we hope to see followed on future occasions. To what better purpose can the talent and genius of our country be applied, than to herald forth in the thoughts and words that genius alone inspires, the remembrances of the perilous olden day,

'When blood ran free as festal wine,'

and (to use Mr. B.'s words) 'to awaken our attention to the light of glory that burns in our fathers' sepulchres.' "

MASONICK CEREMONIES. The corner stone of one of the eastern locks of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, was laid on the 4th inst. under the direction of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, assisted by Washington Encampment, Temple Royal Arch Chapter, and the several subordinate lodges of the district. The President, the principal officers of the government, the foreign ministers and representatives, and the officers and directors of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal Company, attended at the ceremonies.

The corner stone of the Viaduct, by which the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road will cross the Patapsco, was also laid on the 4th inst. by Patmos Lodge, and the Grand Lodge of the state of Maryland. The dampness of the day prevented the venerable CARROLL from attending and officiating.

THEATRE. It is gratifying to those who do visit the Theatre, to know that the managers continue their exertions to merit a liberal patronage, whether they do or do not receive it. The house was never under better regulations; nor was there ever a better company of comedians connected with it. Finn and Jefferson, especially, are rare spirits: we should think their performances might cure the blues and the dyspepsia, if properly attended to, and therefore we would recommend the reader to hear the advice and prescriptions of Dr. Logick, in which character Mr. Finn intends to be at home this evening.

Herr Cline, the celebrated tight rope dancer, performed last evening, and received great applause. He is, without doubt, unequalled in his profession. He certainly has greater command over the powers of his body than any other individual whom we ever witnessed.

From the (Philadelphia) Pennsylvania Inquirer.

The public sentiment against the anti-masonick nomination of Mr. RITNER has promptly developed itself, both in the newspapers, and by individual expressions of feeling and opinion. We have not met with a single public journal in the state which has approved that nomination, or the principles upon which it was made. Some of the editors call him a "fence-man," others ask, "why not call him the anti-democratic candidate at once?" Several of the gentlemen named on committees by the anti-masonick convention in different counties have publicly withdrawn their names, on the ground that they find anti-masonry to be a mere cloak for political management, chicanery and ambition. But now, says the Lancaster Gazette, "the secret is out; the alarm is given; and no man can be any longer blinded to the real objects of this new self-created society, the anti-masonick brotherhood. This discovery was all that was wanting to insure the withdrawal of all those respectable and honest men whose motives in joining it were pure." The truth is, that the most popular man in the state of Pennsylvania would have been prostrated by the accepted nomination of the late corn-stalk militia assemblage of anti-masons at Harrisburg. How, then, could its leaders, weak as they were, suppose for a moment that Joseph Ritner could be sustained by such a nomination? There is a sterling good sense in the people of Pennsylvania, which indignantly repels every thing like absurd prejudice and juggling imposture. No Morgan has disappeared here to give countenance to the clamours against freemasonry. Whether that person was murdered, or simply taken away to the other side of the Niagara, our citizens know that the act is more feelingly and deeply abhorred and reprobated by the fraternity in Pennsylvania than by any body else. They also daily see that those who belong to that fraternity are among the most honest, correct, upright and intelligent men in society; and it would be impossible to produce an extensive prejudice against such men. Under all these circumstances, we presume that this will be the

last, as it was the first, formal attempt in Pennsylvania to enlist the prejudices against masonry on the side of political knavery and profligacy: and we hope that the anti-masonick ambassador from "the central committee of New-York" has gone home with improved manners and a better sense of decorum, as well as of the people of Pennsylvania, than he appears to have brought with him.

ITEMS.

Meteorick Phenomenon. "On the evening of the 8th of May, in Monroe county, Georgia," says the Statesman, "there was no appearance of storm or of clouds that could produce even a momentary shower, when the fire ball which we are going to describe, was discovered. It was moving with immense velocity, involved in a mass of smoke that marked its flight, like an enormous shell from a mortar, emitting an audible hissing sound, resembling the ignition of resin, and in a few seconds, exploded, like a shock of thunder, and fell to the earth." The stone sunk two feet in the ground, and when taken out was found to weigh thirty six pounds. It was covered with a black ferruginous incrustation of equal thickness over every part of it. In its interior structure it closely resembled the meteorick stones that have heretofore been described, containing perhaps a larger portion of nickel than is common. The fragments abound with brilliant metallic points. It is about 20 per cent. heavier than the celebrated stone that fell near Weston in Connecticut, in 1807 [Cin. Chron.

NATURAL PHENOMENON. In the memoirs of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, it is stated that in the district of Gori, in Russia, at the foot of the Ossentin mountains, there is a hill, on the stony surface of which the humidity that exudes from the rock, in summer, and in fine weather, is converted into ice of a thickness proportionate to the heat of the sun.

Morals and religion being in a very low state in Norway, a young man, not twenty years of age, named Franz Neilson, arose as a reformer about the year 1778. He preached scriptural doctrines and denounced the pastors and churches, preserving, at the same time, such purity of conduct that his enemies could find no good occasion of reproach against him. His success was so considerable, that he was summoned to Copenhagen as an innovator, and condemned to the galleys, but he had secured, by his faithfulness, so many friends, even among the clergy, that his sentence was commuted into some trifling punishment; he continued preaching the truth until his death, about fifteen years ago, and left behind him about thirty thousand followers, whom he had drawn from the pale of the established Norwegian Church.

Anecdote for the Ladies. The prison report of Connecticut, among other things, contains a short exposition of the difficulties and vexation which the officers of the prison have to encounter in the government of the four female convicts under their care, and the directors most ungallantly assert that these four make more trouble than the whole remaining ninety-three convicts of the other sex. But not content with this, they repeat a remark made to them, as they pretend, by the superintendent of the Auburn state prison. "I have (says he) under my care about four hundred and fifty male prisoners, and nine females; and I could cheerfully undertake the care of an additional four hundred and fifty men, to be rid of the nine women." What a brute! [Natl. Intelligencer.

The subjoined queer Notice is cut from the advertising columns of the Newport (N. H.) Spectator:—

NOTICE. The Crazy Preacher, Poor Dan, and the Yankee Stranger, have agreed, if the Lord will, to meet at 12 o'clock, at Enfield Meeting House, N. H. on the first Sabbath day in September, 1829, there to have a Free Quaker Meeting in spite of the Devil and his angels.

DANIEL BROCKLEBANK.

Plainfield, N. H. June, 1829.

It is rumoured that the new Pope intends to abolish celibacy among the clergy. It is remarkable that the Romish Church should ever have required celibacy of its ministers, since Peter, the great patron of that faith, is the only one among the apostles, who is mentioned in the scriptures as having been married—"Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever."

A Good Living. The London Morning Post says, that by the falling in of Leases &c. the Bishoprick of London, will in about twenty years, be worth \$500,000 per annum.

The King of Bavaria is on a visit to Naples, and has had the honour of bathing himself in one of the baths of Pompeii, re-opened after a lapse of 1800 years.

A block tin watch was recently sold at auction, in New-York, for \$19. This is only one of the many beauties of the "American System."

Battle Royal. A Mr. Americus Vespuccius Pulsifer and a Mr. Jesse Barlow Spelman are labelling each other in the Albany Daily Advertiser. One is a comb-maker and the other comb-repairer, but "which is which" they have not yet decided. Americus Vespuccius says that he makes combs very well, and Jesse Barlow says that Americus does no such thing. And vice-versa. We are fearful if they continue to

comb each other's heads, that the heads of their customers will go uncombed.

N. Y. Cour. & Enq.

Poor Henry Dana Ward! The poor fellow has been eating bread, purchased with the wages of iniquity for several months past, and now, if his own story is to be believed, is likely to find a scarcity even of that. Is there no help for the creature? Can nothing more be afforded him from the coffers in this place? [Livingston Journal.

The Saratoga Sentinel has the following excellent hit, accompanied with an appropriate cut:

To the Afflicted. Down hill politicians are respectfully informed that there is yet room for them in the anti-masonick ranks.

The knowing anti's whisper that the canal is under masonick influence. It will be recollected that the cap-stone of the last locks were laid with masonick ceremonies,—this accounts for it—and the unfortunate accidents on the canal, from drowning, &c., will now be placed on anti-masonick principles, to masonick violence. What wonderful discoveries are making in these days of reform. [Nor. Phoenix.

What Next? An anti-masonick catechism is publishing at Waterloo.

Half the papers throughout the country are busily engaged in making out patent definitions. From the Berkshire American we take the following:—

"Corner—One who makes people *corned*—a seller of grog.

"*Pandect*—an ornamented pan."

DIED,

In this city, at 9 o'clock in the morning, on Thursday last, after a short and painful illness, Mr. HARVEY NASH, printer, aged 23. He was possessed of a mild and benevolent disposition, of frank and agreeable manners, and of principles rigidly honest and moral. Death has untimely taken him from a large circle of acquaintances, not one of whom was his enemy. His loss is universally lamented by those who knew him, and has left a vacancy in the circle where he moved, that will not easily nor speedily be filled with his equal.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. ALIDA EVERTSEN, wife of John Evertsen, in the 53d year of her age.

Yesterday morning, CATHERINE, daughter of Mr. Wm. Drake, aged 4 years and 11 months.

TO PRINTERS. FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY, Albany, N. Y. The proprietors of this establishment have lately made additions to their assortment, and are prepared, on very short notice, to execute orders for entire offices for Job, Newspaper, or Book Printing. Their variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Letter, is as great as any other foundry in the United States. The style of the large and small letter is modern, and of the most elegant kind, having been cut by the most skilful artists in the country. Fonts of letter and printing materials, for distant places, will be put up with such care as to ensure purchasers against delays for some or noctitious. The prices are uniform with the present prices of the New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston foundries.

Orders from the South will be promptly executed, and articles shipped from New York. A. W. KINSLEY & Co.

July 4 27th

AMMON RASEY respectfully informs his old customers, his friends, and the public in general, that in consequence of his old stand, No. 528, being torn down for the purpose of rebuilding, he has removed his **PORTER AND READING ROOM** to No. 570 South Market street, a few doors below the Old Corner, where he will at all times be happy to wait upon those who may favour him with a call.

He has fitted up his new establishment in the best manner possible for the reception of company, and every exertion will be made on his part to render it an agreeable and pleasant resort.

May 13.

FINANCIAL, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutter and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 16 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Engers, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14. 1829.

LADIES' MAGAZINE conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, at Washington st. Boston—and by Bourns, at the Depository of Arts, 353 Broadway, New-York, and Thomas T. Ash, 120 Chestnut-st. Philadelphia. Each number will contain about 50 pages of original matter, the whole making a beautifully executed octavo volume of 600 pages. Price three dollars per annum, to be paid on delivery of the third number.

The contents of the *Ladies' Magazine* will be an original miscellany, calculated to improve the taste and foster the talents and virtues of women; at the same time particular regard will be paid to the diffusion of that knowledge of our own country, its scenery and history and its character, and manner of its inhabitants, which Americans of either sex should be careful to acquire. But no sectional prejudices shall be admitted to interfere with the spirit of the work, which is intended to be strictly American.

The constantly increasing patronage which this work has received, during the year it has been before the public, is the best criterion of its merits. The *Ladies' Magazine* is now circulated in almost every city and state in the Union.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

"QUID PRO QUO."

In threading the mazes of this strange scene,
Calm caution will teach us the way to go;
And e'er with the prudent, the rule has been,
To look with keen eye for a *quid pro quo*.

The young and confiding are often prone,
On the good faith of others, themselves to throw,
Reflecting not, they should first have known
That the trusted would yield them a *quid pro quo*.

The lawyer will tell you, (if asked, he can,
From some huge volume, authority show,)
That in all sorts of contracts 'twixt man and man,
'Tis a *sine qua non*, there be *quid pro quo*.

And woman, fair woman, 't were best for her,
This musty old maxim full well to know;
And beware, unsuspecting, to trust too far
The flatterer's promise of *quid pro quo*.

Her's is a warm and an open heart,
Keenly respondent to joy or woe;
And let her beware of Cupid's dart,
Unless she is sure of a *quid pro quo*.

The wily seducer will blandly smile,
And swear that he 's ready his truth to show;
But trust him not—'t is a luring wile—
He thinks not of giving a *quid pro quo*.

Care not for the worthless and trifling fop,
Whose knowledge is nought but the arts of the beau;
He 's without a heart, and you cannot hope
In return for your own, for a *quid pro quo*.

So, when you shall leave the parental roof,
And your all on the man of your choice bestow,
Take care that you have a convincing proof,
That affection will meet with a *quid pro quo*. Q.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

MELANCHOLY.

Say, Melancholy, silent maid,
What are the cares that heave thy breast?
Have those who might afford thee aid,
Gone to the land of silent rest?
Or, have thy friends all fickle proved,
The gaudy flatterers of an hour?
Or, has the Demon whom thou loved,
Proved false, and owned a rival's power?

"No;—these are not the ills I mourn;
'Tis not the lover's faithless vow;
'Tis not that friends are from me torn,
That fell Despair thus clouds my brow;
I mourn in poverty forlorn,
In haunts of woe and deep distress,
And all the sufferings I have borne,
None care to know, or even guess.

In Disappointment's gloomy cell,
Where ev'ry gleam of Hope has fled,
From morn till night I constant dwell,
And seem to converse with the dead,
Here Care, and Want, and Pain are found;
Here wild Ambition meets its grave;
And strange—the Muse's dulcet sound
It's here been heard, whilst Passions rave.

I love to wander in the gloom
Of solemn midnight's silent shade,
And ruminate on mortal doom,
And muse on ev'ry hill and glade.
Ah, Philomela! sweet thy note;
'Child of the melancholy song,'
I love to hear thy music float,
The woodland groves and hills along.

I love to see the setting sun,
As sinking in the glowing west;
His daily task completely done,
How mild he shines, and sinks to rest!

Behold, upon the western hill,
As far as human eye can reach,
Sol's darting rays are lingering still,
And thus a lesson seems to teach;

That man, a poor and helpless worm,
In youth, with lustre and delight,
May rise, as beauteous in his frown,
As fair, as splendid, and as bright;
But soon his race of life is run,
His hopes, and joys, and loves are fled;
Scarce have his pleasures well begun
Ere he is numbered with the dead."

Ah, Melancholy! hush thy strain—
The tale you tell is often told;
Man loves the privilege to complain,
And boast the world is false and cold.
Nought but RELIGION can repose
The raging tumult of the soul;
'Tis this can calm our deepest woes,
And soothe the mind when billows roll.

Randolph, Vt. June, 1829.

C. C.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

FAREWELL.

"The why—the where—what boots it now to tell,
Since all must end in that wild word—Farewell!"

Farewell!

The leaf on the ocean,
That floats on alone,
Eternal in motion,
Its fate is my own—
On the dark sea of years
My lone bark is cast,
And its destiny veers
To depths of the past.

Farewell!

Although misery's scath
May furrow my brow,
Though the breath of its wrath
Is felt by me now—
Even there shall my soul,
Unhindered and free,
And defying controul,
Bow only to thee.

Farewell!

I had hoped—but never!
For quenched is the gleam,
And vanished forever,
Like drops in the stream.
The wild comet afar,
All gleaming in fire,
Might as well wed a star
In fierceness of ire.

Farewell!

As dawn on the mountain,
As foam on the sea,
Has Hope's purest fountain
Now vanished from me—
But while being may last,
Shall Memory's beam
Shed a light o'er the past,
And brighten life's stream.

CAMPBELL.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

"JESUS WEPT."—JOHN XI. 35.

"Hadst thou been here, my holy Lord," the mourning sister said,
"My brother dear had not now ranked among the slumbering dead;"
The Saviour looked, and when he saw the anguish in her eyes,
Within his troubled spirit then deep groans there did arise.
"Where have ye laid him," Jesus said to those who stood around;
They say unto him, "Come, O Lord, and view the sacred ground;"

Then Jesus wept!—that man of pain, of sorrow, and of trial,
Unto his feelings gave no more a forced, severe denial.

"Behold his love," the wondering Jews who stood around him, cried—

"O could not he have caused, that man not yet so soon had died?"

Again our blessed Saviour groaned, his tears again did flow.
As forth unto the grave he walked, with solemn step and slow;—

Yes! him who now at God's right hand, doth sit in judgment there,

Then wept o'er mortal griefs and woes, and dried the sister's tear.

O Jesus, unto us that love unbounded show, we pray,
And form our hearts to stand the test of the great Judgment Day.
FRANCIS.

From the London Literary Journal.

GOOD NIGHT.

"We met but in one giddy dance,
Good night joined hands with greeting,
And twenty thousand things may chance
Before our second meeting."

Good night to thee, lady!—though many
Have joined in the dance to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;—
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most glad and clearest
That ere had a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, lady!—'t is over,
The waltz—the quadrille—and the song—
The whispered "farewell" of the lover,
The heartless "adieu" of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,—
The eye-lid that longed for repose,
The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,—
The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'T is over—the lights are all dying,
The coaches are driving away,—
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay;
And beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests as homeward she drives,—
And some have gone home to their slumbers,
And some have gone back to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor;
I'll keep it—if but to remind me,
Though withered and faded its hue,
Wherever next season may find me,
Of England—of Almack's—and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountains or sea,
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes that our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way,—
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten,
With a light that is dearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, though nameless,
For aye on the lip they may be,—
There are hearts that though fettered are tameless,
And thoughts unexpressed—but still free!
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light;
The ball and my dream are all over,
Good night to thee, lady!—Good night!

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 15 3m.

ROLAND ADAMS.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEATING, RATHBONE & Co. No 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of FURNACE and RADIANT STOVES, comprising the latest and most improved patterns of Cooking Stoves, Franklin's, &c., and all kinds of Stoves, together with Russian, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tongs, Tin Plates, Stove Pipes, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.

Albany May, 1829.

15m

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1829.

NO. 25.

MASONICK RECORD.

ANTI-MASONRY—MASONRY.

From the Village Record. By the Hon. Charles Miner, late Representative in Congress, from Pennsylvania.

"**STRIKE, but HEAR**"—said the Grecian. Borrowing the exclamation of Themistocles, a free and accepted mason exclaims—"STRIKE, but HEAR!" The excitement against freemasonry and masons, which is now spreading through various parts of this state is too apparent not to be seen, and altogether too important not to be noticed. Meetings are called in every part of the county of Chester, of those opposed to freemasonry; a more general meeting is appointed to be held at West Chester, and delegates are to be chosen to a state convention to be holden at an early day at Harrisburgh. A freemason myself, I cannot view these proceedings without intense anxiety and unaffected alarm. Regarding with the profoundest respect the good opinion of my fellow citizens, the consequences of the proceedings to my social rights, and to the interests of my family, are to my mind, I confess to you, a subject of anxious solicitude.

Permit me, before this enlightened and upright community, to say, that in avowing myself a freemason, I am wholly unconscious that I make any confession of guilt. In entering into the lodge, nearly thirty years ago, no admonition was given me that I was offending any law of the republic; that I was violating any duty to my fellow men—or that I was, in the slightest degree, running counter to public sentiment. Among the masons of that day who stood conspicuous in the lodge, were Soldiers of the Revolution, who had met danger in its most awful form; who had experienced every sort of privation, and every species of suffering to establish the liberties of their country. They were ardent patriots—liberal republicans—kind neighbours, and honest, benevolent men. Then there were magistrates high in office; one of them whose venerable form I still see as I first saw him in the east, wearing the master's badge; he had been bred and was still attached to the society of *Friends*. A more correct and amiable man—a more upright magistrate—a more true lover of his country and fellow men, never existed. It was a time of high party excitement—yet men of both parties were there; and there almost alone did they meet with the appellation of brothers; softening by social and fraternal intercourse, the asperities growing out of differences in political opinion. The *Episcopalian* was there. A minister of the *Methodist* denomination often attended the lodge. There I met an unfortunate emigrant from *France*, driven into exile by the revolution: masonry was his sweetest solace under poignant afflictions: a *German*; sons of green *Erin* were there. As he is gone to another, and I fondly trust a better world, I may mention his venerated name, and say that general JOHN STEELE, of Lancaster county, was often present; a man of exemplary piety—of great moral worth, and high political estimation. He served his beloved country in the field in the dark hour of danger. In the councils of his country he shone in happier time; and at the communion table of the *Presbyterian church* he bowed humbly to the covenant of free grace, and worshipped according to the strictest rules of his sect. Could I imagine there was ought of evil which received the decided sanction, and attracted the constant pre-

sence of these good men from distant climes—of various religious sects—of different political professions?

Thus attracted I joined the Lodge. Every meeting was opened by a solemn appeal to the Divine Creator of the universe, imploring his countenance and blessing. Every principle that I heard inculcated was one of benevolence and charity, diffusive as the air we breathe, and free as the cheering and vivifying rays of yon glorious luminary.

The world saw; and I heard no censure. Washington had been a Mason: I had never heard it enumerated among his faults: DE WITT CLINTON, an ornament to his country, and to the age in which he lived, was Grand Master of Masons in New-York; a whisper of censure upon that score, even from his enemies, never reached my ear. Mr. MILNOR, now an eminent minister of the Episcopal Church in New-York, was Grand Master of Masons of Pennsylvania. That it was ever raised against him as an objection, I have yet to learn. In Russia, Germany; in bigoted, despotick Spain, I knew that tyrants had sworn deadly hostility to the Masonick order, upon the avowed ground that they were too ardent friends to Civil Liberty; while in free countries I supposed the institution had been cherished, being considered as favourable to the cause of Freedom and the equal rights of mankind. They were *Free Masons*—the name was odious to despots; and I had much reason to suppose acceptable in countries where the equal rights of man are held dear. The poor and the rich, the mechanic—the merchant—the farmer—the professional man, meet in the Lodge together on equal terms.

Having advanced past the active period of busy life, it is many years since I have seen the inside of a Lodge, and long time since I withdrew from being a member. To this day, I say it with sincerity, I never heard an immoral, an irreligious, or an Aristocratic principle supported in the Lodge, as sustained by Freemasonry.

Shall I not then be pardoned if I express the deep surprise and sorrow with which I behold the course pursued by the anti-mason combinations against us. What ill have we done, fellow-citizens! Wherein have we offended? We are very few in number—wholly inconsiderable. We have no defence but in our innocence and the protecting good will of our fellow citizens. The publick must save us from those who seem to be pursuing us to ruin, or we are totally lost. We have neither wealth—nor influence—nor power—nor numbers, to enable us to cope with the fearful array that is marshaling against us. What do we ask? We desire no peculiar favour, but simply ask for justice—for sheer justice. Let us be judged like the rest of our fellow citizens; by our own conduct—by our individual merit or demerit. If it was wholly innocent on our part when we entered the Lodge and became Free Masons, would it not be cruel as the grave to punish us for doing that which was neither unlawful at the time—nor contrary to publick sentiment, as it had then been expressed? Our constitution declares that no ex-post facto law shall be passed—that is, that no action, not unlawful at the time it was committed, shall be declared unlawful afterwards, and punished as such. And the reason for this provision, was the manifest injustice and cruelty of such proceeding. For who would be safe? If no land mark was placed: if no beacon was raised—if no warning was given—who would know when they were walking into

error and danger, or pursuing their course in safety?

Some Masons in the state of New York, may have been guilty of crimes. There are bad men in all societies. Let the wings of swift vengeance carry the severest sanction of violated Law to the extinction of the offenders. They find in us no advocates to defend—no apologists to screen—no friends to deprecate the just visitation of the severest penalties of the law.

But it is impossible to perceive with what justice the crimes of those men, a thousand miles off, can be properly visited upon our heads, or that we should be punished for offences which we abhor—in which, in thought, word or deed, we have in no manner participated, either as principals or accessaries, before or after the fact.

What bloody crimes have been committed in the name of our pure and holy religion, by persons ardently professing to be Christians! Will any one say, that the whole Church of Christ should be condemned for these heinous and bloody persecutions? If not, why should the whole Society of Masons be punished for the offence of some of its wicked members?

We have witnessed the excitement in New-York, and noted its course and consequences. Many benevolent and good men there, as here, joined in the denunciation of Masonry, meaning undoubtedly well; but look at the next step. Ambitious men viewing the excitement, and with the keen scent of the eagle for its prey, saw that they might turn it to their own account, and make it subserve their own private purposes. Men who were not Masons, but were eager for office, and athirst for political distinction, having among Masons political rivals, seized the flowing mane of the flying courser, mounted, and rode into power. The spirit of anti-masonry, honest in purpose, and pure in zeal there, as it undoubtedly is here, was soon perverted to the purposes of *political ambition*, and to further the views of aspirants for office. Ambitious men attended the anti-masonick meetings—took an active part therein—declaimed feelingly against Masonry and Masons—drew resolutions and signed addresses, by these means became popular, and mounted into office. Events showed that this was their sole purpose. So flagrantly apparent has this become, that thousands of good men who originally entered into the anti-masonick ranks there, if our information is correct, have left them with dissatisfaction. Is there not danger that such may be the case here—and ought it not, fellow-citizens, to be guarded against, with the utmost vigilance?

The purity and excellence of character of many of those who are zealous in extending the anti-masonick excitement, preclude the idea that they entertain any political views in the course they pursue, or that they are actuated by the slightest motives of ambition. It is respectfully submitted to the publick, whether the utmost care ought not to be taken to prevent the anti-masonick party from assuming, as it has done in New-York, a *political* complexion, and thus being perverted from its ostensible purpose, creating more mischief than its most zealous friends even hope to remedy.

Of one very important matter, my mind is satisfied; which is, that the gentlemen who take the lead in the anti-masonick measures here, are going further than they deliberately mean to go, or are fully aware that they are going. It was natural, that in the resolutions they adopt, the form used in

the state of New-York, should be copied; for I suppose no one will pretend that any thing has taken place in Chester county, among the few and scattered members, that would justify the solemn declaration at a public meeting, that "Freemasonry tends to infatuate its members to a violation of all social and civil rights!"

Before Heaven I can express the earnest hope and belief, that nothing in the conduct of the few and generally very orderly citizens, whom I know as Masons in Chester county, has warranted so very severe an expression of censure. Men, in common justice, ought to be judged by their professions and their conduct. It would be painful in the extreme to believe that any Masons in Chester county had said or done that which would warrant the denunciation, which, if just, ought to banish them from the country, or send them to the Penitentiary.

The Resolution, "That we cannot give our support to Free-Masons for political stations in the councils and government of our common country," appears to follow as a consequence of the ill character given to them in the preceding quotation. This seems distinctly to have a political bearing. Masons are denounced as holding principles violating all social and civil order—and we will not vote for them. They shall be excluded from all public trusts—no public employment shall be conferred upon them—they shall be henceforth and forever excluded from the service of the country, and no longer share in the duties, the honour and emoluments of office—they shall be effectually disfranchised and dishonoured, as unworthy of trust, and confidence; and faith, and honour!

[Concluded next week.]

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From Sullivan's Journal for April.

CHLORIDE OF LIME

Is manufactured on a very large scale, at the Maryland Chemical Works at Baltimore. A large chamber lined with lead is made use of, and about 5000 lbs. of hydrate of lime is placed thinly on moveable shelves, the chlorine gas is then introduced into the chamber and is absorbed by the lime, the top shelves are saturated first, the lime is then stirred and the shelves reserved, the top placed at the bottom and the bottom at the top, and so on through the whole, introducing additional quantities of Chlorine as the shelves are transposed, and the gas absorbed or united. The Chloride thus made is considered fully equal to the best bleaching salt which can be imported.

It is an article extensively employed in the arts; especially in bleaching; one grain of it will destroy the colouring matter of two grains of the best Spanish Indigo.

It is generally employed in solution, which is made in the proportion of four ounces to one pint of water, and as only one half of the lime is dissolved, it will be necessary to filter, in order to obtain the clear solution. Dilute one part of the liquid with 40 parts of water, a pint with five gallons, or a wine glass full to three quarts of water, stir the mixture and it is then fit for use. It is the most powerful disinfecting agent hitherto discovered, and an instantaneous destroyer of every bad smell. It is an infallible destroyer of all effluvia, arising from animal, and vegetable decomposition, and effectually prevents their deleterious influence, hence, it is particularly recommended to the attention of those residing in epidemick districts, as there is reason to expect, that the mixture sprinkled about apartments would prevent the access of contagion to a certain extent around. Its value will be appreciated by the faculty in the examinations for inquests, dissections and anatomical preparations. For all these desirable purposes, it is only necessary to sprinkle the diluted liquid in the apartment, or on the object requiring purification.

The effluvia from drains, sewers and other receptacles of the same nature, will be destroyed by pouring into them a quart of the mixture, added to a pailful of water, and repeating the operation until it is completely removed.

Tainted meats, and animal food of every kind, may be rendered sweet, by sprinkling them with the mixture. Water in cisterns may be purified,

and all animalculæ destroyed, by putting into it a small quantity of pure liquid, say about half a pint to one hundred and twenty gallons of water, and consequently it is highly valuable on board ships.

The nuisances arising from disagreeable and unhealthy manufactories, may be equally obviated by the mere sprinkling of the Chloride of Lime, and the health of the workmen very materially preserved in such deleterious process as the preparation of oil colours. It destroys the smell of paints so effectually, that a room painted in the day may be slept in at night, without any smell of paint being perceived, if it be sprinkled some hours before with the mixture.

Smelters of lead, glue and size makers, tallow and soap manufacturers, skin dresses, &c. may deprive their premises of all offensive smell, by the same processes. The close and confined air of hospitals, prisons, ships, &c. will be almost instantaneously purified by sprinkling the diluted Chloride of lime in small quantities from a watering pot. The stains from fruits, &c. &c. may be removed from table linen &c. by dipping the article stained in water, applying the Chloride of lime until the stain is removed, and then rinsing well in cold water previous to being washed."

PREVENTION OF DEATH.

The following cautions and observations, designed to preserve from premature death from drowning, lightning, cold, heat, noxious vapours, apoplexy &c. are copied from the "Pocket Companion," published in 1816, by the "ROYAL HUMAN SOCIETY, for the recovery of the apparently drowned or dead." This Society, since its establishment in 1754 to 1816, had rescued from apparent death, four thousand and eighty-seven persons, and rewarded upwards of 18,500 claimants.

CAUTIONS.

1. Never to be held up by the feet.
2. Not to be rolled on casks, or other rough usage.
3. Avoid frictions with salt or spirits, in all cases of apparent death.

RESTORATION OF LIFE

What thou doest—do quickly.

THE DROWNED.

1. Convey carefully the body with the head and shoulders raised, to the nearest convenient house.
2. Strip and dry the body; clean the mouth and nostrils.
3. Place Young Children between two persons in a warm bed.
4. An Adult. Lay the body on a blanket or bed, in a warm chamber in winter:—To be exposed to the sun in Summer.
5. To be gently rubbed with flannel;—a heated warmingpan, covered, lightly moved over the back and spine.
6. If no signs of life appear—the warm bath; warm bricks, &c. applied to the palms of the hands, and soles of the feet.
7. To restore breathing—introduce the pipe of a pair of bellows (when no apparatus) into one nostril; the other nostril and the mouth closed; inflate the lungs, till the breast be a little raised: the mouth and nostrils must then be let free:—repeat the process till life appears.
8. Where a bellows, or any proper apparatus cannot be had, immediately attempt to excite the natural inspiration and expiration, by pressure on the breast, ribs and muscles of the body, merely by the hands, so as to press out as large a portion of the air as possible, and then removing and applying the pressure alternately, in order to imitate the natural breathing, and promote the introduction of atmospheric air, in proportion to the quantity pressed out from the air-cells of the lungs. This process has proved highly successful; and as any person may apply it, as well as a medical professor, it should not be delayed a moment.
9. Electricity early employed by a Medical Assistant.

INTENSE COLD.

Rub the body with snow, ice, or cold water. Restore warmth, &c. by slow degrees, and, after some time, if necessary, the plans to be employed for the resuscitation of Drowned Persons.

SUSPENSION BY THE CORD.

1. A few ounces of blood may be taken from the jugular vein, and Cupping Glasses may be applied

to the head and neck; Leeches also to the temples.

2. The other methods of treatment the same as as recommended for the apparently Drowned.

SUFFOCATION BY NOXIOUS VAPOURS, OR LIGHTNING.

Cold water to be repeatedly thrown upon the face, &c. drying the body at intervals. If the body feels cold, employ gradual warmth, and the plans for the Drowned.

INTOXICATION.

The body is to be lain on a bed, &c. with the head a little raised; the neckcloth, &c. removed—obtain immediate Medical Assistance, as the mode of treatment must be varied, according to the state of the patient.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. On signs of returning life, a tea-spoonful of warm water may be given; and if the power of swallowing be returned, warm wine or diluted brandy—to be put into a warm bed, and if disposed to sleep, will generally awake restored to health.

2. The plans above recommended are to be used for three or four hours. It is an absurd and vulgar opinion to suppose persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance.

3. Electricity and Bleeding never to be employed, unless by the direction of the Medical Assistants.

If the RESUSCITATIVE PROCESS be immediately employed, an immense number of lives will be restored.

CORONERS.

Many lives have been sacrificed which might have been restored, from a prevailing opinion concerning the impropriety of meddling with a Body without permission of the Coroner

OPINION OF AN EMINENT SPECIAL PLEADER.

"It is a misdemeanour to prevent the Coroner from doing his duty. But the meddling with a body, for the purpose of restoring life, is not a transgression of the law; nor do I know any statute by which such an act is prohibited. The Coroner ought to be called in as soon as it is evident that the body is dead."

Absolute, not apparent death, is here meant.

THE NATURALIST.

HABITS OF THE LEAF INSECT.

The mantis, or leaf-insect, is one of the most remarkable for its external form of all the insect tribes in India. When alive and fresh it presents a striking resemblance to a blade of grass, differing in colour according to the season, being green and succulent in the rains, and in the dry weather so much like a withered straw, that they can with difficulty be distinguished. Dr. Adams, who has given an interesting account of the habits of these animals, says that this insect lies in wait for flies, which form his prey, with as much design as a cat or tiger. When a fly is sufficiently within his reach, he projects rapidly his armed paw, and, with unerring aim transfixing his victim, lodges in the toothed hollow of the thigh, destined for its reception. After the fly is in his power, no time is lost in devouring it, commencing with the trunk, and in a few minutes swallowing the whole, the head and wings constituting the finishing morsel. In this manner he will destroy at a meal five or six large flies, which, in point of bulk, nearly double his own body. The structure of the forelimb is remarkably adapted for the purpose it has to serve. It is strong and muscular, provided with a claw at its extremity, likewise strong, horny, and sharp as a needle, and the groove in the last joint, with the double row of teeth or spurs on the margin, corresponding and locking closely into each other, like the fangs of the Alligator. By means of these formidable weapons, the insect not only becomes destructive to others, but is employed to attack its own species; and in China, we are told, fighting the mantis forms the favourite amusement of boys, who carry them about in cages for the purpose.

FISHES TRAVELLING ON LAND.

The Doras costata, or Hassar, is one of those species of fishes which possesses the singular property of deserting the water, and travelling over land. In those terrestrial excursions, large droves of the species are frequently met with during very

dry seasons. When the water is leaving the pools in which they commonly reside, while most other fishes perish for want of their natural element, or are picked up by rapacious birds, the flat-headed hassars, on the contrary, simultaneously quit the place, and march over land in search of water, travelling for a whole night, as is asserted by the Indians, in search of their object. Mr. Campbell, of Sparta Estate, Essequibo, and his family, in an excursion to the sandreefs, fell in with a drove of these animals, which were on their march over land to a branch of the Pomeroun. They were so numerous that the negroes filled several baskets with those they picked up. Their motion over land is described to be somewhat like that of the two-footed lizard. They project themselves forward on their bony arms, by the elastic spring of the tail exerted sidewise. Their progress is nearly as fast as a man will leisurely walk. The strong scuta or hands which envelope their body, must greatly facilitate their march, in the manner of the plates under the belly of serpents, which are raised and depressed by a voluntary power, in some measure performing the office of feet. The Indians say that these fishes carry water within them for a supply on a journey. There appears to be some truth in this statement; for it has been observed that the bodies of the hassars do not get dry like those of other fishes when taken out of the water; and if the moisture be absorbed, or they are wiped dry with a cloth, they have such a power of secretion, that they became instantly moist again. It is scarcely possible to dry the surface while the fish is living.

[Dr. Hancock, Zool. Jour.]

FISHES' NESTS.

The hassars of both species, flat-headed and round-headed, make a regular nest in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster and cover them over most carefully. They remain by the side of the nest till the spawn is hatched, with as much solicitude as a hen guards her eggs; both the male and female hassar (a species of Doras), for they are monogamous, steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking the assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water close to the nest; on agitating which the male hassar springs furiously at them, and is thus captured. The round-head forms its nest of grass, the flat head of leaves. Both at certain seasons burrow in the bank. They lay their eggs only in wet weather. In a morning after rain occurs, numerous nests appear, the spot being indicated by a bunch of froth, which shows itself on the surface of the water, over the nest. Below this are the eggs, placed on a bunch of fallen leaves or grass, if it be the littoral species, which they cut and collect together—by what means seems rather mysterious, as the species are destitute of cutting teeth. It may possibly be by the use of their serrated arms, which form the first ray of the pectoral fins.

[B.]

CHARACTER.

BOLIVAR.

The following anecdote is taken from a work just issued from the press in Boston, under the title of "Memoirs of Bolivar, by General H. L. V. Decoudray Holstein."

The character of Bolivar is represented unfavourably, and every American will naturally wish, and perhaps believe, the story false; the character of the author, however, and his means of information, must destroy the prepossessions of candid men in favour of the "liberator." M. Ducoudray was a favourite officer of Napoleon, and a conspicuous actor in the French Revolution. After the downfall of Napoleon, he entered the patriot service, and continued in it for about two years; but being disgusted with the character of Bolivar, he, in 1816, retired from the service, and has subsequently been employed in literary occupations, in the West Indies and the United States. He is now, we believe, professor of modern languages in Geneva college.

But how did General Bolivar behave in this pretty hot and close action, which lasted more than four hours? As soon as he heard that Brion had ordered the necessary preparations for attack, he

took me aside and spoke as follows: "But, my friend, do you not think that the Spaniards will resist and fight to the last?" "To be sure they will," replied I laughing. "Well, but do you think that our schooner is strong enough to fight alone against these two strong vessels, (at the same time looking at them through a spy glass,) we are too distant, and too far in advance, which renders it impossible for the remainder of our squadron to support us in the action." "That is true, (said I,) but we will take them by boarding; this is the customary way to force Spanish vessels." "What! by boarding, do you think of such folly?" (*y pensez vous mon cher Ami? c'est une folie!*) These were the very expressions of General Bolivar to me! "But what is it best for me to do? do you not think that if I were wounded, or killed, our expedition would be totally lost, and Brion, the poor Brion, would have expended in vain, all his fortune! I looked up astonished; it first occurred to me that he might be jesting; but when I saw that these strange questions were put to me in earnest, I understood him, called Brion and said: General Bolivar has made me a just observation concerning you, he said, that he being wounded or killed in the action, you Brion, would lose all your advances, as then the expedition would, of course, be disbanded. "Oh the d—d coward," said Brion to me in Dutch; (he was a native Dutchman.) "Well General (turning to Bolivar,) you will be safely placed with the intendant Zea, to whom I have assigned a place in our cabin, (in which Bolivar, Brion, Zea, and myself slept,) at the entry of the powder magazine, to hand the necessary cartridges. As Brion said these words in an angry manner, Bolivar asked him, But my dear Brion, do you not think that Ducoudray's observation is just, do you not think so? Oh yes, yes, said Brion, and turned round. I was giving the necessary orders to our officers to arm with muskets and cartridges, when Bolivar came hastily and took me by the arm, saying: "Now I have found an excellent place, better than to be down in the cabin with old Zea," (who looked, in fact, much older than he was, and he was the same man who died as minister of Colombia in England.) He showed me the long-boat which, in armed vessels, is generally fixed over the cabin windows. He jumped in, called Garcia, (his intendant) ordered his pistols, and sword, and told him to load two balls in each pistol, which Garcia did in my presence, and looking at me and laughing. This position which Bolivar chose for himself, was surely the safest place in the vessel, then in setting as he did in the long-boat, his head and whole body was safely protected by the thickness and strength of the beam which supports the rudder of the vessel. He sat down in the boat, and requested me to take command of the officers, which I provided with arms and ammunition, and Brion entrusted me with the command of the volunteers, so that I had to survey the whole infantry of about 160 armed men. A strange contrast between the old and honest Mr. Ballot, a respectable French gentleman of 64 years of age, taking a musket with his young son of 16 years, putting themselves voluntarily under my orders, in spite of Brion's and my representations that they should go down into the cabin, and assist Mr. Zea. But both, full of ardour and courage, refused positively, and said that this was a post of honour, and that they would not have any other assigned to them. In comparing the behaviour of Ballot, father and son, who exposed, voluntarily, their lives, or the welfare of a country in which they were not born, and to which they did not come in order to fight, with that of a military chieftain, already famous; by his rash, and now placed at the head of an expedition, withdrawing himself in such a curious manner, when he should have taken the command of us all, is surely a very characteristic trait of what I have already said of Bolivar, and of what I must repeat in the course of these memoirs of him, in telling truth. Both the Ballots fought with great courage and coolness.

We suffered much during the very warm action, from the musket fire of about a hundred men of the Spanish regiment La Corona, who fired from the rigging into our vessel, and wounded and killed about fifty of our officers and men. We stood more than an hour at half pistol shot distance from the

brig, before we could fix the grapples for boarding. When the crew saw about a dozen of us on their deck, the battle began to be renewed with more fury; but when our number increased, and their brave commander felt himself to be mortally wounded, they lost all hopes; and about thirty of them stripped off their clothes and jumped overboard, in hopes to save their lives by swimming to the Three Rocks which lay a gun shot distance from us.

At this moment, General Bolivar, having all this time been sitting very safe behind his beam in the long-boat, perceived these naked unfortunate men swimming at a very short distance from him; he took his pistol and killed one of them, took the second, fired at, but missed another!

When all was over, and the brig was taken, he jumped out of his boat, came with a radiant face to me and said, 'my dear friend, you fought bravely, but I too, have not been inactive; I killed my man; but unfortunately missed the second!' I, who passed several times from one side of the vessel to the other, always seeing my commander leaning his head close to the beam, was surprised, and asked him how he could kill a man in his boat? "Ah, said he, laughing, with my pistol, in the water!"

THE GATHERER.

AN APOLOGUE.

Towards the beginning of the world there was a vast forest of citron-trees, that bore the most beautiful, large, and pleasant fruit. The branches bent under their burdens, and the air far around was embalmed with their fragrant odour. The impetuous winds chanced to blow down several citrons, and to break some of the branches; certain travellers passing that way quenched their thirst with the juice of the fruit, and cast away the rind. This accident induced the race of citron-trees to choose guardians, who were to drive away passengers, and to inclose the forest with high walls, to oppose the fury of the winds. These guardians appeared at first faithful and disinterested, but they soon found that such hard labour produced a violent thirst; they therefore made this proposition to the citrons—"Gentlemen, we are ready to perish by thirst in labouring for you; permit us to make a small incision in each of you, that we may have a drop of liquor to refresh our parched throats! you will not be the poorer, and we and our children shall thereby acquire fresh strength for your service." The credulous citrons thought this request not unreasonable, and submitted to the imprecipitate contribution. But what was the consequence? When the incision was once made, the hands of the guardians pressed them every day closely. They at last found that citron juice was necessary in all their food; they observed too, that the closer they pressed the fruit, the more juice is yielded. The citrons, seeing themselves thus profusely bled, thought to have reduced their contribution to the primitive stipulation; but the guardians, grown more strong, disregarding all their complaints, put them in the press; and when nothing else remained, they forced a juice from the rinds, by the aid of terrible machines. They at last bathed themselves in the juice of citrons. The beautiful forest was soon despoiled; the race of citrons became extinct; and their tyrants habituated to that refreshing liquor, by their prodigality had totally deprived themselves of it. They all fell sick, and died of a putrid fever.

A gentleman who had a vast veneration for poetry and poetical descriptions having occasion to describe a very quiet neighbour to a musical friend of his, stated, that he took through life

"The noiseless tenour of his way."

"Pshaw!" cried the musician, who was not possessed of much fondness for poetry, "What is the noiseless tenour good for? give me a tenour that has a full and powerful tone, or none at all."

A person hearing of the death of another said to an acquaintance, "I thought you told me —'s fever had gone off?" "I did," replied the latter, "but I forgot to mention that he went with it."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

THE POST.

There is, perhaps, no possible event that would cause so great a revolution in the state of modern society as the cessation of the post. A comet coming in collision with the earth could alone cause a greater shock to its inhabitants; it would shake nations to their centre. It would be a sort of imprisonment of the universal mind,—a severing of the affections, and a congelation of thought. It would be building up a wall of partition between the hearts of mother and child, and husband and wife, and brother and sister. It would raise Alps between the breasts of friend and friend; and quench, as with an ocean, the love that is now breathed out in all its glowing fervour, despite of time or place. What would be all the treasures of the world, or all its praise, to a feeling heart, if it could no longer pour out its fulness to its chosen friend, whom circumstances had removed afar off? What could solace the husband or the father, during his indispensable absence from the wife of his affections, or the child of his love, if he had no means of assuring them of his welfare and his unalterable love; and what could console him could he not be informed of theirs? Life, in such circumstances, would be worse than a blank; it would be death to the soul, but death without its forgetfulness. Write soon—pray do write soon and often, are among the last words we breathe into the ear of those we love, while we grasp the hand, and look into the eye that will soon be far from us. What other consolation or hope is left us when the rumbling wheel, or the swelling sail is hearing that beloved being far from us, while we stand fixed to the spot where that object uttered its last adieu. And how impatiently do we wait the arrival of the welcome letter, that will assure us of its well-being and safety. The object of our solicitude may have to cross inhospitable deserts, or stormy seas; dangerous mountains or forests infested by beasts of prey, or the sons of plunder; and, were there no channel by which we could be informed of its subsequent safety, our suspense would prove overwhelming and intolerable. But the welcome sheet arrives, and we are blest by the intelligence that the being concerning whom we were so anxious, has surmounted all dangers, and still lives to think of us and to love us. Again we converse together,—again we interchange our thoughts, as if present with each other; we speak to those we cannot see, and we listen to them who are too far off to hear even the thunder that rolls along our horizon.

If ever mortal deserved a monument to perpetuate his memory, it was the inventor of writing; (what are the claims of kings or conquerors in the comparison?) it is the next best gift to life itself, and, deprived of it, life would hardly be worth the possessing: it is truly like the air we breathe; if we have it not we die. The best enjoyments of being emanate from this divine art: it pours the brightest sunshine that illumines the desolate path of life; without it, the gift of genius would be bestowed in vain, and talent would expire unseen and unenjoyed, like the bright flowers of an uninhabited region. And without the medium of communication by the post, even this would be divested of half its advantages; with a cheapness that no other mode can compete with, a swiftness that none else can rival, and a certainty and dependence that no other can offer, it presents the finest instance of communication between men that the world has ever witnessed. Crowned heads, and the nobles of the laud, might, indeed, send their communications by messengers or couriers; but these would hardly be available for the merchant, and not at all for the tradesman or artisan. But now we can receive the most needful intelligence, or the kindest effusions of regard, from a distance of nearly three hundred miles, for almost nothing: and, in four or five days, a letter may be despatched, and an answer received, from the metropolis to the Land's End in Cornwall.

Thus may the prodigal, who has absented himself from the paternal roof, and the arms of his parents, solicit and receive permission to return to the hearts that mourn over his absence. I knew a

father whose son had left his home, and was an exile above two hundred miles off. This father was taken ill, and was told he could not survive many days. His palsied hand was yet able to scrawl a few lines to his still darling boy, whose retreat had just become known to him. He conjured him, if he wished to receive his dying blessing and forgiveness, to return immediately. The unconscious paper was despatched; it flew upon the wings of the wind along the dreary road,—it traversed the long heaths,—it passed over the high hills and the deep rivers: neither the floods nor the precipices retarded the important message; and, in a few days, the repentant prodigal was at his father's feet, and in his arms, and received his pardon and blessing, and saw him close his eyes in peace; when, but for this, the one would have lived wretched, and the other died miserable.

I never see the mail flying along the road, with its lamps gleaming through the darkness, and its horn breaking the stillness of midnight, but I think of the thousand intense interests that are conveyed in its packages. The timely assistance which it is conveying to solace, and perhaps to save the distressed,—the pleadings of love, the outpourings of friendship, and the supplications of despair,—the joys and the sorrows of the heart, are all going to their respective destinations, to carry peace or hope, succour or sympathy, to the bosoms that need them. To some it will terminate a suspense worse than death. To whole families deprived of the means of existence, it will carry plenty and peace. It oft makes whole the breaking heart, revives the sinking spirit, and illumines the haggard eye; and, if it do convey some sad intelligence, it is that which must be known, and is always better known than feared.

How many a man has its speed and punctuality saved from bankruptcy and from ruin. M—— was, and is still, in prosperous and happy circumstances; but, owing to the failure of his banker, he was once nearly involved in irreparable ruin. He had a large acceptance coming due in six days after this event happened; and, upon the honouring of this, his credit as a tradesman, and, perhaps his very liberty, depended. The state of his mind during this period is not to be described. He had indeed a friend, possessing both the means and the will to save him; but he, alas! was afar off,—a distance of more than three hundred miles spread between them. Could he breathe his distress into the ear of that friend, he was safe; for him to go and return in the time was, indeed, difficult, to say nothing of the expense; but he seized his pen, he described his misfortune, the post conveyed it to his friend; the answer might arrive on the day the bill became due, but sooner it could not. The fated day came, the bill was presented, the clerk left the address; he had done his part and cared for no more.

M—— paced his counting-house in all the agonized suspense of a man whom that day must save or destroy. His wife was weeping at home, his children wondering at the cause of such an unusual sorrow. The postman entered the street, and every knock that sounded, caused the heart of M—— to beat with increased velocity; the unconscious messenger passed his door; M—— clasped his hands and felt himself undone! Suddenly the man returned; he had overlooked the number, and his knock sounded like a reprieve to a malefactor on the scaffold. The letter was torn open, it contained a sufficient remittance, and a command to call upon the donor in any similar emergency, with a heart inspired assurance of unaltered friendship. The throbbing heart of M—— was stilled; his difficulties were surmounted, and he is now independent and happy. Had his letter miscarried, or the answer been less punctual, he and his family might have been undone.

The post! how often is it the only remaining link that unites the fondest hearts on earth! When fortune has torn them asunder, and they beat in different hemispheres, it is the only connecting chain that still binds them together. It is, as if another sense, over which distance had no control, were added to those we already possess. By this channel alone each knows that the other still lives. But for this, how doubly afflicting to the fond mother would be the absence of a son, who had gone

in search of fame or fortune to distant climes; how many fears, which nothing could allay, would fancy conjure up to torture her: how else could she know that he had not expired on the pestilential shores of Africa, in the fever of the West Indies, or beneath the poisoned dagger of the Malay: that he had not been engulfed in the stormy billows of the Cape, or been wasted to death beneath the burning heat of an equinoctial sun? Now she knows that he still lives, and waits in fond hope for the day that shall restore him to her arms; she is assured by a messenger she cannot doubt, that he was, when that was despatched, living and well, and her sorrow is disarmed of its sting.

When a battle has been fought on some distant shore, how many thousands are anxiously watching the arrival of the sealed messengers, which can alone assure them that those they love have survived the carnage of the field, and still live for them. And, till the letters arrive, how many thousand eyes are passing sleepless nights,—how many bosoms are throbbing with suspense,—how many fond lips are counting the days that must intervene before the post can bring the longed for tidings. Till then they are imagining that the objects of their solicitude may be entombed beneath the field of slaughter, or writhing in the anguish of cureless wounds, and praying in vain for the tender hand of friend or relative to smooth the couch of pain: thus, even while friends at home are conjuring up all the harrowing circumstances that fancy can devise, the sealed papers are speeding on their way to set their hearts at rest.

But to depict all the interests that are connected with the post, would be to read the history of human life, and the portraiture of human feelings: there is no passion that can actuate the breast, that is not fed or solaced by its visits; there is no interest that concerns the welfare of man that is not carried on and perfected by it. Events the most momentous to those concerned, are forwarded and completed without the parties ever seeing each other during their progress. A man's dearest interests may hang on the safe conveyance, and punctual arrival of a single letter, and seldom does it fail. If victory have blest the arms of a nation, the post conveys the welcome news to all parts of the empire, and from east to west the joy is simultaneous. It is the most perfect system of intercourse that has ever been devised,—it scatters wealth and happiness in a thousand directions. No place is too distant for it to reach,—no village too insignificant for it to visit. Like the sun, dispensing delight, it goes its daily journey. The heats of summer and the cold of winter are not allowed to intercept or retard it. In spite of Malthus and all the economists, it carries on the important business of courtship, and leads to matrimony, whether for better or worse. It solaces the lover's sorrow, and transmits hope through many a cruel league. The bashful bachelor, who has not the courage to make a personal declaration, may do it through the medium of the post; nay, if he prefer it, he may even put the last question itself into the hands of the postman. It assists to bind society in one common union, for who would emigrate to a region where it could not reach! It is better than the gold mines of Peru; and, like the Nile in Egypt, it scatters blessings along its track; and deserves to be considered as one of the most happy and distinguishing features of modern times.

MISCELLANY.

From a Paris paper of May 12.

NICHOLAS I. CROWNED KING OF POLAND.

It is seventy years since the people of Poland have witnessed a Coronation. The last solemnity of this sort took place at Varsovia in 1746, after the election of the last king, Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski. And now, after so long an interval, filled by so many revolutions and calamities, the Autocrat of Russia announces for the 24th of May, his coronation as King of Poland. On that day the Poles expect their sovereign for a second time to swear to a charter which guarantees individual liberty, and the liberty of the press. A new crown

which is to cost three millions of florins, has been ordered to be made. This expense was necessary, for the crowns which once adorned the heads of the kings of the Republick of Poland, can be no where found. They exist yet, it is said; but are shut up and hid where they must remain during the present ages, unless some new event should remove the secret which covers them.

This is the story of these precious relics of the ancient throne of Poland. At the epoch of the last partition, two monks, accompanied by six smiths, who after having confessed, swore on the Bible never to reveal the secret of which they were become the depositaries, went to the treasury and took away all the ensignia of authority of the chiefs of the Republick, without touching the other precious things, which were found some time ago in possession of the Queen of Prussia. The rich insignia were carried by the two monks into Lithuania, and confided to the faith of a gentleman, brother to one of them, who was sworn never to reproduce them until Poland should have regained its ancient splendour. The deposit is composed of five diadems, four sceptres, two chains of gold, and the sabre of the great Boleslas, which for seven centuries was suspended from the girdle of the Polish kings during the ceremony of their consecration. Among the crowns, that of the *fleurs de lys* was distinguished above the rest, and called the crown of France, because three of the royal family of France wore it in ancient time. These were Louis, king of Hungary, son of Charles Robert, and nephew to St. Louis; his virtuous son Hedwige d'Anjou, the husband of Jagellon, and finally Henry III, brother of Charles IX.

Thus, his majesty, the Emperour of Russia, will not place upon his head any of the five crowns once worn by the chiefs of this celebrated people, of which he is about to cause himself to be proclaimed king.

As to the rest, it does not appear that the Poles ought to be alarmed at the new order of things which this event seems to announce. They ought to prefer any thing to the condition of uncertainty in which they have so long lived, under the precarious and severe authority of the Grand Duke Constantine.

The general spirit of the inhabitants of that country has something excellent in it. At Varsovie, notwithstanding a rigorous censorship, there are more than thirty journals. The ancient aristocracy, the source of so many evils to the nation, exists in fact no longer. There is not one Polish prince or count, except some descendants of Jagellons or Rurik, who possesses privileges superior to those of gentlemen. The Bourgeoise have ceased to exist as a distinct class. The small traders sit in the elective councils of the Palatinates, and in the Chamber of Deputies, and are called according to the ancient custom, "Your Excellency." It was a rich wine merchant, M. Keasizew, counsellor of the Palatinate and Deputy, who, under the title of ambassador to Petersburg, was charged with congratulations to the Emperor Nicholas, on his ascending the throne.

The small republick of Cracovie has rejected unanimously the proposal which was made to it of confiding the care of publick education to the Jesuits. The Diet of the Grand Duchy of Posen, by a petition addressed to the King of Prussia, has courageously re-claimed of that king the execution of the treaty of Vienna, [1815,] which guarantees the preservation of the national tongue. Opinions and wishes are the same over the whole surface of Poland.

It is under such circumstances that a Polish Diet is about to assemble, and that the Emperour Nicholas is to cause himself to be crowned king of a people whose misfortunes have interested all generous spirits. It is asserted confidently that the Grand Duke Constantine will retire into Sweden.

From the London Examiner.

PUBLICK OPINION.

A Contemporary (the Spectator) truly and eloquently observes—"Let a poor starving out-at-elbows rescal pick a gentleman's pocket of a half worn eighteen-penny handkerchief, and the pump, or the treadmill, or the hulks—according to the

mood of the mob and the magistrate, are all too little for him. If, aspiring to something higher, the thief should break a pane in the Earl of Wallow-in-wealth's pantry-window, insinuate himself through the aperture, and abstract from the shelf "where they had been but an hour before carefully deposited by his Lordship's butler," five silver tea-spoons, value 113s 4d, the whole world of London and Bow-street will be in amaze at an atrocity for which nothing but a short shrift and a stout halter—cotton and hemp—can possibly atone. But let the offender figure in a suit of the newest cut, with a gold watch and a diamond ring—let him inhabit a fine house, keep a carriage with a pair of greys, and give venison and claret to huddlers, painters, and small wits, let him, by virtue of the elegant extenours, rob the aged of their savings, the young of their dower, pluck the shield from the widow and the stay from the orphan—cheat every friend that possesses the materials of being cheated—beggai five hundred families—and then withdraw to the land of liberty and equality beyond the Atlantick, instead of being pursued by the execrations, he shall be followed by the pity of the million, and a hundred good reasons invented for the palliation of his villany." There are, indeed, many curious solecisms in publick opinion. A poor destitute creature prostitutes her person for bread—she is infamous and outset. A rich man prostitutes his mind for power or distinction, and the world smile at the lapse, while friends approve its prudence. We ordinarily rate the gifts of mind above those of the person, and why is the abuse of the more precious accounted of less disgrace than that of the grosser nature?—It seems to us, that the world rate the infamy of crimes as inverse to the urgency of temptation. The man who picks a pocket for the supply of his dinner, is loaded with ill names, and a mean scoundrel to be abhorred and punished; but he who despoils for the maintenance of hot-houses, race-horses, and opera girls, is regarded, as the Spectator affirms, with all tolerant indulgence, and we style him not a thief, but a delaulter, a word of extremely genteel sound, and which obtains even a credit from the respectable class of persons comprehended in its application. The temptation to steal for a meal is more urgent than that to rob for superfluities, and yet we see the greater severity with which it is regarded. Let us try the same rule in another province of moral judgements. A woman in the possession of every comfort of life, who lapses from wantonness, is regarded as less infamous than the unfriended destitute being who makes profit for her person for bread. A meal to the famished is a pressing temptation, wantonness an idle one; but the wantonness finds more excuse than the want. Two men quarrel in a pot-house; they go out and fight; one kills the other; there is an apprehension, a trial and a verdict of manslaughter, if the Judge or Jury be out of humour with boxing. Two gentlemen quarrel; and go out deliberately on a mere *punctilio*; there is no heat of blood between them; they are indifferent whether they kill or not, and only anxious to go through certain ceremonies of violence for the good of their reputations, not the gratification of animosities which have evaporated, as consequences disproportioned to cause are contemplated. One kills the other, and walks at large.

From a correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

A few individuals still retain the name of Knights; and it is very little more than the name. One or two remain in Malta, and a few are to be found scattered here and there on the continent; but the society has quite perished. They have, however, left many marks of their wealth and enterprise, which will be looked at with interest by future generations. The ponderous and immensely variegated fortifications cost unheard of toil. They strike the transient traveller as comparatively small works; but when thoroughly examined, they present immeasurable quantities of hewn stone, ingeniously composing wall behind wall, and fortification overlooking fortification.

Thus deceiving the enemy with the appearance of a gentle rise of ground, by which persons might march straight up to the city, when in fact they

must pass over numerous small precipices and two or three villages, and then find a ditch from twenty to forty or fifty feet deep and forty wide, over which are draw-bridges, and on the side next the city, a wall from thirty to sixty feet perpendicular. In another place are high embankments, presenting little except a wall three or four feet high. Again, there are two immense ditches, which cannot be discovered at any point until the enemy has made their way close to the city, in which soldiers could be marched from one harbour to the other, or from both the harbours directly to the top of two immense forts, which overtop the highest ground of the city by forty feet, and this without exposing them at all to the enemy's fire. In another place are under-ground passages into the city, cut in the rock, one or two of them forty or fifty rods in length, and large enough to allow five or six men to pass abreast, and at the same time are perfectly safe from being discovered. In addition to all this, the city is guarded by impenetrable gates, double and triple with planks and bars. The enemy might spend a long time before they could enter the city, were there no guards or weapons to prevent them. Supplied with these, all efforts become perfectly useless.

Every officer of the Knights seems to have had a steel cap, and a thick plate of steel reaching from his neck in front to his loins. The principal officers were covered with steel in front, even to the ends of their fingers and toes. The cap is made in such a way as to admit of being opened, so as entirely to uncover the face. When closed, the eye was defended by an iron grate. At the several joints of the various members of the body the steel is made like the scales of a fish, one plate sliding over another. Their horses' heads and breasts were likewise covered with steel. These plates are generally polished smooth and bright; but those of the foremost officers are heavily embossed and curiously coloured. Their armour consisted of a shield, swords (some of them six feet long) various descriptions of guns and pistols; a club two feet long, and two inches in diameter at one end, where it was set with pointed spikes a half inch square and nearly an inch long. A blow from such a club would be almost sure to break the head of any horse. They had various kinds of cutlasses, dirks, &c. and seemed prepared to meet any assault, except from the mouth of cannon.

The armour is so heavy, that nothing short of the feeling that he must conquer or die, could give a man strength to use it for any length of time, and I should think it almost impossible for a man of moderate strength to use it at all to any effect. About one hundred of these dresses are hung up in the armory of Government here. The officers are accustomed to dress themselves in this armour occasionally; when the concourse of spectators is exceedingly great, crowding the streets on all sides, and covering the houses and windows. Those who wore this armour were always, I believe, on horseback. They present exceedingly warlike appearance. About twenty generally appear in this armour in a small square, where they manœuvre with great activity. If any society was ever worthy of attention for their herick exploits and energy, it was this, but they are all vanished, with little glory in these times, except that of having prepared a valuable fortress for the English in this sea.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

LOUIS XV. AND THE FIVE SISTERS.

Five sisters of the family of Nesle, whose fortune was not equal to their birth, and whom nature, though with much diversity, had endowed with her most precious gifts, had the most easy access to the queen. Madam de Mailly, the eldest of them, good, simple, free from artifice, liable to weakness, but capable of great constancy, was the first mistress of the young prince. The courtiers had but little to fear from any ascendancy that she might gain: she was not pretty. This intrigue was involved in mystery; but the second sister, Mademoiselle de Nesle, afterwards Marchioness of Vintimilla, had already, in the retirement of a convent, conceived the plan of becoming Madame de Mailly's rival. Divested of timidity, now flatter-

ing the prince, and now his ministers, now pretending gaiety, and now decorum, she made a conquest of the king, who, then taking the first bold step in the career of scandal, publicly avowed her as his mistress. She died. Mademoiselle de la Tournelle, blooming with beauty, and pretending to blush at the example of her two sisters, aspired to replace them. She inflamed the monarch by the indifference with which she pretended to receive his homage; but, yielding at length, after she had sufficiently resisted, she was created by her royal lover, Duchess of Chateauroux. She was also overtaken by death. The king was, for a long time inconsolable for this loss; but the dissipation of a brilliant and corrupt court, having effaced the sad impression in his mind, and wakened him to the necessity of fresh delights, he formed a plan for the conquest of the remaining sister. The Duke de Richelieu, who prided himself on having been intrusted with the infamous affair, was righteously doomed to the shame of its miscarriage. She was replaced by the Marchioness d'Etiolle, afterwards Duchess de Pompadour.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1839.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

☞ "The Money Diggers," by Leo, and a poetical effusion from Q, shall appear in our next.

☞ We invite the attention of the reader to the appeal, in a subsequent column, by Professor SILLIMAN, in behalf of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. Every lover of science will, we think, readily understand the necessity of awarding his individual patronage; and we trust that American liberality is too substantial to need much "spurring" on an occasion like this. It is not the amateur in science alone that is interested in the success of this journal; but there are thousands in the country whose necessities demand a publication of its kind. Yet, were it simply a question of pride, it ought not to require much exertion to obtain the solicited patronage. It will be a sad reflection, if among twelve millions of freemen, one thousand cannot be found who will trade with Science to the amount of six dollars a year.

The Rev. WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, of Springfield, Massachusetts, has accepted the charge of the Second Presbyterian Church in this city, recently under the care of the late Dr. Chester.

☞ Some of the survivors in the anti-masonick ranks are sorely chafed by the stopping fit which has seized so large a portion of the "whole hog" concerns—papers, reading-rooms, &c., and some of the most knowing among them are drawing from their vast profundity a multitude of *whys* and *wherefores*. Among a score of these articles invented by an anti-masonick editor in Ulster county, in answer to a paragraph of ours respecting the short-comings of the enemy, is one setting forth that the Madison Farmer "was got up principally for the amusement of the boys in Hamilton college; and was altogether too *larned* to interest the plain farmers of Madison county. It therefore owes its discontinuance to other causes than anti-masonry." Now, "it happens" that Hamilton college is in Clinton, Oneida county, and that the "Madison Farmer" was published at Hamilton, Madison county. The places are distant from each other about twenty-five miles.

These are trifling matters, make the most of them. They are spoken of and jested with as petty events that it suits the fancy, and not the cares of the individual to meddle with for a moment. Like straws upon the ocean, they may show which way the current tends; but separately considered, they are of barely enough consequence to be made the material of a joke. Yet this Ulster anti-masonick man has put forth a column of "causes" equally shallow and false with the one we have quoted, and doubtless intends by

means of them, to impress his readers with the belief that the "Young Lion of the West" is still in his "tantrums!" That such a belief would be beneficial to "the cause" in Ulster there can be no doubt; but this gentleman scribbler, whoever he may be, should recollect that, in the absence of excitement, the opinions of the people rest upon a better foundation, and are influenced by something more agreeable to their sober judgment, than the accidental notions of political renegadoes. What we stated was strictly true, and all the extenuating circumstances of the Ulster man cannot make an item of it otherwise. For all that we care on the subject, we would as soon that all the papers were printed, and all the reading rooms opened, as that they should remain stopped and shut up. The publick voice will, in the sequel, have its way, and that way will be the right way, whatever may be said or done by hired scribblers and reckless demagogues to bias it from its natural course.

St. JOHN'S DAY. We give below some additional accounts of the late celebration of the festival of St. John on the 24th of June last. We shall continue our summary.

In *Royalton*, Vermont, the festival was celebrated by the brethren of that and the neighbouring towns. A procession was formed at the academy, under the direction of Br. J. Warren, which proceeded to the meeting house, where public services were performed. Prayers were offered by the Rev. Azel Washburn, and an oration delivered by S. A. Webber, esq. After service, about two hundred and fifty brethren and invited guests, partook of a dinner provided by Mr. L. Hawley, at which the Hon. Dudley Chase presided.

In *Thetford*, Vermont, the day was celebrated at Post Mill's Village, by the lodge at that place, and brethren from the adjoining towns. A procession was formed at Masons' Hall, which proceeded to the meeting house under the direction of Br. L. Fitch, as marshal. The Vermont Journal says, "The service of the church was read by Rev. Br. J. Clapp, of Bethel; after which he proceeded in an eloquent discourse, to urge upon the fraternity the practice of the masonick virtue, *temperance*, by all those considerations which usefulness and respectability in life, and hope in death, suggest, and as specially incumbent on those who had adopted as their patron saint and great example, one who drank 'neither wine nor strong drink.' An oration was pronounced by Br. Wyman Spooner, having for its object the elucidation of the principles, purposes and benefits of the masonick institution, and the correction of some of these false impressions which obtain respecting it through the many misrepresentations which are industriously circulated in the community. The performances of the choir, of appropriate anthems, was in good taste, and gave increased interest to the services of the sanctuary."

After the exercises the brethren partook of an excellent dinner, prepared by Br. Daniels. When the cloth was removed, the following sentiments were offered:—

The Anniversary of our Patron Saint—May its joyful return find all our brethren without fear and without reproach.

Freemasonry. Friendship and morality its base, Charity its super-structure,—on such an edifice the shafts of calumny will ever fall innocuous.

The principles of our Free and happy Government. Whilst they are in perfect accordance with masonick principles, they ought not to be exerted to suppress the slanders with which we are assailed. We refer our cause to an enlightened public opinion.

Political Anti-Masonry. A rotten ladder for ambitious knaves to climb to power.

Anti-Masonick Religionists. While they display the same spirit that lighted the fires at Smithfield, and destroyed the Quakers and witches of New-England, let us pity the ignorant and despise the designing who compose their ranks.

The Clergy. Their conduct demonstrates that the principles of our order are not incompatible with the most exalted piety.

Our Orator. Mighty in the cause of truth.

The several lodges in the masonick district of Addison, celebrated the day in *Middlebury*, Vermont. A large and respectable number of brethren and spectators attended. A procession was formed in the morning at the lodge room, which, preceded by the Bridport band of musick, marched to the Congregational meeting house, where a highly appro-

priate and interesting discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Brown of Troy, N. Y., and other religious exercises performed. After the exercises at the meeting house an excellent dinner, prepared by Mr. J. P. Carver, was served up at the Vermont Hotel. The following were among the toasts drank after the removal of the cloth:—

The Day we celebrate. Dedicated to the memory of one whose moral and masonick character will be admired as long as truth and virtue are loved.

The Masonick Institution. Founded in benevolence and wisdom—it must be sustained by prudence and firmness.

The President of the United States.

The Memory of Washington. His name will be revered while patriotism is admired, or masonry is cherished.—Drank standing.

The Memory of Dewitt Clinton. The mingled waters of Erie and Hudson are his best eulogists. The fraternity duly appreciate the value of his masonick labours.

In *Louisville*, Kentucky, the two lodges met at the Masonick Hall at 10 o'clock, A. M., where they were visited by Br. HENRY CLAY, who had been invited by the brethren to participate in the celebration of the day. The procession was then formed, in which Mr. Clay joined, and proceeded to the Presbyterian church, where an eloquent oration was delivered by the Rev. N. H. Hall.

MASONICK CEREMONIES. On the Fourth of July, instant, the corner stone of the new state house in Maine, was laid with masonick ceremonies by the Grand Lodge of the state. Governor Lincoln pronounced an address from the corner stone. Under the stone were deposited the constitution of the state—the various publications of the day—the coins of the country, and a plate with the following inscription:—

STATE OF MAINE.

On the Fifty-Third Anniversary of the Independence of the United States,

THIS

CORNER STONE,

Of a building to be erected for the accommodation of the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government, is laid by the

GRAND LODGE,

In presence of ENOCH LINCOLN, Governor.

The Hudson Gazette says that *seventeen* partook of the antimasonick dinner prepared in that city on the 4th inst. after the delivery of "Governour" Southwick's oration, of which number *seven* were anti-masonick. The orator was from Albany, the two vice-presidents from Columbiaville, one from some other town in the county, and three from the city of Hudson. Anti-masonry goes on "swimmingly," certainly; it is journeying towards the foot of the hill with admirable speed.

It seems from something which has "leaked out," in spite of all precautions to the contrary, that Solomon did not go to Saratoga Springs, because neither a church, nor a tavern, nor any other building could be procured, wherein he would be suffered to hold forth! Anti-masonry goes a begging in every quarter, and is shunned with the greatest solicitude by all who make any pretensions to honesty or decency. The creations of its ephemeral power are departing like the posthumous afflictions of a plague; and the people have gathered too salutary a lesson from the past, to encourage a recurrence of its evils.

THEATRE. We learn from the bills, that a young gentleman will make "his first appearance on any stage," to-night, in the character of *Macbeth*. The part is rather arduous for a debutant, and we wish him a full house to keep his courage to the "sticking point."

Herr Cline's benefit will take place on Monday, and Miss Emery's on Wednesday. They both deserve *trumpets*.

☞ The *Masonick Mirror*, formerly published in Boston, but which was suspended during the past year, is now resuscitated. It is published in the same form as the Record—terms, three dollars a year, in advance. The first number appeared on the 4th instant. We wish it success.

Two of the four Boston anti-masonick papers have gone into the "tomb of the Capulets" to rest awhile. They

were afflicted with the usual anti-masonick complaint—a want of friends. There are now only *two* in that city; published from the same set of types.

MISTAKES. We are all liable to mistakes in creeping through this blundering world, and a goodly share of them, no doubt, rests on our own shoulders. But, nevertheless, we cannot refrain from saying something of our contemporaries,—for the simple reason that it is much pleasanter to speak of their faults than to cogitate over our own. In an article recently published in this paper—y'clepped "The Mourner," the last line of the fourth stanza, "With shaded eye and brow," has been transformed into "shaken eye and brow." Now, it is pleasant enough to see our articles wandering about the country, but when they come back to us "in such a questionable shape," that we can hardly recognize them, we had much rather they were quietly laid at rest, in "the receptacle of things lost upon earth."

[Am. Manufacturer.]

The error noticed above crept into the Record, No. 22. We mislaid the Manufacturer, and gave the compositor an erroneous copy of The Mourner, from another paper. We admire Mr. Whittier's verses, and shall endeavour to print them correctly hereafter.

From the Buffalo Journal, July 14.

ANTI-MASONICK OUTRAGE. By the following detail of facts it will be seen that the anti-masonick party, after scoffing at the solemnization of funeral rites, and repeatedly invading the sacred silence of the tomb, and dragging forth the mouldering remains of our fellow mortals to the rude gaze of aspiring politicians, is now so directing its attacks that men can no longer offer their adorations, in peace, to their maker, unless mingled with the *politics* of these children of strife.

On Sunday, the 5th inst., Elder Story, a preacher in good standing in the Methodist connexion, being on a visit to his friends in Erie, in this county, was requested to preach the afternoon sermon, at the Methodist church in that town. Mr. Story, being a mason, would not consent to the measure, until leave was obtained, as there had once before been difficulty upon this point. Elder Grant and Charles Knight were therefore consulted, and their consent being obtained, notice was given at the close of the forenoon service, that divine worship would be resumed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, without mentioning who would officiate. Mr. Story attended, and on commencing his duties was interrupted by Israel G. Atkins, Isaac Denio and Royal A. Strait, three of the trustees of the church, who informed him that they, as trustees, forbid his preaching there, because he was a mason. Colonel C. Vandevermer made an effort to have the services proceed, but finding this impossible, the meeting was finally adjourned to a barn, where the devotion of the day were concluded. The three trustees were subsequently called to answer for the offence, to the civil authorities, and were fined eighteen dollars, with costs, for disturbing public worship.

The above facts were communicated to us by a gentleman, who holds himself responsible for their truth, and we give them from a sense of duty to the publick, as affording new evidence of the "moral restraints of anti-masonry."

From the same.

MORE "RESPECT FOR THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES"—We have received a communication relating to an outrage committed at Manchester, Niagara Falls, on the 4th instant, upon the person of a stranger. The gentleman, for some toast which he had offered at the dinner table, was singled out by anti-masons, while walking on the piazza, in front of the publick house, hooted at, then seized and beaten, his clothes torn, the jewelry from his bosom trodden under foot, &c. while cries of "lick him," "flog him," and others equally disgraceful, were uttered in rapid succession by some of the crowd. Such are the facts, furnished us; and from our knowledge of the men implicated, we feel certain that nothing but "all-powerful" anti-masonry could have prompted to such acts men professing religion, who have ordinarily sustained names void of reproach.

From the same.

"THE CAUSE." The men who so recently laughed to scorn the sorrow of colonel King's widow and orphans are now giving currency to another tale. They assume that Morgan's body was actually carried to Batavia and buried, and that masons removed it and put the body of Timothy Monroe in its grave, before the inquest was held in that place. This is new evidence of the "moral influences of anti-masonry," and its respect for christianity and truth. If Morgan's body was found at Oak Orchard Creek, then the body of Timothy Monroe is still in Lake Ontario. How then, the rational man will ask, could the masons put his body into Morgan's grave? Such are the weak, disgusting and pernicious falsehoods to which anti-masons now resort for assistance, to keep up the excitement, and deceive the unsuspecting.

From the (Middlebury, Vt.) National Standard

STRAIGHT FRIENDSHIP. An old gentleman, howed down with age, who had travelled some distance to join in celebrating the festival of St. John, on the 24th inst., at this place, was told that he looked too old and crooked to be at so much trouble to engage in such a celebration. "True," said the veteran, "I am old and have grown crooked under the weight of years, but time has not warped my judgment, and my friendship is as straight as ever."

ITEMS.

Southwickiana. Solomon Southwick delivered an anti-masonick oration in Hudson on the 4th of July. Solomon gives an account of the proceedings, and an extract from his own oration, in his own paper. He says he "had the satisfaction to be listened to for more than two hours, with the utmost attention by a respectable audience." We trust the audience enjoyed equal satisfaction. We have no doubt but that they were *silent* enough, but whether from attention or sleep, is a problem.

[N. Y. Enquirer.]

An Anti-Endorsing-Note Association. Judge Carter of Tennessee, has addressed, through the Nashville Gazette, a communication of considerable length, to the cultivators of the soil, and labourers, of Tennessee, upon the propriety of abolishing by law, the custom of endorsing notes, or becoming responsible for a debt of another person in any way whatsoever, the usual securities in courts of justice, of course excepted. Many persons in Tennessee have pledged themselves to use all possible and lawful exertions to procure the passage of such a law; and no small excitement exists among the people.

At the conclusion of the religious ceremonies in Newfoundland, for the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, the Rev. Mr. Flemming desired his congregation to give *three cheers* for the King, three for the Duke of Wellington, three for Mr. Peel, and as many as their lungs would permit for Daniel O'Connell—which was complied with to the letter.

[Boston Palladium.]

Judicial Dignity. The following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding judge of this state. The judge was supported on the right and on the left by his humble associates, and the old lady was called to give evidence.

President Judge. Take off your bonnet, madam.

Lady. I would rather not, sir.

P. J. I desire you to put off your bonnet.

L. I am informed, that in public assemblies, the women should cover the head; such is the custom—and, of course, I will not take off my bonnet.

P. J. Why, you are a pretty woman! Indeed, I think you had better come and take a seat on the bench.

L. I thank you kindly, sir—but I really think there are old women enough there already.

[Ohio Sun.]

The drinking spirituous liquors has been prohibited in one of the Islands of Owyhee, under the penalty of *five flogs*; the chiefs, who are the law makers, have shown a very sound judgment in this matter. The penalty is remarkably appropriate.

A young man was lately knocked down by the hail in a storm at Drummond, U. C. One piece contained eight cubick inches of ice!

A man, escaping from a savage country, was rejoiced at the sight of a *gallows*, as it convinced him he had got into a civilized region.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS

Was projected in 1817, and commenced in July 1818. Before that period, no original journal of science had appeared in this country, except that of Dr. Bruce, which was limited to mineralogy, and ceased with the completion of the first volume. The American Journal has been sustained with little reward, and under vicissitudes sometimes discouraging, until it has reached its sixteenth volume. Ample illustrations, by engravings, and a large excess of matter, in every number, beyond what was stipulated, have made it an expensive work.

From its commencement to the present time, it has cost from 15,000 to 16,000 dollars, and nearly all that has been received has been paid for the support of the work; leaving little except the exchange journals, and the back volumes.

Hereafter, the expenses will not fall short of \$2000, per annum; and should all the copy be paid for, they may swell even to \$2500, or more, and the editor alone is responsible.

As the writings of others have been so largely and liberally contributed to the pages of the Journal, the editor may be permitted to say, that there is in his hands sufficient evidence to show, that it has essentially promoted some of our best interests at home; that it has been well received abroad; and that it has become, in some measure, identified with the progress of the Science and Arts of the present day. This being the fact, is it unreasonable to ask, of this great and opulent nation, that the number of good subscribers, (which has never exceeded six hundred, and which has been recently diminished by a failure in England,) should be so far augmented, that the editor may be enabled to com-

mand all the intellectual as well as mechanical aid, necessary to the perfection and perpetuity of the work?

By steady perseverance, through the period of eleven years, it is now ascertained that an American Journal of Science and Arts can be sustained, so as to acquire respect and confidence in Europe; but this Journal has still to obtain an *ad-quate* patronage at home; a patronage *sufficient* to place it permanently and securely on the highest ground.

ONE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS ARE NECESSARY to give the American Journal entire security; and to add, in the most desirable degree, to its efficiency, and to the excellence of its execution, both in its material, and in its external dress. Who can doubt that, with proper exertions, FIVE HUNDRED additional subscribers may be obtained?

As on a former occasion, (1827) when a similar appeal saved the Journal from *extinction*, it is now again respectfully suggested, as a *definite* means of compassing an object which appears so desirable, that all those who now honour the Journal with their patronage, should make the SIMPLE, PRECISE EFFORT, OF PROCURING EACH, ONE ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBER; and that such others as may approve of the design, should add their own names.

To all those to whom it may be acceptable, a satisfactory compensation will be made for the trouble of obtaining good subscribers.

On those who two years since, with equal kindness and publick spirit, successfully made this effort, it might be indelicate to *press* it again; still, there is no reason to doubt that their influence would now be, as it then was, effectual; and it is therefore again invited, in aid of the exertions of those to whom the subject may now, for the first time, commend itself.

Although the American Journal has been published near one of our most ancient and important universities, it has never had any local feature, nor has it espoused, or been sustained by any local interest.

The editor deems it no dishonour to confess, that his feelings are deeply interested in its success; and that it has been, from the beginning, his ambition and his pride, to see the American Journal established as a permanent NATIONAL WORK; destined to survive when he shall have ceased from his labours. He hopes now to see it flourish with new vigour, and with extended usefulness and honour.

Its contributors and its editor have perseveringly laboured in the good cause of useful knowledge, and an appeal is now made to all the friends of American science, and (perhaps it is not improper to add,) to the personal friends of the editor, that the subscription to the American Journal of Science and Arts, may be *promptly and adequately increased*.

B. SILLIMAN.

YALE COLLEGE, July 1, 1829.

The terms are three dollars a volume in advance, and there are two volumes a year, of two numbers each; they were originally stipulated to contain 320 pages, but have averaged more than 400.

MARRIED,

At Athens, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, Mr. SAMUEL MILLER, to Miss MARIA DELENOY.

DIED,

In New-York, on Monday last, WILLIAM COLEMAN, esq. late senior editor of the New-York Evening Post, in the 64th year of his age.

TWO PRINTERS AND EDITORS.—Pecuniary considerations induce the proprietor of the BUFFALO REPUBLICAN to offer for sale. The materials of the office embrace a greater variety and extent than any other in the western country—from Pearl to 20 and Pica. The materials are all new, or nearly new, but few having been used more than a year. There is a large assortment of flowers, cuts, &c. thirty quires are printed weekly, and not more than 30 papers are taken by mail carriers or post riders. The permanent year's advertising will over reach 500 dollars, the "occasional" advertisements will amount to 300 dollars more. The job printing, (not excluding book binding) will average 30 dollars a week. The materials have cost about 50.00 dollars.

The whole office will be sold for 2300 dollars—the present editor retaining in the establishment for a stated term, if desired, for a reasonable compensation. One half will be sold for 1100 dollars; or one-third for 767 dollars—the purchaser being either an editor of talents and experience, or a good practical printer. In case either of the two last propositions should be taken up, a partnership, proportionably reciprocal in all respects, will be arranged. The title to the materials will be passed by men of undoubted responsibility.

May bring the object of selling, a handsome payment down will be expected; and the rest amply secured, and on a reasonable credit.

It may be remarked, with entire truth, that the future prospects of Buffalo warrant the belief that the Buffalo Republican will become as profitable and as popular a publication as may be found in this section of the state.

The purchaser must be a Jackson republican.

Persons desiring further particulars can obtain them by applying to the subscriber by letter, (post-paid,) or otherwise.

SMITH H. SALISBURY.

CONTENTS OF THE IRISH SHIELD FOR JUNE.

History of Ireland, Chapter VII., Ossianick Fragments, No. IV., Literary and Biographical Notices of Irish Authors and Artists, No. VIII., Batty Black Dermott and his two Wives, Female Beauty and the best contrasted, Reflections on Suicide, Irish Topography, Union Emigrant Society, To our Patrons, Poetic Homage to Catholic Emancipation, Mr. O'Connell. Original Poetry, The Captive Girl June, a Pastoral, Lines to Memory, Recollections of Memory.

Terms of The Irish Shield \$3 50. Published by CALLEB BARTLET, No. 76 Bowery, New-York.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

STANZA,

GIVEN WITH A PORTRAIT OF WALTER SCOTT.

The mightiest magician that e'er threw
His wizard spells around the human heart;—
Thodght's fairest painter, catching ev'ry hue
And shade that life's strange scenes impart.
Gaze on his face—Is not that brow so high
The home of genius, talent's chosen spot?
Gaze there, and in that bright and flashing eye
Read Fancy's favourite artist—Walter Scott. H.

From the (Boston) American Manufacturer.

THE IMPRISONED.

He started from his sleep. The chain
Clanked on his stirring limb,
The fatal truth came back again,
Like an echoed curse to him.
Chained and alone—his proud heart rose,
Like a tided river then;
And his curse went forth as the Samiel goes,
To the doomed abodes of men.

Ye've bound your gyves upon the hand,
And fettered down the form,
And tamped on the freeman's land,
With his father's blood yet warm.
Ye've bound me where the sun is not,
Where the star-light never falls,
But ye humble not the kingly thought
That mocks your guarded walls.

The soul, the godlike soul is free,
Its glory is not dim,
It gathers sterner energy
From every tortured limb.
Dream ye that feelings nursed as mine
Are touched by human ill?
The form beneath its chains may pine,
The soul is mighty still.

And heavier ye may bind the chain—
My spirit shall not quail;
Though madness revel on my brain
The heart shall never fail.
Ye cannot crush—it for the deep,
And burn the sense of wrong,
Through every weary hour, shall keep
Its thirst of vengeance strong.

That sleepless vengeance! it will come—
A whirlwind upon earth.
The dungeon stone—the very tomb
Shall send its summons forth.
The injured spirit sleepeth not,—
It may not be confined—
The tyrant's hand hath never wrought
A fetter for the mind!

2d of the 7th mo.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

"Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of Ocean's coral caves
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem
The music of its waves."

Beneath the cold and joyless wave,
Which flashes with a thousand dyes,
In an unseen, unfathomed grave,
The sailor's wasting body lies.
The booming waves go sounding on,
To meet the far off rock-bound shore,
And mingling in a thousand gone,
With a deep, sullen, endless roar.

He sleeps within a nation's tomb,
Unnumbered nations' wealth around,
Where lustrous stones light up the gloom,
And golden harps forever sound;
The mermaids comb their amber hair
Around the spot where he reposes,
And hold their sportive revels there,
When night around the ocean closes.

Far down the deep the sun-beams fly,
And linger in its caves awhile,
And light the coral grottoes nigh,
Above a navy's ruined pile;
The long green sea-weed floats around
The corse of many a nation's pride;
The wealth of empires strews the ground,
And o'er their relics monsters ride.

The stars shed down their paly gleams,
Into the chambers of the deep,
And cast their ever flickering beams,
On him who lies in dreamless sleep;
His hair, like burning threads of gold,
Gently around his forehead waves,
And gems, and pearls, and wealth untold,
The floor around his body paves.

Still lies the sailor's mouldering form,
Shrouded in rubies for a pall;
Above him rides the howling storm,
Hoarse sounding like a demon's call;
That heart which once with ardour burned,
Has ceased its notes of joy to play,
Those sightless eyes are now upturned
To where his soul has winged its way.

The springs of ocean rise and flow,
Along a bed of scattered gems,
And through the caves of ocean glow,
A host of wasted diadems;
But what is all their proud display
To him whose living spirit's fled?
To him whose soul has passed away,
Into the regions of the dead!

YOUTH vs TIME.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

Youth went suing to Time one day,
But not in the spring-tide clear;
It was in winter, cold and gray,
On the eve of the dying year.
Youth danced into the sage's cell,
With his nodding plume and jingling bell;
"Give you good day," said the frolick mime,
And doffed his cap—not a word said Time.

Time sat posting his books that night,
(All the world is in his debt,)
That, ere he issued more "bills at sight,"
None might the balance forget.
Youth peeped o'er his shoulder with laugh and jeer,
Saying—"What, have we old Rothschild here?
But prison and penance are nought to me,
Since I myself have a debt 'gainst thee."

Time looked up, with his scythe beside him,
And face commercially long,
While the lock on his forehead said, "Wo betide him,
Time's exchequer is strong."
Youth turned over the ledger of life,
"You have noted," quoth he, "my follies and strife,
But where are the promises made me here,
When I called on your worship, this day, last year

You were but a bugbear, you said, to the old,
That youth was your darling joy,
And for me your sanes should be mixed with gold,—
I've not had a grain, old boy.
'Tis not the thing, when gentlemen meet,
That each should call the other a cheat;
But pay me each promise ere morning chime,
Or else I must call you out, friend Time."

Time preached Youth a lecture, long,
On his expectations vain,
And bade him be thankful if one so strong,
Let even Hope remain:
Much as the wolf in the tale of note,
When the stork had plucked the bone from his throat,
Called it reward for kindness done,
That he let her abide with her head still on.

And so they reasoned with pro and con,
Like a lawyer's each reply,
Till Time bade Youth pack up and begone,
For the hour of twelve was nigh;
And his wings he must plume and his glass rub bright,
Before he commenced his New-Year's flight;—
"Pay me," said Youth, "ere I leave your cell;"
"I'll give you a promise, said Time—"farewell!"

THE BEAUTY.

The morn is up! wake, Beauty, wake!
The flowers are on the lea,
The blackbird sings within the brake,
The thrush is on the tree;
Forth to the balmy fields repair,
And let the breezes mild
Lift from thy brow the falling hair,
And fan my little child—
Yet if thy steps be mid the dews,
Beauty! be sure to change your shoes!

'Tis noon! the butterfly springs up,
High from her couch of rest,
And scorns the little blue-bell cup
Which all night long she pressed.

Away! we'll seek the walnut's shade,
And pass the sunny hour,
The bee within the rose is laid,
And veils him in the flower;
Mark not the lustre of his wing,
Beauty! be careful of his sting!

'Tis eve! but the retiring ray
A halo deigns to cast
Round scenes on which it shone all day,
And gilds them to the last:
Thus, ere thine eyelids close in sleep,
Let Memory deign to flee
Far o'er the mountain and the deep,
To cast one beam on me!
Yes, Beauty! 'tis mine inmost prayer—
But do n't forget to curl your hair!

HYMN.

BY NATHANIEL A. HAVEN.

Great God! at midnight's solemn hour,
I own thy goodness and thy power,
But bending low before thy throne
I pray not for myself alone.

I pray for her, my dearest friend,
For her my fervent prayers ascend;
And while to thee my vows I bring,
For her my warmest wishes spring.

While dark and silent rolls the night,
Protect her with thy heavenly might;
Thy curtain round her pillow spread,
And circling angels guard her bed.

Let peaceful slumbers press her eyes,
Till morning beams in splendour rise;
And pure and radiant as that beam,
Be the light vision of her dream.

Let each succeeding morn impart
New pleasures to her tranquil heart,
And richer blessings crown the night,
Than met the view of morning light.

Whate'er my swelling heart desires,
When fervent prayer to heaven aspires,
Whate'er has warmed my fancy's glow
May she, with tenfold richness, know.

O God! may she thy laws fulfil,
And live and die thy fav'rite still;
Live, to enjoy thy bounteous hand,
And die, to join thy seraph band.

TWO PRINTERS. FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY, Albany, N. Y. The proprietors of this establishment have made additions to their assortment, and are prepared, on very short notice, to execute orders for entire offices for Job, Newspaper, or Book Printing. Their variety of Job, Fancy and Book Letter, is as great as any other foundry in the United States. The style of the large and small letter is modern, and of the most elegant kind, having been cut by the most skillful artists in the country. Foundry letter and printing materials, for distant places, will be put up with such care as to ensure purchasers against delays for sorts or additions. The prices are uniform with the present prices of the New-York Philadelphia, and Boston foundries. Orders from the South will be promptly executed, and articles shipped from New York. A. W. KINSLEY & Co. July 4 27:1

AMMON RASELY respectfully informs his old customers, his friends and the public in general, that in consequence of his old store No. 528, being torn down for the purpose of rebuilding, he has removed his **PORTER AND READING ROOM** to No. 570 South Market street, a few doors below the Old Corner, where he will at all times be happy to wait upon those who may favour him with a call. He has fitted up his new establishment in the best manner possible for the reception of company, and every exertion will be made on his part to render it an agreeable and pleasant resort. May 18. 187

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE & Co. No 47, State street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city, comprising the latest and most approved patterns of Cooking Stoves, Franklin Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves, together with Russian, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tong, Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms. Albany May, 1829. 18m

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city. ROLAND ADAMS. Albany, May 23. 1829. 17 3m.

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILDS.

AT NO. 3, BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS. To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, IN ADVANCE—otherwise, *Three Dollars*. **JOB PRINTING** neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1829. NO. 26.

MASONICK RECORD.

MASONRY ANTI-MASONRY.

From the Village Record. By the Hon. Charles Miner, late Representative in Congress, from Pennsylvania.

(Concluded from our last.)

This is certainly a heavy punishment. If ratified by society at large, we will venture to affirm, that it is the most cruel, sweeping edict of disfranchisement that ever was heard of, in a government professing to be guided by justice and mercy.

And without trial! When and where have we had an opportunity to be heard? What is our offence? What law have we violated? Whom have we injured? What widow mourns? What orphans cry? What poor man complains, of the Masons of Chester county? Than an edict is to go forth against them collectively and individually, by which we, every one of us, are forever to be considered as disgraced, dishonoured, unworthy of confidence, unfit to be trusted. Indeed, indeed, before this upright—this generous people, I must say, the sentence—the suddenness of it—without trial, and so far as I know without intentional offence on our part, seems very severe. I put the question to any impartial man, woman or child, who is capable of forming an opinion upon this matter, and is unprejudiced, if such a sentence of exclusion, and dishonour, would not be thought cruel and unjust, even in a despotic government? I can not think in this enlightened day and age, it will be ratified by the free and liberal and just people of Chester county.

If this sentence of sweeping denunciation, and indiscriminate condemnation, be just, it must have an adequate cause, and that cause must be the infamy of character and conduct of those citizens of Chester county, who are Masons. Is this the case? Tell them over one by one—two by two, and do they deserve it at your hands? If they do—carry the principle out; will you refuse to associate with a Mason? why not, if he be so infamous? will you refuse him your daughter in marriage? why not, if he be so infamous? will you authorise your Assembly-men to vote for a law, taking away from the Freemason the right of being elected to office—to disfranchise him? Why not, if it be right that he should be so disfranchised?

Look at your publick men, those who have served you as faithful, honest servants. Let me speak of James Kelton. He is a Mason. Did he ever swerve, when in office, from the line of impartial duty? Have you ever had reason to be dissatisfied with the manner in which he has performed the various and honourable trusts to which your generous confidence has raised him? It so happens that two of the Judges of your Court are Masons. If Masons may not be elected to office, it must of course be, because they are not worthy to hold office, and it would follow that all Masons holding commissions, should be expelled from the posts which they now occupy. Do those who take the lead in exciting and directing the anti-masonick spirit, mean to take measures to withdraw from the Court the publick confidence and to compel them to resign? It would seem to flow as a natural consequence from the denunciations against Masons and Masonry. But General Jackson is a Mason; is an opposition to him on that ground, to be raised? knowing the general correctness, good principles and good feelings of the anti-mason leaders, who have rendered themselves conspicuous in Chester county, I am persuaded they mean to pro-

duce no such results—and that they look to no such ends. The spirit to condemn without trial, to visit the sins of the guilty upon the heads of the innocent, to disfranchise and render infamous and contemptible any portion of their fellow citizens who have walked faithfully as publick and private members of society, and who have done them no injury, must be foreign from their hearts. They rejoice with us Masons, we are sure, that the shackles so long imposed on the Roman Catholics of Ireland, are at length broken! What were those shackles? They were interdicted from holding office. By the late glorious law extending freedom to them, they are now eligible to office, like the rest of their fellow subjects; and the anti-mason rejoices in their enfranchisement. Utterly impossible therefore, is it for me to imagine that they yet deliberately wish to disfranchise a portion, however small, of their fellow citizens at home.

I am led, therefore, to the conclusions, that the form of their resolutions must have been borrowed from those used in New-York, and I have shown that they there were perverted to political purposes. Ambitious men, who wished to get into office, and desired to exclude all Masons, especially those who were in their way, got the Resolutions so drawn and adopted. But that purpose has been discovered—the policy has been exploded; but through accident, or perhaps want of full information, the leaders of the anti-masons here have fallen into the error of copying and adopting as matter of course, those *politically bearing* resolutions.

If they have not a direct political tendency, it is not distinctly seen why Masons are to be excluded only from office—why not, if really infamous, exclude us from all society,—from all business? But publick offices, and the attainment of them, are emphatically, political matters, and therefore the resolutions have, exclusively, a political bearing. If this goes on, it is clear as day, that ambitious men here, eager for office, will make anti-masonry, and the excitement growing out of it, a stepping stone to preferment; the means of gratifying their ambition.

To prevent this, we propose to the people, who, we presume, will take no part on either side, to watch the course of events, and to see that no ambitious man makes anti-masonry a hobby-horse to gratify his own ambition and thirst for power. And we put it to the anti-masonick leaders, that they enforce among themselves the sentiments they avow, that they have no political purposes to subserve, and that no man who renders himself conspicuous at their meetings, be set up as a candidate for office, lest the people should think, as there would be just grounds for thinking, that such were the objects they had in view, in getting up resolutions to exclude a portion of their fellow citizens.

In conclusion, then, I would say to the people—See that no injustice, in this hour of excitement, be done. If in your deliberate judgment, Freemason lodges should cease—express your opinion to that effect, and vent your displeasure against those who shall, after your will is fully declared, endeavour to counteract it! But if men have innocently and without any evil motive or conduct, and without the slightest expression of your disapprobation, become Masons, do not the injustice, in this Republick, of punishing them by sentence of disfranchisement, for that which was not censurable when it was done.

C. MINER.

Note 1. That Masonry was not thought very ill

of by the Society of Friends, is manifest from the fact, that some of the members of that respectable society are Masons.

2. The Friends' Society have been persecuted. They have felt the hand of persecution sorely. Have they not, also, their secret meetings, at which the world are not permitted to be present? There are doubtless those, there certainly have been those, who would have put down that society if in their power. The Methodist Society too, has been contemned and reviled. There were some who did not like the *silence* of Friends, and complained of the *loud preaching* of the Methodists; and would have put them both down if they could. The worthy members of these religious denominations of Christians, we feel assured, will judge Masons as they judge the rest of their fellow men, by their general professions and conduct—they will not condemn them in mass—they will not disfranchise them by a single sweeping resolution. So far as experience has shown that they are faithful and trust-worthy, they will still respect and confide in them.

3. At the Masonick celebration at Col. Filson's some years ago, three or four Presbyterian ministers were present, and took part in the exercises of the day. A very respectable and talented clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, joined in the procession and solemnities of the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Masonick Hall, in Downingtown. After having so far given the Lodge their countenance, we are perfectly satisfied they will be too just to sanction a sweeping vote of denunciation and disfranchisement against the whole order. Liberty, justice—every generous sentiment forbids it.

4. If we do not greatly err, the Rev. Dr. STAUGHTON, a well known, eloquent, and pious minister of the Baptist Church, in Philadelphia, is a Mason.

5. Would it not be well, to remove all suspicion that the anti-masonick society may be converted into a political engine—to pass a vote, at all their meetings, that while they mean to exclude Masons from office, those who constitute the meeting, pledge themselves to accept of no office or appointment of profit or honour?

6. General Warren, who sealed his devotion to Liberty, with his blood, on the glorious though fatal field of Bunker Hill, was a Grand Master of Masons. His cruel enemies buried him with a halter about his neck. In every age Masons have been conspicuous friends of civil liberty. It was so through the glorious Revolution that established our liberties, and they have ever been persecuted under one presence or another by the enemies of freedom. The gentlemen who are now active in kindling the flame against Masons in Chester Co. we know are pure, above reproach or even suspicion; but we venture to say, if the excitement continues to prevail, that *wherever there are enemies to civil liberty, open or secret, you will find them eagerly flocking to the ranks of the anti masons.*

7. One reflection must be obvious to every considerate mind; it is this—Those citizens who meet in publick to declare a portion of their fellow citizens worthless, unfit to be trusted, and denounce against them the same sentence of political disfranchisement, which has just been so happily removed under healing and liberal councils, from the Roman Catholics in Ireland, ought themselves to be without blemish, and spotless, in thought, word, and deed, as the pure ermine. It is, to say the

least of it, a high prerogative, a bold assumption, to judge a portion of their fellow citizens, as infatuated "to a violation of all social and civil Rights,"—and to condemn them unheard to political ostracism forever. Those gentlemen, however correct, their motives, in this instance, should look well into their own breasts; when they are, in effect saying, "stand aside, I am holier than thou;" and see that their own hearts and conduct are right to a title, before Heaven and their fellow men.

8. If the Turks could reach us with an overpowering force, they would doubtless say—the murder of Morgan was committed by citizens of a Christian country—it shows that the Christian Religion is not of sufficient influence to restrain the bloody hand of the murderer. We must put down that system of infidelity, and introduce the pure faith of Mahomet.

The despots of Europe would say—the cruel murder of Morgan was committed by *Republicans*. It shows that the wild license of untamed liberty, affords no protection against the hand of the assassin. More efficiency must be given to the Government. The people must be changed from citizens to subjects, that they may feel the curb bit of power. And if they could, they would make that or any thing else, a pretence for overthrowing Republican Government. The wicked men who perpetrated the deed were citizens of a Christian Community! Why should not all Christians suffer on that account? They were citizens of a Republic! Why should not all the citizens of the Republic be held responsible? They were members of the Masonick fraternity! Why more than in the preceding cases, ought all Masons, who are innocent of, and abhor, the deed, to be held responsible and to be punished for it?

9. *Solomon Southwick*, esq. a man who holds a glowing pen, who was ambitious, but unpopular; who had tried all sides in politics, and eagerly sought for office, seeing the excitement in N. York, immediately set up a paper, burning with indignation against Masons. You could scarcely say *Jack Robinson*, however, before we find the ruling passion breaking forth—it was office, office, still office. He got himself nominated anti-masonick Candidate for Governor, and received a very large vote; something like 30,000 out of 200,000. But it had the effect greatly to arrest the anti-masonick tide; because the honest yeomanry saw it was perverted to a scheme of personal interest by a set of desperate political men.

10. I have spoken of the meetings being *gotten up*, for, I suppose, (at least many of them,) not to have been the spontaneous movements of the people. A distinguished gentleman and amiable citizen, who has lent his name to one meeting, did not go with the view of participating in the proceedings, but attended, as he himself says, from curiosity. Another Reverend and pious gentleman told me he was not present, and they sent for him. To the zeal, talent, standing and character of Mr. Samuel Baldwin, must be attributed the apparent popularity of the anti-masonick meetings.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF DELAWARE.

At a stated communication of the *Grand Lodge of the State of Delaware*, held at Wilmington, on the 27th of June, 1829, the following Grand Officers were elected:—

Archibald Hamilton, Grand Master; Joseph G. Oliver, Deputy Grand Master; William Nicholls, Senior Grand Warden; William T. Read, Junior Grand Warden; Evan H. Thomas, G. Treasurer; Samuel Harker, Grand Secretary.

The M. W. Grand Master then made the following appointments:—

Joshua Harlan, Senior Grand Deacon; James Simpson, Jr., Grand Marshal; Daniel C. Lockwood, Grand Sword Bearer; Rev. Joseph Wilson, Grand Chaplain; William Simpson, Grand Tyler; Eliza Huxley, Benjamin Chandler and William Marshall, Grand Stewards; William M. Godwin, J. F. Vaughan, James S. Lister, John Tenant, Thomas Robinson and John McClung, Grand Visitors; George Read, Willard Hall, Arnold Naudain, George Winslow and John Hedges, Committee of Correspondence.

MEDICAL.

REMARKABLE CASE

OF AN INSECT SUPPOSED TO BE HATCHED IN THE HUMAN BODY.

BALLSTON SPA, July 5, 1829.

Dear Sir—The following recital of a phenomena which happened about a year since, will be a subject of inquiry among naturalists and physicians. A young woman, the daughter of a respectable farmer in Edinburg, Saratoga county, in this state, while in a field of a new mown hay, felt the sting of a large green grass-hopper, as she then expressed it. Some time in the following winter, she discovered a tumour on the shoulder between the caracori and acromion process, attended with some pain and uneasiness. After about three weeks continuance, it disappeared from the shoulder, and she felt a pain along the course of the clavicle; and in May it appeared at the side of the neck, partly under the sterno clenia mastoideus muscle. Her physician treated for scrofula with apparent success, for it again disappeared, until July, when it was felt once more at the shoulder—the tumour—about the size of an hen's egg, and with evident fluctuation, when it was opened with a small discharge of unhealthy pus, and along with it a living grasshopper, two inches in length, and breadth proportionate. The only conclusion is that the egg must have been deposited the year before, and arrived to maturity by a process of incubation. Should you think this narrative worthy of being generally known, you are at liberty to do as you think advisable. I remain your friend, &c. ELIPHALET ST. JOHN.

SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, M. D., L. L. D., &c.

From the Hagerstown Herald, edited by a physician.

DYSPEPSIA.

This term, which has become incorporated into every day's conversation, is the malady of *indigestion*, and might also be appropriately called the *vice of indolence*. When nature is curtailed of her fair proportion of exercise, fresh air, and sound aliment—when she is loaded with superfluous meats and drinks—or when she is stinted in muscular action, or doomed to languish under oppressive sleep, debility and obstruction seize on the vitals, and dyspepsia comes among the first in the train of disorders, to prey upon the human system. What is the remedy? Return to nature—abjure all aliments which are not fitting in a child—taste the fresh air of heaven in long walks and regular exercise—give to slumber but six out of the twenty four hours—abjure all quackery, your soot tea, your lie solutions, your blue pills, your antacids, your roborants and stomachicks. In the use of wholesome exercise on foot or on horse, more may be accomplished than from all other remedies together. It is to be used generally till sweating is induced—not perspiration, but till briny drops stand on the forehead. Exercise propels the blood throughout the small vessels of the system, and gives to the skin that kind of action which sustains the equilibrium of vital power: the lungs inspire more air in a given time, when excited by muscular motion, than when the body is at rest—and the blood is thus enabled to part with its excreted and receive its vivifying principles.

"To cure the mind's wrong bias spleen—
Some recommend the Bowling green;
Some hilly walks—all exercise;
Fling but a stone—the giant dies."

We confidently recommend the following prescription to dyspepticks, as the best we know for their disease.

Take a walk from five till six in the morning.
Make your breakfast on a cup of black tea, and a tumbler of milk with crackers.

Take a walk from ten till twelve before dinner.
Take your dinner of boiled mutton, or beef, without butter or gravy, with any simple vegetable; a tumbler of milk, with a cherry pie, will do for a dessert—*be moderate*.

Beware of sleep after dinner—dose a little on an arm chair.

Take exercise two hours after dinner, freely; very freely; and let your supper be the most moderate repast during the day. If you are hungry during the interval between meals, eat crackers or

stale bread, or a little ginger-bread—drink nothing stronger than mead, or spruce beer—*beware of the ardent*.

TOPOGRAPHY.

From the Boston Bulletin

OREGON TERRITORY.

But little is known of this Territory, in this section of our country, and still less of the River from which it derives its name. So extensive is the continent of America, and so much of it remains yet unexplored, that many, very many of our citizens are more thoroughly acquainted with the localities and condition of Europe, than with the climate, soil, vegetable and animal productions of certain portions of their own country. The *Miner's Journal* gives some extracts from a work recently published in French, by a gentleman who resided several years west of the Rocky Mountains, which give a more minute and interesting account of the Territory above mentioned, than we have before seen published.

During the three years which he spent in the vicinity of the Columbia or Oregon River, the cold seldom passed the freezing point, and the heat was never greater than 75 or 76 degrees. West winds are most frequent in spring and the early part of summer—northwest winds in the latter part of summer and first of autumn—and southwest winds blow almost continually from the first of October till the beginning of January, which is the rainy season, and most disagreeable part of the year.

The result of several experiments satisfied him that the land along the Columbia is generally unfit for cultivation, though the soil is not every where the same, and there were probably places which would yield abundant crops. Various kinds of garden seeds were planted by him in the month of May; but though his garden had a fine appearance in August, and the vegetables were suffered to remain in the ground until the end of December, still nothing came to maturity but *radishes*, *turnips* and *potatoes*. The turnips were of a prodigious size, one of the largest measuring *thirty-three inches* in circumference, and weighing *fifteen and a half pounds*. A dozen of potatoes produced ninety, which were planted the succeeding spring, but the second season was so much colder than the first, that these produced nothing at all.

Cedar, spruce, white pine, hemlock, &c. were the most common trees, the cedars being generally four or five fathoms in circumference, and the hemlocks from 12 to 20 inches in diameter. An immense white pine tree is mentioned, which seven men, standing with their arms extended, were not able to encircle, and which upon admeasurement was found to be *forty-two feet* in circumference.

Wild fruits in abundance are to be found from the middle of June to the middle of October. Besides the raspberry, the months of July and August furnish a pleasant acid fruit of a blue colour, about the size of a cherry, and another fruit which grows in clusters on a small bush like the garden currant, which has a fine taste, is wholesome, and may be eaten in any quantities without injury. Blackberries, cherries, currants, wild pears and crab-apples are also found; together with a great variety of nutritious roots of which the natives make great use. There is one in particular, which they reduce to paste by pounding, make into cakes of five or six pounds weight, and bake it on flat stones heated in the fire—producing a bread almost as palatable as our own.

Salmon and sturgeon abound in the Columbia River, during certain parts of the year, and these constitute the principal food of the natives. The salmon fishery commences in July, and continues until August; in the latter part of which month, and during September, sturgeon of an excellent quality, are caught. Some of these are very large, one which he saw measuring 11 feet, and weighing 390 pounds. In October and November salmon are again to be had, though of a different species and poorer quality. In the month of February, a small species of fish of a very fine flavour, is taken in abundance; but these remain only a short time.

The quadrupeds of this Territory are the elk, the fallow-deer, the black-tailed deer, the roe deer, the

black bear, the brown bear, the grey bear, the white bear, the wolf, the panther, the tiger, the raccoon, the whistler, a species of marmot, the land otter, and the sea otter. The grey bear is represented as being extremely fierce and carnivorous.

The most remarkable birds are the nun eagle, the black eagle, the turkey-buzzard, the hawk, the pelican, the cormorant, the swan, the heron, the crane, the bustard, a variety of ducks, and several species of geese. The nun eagle is so called, from its having a white head, though the rest of its plumage is of a dirty black.

THE NATURALIST.

REAL TOADSTONE.

The discovery of toads in secondary rocks is often announced in public journals. A very particular account was published in the newspapers, of one found at Lockport, United States, while they were cutting the Erie canal bed, in the geodiferous lime rock. Professor Amos Eaton, of New York, collected all the facts in his power, and examined the rock from which it was taken. The evidence would have been sufficient to establish, he states, any ordinary fact. But there seemed to be so many ways for illiterate labourers to deceive themselves, that he took no further notice of the report. He has, however, since received an account of a large dark brown toad being found in a rock of mill-stone grit, near Whitesborough, "which I cannot," he says, "hesitate to believe. While laying the cellar wall of the house of one of the representatives in the legislature of this State, (New York) two respectable masons, entitled to the highest confidence, whom he examined personally, had occasion to split a large stone from the quarry, which he calls the mill-stone grit. It was perfectly close-grained and compact. On opening it they discovered a black or dark brown spherical mass, about three inches in diameter, in a cavity which it filled. On examining it particularly, they found it to be a toad, much larger than the common species, and of a darker colour. It was perfectly stupid. It was laid upon a stone, and soon began to give signs of life. In a few hours it would hop moderately on being disturbed. They saw it in the yard moving about moderately for several days; but it was not watched by them any further, and no one observed its ulterior movements. They laid one half of the stone in the wall, so that the cavity may still be seen. The millstone grit in which this stone was found is the oldest of the secondary rocks. It must have been formed many centuries before the deluge. Was this toad more than 4,000 years old? or was it from an egg introduced through a minute and undiscovered cleavage into this cavity, a geode made precisely to fit the size and form of a toad? I was particular in my inquiry, and learned from them that the whole stone was perfectly compact, without any open cleavage which would admit an egg. Besides, it is well known that the millstone grit is neither porous nor geodiferous. If this rock stratum was deposited upon the toad, it must have been in aqueous, not in igneous solution, and the toad must have been full grown at the time. Toads are often found in compact hard gravelly diluvial deposits, in situations which demonstrate that they must have lived from the time of the deluge. I think I am warranted in saying this," adds the Professor, "without citing authorities, as it is a common occurrence. Then why may they not have lived a few centuries longer, if we admit them a life of at least 3,000 years?"

[London Monthly Magazine.]

THE GATHERER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Shepherd. Pity me! how they moan, and groan, and greet, and wring their hauns, and tear their hair, even old auld folk their thin gray hair, when death comes into the bed-room, or the verra drawing-room, and carries off in his clutches some wee hit spoiled bairn, yaummerin' amang its playthings,

or keepin' its mither awake a' nicht by its perpetual cries!

North—Touch tenderly, James—on—

Shepherd—Ane wad thing that nae parents had ever lost a child afore—yet hoo mony a sma' funeral do you see ilka day carin' along the streets unheeded on amang the carts and hackney-coaches!

North—Unheeded as a party of upholsterer's men carrying furniture to a new house.

Shepherd—There is little or naething o' this thochtless, this senseless clamour in kintra houses, when the cloud o' God's judgement passes ower them, and order are gien for a grave to be dug in the kirkyard. A' the house is hushed and quate—just the same as if the patient were still sick, and no gane awa'—the father, and, perhaps, the mither, the brothers, and the sisters, are a' ganging about their ordinary business, wi' grave faces nae doubt, and some o' them now and then dichtin the draps frae their een; but after the first black day, little audible greetin', and nae indecent and impious outcries.

North—The angler, calling in at the cottage, would never know that a corpse was the cause of the calm.

Shepherd—Rich folk, if they saw sic douce, composed ongings, wad doubtless wonder to think hoo callous, hoo insensible were the poor! That natur had kindly denied them those fine feelings that belong to cultivated life! But if they heard the prayer o' the auld man at nicht, when the survivin' family were on their knees around the wa', and his puir wife peist him in the holy circle, they wad ken better, and confess that there is something as sublime, as it is sincere and simple, in the resignation and piety of those humble Christians, whose doom is to live by the sweat o' their brow, and who are taught, almost frae the cradle to the grave, to feel every hour their breath, that all they enjoy, and all they suffer, is dropt down from the hand o' God, almost as visibly as the dew or the hail;—and hence their faith in things unseen and eternal is firm as their belief in things seen and temporal—and that they a' feel, Sir, when letting down the coffin into the grave!

PENALTY FOR SELLING OPIUM IN CHINA.

Dealers in opium shall be exposed with the wooden collar about their necks one month, and then sent to the army on the frontier; accomplices shall be punished with 100 blows and transported three years. Those who open shops to sell opium and entice the sons of respectable families to smoke shall be condemned to death, by strangling, after a period of confinement; accomplices shall be punished with 100 blows, and transported three years. Masters of boats, constables, and neighbours shall be punished with 100 blows and three years transportation. Officers of government at court, who buy and smoke opium, shall be dismissed from the service, receive 100 blows, and be exposed with the collar about their neck two months. Soldiers and people who buy and smoke opium, shall be punished with 100 blows, and exposed with the collar one month. Eunuchs of the palace who buy and smoke opium shall be exposed with the collar about their necks two months, then sent to the territories, and be given to the soldiers as slaves, &c. Further, those officers, military and civil, who neglect to discover and seize opium, and the hoppo of Canton who fails in this part of his duty, shall be delivered over to a court of inquiry, and punished according to its decision.

KING MURAT A WAITER.

Just before the breaking out of the French revolution, two English gentlemen resident in Paris were in the daily habit of frequenting the restaurateur kept by Beauvillier; they were always attended by a waiter remarkably for his attention and civility to his guests. Our countrymen were accustomed to carouse with uproarious mirth the whole night, and, indeed, frequently upon a late hour in the morning. This practice breaking in upon the quiet custom of the house, and the regular habits of the waiter, at last exhausted his patience, and he intimated to Beauvillier that he should quit his service if the Englishmen were permitted to

continue their nightly inroads upon his rest. Beauvillier preferring the presence of his noisy guests to the convenience of his servant, the waiter left his service and entered the army. After the peace the two English gentlemen again visited Paris, and entering their old place of resort, were instantly recognized and welcomed by Beauvillier, who called to their recollection the hasty and angry departure of the waiter, adding, that "Messieurs, by their mirth, had spoiled an excellent waiter, and created a very indifferent king." The indignant waiter was Murat, afterwards King of Naples.

FIRE PROOF DRESS.

The Austrian government of Milan have rewarded the Chevalier Giovanni Aldini with a gold medal, for an invention by which the qualities of metallick gauzes, of being impermeable to flame, are applied with advantage in the forming a dress for firemen. This dress is made in the fashion of the armour of the knights of the chivalrous ages, and consists of a tissue of asbestos covered with a metallick gauze. It is represented to be at once incumbrable, a non-conductor of heat, so light as to be no impediment to the most prompt agility, and no hindrance to efforts of strength. Specimen dresses of the kind, with directions for making them, will be forwarded on reasonable terms to foreign states, on application to the inventor at Milan, free of postage.

[Revue Encyclopedique.]

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from "An Essay on the Science of Acting."—In the town of North Walsham, in 1798, the *Fair Penitent* was performed. In the last act, where *Calista* lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Barry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage: during the night her illness continued, but the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent for the stage-keeper, and anxiously inquired whence he procured the skull: he replied from the sexton, "who informed him it was the skull of one Norris, a player, who twelve years before was buried in the churchyard." That same Norris was her first husband; she never recovered the shock, and died in six weeks.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Colonel Despreaux, in a late pamphlet on the Police of Paris, remarks, that there seem to be different periods for different crimes. He had always observed the summer months to be comparatively months of low riot. November began the burglaries, January and February the stealing of pocket-handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes, probably from the conflux to the theatres at that time. But, that swindling transactions, and all other frauds that require peculiar dexterity, were prevalent about March.

BEEES.

Alternations of torpor and animation cause greater exhaustion and loss of physical powers, than would be occasioned by a continuance of uniform torpor. This we infer from the fact, that in Russia, where the winters are uniformly cold, bees do not perish; and in the West Indies where there is perpetual verdure, they are never exhausted.

ONIONS.

Lord Bacon tells us of a man who fasted five days, without meat, bread, or drink, by smelling a wisp of herbs, among which were strong onions.

VENTILATION.

Garrick told Cibber, "that his pieces were the best ventilators to his theatre at Drury Lane; for as soon as any of them were played, the audience directly left the house."

DISPLAY.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

THE MONEY DIGGERS.

Zachariah was generally accounted an honest sort of a fellow, who wished no one harm, and would fain have been at peace with all the world—or rather he wished all the world at peace with him—for his timidity was so conspicuous that there were not wanting those who thought him a downright coward. Be that as it may, numerous were Zach's protestations of philanthropy and good will to all.

Among his foibles the most notorious were his credulity and superstition. He was a firm believer in the existence of witches, ghosts, and the like preternatural creatures, and used to aver in the strongest terms that he had seen spooks again and again. Dreams were regarded by him as oracles, and he was heard every morning relating the fancies of the night with a minute exactness and solemnity that showed how vastly important he deemed them. On one occasion Zachariah dreamed that an old man, with a long white beard, haggard cheek, huge rolling black eyes, and a nose like a potato, appeared to him, and told him that a chest of money was buried in a neighbouring hill. He pointed out the exact spot where it was to be found, but cautioned him not to approach it alone, as the treasure was guarded by divers furious imps, who were appointed to protect it when it was buried by its wicked owners. This dream worked upon Zach's sensitive imagination, until he determined to take some means to gain possession of the lucre, which he did not for a moment doubt, was to be found in the place designated. For among his most powerful impulses, was a desire of wealth, and in this instance it was found sufficiently strong to overcome his usual cowardice. His huge, projecting gray eye twinkled with delight as he ruminated on the heaps of gold and silver that would reward his exertions, and permit him to indulge what he loved above all things—his ease.

In order to accomplish his scheme, it was necessary to get an accessory—for he found it impossible to bring his resolution to the sticking point, to embark in so hazardous an undertaking alone. Accordingly, he repaired to a crony of his, a clerk in a neighbouring store, and laid before him the whole affair. The clerk was a shrewd fellow, a great lover of fun, and withal, something of a wag. He listened attentively to Zach's artless tale, and seemed to enter warmly into his plan. Being encouraged with the assurance of a coadjutor, he became confident of success, and a night was appointed, on which they were jointly to put the business in execution.

On the time appointed, he repaired punctually to the store, and found his friend with several young chaps within. As he entered, he thought he detected sly glances, and one or two smothered laughs passing around the group. Now, there was nothing, with the exception of a ghost, of which our hero stood in so much apprehension as ridicule. His countenance was therefore beginning to be clothed with a silly expression of consciousness, when he was relieved by his friend, who desired his comrades to depart. When all had dispersed, he inquired in a confidential manner if all was ready. Zach informed him that he had brought a spade and crowbar, but no instrument of defence. This defect was supplied by the clerk, who took down an old musket that looked as though it had been through as many wars as the tailor of Newport.

Thus equipped, they sallied forth, and soon reached the spot designated by the old man. It was about ten o'clock, and the night chanced to be somewhat unpropitious. The moon and stars were obscured by a thick canopy of clouds, which, driven by the cool brisk winds, pursued each other rapidly across the pale face of heaven. The sable darkness, and the whistling of the wind, would have excited the terrors of our adventurer at any other time; but he was braced up by the "*sacra fama auri*," and determined to persevere. He commenced digging lustily with the spade, while his companion stood near the spot, his anti-

quated firelock in his hand, ready to give a deadly greeting to any intruder. The clerk threw out occasionally a word of encouragement to the laborious digger, urging him to expedite his work as fast as possible.

"How far below the surface did the old man say the money was hid," asked the clerk.

"He said 't was about six feet," said the other, breathing hard with fatigue—"and he told me 't was in an iron chest, and when my spade struck upon it, the imps that guarded it would appear, and fight for it. But hark!—didn't you hear a noise?"

"A noise! from whence did it come?" "I thought it proceeded from that grove of trees yonder." "Pshaw! its nothing but some cow rustling among the branches. Dig on, my good fellow, or we sha'n't get to it before morning." Zach resumed his labour, but his apprehensions were not entirely silenced. Although he had much confidence in the valour of his comrade, he begun to suspect he had entered upon an undertaking too daring and hazardous for him.

"I heard of a man once," said he, solemnly, "who was digging for money one night all alone, and after working about two hours, his spade struck upon an iron chest, and no sooner was the sound made, than he heard somebody say in a horrid grum voice, 'Let that chest alone,' and upon that—" Here Zach was interrupted by a hollow voice answering as if it had been an echo, "Let that chest alone." The spade fell from his hands as if they were palsied, and his knees began to go at loggerheads together.

"What ails you?" asked his companion, coolly—"why don't you dig on." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the other, "did n't you hear that voice?" "Voice! what voice! it's only your fancy—there's no danger, and I can defend you if there should be any."

Somewhat encouraged by these assurances, Zach resumed his spade, but his limbs were unnerved and his strength flagging. Again he bent to his labour, when, just as he was in the act of throwing up his spade full of dirt, a glaring ball of fire issued with the rapidity of lightning from the grove, and fell but a few feet from the astounded money seekers. For a moment every object was lighted up with a frightful glare, and the pale, lantern-jawed phiz of Zachariah was elongated at least six inches by pure horror. He thought he discovered the dark forms of a troop of misshapen imps among the trees.

Overcome by terror, he called out in loud terms to his companion to protect him. "I'll give it to them," answered he resolutely. He snapped his musket in the direction of the assailants, but it missed fire. Upon this a loud laugh proceeded from the wood, which sounded to the ears of our adventurer like the giggling of demons.

But it had scarcely subsided to stillness, when another of those horrid fireballs was coursing its way through the air towards him. Its light served to show him that his friend was missing. He had no time, however, to comment on the strangeness of the circumstance, for the next instant his hat was knocked ten feet from his head by the ball. It went directly into the hole he had been digging, and the darkness returned blacker than ever.

As yet Zach had been in a sort of stupor, but this last hint served to make him sensible that he must try for his life. Adopting the sentiment that "the better part of valour is discretion," especially when there are infernal foes to contend with, he exerted every faculty and ran. 'T is said that with some, fear has the effect to repress and cripple the muscular powers—"t was not so with Zach—once in motion, he flew over the ground as rapidly as one of his own ghosts, and neither stopped nor looked behind, although the imps pursued him with their fireballs, and what was scarcely less terrible, their hideous laughs until he was fairly at his own door.

Zach was never afterwards found talking about digging money, nor would he even approach the scene of this catastrophe, except in broad daylight. It was shrewdly surmised, that the imps who had so frightfully beleaguered the poor fellow, were neither more nor less than some wild young bucks, who had been let into the secret by the

clerk, and who had furnished themselves with cotton balls from a neighbouring factory, and having wet them well with turpentine, sent them lighted at the devoted head of the money digger. But Zach always remained firm in the belief that his enemies were veritable imps of the evil one, sent to protect treasures that had been won by deeds of wickedness. LEO.

SIR HERMAN AND DANNISCHEMEND.

From "Anne of Geirstein," Sir Walter Scott's last novel.

"My lord, my lord, a fiend is in the stable!"

"What means this folly?" said the baron, arising, surprised and displeased at an interruption so unusual.

"Let me endure your displeasure," said Caspar, "if I speak not truth Apollyon!"

Here he paused.

"Speak out, thou frightened fool," said the Baron; "is my horse sick, or injured?"

The master of the stalls again gasped forth the word "Apollyon!"

"Say on," said the baron; "were Apollyon in presence personally, it were nothing to shake a brave man's mind!"

"The devil," answered the master of the horse, "is in Apollyon's stall!"

"Fool!" exclaimed the nobleman, snatching a torch from the wall; "what is it that could have turned thy brain in such silly fashion! Things like thee, that are born to serve us, should hold their brains on a firmer tenure, for our sakes, if not that of their worthless selves."

As he spoke he crossed the court-yard of the castle, to visit the stately range of stables which occupied all the lower part of the quadrangle on one side. He entered, where fifty gallant steeds stood in rows, on each side of the ample halls. At the side of each stall hung the weapons of offence and defence of a man-at-arms, as bright as constant attention could make them, together with the buff coat which formed the trooper's undergarment. The baron, followed by one or two of the domesticks, who had assembled full of astonishment at the unusual alarm, hastened up betwixt the row of steeds. As he approached the stall of his favourite horse, which was the uppermost of the right hand row, the good steed neither neglected, nor shook his head, nor stamped with his foot, nor gave the usual signs of joy at his lord's approach; a faint moaning, as if he implored assistance, was the only acknowledgment of the baron's presence.

Sir Herman held up the torch, and discovered that there was indeed a tall dark figure standing in stall, resting his hand on the horse's shoulder. "Who art thou?" said the baron, "and what dost thou here?"

"I seek refuge and hospitality," replied the stranger; "and I conjure thee to grant it me, by the shoulder of thy horse, and by the edge of thy sword, and so they may never fail thee when thy need is at the utmost."

"Thou art, then, a brother of the Sacred Fire," said baron Herman of Arnheim; "and I may not refuse thee the refuge which thou requirest of me, after the ritual of the Persian Magi. From whom, and for what length of time dost thou crave my protection?"

"From those," replied the stranger, "who shall arrive in quest of me before the morning cock shall crow, and for the full space of a year and a day from this period."

"I may not refuse thee," said the baron, "consistently with my oath and honour. For a year and a day I will be thy pledge, and thou shalt share with me roof and chamber, wine and food. But thou, too, must obey the law of Zoroaster, which, as it says, let the stronger protect the weaker brother, says also, let the wiser instruct the brother who hath less knowledge. I am the stronger, and thou shalt be safe under my protection; but thou art the wiser, and must instruct me in the more secret mysteries."

"You mock your servant," said the strange visitor; "but if aught is known to Dannischmend which can avail Herman, his instructions shall be as those of a father to a son."

"Come forth then from thy place of refuge,"

said the baron of Arnheim. "I swear to thee by the sacred fire which lives without terrestrial fuel, and by the fraternity which is betwixt us, and by the shoulder of my horse, and the edge of my good sword, I will be thy warrant for a year and a day, if so far my power shall extend."

The stranger came forth accordingly, and those who saw the singularity of his appearance, scarce wondered at the fears of Caspar, the stall master, when he found such a person in the stable, by what mode of entrance he was unable to conceive. When he reached the lighted hall to which the baron conducted him, as he would have done a welcome and honoured guest, the stranger appeared to be very tall and of a dignified aspect. His dress was Asiatick, being a long black caltan, or gown, like that worn by Armenians, and lofty square cap, covered with the wool of Astracan lambs. Every article of the dress was black, which gave relief to the long white beard that flowed down over his bosom. His gown was fastened by a sash of black silk net work, in which, instead of a poignard or sword, was stuck a silver case containing writing materials and a roll of parchment. The only ornament of his apparel consisted in a large ruby of uncommon brilliancy, which, when he approached the light, seemed to glow with such liveliness as if itself had emitted the rays which it only reflected back. To the offer of refreshment the stranger replied "Bread I may not eat, water shall not moisten my lips until the avenger shall have passed by the threshold."

The baron commanded the lamps to be trimmed, fresh torches to be lighted, and sending his whole household to rest, remained seated in the hall along with the stranger, his suppliant. At the dead hour of midnight the gates of the castle were shaken as by a whirlwind, and a voice, as if of a herald was heard to demand his lawful prisoner, Dannischemend, the son of Hall. The warder then heard a lower window of the hall thrown open, and could distinguish his master's voice addressing the person who had thus summoned the castle. But the night was so dark that he might not see the speakers, and the language which they used was either entirely foreign, or so largely interspersed with strange words, that he could not understand a syllable which they said. Scarce five minutes had elapsed, when he who was without again elevated his voice as before, and said in German, "For a year and a day then I forbear my forfeiture; but coming for it when that time shall elapse, I come for my right, and will no longer be withstood."

From that period, Dannischemend, the Persian, was a constant guest at the castle of Arnheim, and, indeed, never, for any purpose, crossed the drawbridge. His amusements or studies seemed centred in the library of the castle and the laboratory, where the baron sometimes toiled in conjunction with him for many hours together. The inhabitants of the castle could find no fault in the Magus, or Persian, except his apparently dispensing with the ordinances of religion, since he neither went to mass nor confession, nor attended upon other religious ceremonies. The chaplain did, indeed, profess himself satisfied with the state of the stranger's conscience; but it had long been suspected, that the worthy ecclesiastick held his easy office on the very reasonable condition of approving the principles, and asserting the orthodoxy, of all guests whom the baron invited to share his hospitality.

MISCELLANY.

EGYPTIAN CAVERNS.

It was early in March, 1812, that [Mr. Legh, a celebrated English traveller and his companions entered Egypt, and continued his voyage down the river Nile. A Greek, named Demetrio, had reported to them the existence, near Manfalout, of certain pits or caverns, containing the mummies of crocodiles, of which they had hitherto seen no specimens in Egypt. Desiring to examine these, they quitted the banks of the river, and at the village of Amabdi engaged four Arabs to be their guides to the caverns, which they found at a short distance, but within the confines of the desert. A circular pit, about 18 feet in depth, brought them down to

the level of the excavations; three of the Arabs descended with them, and with lighted torches they made their way through various winding passages, without finding more than a few fragments of crocodile mummies. The following part of the narrative we may best give in Mr. Legh's own words.

Our curiosity was still unsatisfied: We had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerable fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in those narrow and low galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding, in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached, guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth; and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that we had left; but, like it, contained nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless: but the mummies might not be far distant; another effort, and we might still be successful."

The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive;—for my own part, I found my breathing extremely difficult; my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fulness about the breast. We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out. I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side: he uttered a groan,—his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant: our torches burnt faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.

There was no time to be lost. The American, Barthow, cried to us to take courage, and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffrees, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come, increased the difficulty of our escape, we might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we had first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us separately and unknown to one another, observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself:—in this dilemma, we were determined by the majority, and fortunately were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench, which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to me—"for God's sake to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him to recover his strength." It was impossible—to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on, and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force,

and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air, it was one o'clock, and the heat in the sun about 180 degrees. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *bardak* full of water, which they sprinkled upon us; but though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit: they unfolded their turbans, and slinging them round our bodies, drew us up to the top.

Our appearance alone, without our guides, naturally astonished the Arab, who had remained at the entrance of the cavern; and he anxiously inquired for his friends. To have confessed they were dead, would have excited suspicion: he would have supposed we had murdered them, and have alarmed the inhabitants of Amabdi, to pursue us, and revenge the death of their friends. We replied, therefore, they were coming, and were employed in bringing out the mummies we had found, which was the cause of their delay. We lost no time in mounting our asses, recrossed the desert, and past hastily by the village, to regain the ferry at Manfalout.

From the Boston Ladies' Magazine, for July. 4

FRIENDSHIP.

The Goddess has a multitude of worshippers; but many of them pay her only a blind devotion. They form a confused idea of something lovely and desirable, but have no just conceptions of her true character. They imagine her favour may be purchased with the same coin that buys other pleasures, and frequently reckon themselves among her favourites, while utter strangers to her.

The Goddess once appointed a day for all her adorers to appear before her, and present their offerings. The summons was received with universal delight. The appointed day arrived, and a vast multitude assembled—each prepared with a gift. The Goddess appeared, seated on a throne made of a silver cloud, and studded with the gems and brilliants of heaven. Her figure and countenance were most beautiful—celestial beauty, such as earthly language will not describe. There was in her manner a sweet dignity, but nothing to awe or intimidate. She looked round on the admiring throng with a benevolent, discriminating glance, that seemed to say, "I would bestow my choicest favours on you all, if you knew how to appreciate them."

At length, the signal was given for them to bring forward their offerings. Every heart beat quickly, and every one turned, involuntarily, to see if his gift were worth presenting.

The first approached, and kneeling, spread all his treasures of *wealth* upon her altar; then raised his eyes to determine by her countenance whether the offering was accepted.

The Goddess frowned! "Can gold," she exclaimed, "gain friendship? impotence of hope!" "Remove the trash!" It was done. In its stead, he arranged his *titles* and *honours* all in due order before her; again she frowned! He hastily put them aside, and in their place laid the record of his *fame*. It would not do—with a look of displeasure she bade him take it away. He obeyed;—then throwing himself at her feet, he thus addressed her: "Great Goddess. I have offered thee all that mortals value; I have nothing left—but my heart;"—he paused—her look of displeasure was gone. "I freely surrender it," he exclaimed. She smiled, and accepted the offering.

Then rising from her throne, she addressed the vast assembly: "Children of men, know, that in the eye of friendship, gold is dross, honour a bubble, fame empty air; at her shrine the *heart* alone is accepted."

The crowd dispersed, though not without murmuring; for many had no hearts, and those who had, were so corrupted by vice, as made them sensible they were not worth offering. The hearts that were heaped on the altar of *Mammon*, could not be recalled; nor those which lay scattered at the shrine of *pleasure*. A smiling few approached, and presented the sacrifice of unsullied affections. As she received them, her countenance lighted up with such a resplendent beauty, that its radiance was reflected on the faces of her favourites—and they wear it to this day.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1829.

✂ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

✂ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

✂ If G. would be a little less "like —," and pay less attention to the "flowers by the wayside," we think he would be a better writer. We decline publishing "An Excursion," but advise the author to try again—he is capable of better things. Let him hear in mind, however, that common place sentiments are not the most interesting things in the world.

The news from England, for some time past, has been unimportant, and we have therefore neglected to give a summary of it. Papers have been received to the 9th of June. They state that there were rumours of a change in the ministry, in favour of the whigs. On the 4th June, Mr O'Connell delivered an animated speech to a meeting in Dublin. He insists upon the necessity of a parliament, resident in that city, and says, that to the parliament being resident in London are owing "all the impoverishment and degradation which is justly attributed to absenteeism."

The accounts from the east are worthy of very little belief. Some statements are favourable to the Russians, and others favourable to the Turks. Instead of gaining a victory, it is said that, in an affair before Silistria, the Russians suffered a severe loss.

CARSTAIRIAN SYSTEM OF WRITING. We would direct the attention of such of our readers as desire to attain an elegant and expeditious hand writing, to the establishment of Mr. FOSTER, in the Athenæum Building. The system of Mr. CARSTAIRS, taught by him, differs essentially from the one universally pursued in our common schools, and by "professors" of penmanship; and its superiority is manifested to the satisfaction of every inquirer, both by its apparent practicability, and in the rapid progress and final perfection of pupils. The soundness of the theory upon which it is based has been tested by more than twenty years' experience in England and France, and so generally are its rules and the course of exercises it prescribes adopted, under one name or another, in both those countries, that it seems to be regarded as the only method by which a perfect command of the pen can be acquired. To enter into the detail of its merits would require more time and room than we can at present devote to the subject; but having examined the plan with considerable attention, and being well convinced of its superiority over every other system, we think it our duty to award it our approbation. The Trustees of the Albany Female Academy deserve much praise for opening the way to its introduction into our public seminaries; and we think that parents and guardians generally, would consult the interests of the rising generation, by devoting more attention to this important improvement upon the usual method of instruction.

THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST. In Somersworth, (Great Falls) Maine, several hundred of the brethren assembled at the congregational meeting house, and formed a procession, consisting of Master masons, Royal Arch masons and Knights Templars, in the regalia and costume of their several orders, preceded by a fine band of martial musick. The procession proceeded to the Great Factory, where (says the Dover Gazette) "an eloquent and appropriate masonic address was delivered, in the presence of about twenty-five hundred persons, by the Hon. John Holmes, of Alfred, Maine, which for its frankness and ability, must have carried conviction home to every breast of the purity of freemasonry." The throne of grace was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Hawes and Rev. Mr. Brickell. After the ceremonies had closed, an elegant entertainment was served up by Mr. Sheldon, on the high land overlooking the village, for the fraternity and invited guests, at which John Williams, esq. presided as president of the day. In Thomastown, Maine, the day was celebrated by Jeru-

salem Chapter, and Orient, Amity, St. George, Union and Aurora Lodges. The brethren assembled at Masons' Hall, and proceeded to the new meeting house, where religious exercises were performed by the Rev. Mr. Washburn, of Thomastown, and Rev. Br. Campbell, agent of the National Colonization society, and an excellent address delivered by Br. Charles Cleland, esq.

In Oxford, Massachusetts, Oxford Lodge, assisted by a large number of brethren from Sutton, Dudley, Southbridge, Charlton, Leicester, and other towns in the vicinity, celebrated the day in a very appropriate manner. Colonel Alexander De Witt and captain William Sigourney were marshals of the day. In the meeting house, the exercises were a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Maynard, a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Turner, and an address by Linus Child, esq. After the religious exercises at the meeting house, the brethren repaired in procession to a bower prepared for their reception, where about two hundred sat down to an excellent dinner, served up by Mr. Town. The following were among the sentiments drank on the occasion:

Freemasonry. Most revered by those best acquainted with the principles it inculcates.

Washington. The illustrious patron of masonry. Hear his language—"the great object of masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race. I shall always be happy to advance the interests of the society and to be considered by them as a deserving brother."

The Memory of Warren. The first Grand Master of the first Grand Lodge in America, a name consecrated by patriotism and philanthropy.

Religion and Freemasonry. The one teaches us how to live,—the other how to live and die.

The Delaware Gazette contains the account of a celebration at a village in that state, on the 11th instant, in honour of the 4th. Twenty-seven toasts were given, each of which was immortalized (we believe without the help of any of the rum or brandy family) by "three cheers and a gun." The gentlemen were confirmed Jacksonites and great admirers of the ladies. *Ecce signum:*

By Howard Ogle. The Jackson Republicans are strenuously and no less justly urging the necessity of thorough reformation in the constitution and policy of our state—may they first effect a reformation in the legislature, by electing thereto men who will not disgrace it by being not only incompetent to draft a bill themselves, but often incapable of understanding one when drafted for them.

Three cheers and a gun.

By Adam Barr. The Fair Sex—Even the genius of heaven was obliged to plan and execute the work of a universe ere it was competent to the design of so noble a production.

Three cheers and a gun.

By James Caulk. The Fair Sex—

"Auld nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she claims, O,
Her 'prentice han' she tried on men,
And then she made the innosent, O!" Burns.

Three cheers and a gun.

The following is very good, but rather old—being a piece of thievery:

By E Newell. May he who loses one eye in the service of his country, never see poverty or distress with the other.

Three cheers and a gun.

Mrs. ROYALL. The Grand Jury of the District of Columbia, a week or two since, very ungallantly found an indictment against Mrs. Royall, setting forth that she was a "common slanderer, a common scold, and a common nuisance." She plead *not guilty* to the second charge, but demurred at the first and third, and the demurer was sustained by the court, on the ground that the charges were not sufficiently specific. The trial of the lady for being a "common scold," came on a few days since. The National Intelligencer says "the examination and cross examination of the numerous witnesses occupied nearly five hours. Being at length finished, Mrs. Royall rose and made a pathetic appeal to the jury, urging them to defend her against oppression; to prove themselves the protectors of personal rights and liberty; warning them against sanctioning a system of clerical domination and persecution, which, if not checked by the freedom of speech and of the press, and these defended by independent juries, would produce a state of things which would endanger the judge on the bench, and even the president himself; declaring that this system and this prosecution were part of a general scheme, of which the attempt to stop the mails on the Sabbath was another

feature, &c. &c." The jury, after a few minutes' consultation, rendered a verdict of *guilty*, and the defendant gave security to appear and answer the judgment. It is said that she has moved an arrest of judgment—the evidence clearly proving that she is an "uncommon scold."

ADVANTAGES OF DRUNKENNESS. A curious case was recently tried in the city of New-York, under a commission of lunacy, (we believe it is called) granted by the chancellor. The individual was accused of incapacity in consequence of drunkenness. Several witnesses were adduced on both sides, and it was proved by all that the defendant was continually intoxicated. The question then was, whether his habit of drinking rendered him *non compos mentis*. Those for the prosecution contended that it did; those for the defence testified that "they knew the party well; that it was true he was generally drunk, but that this did not prevent his attending to his concerns. On the contrary, he was never so well calculated for business as when drunk, and it was well known that he made better bargains and conducted himself more sensibly when in that situation, than when sober. After the case had been fully discussed, the jury found that the fact of his being continually drunk, was no proof of his insanity, and that he was not incompetent to manage his affairs."

WONDERFUL! An Ulster county anti-masonick editor, whose brain has been in a state of fermentation during a week or two past, in speaking of a little squad of his friends at Saugerties, or some other mighty place, says, "they are embarked for life," and "their path is plain and straight before them, and the world at the ballot boxes, or in arms, cannot turn them from it!" Whew! They belong to the Topham race, probably. If this sapient editor could manage to cage them, we are sure they would be considered great curiosities.

GENERAL OGLE, JR. The anti-masonick papers, have lately endeavoured to make some noise about a renunciation of masonry, said to have been made by a General Alexander Ogle, jr. of Pennsylvania. We do not believe that it would turn the world topsy-turvy, if the General should become a thorough-going anti; but whether it would or not, the following paragraph shows that he is not disposed to become one, how agreeable soever such an event might be to the "proprietors" of anti-masonry. When the General enters the field he will probably fight "upon his own hook," and live "alone in his glory."

From the Somerset (Pa.) Whig, June 1.

If the editor of the Anti-Masonick Herald thinks to count General Ogle, jr. one of his proselytes, he labours under a great mistake. The General is not a Morgan mason; he is one of the true grit. He is much obliged to him for the encomiums passed upon him relative to his official station, and his standing in society, and the respect people entertain toward him, but hereafter he would advise him not to publish any statement but what comes under his own hand.

ALEXANDER OGLE, JR.

THEATRE. The excellent drama of *Ambrose Guinnett, or a Sea Side Story*, will be repeated this evening. The play is an interesting one, and in connection with the farce of *Wool Gathering*, should attract a full house.

POLITICAL HUMBUGS. The anti-masons have a peculiar faculty of *suiting their testimony to the times*. They said and swore, at first, that Morgan had his "throat cut from ear to ear, his tongue torn out, his bowels burnt before his eyes," and the remnant of his corpus sunk with heavy weights, "five fathoms deep," at the junction of the lake and river. When poor Timothy Monroe floated ashore, without a single mark of violence upon him, the anti changed their tune—and, after the hair and whiskers were taken off, they turned up their eyes, and attributed the discovery of the body to the *special intervention of the Almighty*—while Weed and others said that, at any rate, "it would make a good enough Morgan till after election." Bot that hoax was detected even before election. Very lately, one of the anti-masonick brotherhood at Niagara started on a new track. The skeleton or bones of a man were found in the sand on the shore near Fort Niagara. Another hue and cry was raised. Morgan was *surely found* now! The Niagara anti-masonick paper garnished up the story of this skeleton, and asserted in proof that it was actually Morgan, that it had around it the *very rope and*

heavy weights which were used to sink the body, nearly three years before! As though a corpse so sunk, could not only, after the flesh was rotted from its bones, retain its hold on the rope and weights used to sink it, but, in defiance of weights, rope, and common sense, rise from its watery bed, swim ashore, and actually bury its marrowless bones in the sand! The skeleton was that of an Irishman drowned in crossing the Niagara the previous year—and the rope (for there were no weights found,) had then been employed to drag the putrid carcase to the temporary grave on the shore, where this skeleton was found.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the humbugs with which unprincipled men have tampered with public credulity for two or three years past. The days of Salem witchcraft—those times of infatuation, when even our Puritan fathers were so "excited" as to take suspicion for proof, and to believe the wildest monstrosities that accorded with their prejudices:—those times, we repeat, are not without a parallel now. But the people, honest, though occasionally misled, cannot be long deceived; and will not fail of visiting on the guilty authors of such frauds, a just and severe retribution. [Rochester Republican.]

ELDER BRADLEY. We see by the last Telegraph, that this minister of the gospel has come out and renounced masonry. We remember him well. He is the man who wrote a book, some few years ago, in favour of the institution, praising it to the very skies. The last we saw of him, he was travelling from lodge to lodge, to persuade the masons to erect a seminary of learning, to educate their children, exclusively. The masons, seeing that such a course would be inconsistent with their principles of general philanthropy, refused. Had they adopted his selfish plan, they would have been justly obnoxious to the charge which is now falsely made against them, of trying to build up their own interests in opposition to the rest of the community. But the Elder, having failed to pervert the institution to his own sinister purposes, and having sold all his books, has now renounced: and we suppose we shall have a book on anti-masonry. His "is a pen of all work." [Norwich Jour.]

AWFUL. It is gravely affirmed in an article in Solomon's last wonderful magazine, that about three hundred anti-masonic postmasters have been removed, and masons appointed in their stead, since president Jackson's election—and that every appointment made by the president and postmaster general, excepting Mr. Van Buren's, "probably to the amount of one hundred, has been masonic!" Whew! That's right, Solomon. When a man undertakes to lie at all, he may as well do it by wholesale. These thorough-going thumpers do vastly more execution than one of your petty falsehoods; because, like an overcharged blunderbuss, the fellow who lets it off has the worst of it. Three hundred postmasters—and seven hundred other officers—all masons! Only think of that! What are we coming to! [Boston Bulletin.]

THE RHODE ISLAND HORSE STORY. The hiring editors have been some time doling forth Jeremiads over the bones of a Rhode Island horse, whose owner was obtaining subscribers for an anti-masonic paper, when the poor animal, they assert, fell a victim to the dirks of freemasons. We have watched this tale of woe, to see if these "moral effects" people would ever give the facts as they occurred; and we have found them true to their cause. The anti-masonic version of the story is as above; while the facts have proved to be, that an ox, in the same inclosure with the horse, gored the animal to death in the night. One horn of the ox was bloody, and the skin of the horse was torn, not cut, &c. All this was shown at the time, but the owner offered one hundred dollars reward for the detection of the horse murderer, and gave the whole affair to the winds, in the hope of gain. The man, for his folly, suffered disgrace in the eyes of his neighbours at home, but furnished a new falsehood wreath to grace the dull pages of our tardy hirelings in this region. [Buf. Jour.]

THE FRUITS OF ANTI-MASONRY. In an anti-masonic town in this county, not long since, a leading anti-mason sued a mason. The plaintiff called upon the constable after he had served the summons, and told him "he thought he should have a jury, and should he send him the venire, wished he would select anti-masons for the jury." The constable, though an anti-mason, indignantly told him "he would do no such thing; if he sent the venire, he would take the best men he could conveniently get, without any reference to anti-masonry." The result was, the venire was sent to another anti-masonic constable, several miles off, who selected the anti-masonic jury the plaintiff wished. This anti-masonic jury returned a verdict in favour of the anti-masonic plaintiff. From this judgment, as may naturally be supposed, the defendant has appealed. [Morrisville Obs. & Recorder.]

The Boston Free Press says it is printed by steam; and we should think it was also edited by steam, from the continual steam it appears to be in. [Fredonia Censor.]

ITEMS.

Statistics of Intemperance. At the celebration on the 4th, by the Temperance Society, the Rev. Mr. Ridgley, chaplain of the navy yard, stated that, by extensive and careful enquiry, it had been ascertained that one-third of the maniacs, two-thirds of the paupers, and nineteen-twentieths of the culprits of the United States were reduced to their respective conditions by intemperance:—that there are four hundred thousand drunkards in our country; and that the loss and waste of time, shortening of life, and the cost of spirituous liquors, may be fairly estimated at the annual expense of one hundred millions of dollars. Mr. R. mentioned that in many places where the principle of entire abstinence had been adopted, the consumption had been reduced one-half and one-third of the previous demand. Where moderate or temperate drinking has been attempted to be substituted, no good results have followed; and experience proves the true philosophy of temperance to consist in making the use of spirits an ungenteel practice. The prudent and cautious dispensation of this doctrine must have a most happy influence on the moral and physical prosperity of our country. [Phila. Nat. Gaz.]

Mr. Owen of New-Harmony, has passed through this city on his way to Europe. We learn, from him, that he has been fully occupied since his debate with Mr. Campbell. He remained two months after the discussion in the city of Cincinnati, preparing a work which he published there, and which contains a narrative of his voyage to and proceedings in Mexico, and a review of the public meeting with Mr. Campbell. It seems that the public discussion between Mr. O. and Mr. C. had not produced any animosity between these gentlemen: for we are informed, Mr. Owen called upon Mr. Campbell at his house, at Bethany. Mr. Owen spent three days with his hospitable opponent and relatives, and he was much pleased with his visit. [Nat. Intel.]

A Curiosity. A fountain of carburetted hydrogen gas has been discovered in the bottom of Catskill creek, near the foot of Main-street, in this village. The water has been observed for many years to be unusually troubled, and to emit an extraordinary quantity of air. No experiment was however made, until last Monday a week, when by the direction of Mr. Apollon Cooke, fire was applied to the surface of the water, and the result was an immediate combustion resembling burning alcohol. We have witnessed several experiments since, which are sufficient to satisfy us that with proper apparatus, a quantity of gas might be collected to answer extensively useful purposes in lighting the village. There are said to be many similar fountains in this vicinity; but we know of no other experiments to prove their inflammability. [Catskill Recorder.]

March of Intellect. The Brownsville [Pa.] Galaxy of the 7th inst. contains the following caution:

"Whereas, Fanny Morton, alias Kerr, has without cause, refused cohabitation and is floating on the ocean of tyrannical extravagance, prone to prodigality, taking a wild goose chase, and kindling her pipe with the coal of curiosity, to abscond and abolish such insidious, clandestine, noxious, pernicious, diabolical and notorious deportment, I therefore caution all persons from harbouring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting from this date, unless compelled by law. JAMES KERR."

Here's a storm; and if Mrs. Fanny Morton, alias Kerr, does not throw a whole column of Webster's Dictionary after Mr. James Kerr, it must be because she remembers herself of Xantippe's missiles, which are in all similar cases, decidedly preferable to mere verbiage. [U. S. Gaz.]

Great Age. In noticing the celebration of the 4th inst. near Raleigh, (North Carolina) the Register states, that "Mr. Arthur Wall, now in his 109th year, was particularly invited; he excused himself on account of being 'busy with his crop,' but said he would send one of his boys, a lad of 82, with his toast. No toasts, however, were drank, for there were no intoxicating liquors on the ground. Long before the shades of evening, the gratified company, after a day of sober and rational enjoyment, departed for their homes, with improved national and neighbourhood feelings."

In Barre, (Vt.) the 4th of July was celebrated by the ladies, who partook of a public dinner, "ornished," the Montpelier Patriot says, "with the richest dainties nature and art could produce, and in a style never excelled in this country." These patriotic ladies toasted Mr. Adams and Mr. Jackson, in very respectful terms, and wound up with the following spirited sentiment: "Our afternoon beverage of tea—Great Britain knows we can drink or refrain from drinking."

Phrenology persecuted in Italy. A letter from Italy communicates the fact that Dr. Uccelli has been just turned out of the Professor's chair at Pisa, for having written a work upon Comparative Anatomy, two volumes of which are devoted to Gall's system of Phrenology. By a singular regulation he is permitted to enjoy the salary of the professorship, but forbidden to instruct youth.

A Fish Paying Tribute Money. One of the men on board the schooner Blank, Captain Hopkins, which arrived

at Truro on Sunday last, drew up a fish while at the banks, having in its maw six half dollars. We do not recollect of hearing of a parallel case since the miracle of finding in the mouth of a fish, a piece of money to pay tribute to Cæsar. [Barnstable Gaz.]

About 6000 sheep have been sheared at Nantucket this season, little more than half the number shorn last year. Thomas Gardner, aged 94, plied the "sounding shears" with a skillful hand.

The Methodist Society in the United States is making wonderful advances in numbers, wealth and intelligence. A Wesleyan University is about to be established at Middletown, Connecticut. The buildings recently occupied by captain Partridge's Military School, which has been discontinued, will be purchased by the society for this purpose.

China. The population of China, according to the last census, (1790) is 143,124,734.

Admiral Coffin lately established a school at Nantucket, for the children there who are the descendants of his ancestor Tristram. The building was calculated for 600—but 800 young Coffins presented themselves.

The coinage of half dimes (five cent pieces) has been commenced by the mint. Such a coin has long been wanted, and a very great convenience will result from a free circulation of them.

We have wondered among all the notices lately taken of the many anti societies in existence, that one has not been mentioned, which is very large and of pernicious effect, in this country and we fear elsewhere, called the anti-pay-the-printer society. It is composed of a large class of the inhabitants of all parts of the country. [Pough. Tel.]

An anti-masonic celebration was had at Hartford, in this county on the 4th inst., at which Elder Colver officiated as chaplain, governor Crary, as reader (and copious remarker) of two declarations of independence, and esquire Rogers, as orator. It is reported that several men, women and children were present on the occasion. [Sandy Hill Herald.]

At an anti-masonic celebration at Hartford, Washington county, the "Honourable" Solomon Southwick was toasted. Where did he derive his honour? He never exhibited any. [Saratoga Sen.]

LADIES' MAGAZINE conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41 Washington-st. Boston at Three Dollars a year.

Contents of No. 7, Vol. 2, for July, 1829:—Original Miscellany: Sketches of American Character—Political Parties; The Mother; Early Education; Recollections, No. 4—Susan De Witt; Friendship; Schiller's Tragedy of Mary Stuart; Dreams; Extract from the Journal of a Traveller; The Picture Gallery; Infant Schools. Original Poetry: The Pilgrim Maiden to her Lover; The Ball; Moonlight; The Greek War Song; Old and New Times; To M. M. H.; The Spirits' Farewell. Literary Notices: The Ladies' Lexicon; Trimmer's Natural History; Mary's Journey; Gebel Tier; The Life and Voyages of Columbus.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent Albany.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW is published in Cincinnati Ohio, at the close of every month. Each number will contain 56 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages. Gentlemen disposed to patronize this work are requested to enclose Three Dollars to the Publisher, when the numbers will be regularly forwarded according to the directions given.

Contents of No. 1.—Vol III On Liberty and Liberal Education, Mike Fink, the last of the Boatmen, Atlantic and Michigan Railway, Modern Literature of France. Manners and Dress in France, Death's Doings, National Orator—Memorial of Robert Owen, Sermons by J. D. Green and J. Pierpont, Liberal Preacher—Address to Utica Forum, Remains of the late Rev. Truman Bishop, Mrs. Royal's Black Books, Ezekiel's Vision—The Casket, American Monthly Magazine, No. 2, New Views of Penitentiary Discipline, Common Schools in New-York.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent Albany

TO PRINTERS. FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY, Albany, N. Y. The proprietors of this establishment have lately made additions to their assortment, and are prepared, on very short notice, to execute orders for entire offices for Job, Newspaper, or Book Printing. Their variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Letter, is as great as any other foundry in the United States. The style of the large and small letter is modern, and of the most elegant kind, having been cut by the most skilful artists in the country. Founts of letter and printing materials, for distant places, will be put up with such care as to ensure purchasers against delays for sorts or additions. The prices are uniform with the present prices of the New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston foundries.

Orders from the South will be promptly executed, and articles shipped from New-York.

July 4 1829

A. W. KINSLEY & Co.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS,

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 Sm.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

There are, who say that love is ever brief;
That beauty, too, is fading as the flower;
Of all their witching pleasures, that the chief
Are but the fleeting visions of an hour.
It may be so—but has ought else the power,
Beneath the sun, of pleasing without end?
No—all is transient—then when tempests lower
Around life's path, as on our way we tend,
Who would not fain be cheered by woman as a friend.

Life's pathway does not so abound with joys
That offered harmless they should be disdained;
'Tis churlishness, not wisdom, calls them toys,
Fit but for those whom folly has enchained;—
Let pleasure's harmless goblet then be drained
With cheerful heart, not bound in vice's thrall.
This useful rule the wise have e'er maintained,
And practised too—to pluck and feast on all
The pleasant fruits of life, before they fail or fall. Q.

From the (Boston) Ladies' Magazine, for July.

THE PILGRIM MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

BY MRS. MALE.

Farewell, my love!—beneath the sky
We ne'er shall meet again,
For when these lines salute thine eye
Afar upon the main
Will Mary be—yet blame me not,
Nor deem my heart untrue;
My country—that may be forgot;
Yet shall I think on you.

Farewell, my love—thy soul I know
Was fondly knit to mine,
And thou wilt grieve that I should go—
Yet might I e'er be thine?
Thou wilt not worship where I kneel,
My God thou dost despise;
And could I look to heaven, yet feel
Reprieved by these dear eyes?

Farewell, my love—thy gorgeous hall
May centre earthly bliss;
And thou hast fame, and gold, and all
The world calls happiness—
These baubles have enthralled thy mind,
And thus thy bane will be—
There comes an hour when thou wilt find
They cannot comfort thee.

Farewell, farewell!—my course is bound
Across the roaring billow;
And I may rest on desert ground,
A wreath of snow my pillow—
There deep, dark forests stretch afar,
By savage footsteps trod;
Yet there the beams of Bethlehem's Star
Shall guide us to our God.

And there, in that lone world, we 'll rear
To Him a shrine so pure,
Though guilty nations shake with fear
Our temple shall endure;
And faith can see Jehovah bless
Our refuge with his grace,
And freedom make the wilderness
Her chosen resting place.

Farewell!—thy favourite rose I bear
To that far distant land;
And fondly shall I tend it there,
And watch its buds expand;
The first sweet flower—I 'll name it *thine*—
And e'er the soft leaves wither
I 'll lay them on this heart of mine,
That they may fade together.

Farewell, a last, a long farewell,
Since thus our fate must be—
Thou wilt not follow where I dwell,
Nor I return to thee:
The favour of the world thou hast,—
But mine is heavenly peace—
And that like meteor's glare is past,
While *this* will never cease.

Farewell: the grove where oft we met,
Thou must now seek alone;
There, should one tear of fond regret
Gush forth that I am gone—

O, hallow then to me that tear,
And be one, *one* prayer given,
That though our paths are severed here,
They may unite in heaven.

From the same.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

When my good mother was a girl—
Say thirty years ago,
Young ladies *then* knew how to knit,
As well as how to sew.

Young ladies *then* could spin and weave,
Could bake, and brew, and sweep;
Could sing and play, could dance and paint,
And could a secret keep.

Young ladies *then* were beautiful
As any beauties now,—
Yet they could rake the new mown hay,
Or milk the "brindled sow."

Young ladies *then* wore bonnets too,
And with them their own hair;
They made them from their own good straw,
And pretty, too, they were.

Young ladies *then* wore gowns with sleeves
Which would just hold their arms;
And did not have as many yards
As acres in their farms.

Young ladies *then* oft fell in love,
And married too, the men;
While men, with willing hearts and true,
Loved them all back again.

Young ladies *now* can knit and sew,
Or read a pretty book,—
Can sing, and paint, and joke, and quiz,
But cannot bear to cook.

Young ladies *now* can blithely spin
Of "street yarn" many a spool;
And weave a web of scandal too
And dye it in the wool.

Young ladies *now* can bake their hair,
Can brew their own cologne;
In *borrowed* plumage often shine,
While they neglect their own.

And as to secrets, who would think
Fidelity—a pearl?
None but a modest little miss,
Perchance a country girl.

Young ladies *now* wear lovely curls,
—What pity they should *buy* them;
And then their bonnets—heavens! they fright
The beau that ventures nigh them.

Then as to gowns, I've heard it said
They 'll hold a dozen men;
And if you once get in their sleeves
You 'll ne'er get out again.

E'en love is changed from what it was,—
Although true love is known:
'Tis wealth adds lustre to the cheek,
And melts the heart of stone.

Thus Time works wonders;—young and old
Confess his magick power.
Beauty will fade; but Virtue proves
As gold in man's last hour!

A VOICE IS HEARD.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

A voice is heard in the winds and waves
In the sound of the ever rolling sea;
It whispered amid the gloom of graves;
It speaks from the hill top loud and free:
It is murmuring in every breath of air;
And it ~~pauses~~ not when the leaves are still;
Where the waters are falling it rattles there,
And ~~it~~ rattles along the heathery hill.

Upon the brown and briery steep,
Where the bramble stirs with the nestling bird—
Down in the green and glassy deep,
When the coral rustles that voice is heard:
Far it is borne on the summer breeze,
O'er sunny billow and flowery plain—
Then it steals to the glancing trees,
And is lost in their shadowy gloom again.

Hark! its wandering echoes wake—
They are now in the heart of the rifted rock;
Now they lie on the slumbering lake;
Now are at play with the bounding flock:

Not a withering leaf by the wind is stirred,
Not a murmur moves through the bending corn.
But far that summoning voice is heard,
Like the loud clear note of the winding horn.

O! 'tis a voice that comes from heaven,
Borne like a spirit, in light along—
Now like the rush of a tempest driven—
Murmuring now in the charm of song:
Hear ye the voice?—then come away,
Far from the haunts of ruder men—
Come where the leaves and fountains play—
You may love and be happy then.

WOMAN.

Ab, woman! in this world of ours,
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were decked with flowers:
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If still ordained to breathe alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own.

My Mother!—at that holy name,
Within my bosom there 's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame,
A feeling, which for years of fame,
I would not—could not hush.
And sisters, they are dear as life,
But when I look upon my wife
My life blood gives a sudden rush,
And all my fond affections blend
In Mother, Sisters, Wife and Friend.

Yes!—woman's love is free from guile,
And pure, as bright Aurora's ray
The heart will melt before its smile
And earthly passions fade away.
Were I the monarch of the earth,
Or master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman—half the price of thee!

SONG OF ARCHIE ROVER.

The knight may rein his braw brow steed,
May don his mailed glove,
In marshalled list, on tented plain,
To win his lady love;—
But what 's the brave knight's bailed train,
The landsman's gear to me?
My war steed is mine own good ship,
My battle-plain, the sea!

To horse! the merry bugle-call
May bid the bold dragoon,
And hackbut men at tuck of drum
Unslung their musketoon;
But nought for tuck of drum reck I,
Ner trooper's trumpet bray,
My call 's the boatswain's whistle shrill,
My drum, the war hurra!

By brake and scour, *all rent and torn*
The *landsman's* *corse* must lie;
Foul pathway for the hoof of horse,
And red artillery;
But the rider's tramp shall wound not me,
Nor the roll of the rattling gun;
For a thousand, I ween, in the deep sea wave
May sleep as sound as one.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 88 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Carrier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1839.

31f

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HERMANS, *RATED BY*, & Co. No. 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of *Cooking Stoves, Franklin's, Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves*, together with *Rumie English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tongs, Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.*; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.

Albany May, 1839.

10c

THIS PAPER

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JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.



AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1829.

NO. 27.

MASONICK RECORD.

THE REV. JOSHUA BRADLEY IN 1827.

Extracts from a Discourse delivered in St. Louis, on the 24th of June, 1827, in the Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. JOSHUA BRADLEY, A. M., Kt. R. C., K. M., K. T., and Principal of Rock Spring Seminary, Illinois.

The great imperfections of our natures; errors that abound in every community; the selfishness of every individual, and the many deprivations that some have to suffer, in carrying their plans of learning, of experiments, of visitations, and labours, towards perfection, all combine to urge the necessity of privy councils, of solemn obligations, and mutual benefactions to those members, should failures happen, or sickness deprive one from actively providing for his necessities—or death close the scene of his useful operations, and his family be left in poverty. Multitudinous are the societies of this description.

The masonick is not the least among the thousands that flourish, in these days of illumination. This society has been more cautious, more vigilant, and moral, than any other, in forming its constitution so perfectly that not one particle can be found to incline any of its members to trample upon the laws of their country, or to interrupt any religious denomination in the free and full enjoyment of their sentiments, and the administration of their ceremonies. Though our particular labours in admitting members, and explaining all parts of our system; are done in retired apartments, from the noise of the world, and the gaze of the ignorant; yet all our laws are published, and no one is desired to become a member till he has read them, and is fully satisfied that they are founded in righteousness and worthy of his obedience. Should any one wish to be dismissed from our connexion, it is granted, unless he has blemished his character. Admonitions, suspensions, and expulsions, are all the punishments that masons can inflict upon their unworthy and crime committing members.

The whole charge given to a candidate, on the commencement of his connexion with us, embraces the outline of his deportment among his kindred, and mankind, wherever he may sojourn, settle, or transact the concerns of life. There is not a single article in our constitution, nor a sentence in any of our charges, that can lead any one to infer that our secret assemblies and labours are designed or in the least calculated to injure the morals, tarnish the virgin purity of republicanism, or condemn the all important doctrines of christianity.

The sons of morals, science and religion, of different nations and opinions, meet, as masons, in one hall, treat each other as brothers, and move forward in the participation of our rights.

It is good and pleasant for masonick brethren to dwell together in unity. 1st. For they have experienced similar trials, and engaged to perform similar duties. Every mason is, or ought to be, a moral, social, and benevolent man. None should be recommended to unite with us, who are deficient in these characteristics; for every particle of our institution is laid for the expansion of charity—the embellishment of our minds, and the government of our passions, that we may be qualified to fill every station in life to which it may be called.

Every emblem of our order invites to union, and

every explanation, consistently given, concerning them, tends to soften the heart, and prepare us to sympathize with the sons and daughters of affliction.

In the suitable administration of our rites, we are taught the frailty of our existence—the certainty of our dissolution, and the appearance of our souls in the august presence of Jehovah, there to receive his approbation, and dwell in the everlasting splendours of his kingdom; or to feel his frowns, and hear his voice announce, “depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.” Our system abounds with the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead—of rewards and punishments. Every rite, and every degree in masonry, acknowledged by the learned of our order, are full of meaning. As we advance in the knowledge of these experimentally, we are conscious of our ignorance, and are constrained to acknowledge our littleness and vanity. The brave and dauntless general, that has laid cities in ashes, and an empire withering before his countenance, when brought into a lodge, bows before the altar, listens to the voice of instruction, and is voluntarily obedient. The haughty monarch, around whose throne, and before whose chariot, millions prostrate and kiss the dust, when made a mason, takes his seat among the least of the fraternity, and considers himself honoured, when he is permitted, in the lodge-room, to take lessons from the lips of those who wear no titles in his kingdom, except those that masons confer upon the worthy.

At the threshold of our temple, political distinctions and ecclesiastical dignities are laid aside, and men meet on the level.

Though our gates are open to all who acknowledge the existence of one eternal, all wise, omnipresent God, and who with this confession, and after critical examination, are found to sustain characters of morality, and possess amiable dispositions, and necessary qualifications to render themselves useful among us and mankind: yet masonry cannot admit any within her walls to contend about the peculiarities that divide them on the wide field of the world. This is the only system in which different denominations agree to meet, instruct each other, and labour for the happiness of themselves, families, and mankind. And doubtless this order is designed by the Great Architect of all things to flourish in every clime, till all political and religious partisans shall rise into light, liberty, and indescribable union, and the whole world move in the beauty and cloudless effulgence of the latter day glory.

Union, among us, will be good and pleasant, if we consider,

2dly. The multitudes who oppose us, and the various positions that individuals have taken to represent our system as injurious to government, and hostile to christianity. “This sect is every where spoken against.” The objections raised against us, in ancient and modern times, have, in the opinion of the speaker, been candidly answered: therefore, he is not disposed, on this occasion, to give even a momentary resurrection to them. We know of no system ever proposed, even by the Deity himself, for the benefit of mankind, that has not been opposed and misrepresented.

Opposition to a system, generally draws its members into a closer union. It has a tendency to make them more watchful, more diligent, more learned, and more extensively known and useful. Our opponents have appeared in different ages and

countries, wrapped in prophetick garments, declaring that our system was defective and would shortly crumble to atoms. Their predictions have not yet been fulfilled.

Masonry has progressed in every region of the globe, where freedom, learning and religion have flourished. In America it has taken deep root, sprung up, and spread over every state. We have now in our connection more than 80,000 members. Among so large a number, some may not be worthy of the name they bear: others sustain characters of the highest respectability: many fill offices of trust, and are much esteemed by a free and enlightened people. Their learning, valuable labours, political sagacity, pure morals, evangelical piety, and unabating attachment to our country and government, are of such primary importance to mankind, that ages to come will delight in announcing their deeds, as we do now the virtues of the immortal Washington, and the achievements of all the magnanimous heroes of America.

Wherever the fraternity have been the most ardent, the most active, and benevolent, there jealousy, intrigue, and malevolence have rallied all their forces, taken the heights of prejudice, and commissioned defamation “to stand sleepless” on his tower, and blow his alarming trumpet louder and louder, till all the sons and daughters of deception and evil mindedness should start from their midnight slumbers, and with frantick wildness, run about the world to wake up all their kindred and raise a mighty army under the command of some intemperate, profane, and atheistical desperadoes. These generals, rising from sweeping the streets, or from the obscure recesses of bacchanalian hilarity, “speaking great swelling words” to their adherents, promising to march them into regions of light, where they may behold, on paper, at a very cheap rate, all that Masons have done for ages, and all they now do, and know about mysteries. Furthermore they promise, that we shall be compelled to abandon our professions, or be hurled from every office in our Republican government, and these brave invaders of Masonick dominions shall be robed in honour, and “fare sumptuously every day.” Can the men of this generation enlist in such a cause, and be governed by such pretenders?

Whom shall the people believe? Can they put confidence in these men, who are puffing and swearing about those who have done them no injury? Who are these men that burn day and night with such quenchless zeal for justice, the peace of the community, and our republic? What is their character at home? Who has ever known them to belong, or remain supporters of any moral society, or devout assembly of christians? We venture the assertion, that none will ever appear in opposition to our sentiments and strive to have the order disbanded, who is a mason, and maintains an unblemished character in the fraternity; or is a member of any church of Christ, and lives in the enjoyment of that religion which fills the soul with good will to mankind.

The present whirlwind, raised into a storm by disordered minds and excited to irritability, may beat against our temple, and carry away the rubbish that has been gathered around it, while the wise and foolish have slept together, but can never move the edifice. The thunder of anathema and destruction will soon cease to roar, and all will be calm. The dust raised about masonry by a few worthless creatures, galloping after lucre, who

could not obtain it by loitering about cities and villages, will soon be wiped from the eyes of a cheated multitude, and then every man will be seen walking in his own likeness, and he that is without sin among them, may cast the first stone at Masons.

The pure system that descended from Heaven for the salvation of the world, has been misrepresented and set at naught, and its founder crucified. Thousands of deluded mortals have assailed that system, and proclaimed to nations that it was not worthy of their acceptance: that it could be exterminated—its professors dismayed and ruined forever. Have they dried up the streams of mercy, and covered the heavens with blackness! Have they, by puffing, blown away the purifying influences of grace from every repentant heart! Have they shut the gates of infinite glory, and shrouded immensity to atheistical darkness! No, my brethren; the undiminished powers of Immanuel are still abroad in the earth, and millions are seeking salvation. Those vain boasters and despisers of the Gospel, have perished in their puny warfare, and their pigmy disciples begin to lick the dust. A few more revolving years, and not one of these contaminating and staggering sons of dissipation will be seen trembling on the shores of time. Let us adhere to our profession, move onward in peace, and show how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity. This will appear important if we consider,

3dly. The labours and benefactions to which we, as Masons, are called. In our large community, there are some who have borne the burden and heat of the day. They have suffered many losses, and are now bowed down under the weight of years and infirmities. These we must visit. We must contribute freely from our funds for their support. We must soften the hardness of adversity, and show that Masons can love their brethren at all times. We must watch with them when they are sick; and be ardently engaged for their present and future happiness. Nay, more, when we have wiped the cold dews of death from their foreheads, and laid their bodies in the grave overspread with an emblem of a glorious resurrection, their surviving relations demand our respectful attention and liberality. The widow and fatherless must not be driven away to waste their sighs and tears in the vale of obscurity and wretchedness. These hands now spread before you, have borne liberal donations from Lodges to the abodes of dying brethren, mourning widows and orphans. O, what homage of gratitude have I seen, even at the very gates of death, when a Brother's eyes, just sinking in their dying sockets, half glazed, but open, and fixed upon his weeping wife and children, had beheld the fruits of our labours presented for their refreshment, and heard accents of promise from faithful brethren, that his family should not suffer. Turning his eyes upwards he breathed out thanks to God, that there were Masons to survive him. One moment and he leaves the world. He struggles and agonizes all over. He gathers a little strength to raise his hands towards Heaven, and exclaim, "O Lord my God, having peace in believing in Jesus, and my family under the patronage of true and faithful brethren; now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The curtain of eternity lifts up, and he enters Heaven. These, these, my brothers, are seasons of no ordinary feelings.

Can I, can you, give up labouring in Masonry, to raise funds for these noble, these important distributions! "The poor," said the Saviour, "you have always with you." Can he be my friend—can he love charity—can he wish to aid the widow and the fatherless, who tells me, that I must not be a Mason? That I must not meet with them—I must not bear their gifts to the penniless sojourner—conduct a physician to the sick—and carry light and food into the dark chambers of poverty and lamentation! Can he be a meek disciple of Christ and a promoter of his glorious Gospel, who wishes to demolish all our Lodges, disband the Fraternity, and shut the sanctuary doors against the preachers who are Masons! He may be a revealer of secrets, a publisher of pamphlets, and folios of criminations and hearsays about Masons; he may employ an hundred pedlars and send them about the world with his books; he may, through their instrumen-

tality, gather wealth, spread discord among brethren, and throw whole congregations into confusion; but he never can break up one Lodge of well disciplined members—but he can never have the consciousness of doing good, of being a peacemaker, or a zealous advocate of the pure doctrine of man's redemption. I wish to pursue a different course. Let me inherit the friendship of my brethren, die in their fellowship, and be buried by their hands. Is this your desire! I beseech you to examine critically the principles we profess, and adorn them by living virtuously, and putting on daily a robe of righteousness girded with truth.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

Officers of Philanthropick Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows, No. 5, in the city of Albany, elected July 22, 1829:—

John Turner, jr. M. N. G.; Ben Atkins, V. G.; Eldad Worcester, Secretary; William L. Osborn, Treasurer.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

From the conclusion of his Memoir of his Own Times.

JANUARY 6, 1821. At the age of 77, I began to make some memoranda, and state some recollection of dates and facts concerning myself, for my own mere ready reference, and for the information of my family.

The tradition of my father's family was, that their ancestors came to this country from Wales, and from near the mountain of Snowden, the highest in Great Britain. I noted once a case from Wales, in the law reports, where a person of our name was either plaintiff or defendant; and one of the same name was Secretary to the Virginia Company. These are the only instances in which I have met with the name in that country. I have found it in our early records; but the first particular information I have of any ancestors, was of my grandfather, who lived at the place in Chesterfield called Osborne's, and owned the lands afterwards the glebe of the parish. He had three sons: Thomas who died young, Field, who settled on the waters of the Roanoke, and left several descendants, and Peter my father, who settled on the lands I still own, called Shadwell, adjoining my present residence. He was born February 29, 1707—8, and intermarried 1739, with Jane Randolph, of the age of 19, daughter of Ishman Randolph, one of the seven sons of that name and family, settled at Dungeness, in Goochland. They trace their pedigree far back in England and Scotland, to which let every one ascribe the faith and merit he chooses.

My father's education had been quite neglected: but being of a strong mind, sound judgment, and eager after information, he read much and improved himself, inasmuch that he was chosen with Joshua Fry, Professor of Mathematicks in William and Mary College, to continue the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, which had been begun by Colonel Bryd, and was afterwards employed with the same Mr. Fry to make the first map of Virginia which had ever been made, that of Captain Smith being merely a conjectural sketch. They possessed excellent materials for so much of the country as is below the Blue Ridge, little being then known beyond that Ridge. He was the third or fourth settler, about the year 1737, of the part of the country in which I live. He died August 17th, 1757, leaving my mother a widow, who lived till 1776, with six daughters and two sons, myself the elder. To my younger brother he left an estate on James River, called Snowden, after the supposed birth-place of the family; to myself, the lands on which I was borne and live. He placed me at the English school at five years of age, and the Latin at nine, where I continued until his death. My teacher, Mr. Douglas, a clergyman from Scotland, with the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages, taught me the French; and on the death of my father, I went to the Rev. Mr. Maury, a correct classical scholar, with whom I continued two years, and then, to wit, in the

Spring of 1760 went to William and Mary College, where I continued two years. It was my great and good fortune, and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. Wm. Small, of Scotland, was then Professor of Mathematicks, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He, most happily for me, became soon attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science, and of the system of things in which I am placed. Fortunately, the philosophical chair became vacant soon after my arrival at College, and he was appointed to fill it *per interim*; and he was the first who ever gave, in that College, regular lectures in Ethicks, Rhetorick, and Belles Letters.

He returned to Europe in 1762, having previously filled up the measure of his goodness to me, by procuring for me, from his most intimate friend, George Wythe, a reception as a student of law under his direction, and introduced me to the acquaintance and familiar table of Gov. Fauquier, the ablest man who had ever filled that office. With him, and at his table, Dr. Small and Mr. Wythe, his *amici omnium horarum*, and myself formed a *partie quarree*; and to the habitual conversations on these occasions, I owed much instruction. Mr. Wythe continued to be my faithful and beloved mentor in youth, and my most affectionate friend through life. In 1767, he led me into the practice of the law at the bar of the General Court, at which I continued until the Revolution shut up the Courts of Justice.

THE GATHERER.

From the Boston Mercury.

THE LAST DAY OF GRACE.

Ye Powers!
That do sadful note—Day of Doom.

I awoke in the morning before the usual time. My sleep had little of quiet. I dreamed of duns and Deputy Sheriffs. I was no better off when awake, for my note was to be paid by two o'clock, and my pockets were empty. I put on my clothes. Dressing is bad at any time; but dressing when you have a note to pay before night is horrible. Every thing goes wrong. You fasten the wrong buttons, stick pins into your flesh, and twist your clothes villainously out of shape.

At breakfast nothing was better. The coffee was scalding hot; the toast fell into my lap, buttered side down, (Nankeens on.) No appetite. Felt dyspeptical. Thought of my note—two o'clock and it must be paid.

"I have a whole forenoon at least, before me," said I as I sallied forth intending to make a desperate effort to raise the money by borrowing. "Mr. Q—, my dear friend, I have four hundred dollars to raise this forenoon, all which I must borrow."

But Mr. Q— had no cash. As to money, it was all sunk in the bottom of the sea, he believed. The banks would not discount. Horrible words! I had as lief hear it thunder as "the banks won't discount."

So I went to Mr. X. and Mr. W. and Mr. Z.—Not a dollar. Hard times—People failing, banks won't discount.

"Then nothing remains for me" said I "but to go to Sharp the broker." This was a worthy who assisted needy gentlemen at critical times, out of pure friendship.

The rascal knew I was in search of him as he stood talking with somebody at the corner of Congress street. I shambled about near him, now trying to catch his eye, and now glancing at the dial on the Old State House, the hands of which moved with a fearful rapidity toward the point beyond which there was no salvation of credit. What could he be talking about so long! It was strange he could not see me.

After waiting a long time I succeeded in catching him as he pretended to be moving off. "Mr. Sharp" said I "have you any money to-day?"

"Not a dollar. I overdraw my cash account at the bank yesterday. Never saw such a time for money in my life."

"If the thing be possible" said I, "I should like to get a note cashed."

"Ahem!" said he, "money is money now. I have a sum to raise myself, but if you are in urgent want of this —"

"So much so?" answered I, "that if it were for my own particular use, I could not want it more."

"I think," said he, "that I know a man that can do it for you, a particular acquaintance of mine — (very particular, I dare say, thought I.) I'll step over the way and see him. Call on me in ten minutes."

"Very well" said I, and walked off.

My worthy friend saw me out of sight and then went into his office and sat down. Presently I came in. I knew very well what he was about to say.

"I have been to see the person I spoke of" said he, "but could not find him. Wait a moment and I will try again." I sat down, and Mr. Sharp walked up the street, took a turn round the Old State House and came back.

"Ah I have found him" said he, "but he is so short of money — (I looked at my watch.)

"Cannot he do it all?" asked I.

"Why ye-es, but he demands fourteen per cent. for cashing your note at thirty days."

I looked at my watch again,—it wanted ten minutes of two. I looked at my obliging and conscientious friend — "There is no remedy" thought I "when a man is between the devil and the deep sea." "Here is my note Mr. Sharp."

"You have made so hard a bargain with him" said he "that I ought not to demand any thing for my trouble." ("How generous" thought I.) But as I must provide for my family—"your family must be horse-leeches" thought I, "if they want providing for at this rate") I must say five dollars for my trouble."

There was no remedy again, so five dollars more went. I got to the bank one minute before two. Coming away I saw a great monster of a dog with a poor miserable half starved puppy under his paw, squeezing the breath out of his body.

"There's a broker and his customer" thought I.

SCOTHISH INNS.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland, even in the youth of the author. In requital, mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humourist to boot. The devolution of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gude-wife was very common among the Scottish bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B—; while her husband amused himself with field-sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time the premises having taken fire, the husband was met walking up the High Street, loaded with his guns and fishing-rods, and replied calmly to some one that inquired after his wife, "that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery, and some trumpery books;" the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house. There were many elderly gentlemen in the author's younger days, who still held it part of the amusement of a journey "to parley with mine host," who often resembled in his quaint humour, mine Host of the Garter, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; or Blague of the George, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton. Some times the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case, the omitting to pay them due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion:—A jolly dame who, not "sixty years since," kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive on the last of a very worthy clergyman, with

three sons of the same profession, each having a cure for souls; be it said in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. "Here sit I," he said, "a placed minister of the kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk. Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before." The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs. B. answered drily, "Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; and deil a spring they could play among them."

[Notes to the New Edition of the Waverly Novels.

LEGAL CRUSHING TO DEATH.

At the assizes in Sussex, August, 1735, a man who pretended to be dumb and lame, was indicted for a barbarous murder and robbery. He had been taken up upon suspicion, several spots of blood, and part of the property being found upon him. When he was brought to the bar, he would not speak or plead, though often urged to it, and the sentence to be inflicted on such as stand mute, read to him, in vain. Four or five persons in the court, swore that they had heard him speak, and the boy who was his accomplice, and apprehended, was there to be a witness against him; yet he continued mute; whereupon he was carried back to Horsham jail, to be pressed to death, if he would not plead—when they laid on him 100 weight, then added 100 more, and he still continued obstinate; they then added 100 more, which made 300 lb. weight, yet he would not speak; 50 lb. more was added, when he was nearly dead, having all the agonies of death upon him; then the executioner, who weighed about 16 or 17 stone, laid down upon the board which was over him, and, adding to the weight, killed him in an instant.

EPITAPH.

The Marquis de Bouvrac lately wrote a letter to the superintendent of the burial ground of Pere la Chaise, for permission to put an inscription on the grave of a deceased friend. It was the following:—

Sacred to the Memory
Of FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE LE MOINE.
Gifted by Nature
For the highest places of Society,
No one rose more rapidly.
He was impartial,
For he cared as much and as little
For the Jesuit and the Jacobin,
As for the Jansenist and the Ultra.
He was just,
For he took bribes alike from all men.
He was wise,
For his first and last care was himself.
He was moral,
For he neither loved nor hated
either man nor woman.

The superintendent wrote a letter of condolence to the Marquis on the loss of so rare a friend, and the grave-stone was prepared. The Marquis thanked him in return, and begged his pardon for the inadvertence of omitting some lines of the Epitaph—they were—

He should have been a minister of state:
He was not the less fit for the office,
because he was—a Morkey.

A SPLENDID COFFIN.

The Coffin which received the corpse of the late king of Madagascar, Radam, was a large and massive one of silver. It was about eight feet long, three feet and a half deep, and the same in width; it was formed of silver plates, strongly riveted together with nails of the same metal, all made from Spanish dollars; twelve thousand dollars were employed in its construction. Immense quantities of treasures of various kinds were placed in or about the coffin, belonging to his late majesty, consisting chiefly of such things as during his life he most prized. Ten thousand dollars were placed in the silver coffin for him to lie upon; and either inside,

but chiefly outside the coffin, were placed or cast all his rich clothing, especially military; there eight suits of very costly British uniforms, hats and feathers, golden helmet, gorgets, epaulets, sashes, gold spurs, very valuable sword, daggers, spears, (two of gold,) beautiful pistols, muskets, fowling pieces, watches, rings, broaches, and trinkets. His whole and fine side board of silver plate, and large and solid gold cup, with many others presented to him by the king of England; large quantities of costly silks, satins, fine cloths, very valuable silk Lambas of Madagascar, &c. The missionaries say, that the expense of the funeral could not have been less than sixty thousand pounds sterling.

[South African Advertiser.

EXCELLENT RULES.

The following rules, from the private papers of Doctor West, were, according to his memorandum thrown together, as general waymarks in the journey of life. They were advantageous to him, and, while they exhibited an honourable testimony to his moral worth, may be useful to others.

Never to ridicule sacred things or what others may esteem such, however absurd they appear to me.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Nor on any occasion to retaliate.

Never to judge a person's character by external appearance.

Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions.

Never to dispute, if I can fairly avoid it.

Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years old; nor with a woman; nor with an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near to me.

To aim at cheerfulness, without levity.

Not to obtrude my advice unasked.

Never to court the favour of the rich, by flattering either their vanity or their vices.

To respect virtue though clothed in rags.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my failings.

On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and a future state.

Not to flatter myself that I can act up to these rules, however honestly I may aim at it.

PORK.

"Pork, or swine's flesh in any shape," says Sir Walter Scott, in a note to his new edition of "Waverley," "was, till of late years, much abominated by the Scotch, nor is it yet a favourite food amongst them. King Jamie carried this prejudice to England, and is known to have abhorred pork almost as much as he did tobacco. Ben Jonson has recorded this peculiarity, when a gipsy in a masque, examining the king's hand, says:—

"You should by this line
Love a horse, and a bound, but no part of swine."

James's own proposed banquet for the devil, was a loin of pork and a poll of ling, with a pipe of tobacco for digestion.

A GOOD APOLOGY.

In the Court of Sessions in Scotland, the Judges who do not attend, or give a proper excuse for their absence, are, by law, liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced; but it is common, on the first day of the Session, for the absentee to send an excuse to the Lord President. Lord Stonfield having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it, the late Lord Justice Clerk Brazfield said, in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?" "My Lord," said the President, "he has lost his wife." The Justice, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied "has he?" that is a gude excuse indeed; I wish we had a' the same!"

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

PYRENEAN ADVENTURE.

From "The Chelien Pensioners,"—by the author of "The Subaltern."

At the period when the left column of the British army occupied the pass of Irun, the particular regiment of which I was a member pitched its tents on a sort of platform, or natural terrace, in the side of the Quatracone mountain. The situation of the camp was one of extreme beauty; indeed it was more than beautiful—it fairly deserves to be styled romantick. Sheltered from the rays of the sun by a grove of graceful dwarf-oaks, our back ground was formed by the bald rocks and giant shapes of the mountain, which, tier above tier, and precipice above precipice, rose in barren majesty into the clouds. On either side of our platform was a ravine: that upon the right, abrupt and of considerable depth, was darkened both to its base, and to the brow of the opposite hill, by the foliage of a dense forest; that upon the left, more gradual in its declivity, afforded room for a few corn-fields and other cultivated spots, as it sloped away into the level country. In front again, were the mouth of the pass, the high road, the Bidassoa, Fontarabia, and the ocean, all of them so hemmed in by the heights of Audaye, and San Marcial, as to compose one of the most splendid vistas which it has ever been my good fortune to behold. Whilst the corps was stationed here, and indeed as often as circumstances would allow, it was my custom to wander away from the camp with a gun over my shoulder, and a dog at my heels, for the double purpose of picking up a little *provent* for the mess, and indulging a spirit of roving and adventure which was then natural to me. It seldom happened that these excursions proved unproductive of at least temporary gratification. If it came to the worst, and no other advantage arose out of them, they at all events enabled me to become acquainted with some of the grandest and most sublime of Nature's works; whilst they afforded many opportunities of beholding the dispositions both of our own and of the enemy's army, such as men of more sedentary habits could not possibly obtain. Nor were these the only consequences which attended upon them. On more than one occasion I have found myself thrown into situations upon which even now I cannot look back without experiencing something of the excitement which affected me at the moment. With the circumstances attending one of these excursions, I propose, on the present occasion, to make you acquainted, warning you at the same time, that I possess no powers of description competent to convey any thing like a vivid picture either of my own feelings, or of the events which called them into play. One fine day, towards the end of September, in the year 1813, my faithful Juno and her master set out, in high health and spirits, to pursue their wonted occupation. It happened that an extraordinary pressure both of publick and private business had so far occupied my attention throughout the previous week, that I had not been able, during the whole of that period, to wander once beyond the bounds of the encampment; and as my fondness for liberty and field sports was then neither blunted by time nor stifled by circumstances, the fact that noon had passed ere the breaking up of a court martial set me free to indulge my own inclinations, proved no inducement either to remain at home, or to confine my ramble within narrow and well ascertained limits. On the contrary, having a great deal of lost time to make good, I considered that by seeking out fresh ground, a better chance would be afforded of success, than if I returned to haunts repeatedly visited before; more especially as these haunts lay at a distance from our position, and were familiarly known to other sportsmen as well as myself. I have said that on the right of the terrace occupied by our tents was a wooded ravine of considerable depth and steepness. At the bottom of that hollow ran a beautiful rivulet, which, after falling from a sort of detached shoulder of the Quatracone, wound onwards through the valley, till it joined the Bidassoa near the ruined bridge. I had often experienced a desire to trace that stream to its source, partly because I felt satisfied that the labour of the journey would be more than compen-

sated by the magnificence of the scenery to which it must lead, and partly because I longed to shoot one or more of the many eagles which, from their nests among the cliffs, looked down upon us, as if in anxious expectation of the moment when the fortune of battle should consign us to their talons.

This morning I resolved at all hazards to gratify that inclination; so, striking off by the rear of the camp, I made at once for the waterfall. I may not so much as attempt a description of the various and magnificent spectacles which the progress of that toilsome, and occasionally hazardous excursion, from time to time spread out before me. As long as my route conducted up the face of the cliff, from a basin on the summit of which the rivulet tumbled, I could, as often as I chose to turn round, look down upon towns and villages, corn-fields and meadows, tents and ships, redoubts and cottages; but from the instant that the ridge was passed, every vestige of human skill and human exertion was shut out. A long, narrow, winding vale lay beneath me; gloomy with forests, apparently trackless, and of the growth of ages; and girdled in by rocks and precipices hurled into every variety of fantastick shape. On either hand, and far off in my front, hill rose above hill, and cone above cone, as if a thousand earthquakes had been at work, or the globe had never, in this corner at least, escaped the state of chaos. But words are wanting to describe such a panorama. If any of the party can imagine the effect which the wildest combinations of mountain scenery are capable of producing, he may, perhaps, arrive at something like a correct notion of the landscape on which I now gazed; if he be incapable of making this mental exertion for himself, I cannot pretend to assist him in it. It is sufficient to observe, that accustomed as I had been from childhood, to highland scenery, this perfectly astonished me, insomuch that I remained for several minutes rivetted to the spot, from which it first burst upon me. Nor was I more struck by the objects which affected my sense of sight, than by a sort of preternatural stillness which prevailed. Either the breezes blew not at all, or the trees and shrubs in the valley were entirely sheltered from them; for not a bough or leaf was in motion. The only sounds, indeed, which reached me, were a sort of indistinct murmur, produced by the waterfall, now many hundred feet below me, and the occasional shrill cry of an eagle, as it sailed overhead, at a height which placed it far beyond the reach of danger from any power except that of the storm. Having indulged for some time the feelings which such a scene was calculated to excite, as well as recovered my breath and rested my limbs, I began to look around for the purpose of ascertaining how I might most easily attain the object of my present ambition, by reaching the top of the mountain. You will understand that I was now seated upon a sort of sugar-loaf hill, connected on both sides with other hills, three or four times more lofty than itself. That upon the right seemed peculiarly rough and uneven; that upon the left, besides that the stream trickled down its surface, was more grassy and accessible; so I resolved to scale it. But I found, on putting my determination into force, that even it was far from being devoid of difficulties. Projections, which, when viewed from a distance, appeared trifling and of easy ascent, proved when attained to, wholly impervious; whilst the grass itself was in many spots so dry and slippery as to render it extremely hazardous to pass along. Nevertheless, I had proceeded too far to return now. I pushed on, winding around the base of such rocks as I found myself unable to scale, and creeping on all fours, when to walk upright became impossible; and I was rewarded, after two hours and a half severe labour, by beholding what I took to be the last of the ridges. It was a large perpendicular cone; but there seemed to be a pass or, as a Highlander would call it, a balloch, on one side of it, and to that I directed my steps. I was approaching rapidly to this object of my wishes, when the cry of an eagle, coming, as it appeared to me, from the opposite side of the brow, attracted my attention. In a whisper I ordered Juno to heel, and putting a ball in one barrel, instead of small shot, I lay down on my belly, and in that position dragged myself towards the summit. I gained it with some difficulty; but you may imagine what my feelings

were when, on peeping over the ridge, I beheld in a narrow glen or hollow, the diameter of which could not exceed twenty or thirty yards, the bones and mutilated remains of not fewer than forty or fifty human beings. Upon these some dozen or two of eagles were sitting; not in the act of gorging, for in truth nothing now remained upon which they or other carnivorous animals could feed; but scraping and turning the bones about, and with their beaks tearing as if in mockery, into minute shreds, a few remnants of what had once been military clothing. So little had I anticipated such a spectacle in these wild regions, that surprise, and to a certain extent, horror, completely overcame me. I lay with my finger on the trigger, but abstained from firing, till my dog sprang upon the brow, and the alarmed birds, rising in an instant, escaped. Less annoyed at having thus permitted my prey to elude me, than curious to ascertain how so many bodies could have come into a situation so singular, I looked about for some path or sloping declivity, by which I might descend into this place of the dead; but I looked in vain. The skeletons lay in a hole, which I can compare to nothing more nearly than a disused coalpit of extraordinary dimensions; that is to say, they occupied a spot closed in on three sides by perpendicular rocks. The fourth was, indeed, open; but as far as I could judge by examining it from my present position, it was open only to a precipice. Having indulged in some vague conjectures, therefore, and satisfied myself that I could do nothing more, I turned away, and striking off to the right, soon entered the precincts of a thick wood. Here, my dog beginning to quest, I had the satisfaction to find that I had at last arrived where game promised to be abundant. She led the way down the side of the mountain. I followed, and my attention being wholly engrossed, I went on, sometimes firing with success, at other times missing, till the gradual diminution of light warned me that it was high time to think of returning to the camp.

He gets benighted and bewildered in the passes of the mountains, but at last meets with a guide among a body of guerillas. His guide relates that he and his companions had been the happy inhabitants of a secluded mountain valley; that at the close of a rustic holiday, a body of French soldiers broke in upon them, spoiled their property, burnt their cottages, and butchered their women and children. The Spaniard tells the consummation of the story in the following words:—

"Nothing now remained for us but vengeance. We betook ourselves, eighteen in number, to the neighbouring fastnesses, and choosing Francisco for our leader, we became guerillas. But we went not beyond the precincts of our own valley. No; our cry, day and night, was for vengeance; and to obtain it, we hovered round the ruins of our houses, like beasts of prey. Not a Frenchman strayed from his cantonments who returned alive; and many and many a time have we roused the whole band from their unholy slumbers with our war-shout. Exasperated at this behaviour, the miscreants completed the bloody work which they had begun. Every male, and every aged female, who fell into their hands, perished on the first day: now they butchered and threw out to us our wives and little ones. But there was mercy in this; for how could we again receive those whom the dogs had defiled? You have seen the hollow on the top of that rock. It is called the Fuente; for tradition says that it was once a small lake, and that the ravine, across which we passed, was the channel of the river that flowed from it. I know not whether there be truth in this, but its situation is one of the most remarkable in all these districts. You observed how it is enclosed on three sides; on the fourth there is a fall of many feet; and the rocks stretching out on either hand beyond the fall, render it perfectly inaccessible. At one corner, however, it is separated from the mountain by a chasm of little more than eighteen feet in width: we laid a narrow bridge of plank over the chasm, and made the old lake our fortress. From this point we were in the daily habit of sallying out upon the enemy; and at last we made it the scene of a glorious revenge. At the suggestion of our leader, we determined, if it were possible, to lure the monsters into our den, and to destroy them there. For this purpose, we laboured hard at a huge rock which hung immediately over our bridge, till we had so loosened it as that a push from the arm of a

child would roll it down the gulf. That being effected, we proceeded to carry the rest of our scheme into execution, thus. One morning, as usual, we rushed down upon the valley, and having maintained a skirmish rather longer and more animated than usual, the bloodhounds were so enraged as to pursue us up the hill. As soon as we reached the forest, all except Francisco, who was the object of their bitterest hatred, avoided the old channel and escaped into the woods. Francisco, affecting to be wounded, made for the bridge. He crossed, and forty-five of the miscreants, including their commander, followed. This was all that we desired. Instantly the crag fell, and striking the planks exactly in the middle, it dashed them down into the abyss, cutting off all hope of escape from those within the Fuente. In the mean while we had taken our stations on the ridges, and looked down in savage exultation upon our prey. For Francisco we feared nothing, because we knew his intention, and we shouted aloud in order to give him an opportunity of carrying it into effect. We were successful. Whilst the Frenchmen, paralysed with horror, were gazing upwards upon the death which hung over them, Francisco, uttering a loud cry, ran towards the chasm, and with one desperate bound cleared it. Oh, sir, had you seen the expression of the murderers' countenances then; had you beheld their uplifted hands, and heard their screams for mercy, your blood would have boiled within you, as mine boils now. Our captain answered them. "Mercy!" cried he, "ay, such mercy as ye granted. Look down, fiends, upon the village ye have destroyed! behold the bodies of the aged and the feeble whom ye have butchered! listen to the cry of those whom ye have violated! and now take your reward." This was the signal, and we opened our fire upon them. It was in vain that they ran from side to side, seeking for a place of shelter or escape, or reached the brink of the chasm in hopeless despair. Three wretches only tried the leap, and they were dashed to pieces. The rest died, one after another, as our bullets took effect; and we left them where they fell, that their bones might bleach in the rains of heaven, after their flesh should have been devoured by the eagles." The Spaniard here ended his story, and to my astonishment I found that we were already in the camp. I offered him money, but he refused it: indeed he seemed like one beside himself with the recollection of the scenes which he had been describing. Having satisfied me that I was at home, he abruptly turned away, and I could hear the boughs and leaves crash before him, as with the speed of a racehorse he rushed down the glen.

THE TRAVELLER.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY HUNTING.

From Mrs. Lushington's "Journey from Calcutta to Europe."

I accepted the invitation of Signor Piccinini, a Lucchese, in the service of the Swedish Consul at Alexandria, who had resided about nine years at Thebes, to see the opening of a mummy, that I might myself take out the scarabæus, or any such sacred ornament as might be found in the coffin. The signior's dwelling was nothing more than a mud-hut on the hills of Goornoo. I ascended to the only apartment by a few steps; this room contained his couch, his arms, his wine, his few drawings, and all his worldly goods. The window-shutters, steps, and floor, were composed of mummy coffins, painted with hieroglyphical figures, perhaps four thousand years old; and it was curious to observe the profuse expenditure of materials to which I had been accustomed to attach ideas of value, from seeing them only in museums and collections of antiquities. I had accompanied Signor Piccinini with great glee, thinking what a fine thing it would be to tell my friends in England. What my notions of opening a mummy were I cannot define,—something, however, very classical and antique—certainly any thing but what it proved in reality. Half a dozen Arabs were standing around, panting under heat, dust, and fatigue. They had only just brought in their burthen, and were watching with eager look the examination of its contents, (their profits depending

upon the value of the prize,) while the candles which they held to assist the search lighted up their anxious countenances. The outside of the case of the mummy was covered with hieroglyphicks, and the inner one consisted of a figure as large as life, with the face and eyes painted like a mask. On lifting up this cover, nothing was seen but a mass of dark yellow cloth, which though it must have consisted of at least fifty folds, yielded like sand to the merciless hand of the operator, and the skeleton appeared to view. It was some time before I could recover from the horror with which the scene impressed me: I saw no more, but this little was sufficient to make me consider the employment as disgusting as that of a resurrection-man, and the manner of performing it not less unfeeling. It may be called the pursuit of science, but to me it appeared nothing more than ridding the dead for the sake of the trifling ornaments with which the corpse is generally buried. This, indeed, was the fact; for the moment it was ascertained that the mummy contained no ornament, the skeleton, together with the papyrus, on which were inscribed numerous distinct hieroglyphicks, and the other materials, was cast forth as worthless rubbish. Sufficient papyrus and relics have been procured for the interest of science; and I think it would redound to the pasha's credit if he were to issue an edict, to clear his country from these mummy-scamvengers. He had, indeed, ordered all the corpses to be reinterred; but, according to evident demonstration, this order was habitually disregarded. Scarabæi are scarce; a few were brought us by the Fellahs, while wandering about the ruins, though none of value. Ancient coins are procurable in abundance, but they were too numerous to prove curious, and they had certainly no beauty to attract us to be purchasers. Signor Piccinini had found on a mummy some bracelets, about an inch wide, of small coloured beads, which were remarkable, from resembling so much the fashion of the present day, yet, from the absence of all device, not nearly so pretty. The beads, which were of coral, cornelian, garnets, amethysts, and vitreous porcelain of a bright blue colour, were strung together, and separated at every inch by a gold wire, or link, to which they were attached, in order to keep the bracelets flat on the arm. The signior thought them very handsome; but they appeared to me of no value, except for their antiquity. During the many years he had resided at Thebes, he had only discovered one mummy likely to indemnify him for the labour of excavation. Passing through this miserable kitchen, the shelves of which were also made of ancient coffins, we entered a tomb, where lay the mummy in question, supposed to be that of a high priest. It was placed in a stone case, the lid of which was removed, and enclosed in three coffins, each having a gilt mask at the upper end. The entire lid of the last coffin was also covered with gilding, in vivid preservation, and the body was wrapped in a garment curiously wrought with gold lace, and apparently of a tough texture. The whole figure seemed as fresh as if it had been prepared a few months before, but the envelopment remained unfolded. Signor Piccinini said he might obtain five hundred dollars for this mummy at Alexandria, but he considered it of such value, that he thought of taking it himself to Tuscany. Whether or not this appreciation was to excite the cupidity of purchasers, I pretend not to determine. The mountains in this neighbourhood, called Goornoo, have for centuries been the cemeteries for the dead; and notwithstanding the havoc which during some years has been made amongst them, their contents appear inexhaustible. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, the mountains are merely roofs over the masses of mummies within them. The coffins serve as fire-wood to the whole neighbourhood: I saw nothing else burnt. At first I did not relish the idea of my dinner being dressed with this resurrection-wood, particularly as two or three of the coffin-lids, which, as I said before, were in the shape of human figures,—were usually to be seen standing upright against the tree under which the cook was performing his operations, staring with their large eyes as if in astonishment at the new world upon which they had opened. The coffins were usually made of sycamore wood, which may serve

in some degree to account for the almost total extinction of that tree in Upper Egypt, that under which my tent was pitched being the only one in the neighbourhood. This extinction, perhaps, may also be explained by the increasing aridity of the soil. As numerous pits full of mummies have been discovered in the heart of the mountains, without coffins and merely embalmed, it may be inferred that these were the bodies of the poorer classes, who could not afford that expensive mode of interment.

From Widdowson's "Van Dieman's Land"

ABORIGINES OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

So little is known of these children of nature, and still less has been done to gain any knowledge of them, that not much can be offered as to their present numbers or condition. From what I have seen and read, the natives of Van Dieman's Land are unlike any other Indians, either in features, their mode of living, hunting, &c. There are many hundreds of people who have lived for years in the colony, and yet have never seen a native. * * * The features of these people are any thing but pleasing: a large flat nose, with immense nostrils; lips particularly thick; a wide mouth, with a tolerable good set of teeth; the hair long and woolly, which, as if to confer additional beauty, is besmeared with red clay (similar to our red ochre) and grease. Their limbs are badly proportioned; the women appear to be generally better formed than the men. Their only covering is a few kangaroo skins, rudely stitched, and thrown over the shoulders; but more frequently they appear in a state of nudity; indeed, so little knowledge have they of decency or comfort, that they never avail themselves of the purposes for which apparel is given to them. Lieut. Collins, in his account of the natives of New South Wales, describes their marriage ceremonies as being most barbarous and brutal; and I have also heard from individuals who have visited New South Wales, that it is not uncommon to see a poor woman almost beaten to death by her lover, previous to his marrying her. From the shyness of the natives of Van Dieman's Land, and the constant warfare that has been carried on between them and the remote stock-keepers, (which is not likely to render them more familiar,) I have never been able to ascertain whether there is any trace of religion among them, or if they have the slightest idea of a Supreme Being. I believe, and it is generally supposed, they have not. It is but fair to remark, however, that nothing has been done for them; the few that can speak a little English, only curse and swear, and this they catch up very readily from the different convicts they meet with. * * *

There are but few instances of any native having entirely forsaken his tribe, however young he may have been taken away; they appear to dislike any thing in the shape of labour, although, if they take to cattle, they are, beyond any thing, quick in tracing and finding those lost. So acute is their power of discrimination, that they have been known to trace the footsteps of bush-rangers over mountains and rocks; and, although the individual they have been in pursuit of has walked into the sides of the river as if to cross it, to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, and has swam some distance down and crossed when convenient, yet nothing can deceive them. Indeed, so remarkable is their discernment, that if but the slightest piece of moss on a rock has been disturbed by footsteps, they will instantly detect it. The aborigines of this island have no appointed place or situation to live in; they roam about at will, followed by a pack of dogs, of different sorts and sizes, but which are used principally for hunting the kangaroo, opossum, bandicoot, &c. They are passionately fond of their dogs; so much so, that the females are frequently known to suckle a favourite puppy instead of the child. They rarely ever move at night, but encircle themselves round a large fire, and sleep in a sitting posture, with their heads between their knees. So careless are they of their children, that it is not uncommon to see boys grown up with feet exhibiting the loss of a toe or two, having, when infants, been dropped into the fire by the mother.

The children are generally carried (by the women) astride the shoulders, in a careless manner. They live entirely by hunting, and do not fish so much, or use the canoe, as in New South Wales, although the women are tolerably expert divers; the craw-fish and oyster, if immediately on the coast, are their principal food. Opposums and kangaroos may be said to be their chief support; the latter is as delicious a treat to an epicure, as the former is the reverse. The manner of cooking their victuals is by throwing it on the fire, merely to singe off the hair; they eat voraciously, and are very little removed from the brute creation as to choice of food; entrails, &c. sharing the same chance as the choicest parts. They are extremely expert in climbing, and can reach the top of the largest forest-trees without the aid of branches; they effect this by means of a small sharp flint, which they clasp tightly in the ball of their four fingers, and having cut a notch out of the bark, they easily ascend, with the large toe of each foot in one notch, and their curiously manufactured hatches in the other. Their weapons of defence are the spear and waddie; the former is about twelve feet long, and as thick as the little finger of a man; the tea-tree supplies them with this matchless weapon; they harden one end, which is very sharply pointed, by burning and filing it with a flint prepared for the purpose. In throwing the spear they are very expert; indeed, of late, their audacious atrocities have been lamentably great, although, at the same time, I have little hesitation in saying, they have arisen from the cruel treatment experienced by some of their women from the hands of the distant stock-keepers. Indeed, these poor mortals, I know, have been shot at merely to gratify a most barbarous cruelty.

After killing a white man, the natives have a sort of dance and rejoicing, jumping, and singing, and sending forth the strangest noises ever heard. They do not molest the body when dead, nor have I ever heard of their stripping or robbing the deceased. Among themselves they have no funeral rites; and those who are aged or diseased are left in hollow trees, or under the ledges of rocks, to pine and die. These people are subject to a disease, which causes the most loathsome ulcerated sores; two or three whom I saw were wretched-looking objects. I remember a very old man, who was thus affected, being tried and hung, for spearing one of Mr. Hart's men; the culprit was so ill and infirm as to be obliged to be carried to the place of execution. I think the colonial surgeons call the disease the "bush scab;" and that it is occasioned by a filthy mode of life. The population of natives is very small in proportion to the extent of the island: several causes may be alleged for their smallness of numbers; the principal one is their having been driven about from place to place, by settlers taking new locations; another cause is the great destruction of the kangaroo, which obliges the natives to labour hard to procure food sufficient for their sustenance: this, and their having no means of procuring vegetables, besides being constantly exposed to the weather, together with their offensive habits of living, produce the disease above mentioned, with its fatal consequences.

CHINESE CITIES.

The cities of China are generally of a square form, surrounded with lofty walls, having projecting towers at regular intervals, and are usually encompassed by a ditch, either dry or full of water. Distributed through the streets and squares, or situated in the vicinity of the principal gates, are round, hexagonal or octagonal towers, of various heights, triumphal arches, beautiful temples dedicated to idols, and monuments erected in honour of those who have rendered important services to the nation, or the people; and lastly some public buildings more remarkable for extent than magnificence.

The squares are large, the streets long and of different breadths, the houses have, for the most part, but a ground floor, and rarely exceed one story. The shops are varnished, and ornamented with silk and porcelain. Before each door is fixed a painted and gilded board, seven or eight feet high, supported on a pedestal, and having inscribed on it

three large characters chosen by the merchant for the sign of his shop, to distinguish it from all others. To these are often added a list of the articles to be disposed of, and the name of the seller. Under all, conspicuous for their size, are the characters "Pou-How," (no cheating here.)

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

Major Biddle, of the territory of Michigan, has been elected to congress, and the anti-masons are capering and hurraing as if the event were a sort of panacea for all their troubles. As these gentlemen have no successes at home to occupy their attention, they are excusable for travelling a little in search of them; but they have as good a claim to the election of general Jackson on anti-masonick grounds, as they have to that of major Biddle. This gentleman is a friend of the national administration; and as such, he was supported and elected. We have the authority of his own voluntary assertion for saying, that he is "neither a mason nor an anti-mason;" and that he wishes to have no connection with this new political speculation.

It is ludicrous enough to see the self-styled "friends" of "religion," "truth," &c. in this state, endeavour to tax their "popularity" abroad [Lord save it!] for the support of their "importance" at home! Were one to credit their assertions, he would believe that they held the destinies of all the world (excepting their own neighbourhood) in the palm of their hands, and that a political fortune hunter had only to cry "Morgan!" and he would be on the ascendant! If anti-masonry is so fashionable in other quarters, the "Central Committee" would do well to emigrate, since its unexampled usefulness does not appear to be much esteemed at home.

It would be well enough, however, for them to understand the truth of this Michigan matter, lest they lay too much stress upon it. It is true that major Biddle was nominated by the anti-masons; and it is equally true that he declined the nomination, declaring that he was not an anti-mason. On the contrary, his opponent, the Rev. Mr. Richards, a Roman Catholic Clergyman, is an anti-mason, and so mild a one, too, that he a few years since refused "Christian burial" to a man, because he had been a mason. So that if they must have a candidate in Michigan they will be obliged to take the one who is unfortunately in the *vocative*.

Extract from a letter to the editor of the Masonick Record, dated Columbus, Mississippi, April 13, 1829.

"The institution of masonry in this section is in a flourishing condition. The most happy and visible effects are produced by its moral influence, upon not only the members, but society in general. My opinion is, that our good condition is owing to a greater zeal for IMPROVEMENT than for numbers; exercising a considerable caution in investigating the characters of applicants, and rejecting those whose characters will not stand the test of morality. You may, perhaps, be somewhat surprised, when I inform you, that I have never witnessed such a thing as a game of cards, horse-racing, cock-fighting, or any other disorderly conduct, either by inhabitants or visitors, in our little village, for five years or more. Your surprise will be lessened when I tell you, that nearly all the citizens, and very many through the country, belong to the fraternity. Their correct deportment, effected by the determined course of the officers of this lodge, (Columbus Lodge, No. 5,) together with the very unanimous desire of carrying into operation the designs of the institution of masonry, seems to produce a tone of harmony and morality throughout the inhabitants within our sphere of operation. Vice is attacked wherever found, without regard to person, and it has been most vigorously and victoriously combated and overcome, when presented in the hydra-headed shape of intemperance."

A writer in the Philadelphia Mechanick's Free Press states "that Stephen Girard," is causing to be built, a block of convenient brick houses, somewhere in the North Liberties, which he offers to mechanicks or other working men, at a yearly rent that shall amount in ten years to the cost of the freehold, and at the expiration of said term, provided the rent has been duly paid, he offers to bind himself his heirs or assigns, to give to the occupant a deed in fee simple for the premises." The poor have often felt the effects of Mr. Girard's philanthropy; and the annals of humanity afford repeated proofs of his practical benevolence. Charities like this, are of the wisest and best kind, and deserve the highest commendation.

When Mrs. Royall was at Harrisburgh, last winter, Gen. Ogle and herself were as well pleased with each other as if they were "birds of a feather." It is said they *ogled* each other most industriously. An old statute of the District of Columbia says the lady must be ducked "upon a three legged stool." Would not a similar operation upon the General be of benefit to his brain?

The outrage at Niagara Falls, on the 4th inst. was occasioned by the following toast, which is certainly one of the most civil things said at the anniversary. We do not see how any man could conceive himself insulted by it. Those who were guilty of the outrage were malicious, feverish, and sensitive fools, with as little knowledge as the tiger, of christianity and republicanism.

Masonry—unblemishable—inpenetrable: may its members continue steadfast.

The annual examinations of students at the two institutions for the education of females in this city, have taken place during the present week. We were not present at either, but are informed by those who were, that the progress of the pupils is highly creditable to themselves and to the abilities of the teachers. Some of the compositions gave evidence of a maturity of judgment and a command of language not expected from the age of the authors.

From the Saratoga Sentinel.

RENUNCIATION. A Mr. Ives, of Vermont, wanting no office, but distractedly in love with morals and his country recently renounced masonry, and is now holding forth to the citizens of that state. It appears from documents collected and published in a Vermont paper, that this Ives was a resident in Mississippi in 1824; that for gross unmasonic conduct he was expelled from the lodge of which he was a member; and that he appealed to the Grand Lodge of the state, who not only confirmed the expulsion, but requested printers throughout the Union to publish it for the benefit of other lodges. The gross conduct complained of was *seducing the wife of Mr. Thomas Barker*. This is the key of his renunciation; and if facts were brought to light, it would appear that two thirds of these renunciations sprang from no higher motive—that their authors had either been expelled, or were taking a hostile course for mere purposes of revenge.

A case occurred in this vicinity not long since, equally ludicrous. A man who, (out of respect to his connections,) we shall distinguish by the name of A—, came into this village—was employed as a mechanic, and, owing to the standing of his relatives more than an intimate acquaintance with himself, he gained admission into the lodge here. He assumed the character of an unmarried man—attended a dancing school, and was particular in his attentions to one or two young ladies—expressing sufficient *tenderness* to induce a belief that he had no other objects than wedlock in view. But in the height of his courtship, he was disturbed by the sudden and unexpected appearance of his *wife*, who had sought out his retreat, and came to claim his protection and support. His plans being thus frustrated, he gave *leg bail*, taking the precaution to furnish himself with a suitable outfit of cash and other matters from the store of his principal benefactor, which he broke open for the purpose. He was pursued by an officer of justice, but could not be found—and was, as a matter of course, expelled from the lodge. For this indignity offered by the masons to this double refined patriot, he publicly renounced the institution in some of the western anti-masonick papers, accompanied with libellous charges against his benefactor. This renunciation, like that of Ives and several others of a kindred character, went the rounds, and was commented upon largely by the broken down politicians of the day, as another evidence of the direful consequences likely to flow from a continuance of masonry. The last we heard of A—, he was in jail on a charge of highway robbery.

Another instance of this renouncing spirit, will suffice for this chapter. A fellow in the western part of this state of

the name of Hamilton, who had been expelled from one of the lodges, not only renounced the institution, but turned an anti-masonick lecturer, travelling from village to village, and holding forth something in the style of his compatriots of the day. In an evil hour, however, notwithstanding his renunciation and resolution to live a pure life, he committed a rape on a little girl, 13 years old, for which he was provided with a lecture room in the Auburn state prison.

We mention these cases, which are matters of notoriety in the vicinities of their occurrence, not for the purpose of adding the continuance of masonry, (for that must be left to the discretion of its members) but for the purpose of shewing who some of these persons are that furnish fuel for down hill politicians, and the reliance that should be placed in testimony coming from such a source. Were we disposed, we could fill our paper with portraits of equal deformity; and could shew that the credulity of many an honest man has been operated on by the fabrications of individuals wholly wanting in political or moral honesty; and whatever may have been the views of some misguided men, that the grand actors in this drama are perfectly abandoned, and unworthy of any confidence whatever—that for the sake of office or revenge, they would resort to any expedient, however degrading; and even enkindle the flame of civil war, were it necessary, to effect their own aggrandizement. From such men all confidence of a public or private nature should be withdrawn. They should not be intrusted with office—but should be watched with a jealous eye. "Mark them which cause divisions."

The violence and bitterness of the *anti-masonick party* journals are becoming truly notorious. With the recklessness of madness, they seem equally regardless of truth and decency. In a late number of the *Boston Free Press* there has appeared a letter, purporting to be from "a friend residing in the midst of the scene of masonick outrage and bloodshed," and explaining the statement of Giddens in his *Almanack*. This letter, dated at "Batavia," contains the following most scandalous paragraph, in relation to the lamented Clinton. Can any citizen of New-York, we may add of the United States, read it, without being shocked at so base an insinuation? We know not whether more to detest the wickedness, than pity the weakness, of those who circulate such unfeeling and groundless slander against the memory of the dead.

[*Washington Co. Post.*]
Query—Did not King and Clinton commit suicide? Clinton was a man of great discernment, he saw the result of the excitement in prospective; he saw, because he must have seen, that he would be more than implicated if he lived; he was then at the zenith of his popularity, or rather upon the decline; considering his situation, &c., did he not choose DEATH TO DISGRACE?

UNPARALLELED BRUTALITY. The Anti-Masonick Rhode Islander and Boston Free Press, together with some of their kindred prints in this quarter, have published a letter dated at Batavia, but probably written by the notorious Giddens in Rochester, which asserts, among other things, that our late lamented chief magistrate—De Witt Clinton—whose works are the pride, whose name is inseparably associated with the glory of our state—was "More than implicated" in the outrage on Morgan, and actually **KILLED HIMSELF!** at the "very zenith of his fame," to evade the disgrace which [it is alleged] he foresaw would follow the exposure of his crime!!!

Where will this infamous system end?

The whole body of freemasons—the good with the bad—or what society is perfect?—have been indiscriminately proscribed—denounced as a gang of conspirators and murderers—denied the ordinary rights of men—and ministers and members have been hauled from churches professing the benign doctrines of Jesus Christ, for refusing to belie their consciences by echoing the denunciations fulminated for political purposes against masons!

Death itself is no longer a shield from calumny or the fury of the modern reformers! The grave is not with us a sanctuary "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The bloodhounds of Pizarro were comparatively merciful—for, with the destruction of life, terminated their ferocity towards their Indian victims!

But there is a redeeming spirit among the people, which will ultimately, and ere long, (for all history proclaims that such delusions are short lived,) spurn the polluted authors of such atrocities—such outrages on the dead—such insults to humanity!

[*Roch. Rep.*]

MORE ANTI-MASONICK "LAW AND ORDER." The practice of the political anti-masons furnishes rather a striking commentary on their professions. Although the noisy advocates of "law and order," they are usually the first to outrage the injunctions of the one and mar the harmony of the other. We have already stated that the anti-masons have, for considerable time been the aggressors in every riot at the polls and otherwise—that a Morgan committee man (one who aided in establishing, and appeared to be part owner of the Anti-masonick Enquirer) had been convicted, on his own confession, of a brutal outrage on a brother law-

yer, who happened to be a mason—and we have now to add that the last week has witnessed a similar scene of violence, in which one of the publishers or editors of the Anti-Masonick Enquirer was the principal actor. The assault was made on a physician, who is a mason—took place in a public street, in broad day light—and was attended with a degree of ferocity which should never be manifested in the quarrels of honourable men. We forbear to enter into particulars, as the affair will undergo legal investigation. It is a fact worth mentioning, that not a single mason, however much they are accused of perpetrating and justifying "outrage," has been guilty for a long time past, of any such disgraceful breaches of the peace; while neither the injunctions of hospitality, the obligations of law, nor the principles of religion, can protect from insult and outrage those who have by any means incurred the ire of the political anti-masons.

[*Ibid.*]

It was said of old, "there is no new thing under the sun"—but this was prior to the existence of anti-masonick politicians. The hirelings, having exhausted all the devices with which they have been furnished, and being driven upon their own resources, are now gravely parading their assertion that DE WITT CLINTON and colonel King committed suicide! but "it is their vocation," and comment is unnecessary.

[*Buf. Jour.*]

ITEMS.

More from Solomon Southwick! On the 14th instant Solomon gave a list of the *anti-masonick* papers in this state, in the way of testing the strength of that party. Eight papers are now, he says, "in the full tide of successful experiment, and all well supported." This is a beggarly assertion. There is not one in the state that obtains a living support. They feel and know that they are fast on the road and "in the full tide" to "*Davy Jones's locker.*"

[*Oneida Obs.*]

A countryman, who paid his tip, the other day, to ascend the Philadelphia state-house steeple, gasped with wonder till his mouth rivalled the circumference of the bell. "What's that?" "The fire bell." "Heighjees! if that strikes fire, I wonder it don't blow up the town."

A young Metaphysician. "Tell the truth, Ben," said a mother to her hopeful son of ten or eleven. "How can I, mother, when I don't know what truth is?"

Of twenty-six petitions for divorce, before the recent term of the Supreme Court, at Cincinnati, Ohio, ten were granted, eleven turned out of court without redress, and five suspended for a year.

A writer in the Portsmouth Advertiser recommends the formation of a Ladies' Anti-ambition-to-figure-in-the-news-papers—under-pretence-of-religious-or-charitable-purposes—with-no-useful-result-to-the-neglect-of-your-own-domestic-duties Society.

Anti societies are all the vogue. The latest are—an anti-neighbor society—an anti-kick-the-bucket society—an anti-run-away society—an anti-pistareen society—and an anti-love-the-ladies society. It is doubted whether the last will go. Strange things; however, may be expected about dog-days.

[*Rutland Her.*]

Now that political anti-masonry is on the wane, *antis* of other kinds spring up like mushrooms. Timothy Ware keeps an anti-grog-selling tavern on the road between Williamstown and Pownall. His bar-room is divided by the boundary line between Massachusetts and Vermont, so that he effects a "reform" in both states. Anti-grog-selling will do better than political anti-masonry in that region of "steady habits."

[*Rochester Republican.*]

To show how industry is crippled in all its operations in Ireland, it is mentioned that Sir Arthur Chichester, receives £1044 3s. a year, for *butler tasing*.

A Salem writer says it is the duty of every man, when he perceives a lady laced too tightly, to inform her of it immediately.

In Canada, in winter, every man, who, in the street, perceives another suffering by the frost, instantly applies a handful of snow to his proboscis, exclaiming "Sir, your nose is freezing."

Colonel Knapp, in his address to the Society of Mechanics and Traders in New-York, estimates the whole number of mechanics in the United States at 480,000, lawyers 90000, doctors 12,000, ministers 7000, permanent schoolmasters 36,000.

A trifling Gift. The famous Christiana, Queen of Sweden, among other presents to the sister of Pope Clement IX., gave her a diamond cross, valued at 24,000 Spanish crowns.

By-gone Days. The Vermont Advocate publishes the following as a literal copy of the records of the whole proceedings of a term of the County Court in the Clerk's office, Orange county:

Feb. 25, } The Court set out from Moretown, (now 1771. } Bedford, (for Kingsland, (now Washington,) travelled until night, there being no Road, and the

Snow very deep, we travelled on Snow Shoes or Rackets. On the 26th we travelled some ways and held a council, when it was concluded to open the Court on the Spot, as we saw no line and knew not whether it was in Kingsland or not, but we concluded we were far in the woods. We did not expect to see any house unless we travelled three miles in Kingsland and no one lived there, when the court was ordered to be opened on the spot.

Present

John Taplin, Judge.

John Peters, of the quorum.

John Taplin, jr. Sheriff.

All causes continued or adjourned over to next term.

The Pioneer, of Illinois, estimates the annual increase of the population of that state, from emigration alone, at 18,000 for the last three or four years.

Some workmen employed in making excavations upon the site of the ancient city of Fesulæ in Tuscany, lately discovered 3000 pieces of Roman coin, chiefly silver, struck under Julius Cæsar, the Triumvirate, and Augustus.

At a publick dinner in Lexington, Georgia, on the 4th July, where the Hon. W. H. Crawford presided, we understand lemonade only was used.

The Mirror, published in Lynn, Mass. a town celebrated for the number of shoemakers it contains, observes, in reference to the late celebration of Independence, "in this town the occasion was suffered to escape without a single demonstration of publick feeling:

Not a drum was heard, not a frollicksome note,
As, dressed in our best, to the commons we hurried.
Not a trancer was seen in his blue and red coat,
Nor a soul of St. Crispin the festival worried."

MARRIED,

In Troy, on the 29th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Beman, Mr. JOHN CAMERON, of this city, to Miss SOPHROMA ROWELL, of the former place.

DIED,

On Wednesday evening last, of a consumption Mrs. ELIZA H. PORTER, wife of John F. Porter, in the 23d year of her age.

In New-York, on Thursday last, CHARLES GILFERT, late one of the managers of the Bowery Theatre Mr. G. was indefatigable as a manager, and as a musical composer he had obtained a high eminence. He was a native of Germany. His age was 42.

JOB PRINTING,

Of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed on moderate terms, at the office of the *American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*, No. 3, Beaver street, one door west of South Market street, Albany.

STEAM ENGINES FOR SALE. A steam engine of one horse power, fit to drive three or four lathes, is offered for sale on very reasonable terms. Enquire at this office. Albany, August 1, 1829.

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TO PRINTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.—FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The reduced cost of the materials used in the composition of Printing Types, and the improvements and increased facilities of casting them, have induced the subscribers to adopt the following list of prices.

The style of their type and small letter is modern, and of the most elegant kind. The metal will be found very hard and durable, having a new ingredient in its composition. For accuracy and finish, the type cast at their foundry is warranted equal to any whatever. They have on hand a complete assortment of Book and Job Letters, so that they are prepared to execute orders for entire offices of Job, Newspaper, or Book Printing, on a short notice. They are thankful for the patronage they have received, and will be happy to receive the orders of printers, which will receive prompt attention.

Mechanics and others who have orders from abroad, will be supplied not only with type, but with Presses, Cases, Composing Sticks, and every thing necessary for a printing establishment, and put up with care and perfect accuracy.

Their new specimen book will be published soon, and ready to be sent to printers, in which will be exhibited a greater variety than has been shown by any Foundry in the United States.

Albany, July 22, 1829.

A. W. KINLEY & Co.

Prices.—At six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 5 percent for cash.

Metrican, and all plain,	Small Pica,	0 34
larger,	Long Pica,	36
Double Great Primer,	Bourgeois,	36
Double English,	Brevier,	36
Double Small Pica,	Minion,	36
Great Primer,	Nonpareil,	36
English,	Leads and Quotations,	30
Pica,		25

Other kinds of type, reduced in proportion. Old Type received in exchange at 9 cts per lb.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 3m.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANGBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 423 South Market street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House, keeps constantly on hand and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid or clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

AIRY CASTLES.

In youth's fair prime, that age of sweetest joys,
Fancy is found most busily at play;
Raising at pleasure with her fairy wand,
To the mind's eye the most alluring scenes;
With magick power, her curious world she decks
In every loveliness, while all that tends
To darken or deform is hid from view.
There's nothing, truly, half so sweet in life
As that young dream—and nought that mem'ry seeks
With retrospective eye, one half so pleased.
True, the aerial scene, when highest wrought,
Is prone to disappear as swift as light,
And vanish into air—while, if 't is told,
The old will smile, and call it castle-building—
And say 't is childish folly. But can they
Assurance give that they too have not dreamed,
When life was young with them and hope rose high?

I well remember that while yet a lad,
Scarcely emerged from childhood's antick days,
Imagination raised a fairy scene,
Engraved it deep on mem'ry's magick sheet,
And it remains in vivid brightness yet.
It was a solitude, remote and wild,
Secluded deep in lonely woods, where roamed
Secure, and fearing not the face of man,
The unconscious brute. A clear and limpid stream
Came tumbling down a high and craggy hill,
Crowned to the summit with a tangled wood,
Until it reached the base, and there a wide
And level vale expanded, and received
The reckless torrent in its verdant breast.
There, soothed by the caress, it gently roamed
Through flowery banks awhile, and then anon,
Poured its calm stream into a little lake,
Through whose still waters deep, yet clear, was seen
The white and sandy bottom; while midway,
The natives of the deep did leap and sport,
And chase each other through the limpid pool.
Its shores around were lined with stately trees,
The monarchs of the wood, and through their trunks,
The prospect deep retired in vistas long,
Stripped of all shrubbery or impediment.

Reposing on the bosom of the lake,
A little island sat—'t was such a spot
As Fancy's magick only calls to view.
Not that fair isle, where Venus and her loves
Were wont to dwell, had e'er more charming seemed.
Around its borders was a lovely fringe
Of shrubbery and flowers, whose blossoms rose
And nodded frequent to the passing wind.
'T was on this fairy spot I had a hut,
Beside the margin of a bubbling fount,
Built of rude logs, but neat withal,
And shadowed round the sides by clambering vines:
Within a chaste simplicity prevailed—
Here, in a small recess were chosen books,
To while away the hours of quiet rest;
And there my implements for making war
On bird, and beast, and fish.
Around this lovely cot, I caused to bloom
A garden, filled with each variety
Of fruit tree, flower, and culinary plant;
Through whose sweet bowers continued zephyrs played,
Fanning with wing invisible the air.

And here I used, on Fancy's pennons borne,
To hie myself, and dwell alone. Full oft
I've roamed through those imaginary bowers,
And oft have pushed my light canoe across
The quiet lake, and dropped from line and rod,
Into its waters clear, the tempting bait—
And there I've sat and watched the simple fish,
As greedily they seized the barbed hook—
Entangled then, I drew them struggling forth,
With change of element ill pleased.

Sometimes, with gun in hand I sallied forth
To hunt the stately deer—my faithful dog,
My sole companion. Creeping with silent tread,
I come upon my prey, quenching his thirst
By side of sylvan spring. Unseen, I stop,
And poise the deadly piece, and fire.
Then, as the roar upon the stillness breaks,
The stricken animal springs frantic forth
In the wild bound of death, and then expires.

Then, from the bough of lofty tree above,
Is heard the wailing of a sorrowing child—
So at least it seems—but looking up,
Meets the astounded wonder-stricken gaze
The panther's glaring eye-balls, keenly fixed
Upon his destined prey. Impelled by fright,
I forthwith charge with deadly messenger
My trusty gun; at whose bright flash, the foe
Falls headlong down, his fierceness tamed at once.

Such are the visions that I used to form,
In Youth's enchanting day. I always loved
To be alone—to draw myself from face of men,
And in retirement commune with myself.
This *beau ideal* of paradise I made
Without a human being but myself,
And thought if I could find a solitude
Like this, I should be happy.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

STANZAS.

I have lived eighteen years, and they
Like clouds that stain the summer sky,
All heavily have passed away,
And dark their shadows on me lie;
But yet at times there comes a dream
So brightly mingled up with fame,
That forth my darkened feelings stream,
To win a bright and ever glorious name.

Oh! irksome has been every thought,
Unknown to youth's few years of joy,
And being has been ever fraught
With its own deep and dark alloy;
But whiles when I am sad, there steals
Unto my listening ear, a breath
Of melody my spirit feels,
Which shall be cherished even until death.

Oh! in the midnight of the soul
How pants the spirit for relief!
The passions, spurning all controul,
Plunge wildly in the paths of grief;—
The angel Hope has fluttered by,
Nor has he where to rest his wings,
But perches on the wave—to die,
And dark Despair around its fetters flings.

Awake! my soul, the lethargy
That bound my spirit now is broken,
And there has rose a star for me,
And gently in my thought is spoken
A wish that I might cease to be
A slumberer in glory's field;
And smiles that light my destiny,
Breaketh up feelings in my breast congealed.

VARRO.

From the Inverness Courier.

BALLAD.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Our native land—our native vale,—
A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale
And Cheviot's mountains blue!
Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song!
Farewell ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long!
Farewell ye broomy elfin knoves,
Where thyme and harebells grow!

Farewell ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!
The battle mound, the border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell,
The martyr's grave—the lover's bower,
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! Our father's home—
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam,
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild romantick shore,
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Or view thy cliffs again,

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires.

Our native vale—our native vale—
A long,—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

NORWEGIAN WAR SONG

From Conway's "Journey through Norway."

Sons of the mountain, sons of the lake,
Sons of the forest, Old Norway awake!
They come from the East, ten thousand or more:
But lakes are behind them, and foes are before.

Shall Old Norway cease to be Norway the free?
Each face to a Swede, and each back to a tree,
Were our foes twice ten thousand, our rocks should repeat
The groan of the Swede as he falls at your feet.

Your mothers have nursed you; your fathers till now,
Have filled you with bread by the sweat of their brow.
But let peace be around him—the sire of fourscore—
And drive the invader far, far from his door.

Then down from the mountain, and up from the lake
And out from the forest! Norwegians, awake!
And rush like the storm on the thick-coming foe,—
With hearts for Old Norway, and death in your blow.

NORWEGIAN LOVE SONG.

From the same.

Meet me, maid, by the pine-fringed lake,
When the woods are asleep, and the stars are awake.
When the marten has ceased the waters to skim,
And all, but thy hazel eye, is dim.

By the dusky lake, I will tell thee more
Than ever was told in thy ear before;
For thy small hand and the fading light,
Will give me courage that flies with the night.

Thou seest the mantle of snow that spread
Since the days of old on the mountain's head:
The same as it is, it ever will be,—
And so will my love live on for thee.

Then come to me, maid; already the day
Has fled to the hills that are far away;
Before the great owl begins to hoot,
I'll list for the tread of thy lightsome foot.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—**JAMES DICKSON**, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 16 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Sheers, Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished upon improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and on reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.
Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

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STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—**HEERMANS, RATHBON**, & Co. No. 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of **STOVES** ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of *Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Boilers, Ovens, and Hall Stoves*, together with *Russell's English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Trowel Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.*; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.
Albany May, 1829.

1829

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by **E. B. CHILD**,
AT NO. 3, BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS. To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars* and *Fifty Cents*, in ADVANCE—otherwise, *Three Dollars*.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1829.

NO. 28.

MASONICK RECORD.

DR. PALMER'S ADDRESS.

Extracts from an Address delivered before St. John's Lodge, No. 41, in Thetford, Vermont, at the opening of the new Masonick Hall in that place, February 18, 1829,

BY DAVID PALMER, M. D.

Master of the Lodge.

A society so unpretending and simple in its character, would seem to have been entitled to go down the stream of time without meeting with any of the jealousy and opposition which those institutions have encountered, that have endeavoured to direct the religious and political opinions of the world. Accordingly, we find sovereign princes mingling with their subjects in masonick assemblies, and men of every religious opinion exchanging within our walls the pledges of masonick fraternity.

Occasional opposition, we have indeed encountered. The monarchs of Spain and Russia, the Grand Turk of Constantinople, and the Pope of Rome, at different periods have denounced freemasonry. And these are believed to be all the potentates of the old world, who have seriously set themselves to harm the brethren of the mystick tie. And their open and avowed reason for doing so, has been, that the institution was favourable to the propagation of liberal principles. And the names of freemason and liberal, have become synonymous in the dialect of the despotick courts of Europe.

Perhaps it was not to be wondered at, that the tenants of the rotten thrones that had been raised by violence, and supported by the misery and oppression of the people, should tremble at associations of intelligent men, who were capable of acting in concert, and of instructing the people in relation to those rights that had been wrested from them by their unfeeling oppressors; and yet it does not appear, that freemasonry has ever been the means of creating political disturbance.

But it has been reserved to our own country, and to the present period, to exhibit the curious phenomenon of people living under a free government, commencing a barbarous, unprovoked attack upon the society of freemasons. Tyrannical princes and bigoted priests have heretofore been our only enemies; and if we could conciliate these, the people have always been willing to benefit by our instructions, and to participate in our charities. But in our most enlightened age and nation, means have been found to influence the rabble with a spirit little less ferocious than that which characterized the wildest outrages of revolutionary France. A crime was said to have been committed in the fall of 1826, by some members of the society; but as the fact has never been proved, and as the public mind was divided as to the probability of its having been committed, the individuals, by every principle of law, ought to be presumed innocent until some proof of their guilt has been adduced. Instead of this, not only the persons implicated, but the whole society have been boldly pronounced murderers! And our peaceful towns, and societies, and churches, are rent by anti-masonick dissensions.

To a spectator of the scene, who was unacquainted with the intimate structure of American society, and the causes by which it is moved, this fermentation of its elements would be wholly unaccountable. He would be totally at a loss to conceive how the good people of this country could be made to believe that the institution over which Washington and Franklin presided; and which they regarded as the purest and wholesomest of all human institutions, should contain principles hostile to the liberties and happiness of the American people. He would be astonished at the credulity that could swallow the monstrous belief—that a society under the especial patronage of the venerable Marshall, the Chief Justice of the country, should yet be guilty of practices subversive of all human laws. And more than all, would he be astonished, when told that a community that numbers amongst its members a great proportion of the enlightened clergy, and professors of every religious denomination, should yet be in direct opposition to the whole spirit of christianity!!

Freemasons have mingled with society at all periods. Their conduct has been observed, and their characters estimated, from age to age. Some of them have been found in almost every town and parish; and the publick—the whole civilized world, have possessed the most perfect facility for the forming a correct opinion of the character and the worth of the institution. And the result of all has been a general conviction upon the publick mind, that the society was composed of the more intelligent part of the community; that they were bound by some obligation to an upright course of moral conduct; and that they seldom or never suffered their members, or their widows, or orphans to come to want. Occasionally too, the publick accounts have noticed the amount of our annual donations to purposes of more general charity—such as the diffusion of the bible, the emancipation and relief of the suffering African, and promoting the cause of education among the poor. We do not desire to be the heralds of our own charities; but when driven to speak on this subject, we are able to say with truth, that our advances for these objects have been numbered, not by hundreds, or thousands, but by millions. Thus the general principles, and even the more intimate structure of the masonick society, was well understood. It was believed that its secrets served only to enable the members to distinguish one another: and that the society was on the whole an important part of the apparatus of a civilized community. But publick opinion in this country, is like the ocean with its tides and its currents; and the newspaper press the tornado, that raises its mountain waves. The illustrious Jefferson deliberately declared in 1814, that it had then become rotten; and that it had forfeited all title to be believed. And it was then as pure as the waters of Eden, compared with its present filthy, noxious current. Witness the late presidential contest, that has damned the fair fame of America; and realized the worst wishes of her worst enemies. Two of our most distinguished citizens have for four years been bedaubed with every opprobrious epithet; and the foreign journalists have assured their readers, that the two worst men in America were candidates for the presidency. And the pious and enlightened people of the country have seconded and supported these outrages of the press; and the number of newspapers circulated during the presidential contest has vastly increased. But it was foreseen by the conductors of the press, that Gen. Jackson's shooting the six militia men, and Mr. Adams's squandering the publick money for billiard balls, would soon cease to make music in the publick ear. They had vitiated the taste of their readers with high seasoned, inflammatory dishes, and they dreaded the experiment of treating them to plain and wholesome fare. In this dilemma, it was discovered by some sagacious member of their fraternity, that sounding the anti-masonick alarm was an expedient eminently calculated to serve their purpose.

There was a latent disposition among the ignorant to attach something mysterious to the name of freemason, and by blowing these almost extinguished embers, they have succeeded in setting the country in a flame. Nearly an hundred presses are now employed, and probably a thousand individuals obtain their livelihood by hurling the firebrands of discord through our otherwise peaceful community. And the literal incendiary who fires your dwelling at midnight, that he may plunder from the smoking ruins, is a saint, compared with him who thus kindles a moral conflagration in a whole community, that he may reap the petty profit derived from the sale of a false and filthy newspaper.

There is a superficial literature; a smattering of learning possessed by all the classes of our community, and in many respects, in almost all, this general diffusion of even a moderate share of intelligence has a salutary effect on our institutions. But there is no doubt that this salutary effect would be vastly increased, if the amount of popular knowledge was greater than it is.

Nor can it be doubted, that in some instances, this shallow, skin-deep cultivation is productive of evil instead of good effects. All our people can read a newspaper, while, comparatively, few can judge of the probable truth or falsehood of its contents. And the combustible passions of the populace lie hid and exposed to the torch of the newspaper incendiary. And there is a strong affinity between the prejudices of the lower classes, and the absurd declamations

with which the anti-masonick publications are filled. A relish similar to that which is felt for works of fiction, for romances, and novels, and tales of ghosts and witchcraft; while the sober truths of religion and morals, such truths as are inculcated in every well governed lodge, are turned away from with indifference or disgust.

The passions of the populace have been under the controul of a political as well as a newspaper influence. Disappointed office-seekers, men of desperate political influence, who have nothing to lose, and may perhaps be gainers, are among the foremost to raise the storm which they hope to direct. And where no parties previously existed, they have succeeded in arraying fathers against sons, and sons against fathers, in this unholy contest. As a proof that there is nothing of principle in all this bustle, but that the whole originates either in the atrocious profligacy of the press, or the ambition of political partizans, it may be mentioned, that in the neighbouring state of New-Hampshire, where political parties are nearly equally balanced, and where the political journalists have sufficient employment in bedaubing one another and opposing candidates for office, anti-masonick virulence is unknown; and the politicians of that state would laugh to scorn the suggestion that their cause would be promoted by enlisting the passions of the people against the masonick institution. Connecticut river forms the eastern boundary of the anti-masonick territory, for the plain reason, that nothing can at present be acquired, either of office or money, by extending the contagion further. There is already sufficient excitement among our eastern neighbours, to suit the views of the warmest friends of faction. With us, the case was different. Our elections had for a long time been nearly unanimous. The surface of our politics was calm and tranquil "as a summer sea." But the dregs had subsided, and were festering and fermenting at the bottom. And their prospect of rising to the surface depends on the continuance of the anti-masonick storm. And to keep up this storm, the independence of the press has been invaded; and those of its conductors who could not be seduced by the promise of patronage, to enlist in the cause, have been threatened with proscription and persecution.

It is true, that in this absurd and unprincipled crusade against the peace of society, there are some well meaning individuals engaged. When the popular current sets strong in any direction, the weak minded and timid are liable to be carried away by its force. And no scheme, however absurd, has been broached, that has not found followers. The best blood of Great Britain flowed on the scaffold, like water, to gratify the rage of the government and people, on account of the imaginary popish plot, in 1678. And the historian has recorded their mad delusion as a warning to succeeding generations—and the pages that shall transmit to posterity the present period of our national history, will be like the handwriting on the wall, the "Mene, tekel, upharsin," of our national degradation.

It is a curious fact in the history of the anti-masonick epidemic, that the conscientious and very pious persons who are said to have renounced their connexion with the society, have for a series of years been members, have sought masonick degrees with avidity, and considered themselves honoured by their connexion with the society. Their consciences were very easy on this subject, while masonry was in good repute; but the moment the newspaper clamour reached their ears, they made the discovery that they were connected with a society of traitors to their government and blasphemers of their God!! Shall we believe that they were cordial and hearty members of such a society while it was popular; and left it only when its character was made known to the world? or shall we rather believe that they never were masons except in name? that their hearts were never thoroughly imbued with the masonick principles, and that when they saw a prospect of attracting public notice by their renunciation, they became the slanderers of an institution whose real principles they never had truly imbibed? I leave them to their choice in this dilemma. May God preserve me and my friends from either of the alternatives.

I have no doubt but we are now paying the penalty for our too great readiness to initiate those who make application, without sufficiently scrutinizing their characters. We

have desired too much the augmentation of our funds, that our means of relieving the pecuniary distress of our indigent brethren, and their widows and orphans, might be increased; and we have suffered to pass our threshold, men, whose characters were unfit for the profitable reception of our instructions. But the intelligent and candid part of society are beginning to appreciate their revelations as they deserve. By their own account, they are all guilty either of common falsehood in all they say on this subject, or of the more aggravated guilt of wilful and deliberate perjury; and here too, we may leave them to choose their alternative. The miserable subterfuge that an oath, when voluntarily taken, is not morally binding, because the individual taking it cannot be prosecuted, in a civil court, for its violation, is the morality of the followers of Loyola, but will find few advocates in this age or nation.

When the effervescence has subsided, seceding masons will find themselves expelled from the lodge and rejected by the world; and compelled to seek out for themselves a middle region of contempt. And it will subside, and masonry will continue to exist as it has done for ages. If crimes have been committed by individuals of the order, it is much to be hoped that they will be detected and punished. But it is the height of absurdity to suppose, that because a few members of a society have sinned, the whole must be punished, or that a charitable and moral institution must cease to exist, because a senseless clamour has been excited against it.

The character of the age too in which we live, requires a more vigorous and energetick development of masonic principles. The improvements in morals, in literature, and the sciences, have altered the nature of those duties which masons owe to one another and to the publick.

We shall probably never again be the instruments of saving the sacred scriptures from destruction. Providence seems to have ordained that they shall be translated into every language under heaven, and that the copies shall become as numerous as the families of the earth. And in promoting this great object, freemasons have been, and will continue to be, most extensively employed. And the same society that once secreted the Book of the Law from the idolaters who meditated its destruction, will now assist in multiplying its numbers until idolatry shall be banished from the world. Nor are the elements of human science to depend, as they have heretofore done, upon the masonic society for their chief cultivation, if not for their very existence. The doctrines of Euclid and Pythagoras are taught in our schools and colleges; and the world at large may easily learn what was once to be obtained by masonic initiation. But shall we remit our exertions because the uninitiated world are treading close in our footsteps? Shall an institution that has been the means of conferring such incalculable benefits upon mankind, be now deserted because new energies are to be put forth—when the field on which those energies are to be exerted offers such liberal promise of an abundant harvest? There are no such thoughts among true masons. United as we are to each other, and to the world, by the ties of an enlarged and liberal philanthropy—and speaking a language that is understood by our brethren in all parts of the globe—our power, under Providence, in promoting the welfare of our species, is irresistible.

And, while there is ignorance to enlighten, or vice to reclaim, or misery to alleviate, masonic labours will continue to be required, and masonic societies will continue to exist.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The Hon. CHARLES R. SHERMAN, a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, an able jurist, and a distinguished mason, died at his residence in Lebanon, Ohio, on the 24th of June last. The following tributes of respect to his memory, are from the masonic institutions, over which he was the presiding officer:—

At a special meeting of Lancaster Chapter, No. 11, convened at their hall in Lancaster, Ohio, on Monday evening, June the 29th, A. L. 1829, the presiding officer addressed the Chapter as follows:—

COMPANIONS—We have been convened this evening, by special notice, on a melancholy occasion: an occasion, which, whilst it draws forth our sympathies, rouses those fraternal feelings inseparable from the masonic principles we have pledged to each other to maintain. The loss of a worthy companion in our order bereaves us of a prop and a stay to our fabric; it deprives us of a key stone in the arch that requires our utmost skill, attention and labour to replace. The loss to society is no less serious because we are thereby deprived of a distinguished practical example of those virtues without I've recapitulated within a lodge. Companions! our loss is, And of irreparable! In our Most Excellent High Priest, ES R. SHERMAN, the masonic family have suffered. The quinity which can be sufficiently appreciated only by Into its wave shared in the labours of the fraternity with And there I've distinguished officer. In accordance As greedily they seized manifold excellent qualities that dis- Entangled then, I drew this good and zealous mason, it be- With change of element it

to the world and our brethren at large, that we duly appreciate the virtues of those whose exemplary lives were subjects of commendation. Such have been our unfeigned sentiments of the individual who has presided in the elevated station of Most Excellent High Priest of this Chapter, and this the melancholy occasion on which, as masons, we ask your condolence.

Whereupon, on motion, the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, that the Lancaster Royal Arch Chapter deeply regret the loss they have sustained in the deprivation of the services of their Most Excellent High Priest, CHARLES R. SHERMAN, by his unexpected demise. That emulating the virtues and masonic zeal of their late estimable companion, they sincerely, affectionately, and fraternally deplore his early fate. That in thus recording on their minutes the high sense entertained of his exalted character, and ardent devotion in the cause of masonry, they will cherish in remembrance his exalted virtues, as being worthy of imitation by the masonic fraternity. And that as he was a steady and warm supporter of the principles of our order, disseminating good will and fellowship among the brethren in this terrestrial Chapter, we are consoled with the hope that his immortal spirit is enjoying its reward in the celestial temple above, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Resolved, that, as a further mark of respect, we will wear crape on the left arm thirty days.

The above resolutions being unanimously adopted, it was also resolved that the address and resolutions be published.

JACOB D. DIETRICK, Sec'y.

At a special meeting of Lancaster Lodge, No. 57, held in the Masonick Hall, in the town of Lancaster, on Thursday evening June 30, the following preamble and resolution, were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, the members of this lodge have learnt with heartfelt sorrow the demise of our worthy and highly esteemed brother, CHARLES R. SHERMAN, who departed this life at Lebanon, Ohio, on the 24th inst. Therefore,

Resolved, that, as a token of respect for the deceased, the members of this lodge will wear crape on the left arm for the term of thirty days.

GEO. MYERS, Sec'y.

The following refutation of another vile and pitiful slander furnishes another illustration of the mild and truth-loving spirit of anti-masonry.

From the Northern Sentinel.

MESSRS. E. & T. MILLS—Gentlemen, having observed in the Statesman of the 24th ult. printed at Castleton, a false and slanderous paragraph relating to the late conflagration of the court house in this town; the cause of truth cannot be better subserved than by sending you for publication the article and accompanying statement, by inserting which, you will oblige the lovers of truth and good order generally, and more particularly those attached to the masonic family. The article from the Castleton paper is as follows:—

"Brilliant Effects of Masonry. The last luminous masonic act which has occurred is the destruction of the Chittenden county court house by fire. It appears that a part of the court house was occupied as a Masonick Hall, (a Masonick Hall in a Court House!) the lodge met as usual at midnight, held their carousal, took a swig or two from the old skull bone, cursed the anti-masons, set the house on fire, and went home. Now, whether they had been heating their gridiron and carelessly placed it away before it was cooled, or saw the downfall of their order, and that they would have no further use for their temple, remains a secret with them, and matters not, but the house was soon consumed,—square, trowel, plumb, death's head, &c. &c. all departed together."

Statement respecting the Fire. We, the undersigned, officers and members of Burlington Chapter and Washington Lodge, do hereby certify, that on the evening of the 15th of June 1829, a few minutes after eight o'clock, we opened the Masonick Hall, on the second floor of the court house, in Burlington, and went there for the purpose of making out the annual returns to the Grand Chapter, which was to convene at Rutland on the 17th of that month. Before the necessary papers were completed, a lamp was lighted by the aid of a common phosphorus match, and after completing them and remaining in the Hall about half an hour, the hall was closed, the lamp taken to a room occupied as an office, on the lower floor, and carefully extinguished. We further certify that no person within our knowledge, except ourselves, entered the hall on the evening alluded to—and that we are not conscious of any neglect, want of care, or prudence, either in lighting, trimming, or extinguishing the lamp used by us, which could have caused the destruction of the court house on the morning of the 16th inst. by fire.

Signed,

DAVID RUSSELL,
JAS. S. SAWYER.

Burlington, June 29, 1829.

We, the undersigned officers of Chittenden County Court, hereby certify that we are personally acquainted with David Russell and James L. Sawyer, esqrs. whose signatures are annexed to the above certificate, and take pleasure in saying that they are gentlemen of probity, of high standing in community, and that we consider their assertion entitled to perfect credit.

BATES TURNER, Chief Judge.
ALVAN FOOTE, } Assistant
NATH' NEWELL, } Judges.
CHARLES ADAMS, States At'y.
MOSES BLISS, Sheriff.

In addition to the foregoing statement, and in reply to the exclamation of "a Masonick Hall in a Court House!," the base slanderers are informed that the edifice alluded to, was built in 1801, by the liberality of the citizens of this vicinity—the amount then subscribed was \$1744—fifteen hundred and

seventeen dollars of which were subscribed by masons—for the truth of all which you have a pledge from Yours respectfully,

NATHAN B. HASWELL,
H. P. of Burlington Chapter, and Master of Washington Lodge.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

RESUSCITATION.

The last number of Mr. Silliman's Journal contains an account of a resuscitation by oxygen gas, from apparent death by drowning. The subject was a favourite young beagle hound, which fell into a cellar filled with water and was drowned. How long he lay there could only be known from conjecture. He was heard yelping and flouncing in the water, and had been silent for a long time, when he was found and dragged out. When carried to the owner, his body and limbs were so cold, hard and inflexible, that taking him by the foot, he was turned over, like a block with four pegs attached to it. A large bladder was filled with oxygen, not diluted with any portion of nitrogen, to which was attached a small brass stop-cock with a long beak; by a violent pressure of the bladder, a copious dose of the gas was then infused into the lungs of the dog; he instantly made a conclusive and solitary yelp, to the full pitch of his usual shrill voice in the chase; the dose was repeated till the gas was consumed; the dog was placed by the fire in warm blankets, friction constantly applied, and a strong dose of diluted volatile ammonia forced into his stomach; his body and limbs became relaxed, and his respiration short and rapid. The experiment commenced at one o'clock, P. M. and at eleven that night the dog raised himself on his feet and made a few feeble steps; the next morning he left the kitchen and walked to his kennel, a distance of fifty yards. On the fourth day he took a small portion of meat, and the vital functions soon seemed to be perfectly restored. Eight or ten days after that, his appetite, repletion, and vivacity, indicated a thorough renovation of the animal functions. It is worthy of notice that his voice, naturally sharp and shrill, was astonishingly altered to a full and coarse tone.

These particulars are communicated in two letters from J. E. Muse, Cambridge, Md. to the editor of the Journal. The circumstances took place at the close of last winter. [N. Y. Courier.]

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

MANIA A POTU.

We extract the following report of a singular case of homicide, from the last number of Dr. Drake's Medical and Physical Journal. It is accompanied in that work, by a long and lucid essay upon mania a potu, from the pen of the able editor, which we wish our limits would allow us to republish. The extract which follows, will, we think prove interesting to the general reader.

James Birdsell, of the village of Harrison, in the western part of this county, on the 3d inst. was arraigned before the Supreme Court of Ohio, for homicide. Present on the bench, Judges Pease and Sherman. In the indictment it was laid, that the defendant, on Thursday evening, 5th of March, 1829, murdered his wife, by cutting through her neck from side to side, with a narrow axe, at a single blow, which severed the spinal column and caused instant death. The proof of the fact was perfect and uncontroverted. The defence set up was Mania a potu. Having recorded the principal facts, and also been furnished with the notes of the prosecutor and one of the advocates, I propose to lay before the reader such portions of them, as have a relation to the subject of Medical Jurisprudence.

The defendant was to appearance about fifty years of age, and had been married nineteen or twenty years to a second wife, by whom he had several children, one of whom was a witness in the case. It appeared from the testimony, that for several years he had been subject to occasional fits of intoxication, which in the latter part of the time had been followed by Mania a potu, which generally lasted for several days, and went off

spontaneously. In these paroxysms he had the physical and moral symptoms which usually characterize that malady. The former were, great tremours of the hands, a pale face, red eyes, and sometimes a copious perspiration even when exposed half naked to a cold atmosphere. The moral phenomena were, disordered perceptions of sight and hearing, so that he often insisted that he saw himself surrounded by snakes and other reptiles, or by armed men who sought to kill him; or supposed he heard strange sounds of trumpets, or vocal musick, or conversation of which he was the subject, and the object of which was mischief to himself. He was thus filled with apprehension for his safety, and sometimes ran about the village at night, as if attempting to escape from bad persons who were pursuing him. On a certain night, he made so much clamour as to excite the idea of several men engaged in a riot. At another time, in his own house, he concealed himself between the feather and straw bed, where he was almost suffocated. On another occasion, he was found, after dark, standing in the street without shoes or hat, and had described around him a circle in the dust, and declared that if any one entered it, that person would kill him. At other times he would peep from his window, and point his gun, as for defence, against imaginary persons, who were approaching to seize him. Again, he would fancy that two armies were engaged in battle, and that he must join one of them. In all his paroxysms he had so great a degree of watchfulness, as to sleep little or none for several nights in succession. But his prevailing maniacal conception was, that his wife was in combination with three of his neighbours, one of whom was his son by a former wife, and that they had conspired against his life. Of these men, when they were not in his presence, he was afraid. In the paroxysms he was accustomed to charge his wife (unfoundedly in the opinion of witnesses) with a criminal intimacy with these persons. He even threatened to kill her if she did not desist, and had been heard to utter this threat, when he was thought by one of the witnesses to be rational.

On the Sunday before the murder, he drank freely, and was intoxicated, in which condition, as usual, he was quiet, dull, and disposed to lie in bed. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday presented nothing special. On Wednesday evening he complained to a neighbour of feeling unwell, and asked his son's assistance in the performance of some necessary manual labour for his family. He seemed to the witness to be rational. During the night he slept none, and complained of a cramp in his stomach. The next morning his family thought him crazy, but were not alarmed, as they were accustomed to such attacks. In the course of the day he took an axe on the shoulder, and walked rapidly to the house of a neighbour, whom he desired to go home with him, saying they wanted to kill him; and about the same time he told another of the supposed conspirators, that he had overheard his wife and him that morning whispering about taking his (the witness') life.

He spent the day at home in the midst of his family, apparently in agitation and terror, but said he would not hurt any one, and did not wish to be hurt. In addition to the axe, which he placed under the bed, where it was often kept, he provided a scythe, which he brought into the house. He manifested jealousy of his wife, and told her to act better, for she had already caused the death of 30,000 men. He fancied that the persons of whom he was jealous, were in the loft manufacturing ropes to hang him, and going up, returned and said he had cut the ropes to pieces, and brought down the fragments with him, though he had nothing in his hands. In the course of the afternoon, he fastened both the doors of his house. At the usual time his wife went out to milk, and he barred the door after her. On her return he fastened it again. She was seated near the fire, and he was walking the room. At length he took the axe from under the bed, and suddenly gave the fatal blow, following it up with two others on the face. His oldest daughter caught the instrument, which he yielded up, and then seized the scythe, with which he attempted to strike her. She defended herself with a chair, till the smaller child-

ren having opened the door, she made her escape. He took his youngest child in his arms, and sat down by the window. The child exclaimed, "mamma bleeds!" which he said made him feel bad. When the neighbours arrived immediately afterwards, he gave himself up, acknowledged what he had done, said he knew he would be hung for it, but that he ought to have done it nine months sooner; and that if he had it to do again, he would strike two blows where he only struck one. Talked so rationally, that many of the witnesses could not believe him deranged. Evincing no dread of punishment for his crime, but was still in great apprehension from the persons who, he had believed intended to kill him. Was glad that he had defeated their calculations. On his way to the city to be committed to jail, talked rationally and composedly about his affairs, and on various subjects; but frequently asked the guard if they did not hear sweet sounds of different kinds, and on being answered in the negative, insisted that he could not be mistaken. After being committed he became regular, and expressed his regret at what he had done.

Three medical gentlemen were required to deliver professional opinions on the testimony. They came to the same conclusion, which was, that the defendant was subject to *Mania a potu*, and that he laboured under that malady when he perpetrated the homicide.

On this opinion, and the facts which support it, the counsel for the prisoner rested his defence. It was alleged, that *Mania a potu* should not be confounded with the delirium of a fit of intoxication; but associated with insanity, and, like it, might be offered as a legal excuse for the perpetration of what, in its nature, is felonious. They admitted, that drunkenness can not be plead as an apology for crimes, but argued, that when it gives birth to insanity, the maniac should experience all the immunities of a *non compos* from any other cause. They averred, that if a man, in the commission of a felonious deed, should receive a blow on his head, which was followed by mental alienation, his acts, during that state, would not be regarded as criminal; and that the subject of *Mania a potu* is in that condition; lastly, that the habitual drunkard is urged on by a physical necessity which he can not resist; and should not, therefore, be held accountable for his conduct when labouring under the derangement, which follows his inebriation.

To which the presecutor replied, that *Mania a potu* should be referred to drunkenness rather than insanity; that it follows as the necessary consequence of the former, and soon abates; that the defendant, Birdsell, was aware that his intoxication was productive of delirium, and hence, that he voluntarily did what he knew would derange his intellect; that *Mania a potu* being a natural effect of intemperance, can not be offered as an excuse, like the insanity which might follow a blow on the head, received during the perpetration of a felony; which blow and insanity should be regarded as mere contingent or accidental events; finally, that the law does not recognise, in the drunkard, a physical necessity to drink; but holds him accountable for his actions when intoxicated; and, of course, in the delirium which follows that intoxication.

The opinion of the court was looked for with anxiety; but in their charge, they waived a discussion of the point in controversy, and submitted it, with the facts, to the jury, who returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, as laid in the indictment.

We make another extract. Dr. Drake thinks that "whatever may have been the natural disposition of the monomaniack, or the nature of his delusion, it can never be pronounced absolutely safe to allow him unrestrained liberty;" and is of opinion that individuals of this class should not be held accountable for their actions, as men of sane minds. In the course of his illustrations, he relates the following anecdote:

Since I began this paper, I have more than once laid down my pen, to listen to the story of a monomaniack. Five or six days ago a stranger applied to me for professional advice, and recounted so many bad symptoms, as at first to astonish me.

At length I asked him the cause of his indisposition, and he told me with a low and earnest voice, that he had been poisoned by a woman in a distant state. Suspecting insanity, I advised him to take a warm bath, to promote the expulsion of the poison through the skin, and call on me again. Three days afterwards he joined me in the street, and informed me, with great concern, that the woman who had poisoned him, was now on her way up the Ohio river, and would certainly take his life. I said, I hoped not. But, said he, how can it be prevented? Let me know, I replied, when she arrives, and I will protect you. But, how can you, he asked, she works secretly! I must not tell you, said I, or it will take away my power. This seemed to increase his confidence, and with many expressions of gratitude, he left me to watch the arrival of the steam-boat. The next day he came to my office, in a state of increased alarm, to inform me, again, that she was hourly expected; that her husband was with her, and that lodgings had been provided for them in a certain part of the city, which he described; that she was considered a respectable woman, in society, but had killed several men; that he had loved and addressed her, but was superseded by the richer man, to whom she is now married; that she first gave him arsenick in an apple, and afterwards poison on a rose, which had penetrated all parts of his body, except his heart, which was only protected and his life saved, by wearing over it a charm cut out of paper; that when she arrived, she would certainly kill him, and afterwards must kill her husband, because of their having addressed her as rivals. At length he declared, that if he should see her in the street, he would take her life. But, said I, that would be wicked; to which he replied, should I not do it to save my own life? That is true, I remarked, but you would be taken up and hung, and you had better die by her hand than that of the hang-man. This seemed to confound him, but not to quiet his alarm. I succeeded, however, in composing him, by renewed assurances of my power to countervail her designs, even without seeing her, provided I could know when she arrived; and he left me for the night, to watch her coming. The next morning he returned to tell me in a whispering and agitated voice, that she would be at the quay in half an hour, accompanied by two negroes as accomplices, and begged me to be prepared; I renewed my assurances, and advised him to be quiet and keep out of her reach. At noon, he came to me in the street, to say, that he had watched throughout the morning, but she had not yet arrived;—since which, one night has elapsed, and I have not seen him. This unfortunate man has an agreeable but anxious countenance, dressed decently, possesses some intelligence and converses well when his attention can be diverted from the narrative which I have given. I have no doubt that he is deranged. The story of the expected arrival of a woman may be an illusion; but suppose it real, and that he believes her in quest of him to take his life, after having twice attempted it already, would it be either remarkable or criminal, if he should kill her? It certainly would not; and yet if he were to do so, I apprehend that according to the proofs of madness required in the case of Birdsell, he would be punished.

The Cincinnati Chronicle of 25th ult. states that the punishment of Birdsell has been commuted by the Governor to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary. The commutation was not, however, agreed to by the criminal, till he was taken to the gallows and the cord placed round his neck. The disappointment and vexation of an immense crowd of men and women, who had nobly braved the elements to witness the delightful spectacle of an execution, were exceedingly cute when the commutation was agreed to.

In the sea-fight off Minorca, in 1756, a gunner had his right hand shot off, just as he was going to fire off a gun. The brave fellow took up the watch, saying, quite unconcernedly, "So then you thought that I had but one arm."

Dr. R. maintained that poverty was a virtue. "That is making a virtue of necessity," said Mr. Canniug.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the (Boston) American Manufacturer.

BEDOUIN,

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The last rays of sun-set were streaming on the uppermost peaks of Ventoux, whose enormous shadow had already wrapped in premature obscurity the delightful villages, of its eastern valley. Among these, the rich and populous one of Bedouin lay silent and beautiful on its romantic site, over-looking the far-spread vale of Vaucluse. The hum of its many manufactories had passed away; the workshop and field had been abandoned, and the peasants had gathered together in small groups, to pass away the mild evening in familiar conversation or innocent hilarity. The earthquake which had shaken the strong places of the nation, had only rumbled in the distance,—the revolutionary storm had thundered and lightened around them, but had not yet found its way to the peaceful vallies of the Rhone. The industrious villagers had started up at the first dawning of Liberty, not in wrath, in madness or desperation, but in the firmness and dignity of men, worthy of the boon for which they contended. They had knelt at the shrine of Freedom, as the creatures of God should kneel, with pure hearts and weaponless hands, not as mad idolaters, with their oblation of human blood.

On the summit of an eminence that overlooked the village, two horsemen were seen in the twilight, pausing to survey the dim scenery below them. One was a tall, spare figure, in military costume, his thin locks of hair straggling around a pale and forbidding countenance. His companion was younger and slightly formed, with a look of boldness and intelligence.

"It must be done to-night," said the elder horseman; "these wealthy and aristocratic manufacturers must be humbled. Such are my directions from the Representatives of the sovereign people; plain, unequivocal directions, sir: and I shall take care to improve upon them."

"But how is the plan you propose, to be accomplished?" enquired the other.

"Nothing easier. Take a few of our brave fellows,—furnish them with the garments usually worn by the villagers, and at midnight—"

"Do you take me for a thief; a mean, dastardly assassin?" interrupted the other. "If, as you say, these men are criminal, let us go about their condemnation manfully. Where is the need of a midnight manoeuvre?"

"You must know, young man, that there must be some real and immediate, cause assigned for all my movements. Now these rich manufacturers are no better than aristocrats, every man of them, but so long as they keep themselves so completely disguised, by their skilful management and studied correctness; so long as they allow the tree of Liberty* to remain in their soil, as an object of reverence, notwithstanding our knowledge of their traitorous principles, we can have no tangible cause for cutting them off. Root up yonder tree, and fix the stigma of the unhallowed deed upon the hypocrites who planted it, and our purpose is gained."

"To say nothing of the hazard of such an enterprise, the chance of success would be extremely doubtful."

"Ha! it is cowardice, then," returned the other, bending on his companion a grim scowl of contempt, "Shame on you, De Mayville. A republican, entrusted with the commands of the sovereign people, and yet a coward!"

"Coward!" and the hot blood cast a deeper shading upon the dark features of De Mayville, as he repeated the opprobrious epithet, "Citizen Maignet, you shall answer for this."

The pale lip of the elder horseman quivered, and his voice shook with his curbed violence. "I can readily forgive this ebullition of passion," he said, "provided you prove yourself worthy of this condescension on my part. Let your conduct to-

night manifest that I have been mistaken in your character. Are we friends, De Mayville?" and he extended his hand as he spoke.

There is something in that kindness which comes unlooked for, from the offender to the offended, which seldom fails of producing a reconciliation. The proud and passionate youth took the proffered hand of his companion.

"To-night, then!" said Maignet. "May I depend upon you for the execution of our project?"

"You may."

The parties separated. The younger urged his horse at full speed down the eminence, to a retired part of the village. He halted at a plain, unostentatious dwelling, half-hidden in the rich shrubbery which surrounded it. A young girl of unusual beauty met him at the door.

"You have been long absent, Lewis," she said, "we almost feared you had forgotten us. But you are ill—very," as the light of the apartment fell upon his features, yet agitated by the interview which we have just described.

"I am only fatigued with my hard day's ride," said the young soldier as he entered the apartment where Mons. Aubin, the father of his fair conductress was seated. After the usual congratulations were over, De Mayville remarked that Citizen Maignet would shortly visit the village in order to purify it from the pollution of aristocracy.

Both father and daughter shuddered at this information. De Mayville fancied he could read in the countenance of the beautiful Adelaide a look of sorrowful reproach—of mingled love and terror, which she had never before bestowed upon him.

"Citizen Maignet!" exclaimed the old man, "God and the holy virgin forbid. We are all republicans here—all friends to our country; but the spoiler has not reached us—our fair valley has not yet re-echoed with the groans of the dying and the curses of the murderer. I have long foreseen that such must be our portion, and already the flowers of Vaucluse are bruised by hostile paces and the majestic Rhone rolls by us with a deeper tinge upon its waters—the stain of human blood."

The young republican writhed. Citizen Maignet, he said, but obeyed the orders of the sovereign people.

"Boy!" said the old man, his dim eye lighting up with unusual energy, "You are deceived—deceived. The baleful infection has reached you—the moral pestilence which is scattered over this fair land from the hideous wings of a foul and bloody spirit,—that spirit which has usurped the place of Liberty, and turned our halls of Legislation into places of slaughter, and heaped with human victims the altars of the Most High God. Awake young man to your danger. The avenger of blood is mighty to accomplish his purpose, and wo to those on whom his displeasure shall fall."

"Excesses have been committed, I freely acknowledge," said De Mayville, "but in accomplishing the great work of the revolution—in overthrowing the gigantic power of religious and political tyranny, they were to be expected. The visit of Maignet at this place will only effect the wealthy and aristocratic—the true friend of liberty and equality will suffer nothing."

"Wealthy and aristocratic!" repeated the old man, "and this is the miserable cant by which you justify deeds of abhorrent cruelty! Go abroad among our industrious and enterprising villagers, and then talk of their wealth and aristocracy. If they are wealthy, it is the consequence of their own industry, and as for their aristocracy, they have sent their sons by hundreds to the dangerous frontiers to pour out their young blood in defence of liberty. Lewis! Lewis! You are dear to all of us—but lift your hand against our peaceful neighbour—light one dwelling with the brand of desolation—and we cast you off forever. This old arm—weakened and wasted as it is, would yet find strength to arrest your unhallowed progress."

"Father," exclaimed Adelaide bursting into tears, "do not speak so harshly. Lewis—dear Lewis, you were surely but jesting. You will not join those terrible men—you will not aid in the massacre of our friends."

Lewis De Mayville trembled. He was enthusiastically attached to the new doctrines of liberty and equality—but at this moment the better feelings of his nature triumphed over the delusions of a false but specious theory. He threw himself at the feet of the old man. "Whatever may have been my determination," he said, "respecting the designs of Citizen Maignet, I now abjure his authority."

"And may God and the holy Saints bless you for it my son," exclaimed the delighted old man; while the eyes of the beautiful Adelaide glistened with joy.

Ere Lewis could reply to the congratulations of parent and daughter, the recollections of his rash promise to Maignet flashed upon his mind.

"I must leave you," he said, starting on his feet, "Fear nothing—you shall never have reason to blush for the conduct of Lewis De Mayville."

He hurried from the cottage and throwing himself upon his horse, hastened to the lodgings of Maignet.

"Are you ready to undertake the enterprise?" demanded the stern republican.

"Citizen Maignet," replied the other, "since I parted with you I have had leisure for reflection. I must recall my rash obligation. I can not act the part of a base assassin."

The brow of Maignet darkened, "Boy!" he exclaimed, "I am not to be trifled with. Your promise has been solemnly given—fulfil it, or take the consequences of your falsehood."

"Boy, as I am, I am ready to meet them," returned De Mayville, the proud blood darkening his features. "I am willing to serve the sovereign people openly and firmly, but I can not stoop to the meanness of your proposal."

"Coward! Traitor!" cried the enraged republican, aiming a furious blow at De Mayville.

"Tyrant! assassin!" retorted the enraged youth, laying hold of his sheathed sabre. "Defend yourself or perish."

Maignet with all his ferocity of disposition was far from being a brave man. He called out lustily for assistance, which was promptly answered by some *sans culottes* in an adjacent room. De Mayville was seized, disarmed, and placed in close confinement.

The morning presented a dismal spectacle to the inhabitants of Bedouin. The tree of liberty which all with one accord had assisted in rearing, had been torn up during the night, and its branches scattered through all the streets of the village. Consternation was depicted on every countenance.

It was well known that an outrage of this nature, would not fail to call down alike upon the innocent and guilty the vengeance of the revolutionary troops, who were stationed near them. Every exertion was made to discover the real offenders, but to no purpose. The secret rested with Maignet and a few of his chosen myrmidons.

The day passed on, in inquietude and horror. The setting sun flashed on the republican banner of Maignet and on the polished weapons of his soldiery. Their victims had already been selected, and their first act of vengeance consigned nearly half the industrious villagers to imprisonment, and among others the old and universally beloved citizen, at whose expostulations De Mayville had renounced the society and authority of Maignet.

The next morning a mock trial was instituted by the Revolutionary authorities. A hurried examination followed, the result of which, delivered over to the hands of the executioner the wealth and respectability of the village. The guillotine rose up, like the work of magic among the peaceful bowers of Vaucluse. The beardless youth and the grey-haired old man were alike dragged to the fatal plank.

It was a beautiful morning that summoned the young and chivalrous De Mayville to prepare himself for death. The revolutionary guards conducted him from the prison through the deserted streets of Bedouin. The flourishing manufactories, the neat and clustering cottages, lay blackening in ashes. Instinctively De Mayville looked in the direction of the cottage of his Adelaide.

* It was customary at the commencement of the French Revolution to plant a small tree in every village for the same reason that liberty poles were formerly erected in this country. Any outrage offered to the tree of liberty was sure to be followed by a bloody retribution.

A cold, black heap of ruins alone marked the spot.

All then was lost, and the awful sense of desolation fell like a leaden hand upon his heart. Why should he seek to live? What had the world to offer him in exchange for those on whom his lonely spirit had leaned? Why should he not go cheerfully to the scaffold? He strode onward with a hurried but firm pace. He ascended the black scaffold and paused to give his farewell look to the scenes of his childhood. Ventoux rose awfully before him, girdled with white mists and flashing with waterfalls. The great Rhone rolled onward to the Ocean, sheeted with sunshine. The vale of Vauluse—the classic haunt of Petrarch lay before him in all its unequalled beauty. It seemed that some new and peculiar beauty rested upon the delightful scenery around him, as if to aggravate the horrors of the parting moment. But De Mayville felt it not,—the world to him had become a desert, and he turned to his executioner, as to a friend that was to release him from the evils of mortality.

A dreadful shriek was heard. A female form rushed up the scaffold and threw her arms around the unfortunate victim. It was Adelaide.

"Would to God I had been spared this," exclaimed De Mayville, "Oh Adelaide, forget your wretched lover. Leave this dreadful spot and live to comfort your afflicted father." "My father!" shrieked the unfortunate girl, and she looked at the fiend-like executioner and his terrible apparatus, with a convulsive shudder. Lewis understood her, and he groaned in the agony of his heart, at the thought of her utter desolation.

The rude hand of the impatient headsman parted the lovers. Adelaide cast one look upon her betrothed—uttered one shriek of agony, and was dragged away insensible by the rude and unfeeling soldiery.

Lewis bent himself to the block; there was a moment of fearful preparation, and then the noise of the descending guillotine mingled with the savage shouts of the multitude. The young and gallant De Mayville was a headless and ghastly corpse.

And where was Adelaide—the young and beautiful flower of Vauluse! Ask the peasant, who survived those days of trial, and he will tell the sad tale of her departure. He will speak of the wild, young maniac, wandering among the hills, and weeping all night over the grave of her lover, and how she pined away and died—alone, with nought but the cold stars watching over her, and was buried at last by the heart-stricken villagers, at the side of the unfortunate Lewis De Mayville.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

SCHINDERHANNES, THE GERMAN ROBBER.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some time after, the two banks of the Rhine were the theatre of continual wars. Commerce was interrupted, industry destroyed, the fields ravaged, and the barns and cottages plundered; farmers and merchants became bankrupts, and journeymen and labourers thieves. Robbery was the only mechanical art which was worth pursuing, and the only exercises followed were assault and battery. These enterprises were carried on at first by individuals trading on their own capital of skill and courage; but when the French laws came into more active operation in the seat of their exploits, the desperadoes formed themselves, for mutual protection, into copartnerships, which were the terror of the country. Men soon arose among them whose talents, or prowess, attracted the confidence of their comrades, and chiefs were elected, and laws and institutions established. Different places of settlement were chosen by different societies; the famous Pickard carried his band into Belgium and Holland; while on the confines of Germany, where the wild provinces of Kirm, Simmerm, and Birkenfeld offered a congenial field, the banditti were concentrated, whose last and most celebrated chief, the redoubted Schinderhannes, is the subject of this brief notice.

His predecessors, indeed, Finck, Peter the Black, Zughetto, and Seibert were long before renowned among those who square their conduct by the good old rule of clubs; they were brave men, and stout and pitiless robbers. But Schinderhannes, the boldest of the bold, young, active and subtle, converted the obscure exploits of banditti into the comparatively magnificent ravages of "the outlaw and his men;" and sometimes marched at the head of sixty or eighty of his troop to the attack of whole villages. Devoted to pleasure, no fear ever crossed him in its pursuit; he walked publicly with his mistress, a beautiful girl of nineteen, in the very place which the evening before had been the scene of one of his criminal exploits; he frequented the fairs and taverns, which were crowded with his victims; and such was the terror he had inspired, that these audacious exposures were made with perfect impunity. Free, generous, handsome, and jovial, it may even be conceived that sometime he gained the protection from love which could not have been extorted by force.

It is scarcely a wonder that with the admirable regulations of the robber, they should have succeeded even to so great an extent as they did in that unsettled country. Not more than two or three of them were allowed to reside in the same town or village; they were scattered over the whole face of the district, and apparently connected with each other only by some secret mystery of their craft. When a blow was to be struck, a messenger was sent round by the chief to warn his followers; and at the mustering place the united band rose up, like the clan of Roderick Dhu from the heather, to disappear as suddenly again in darkness when the object was accomplished. Their clothing, names and nations were changed perpetually; a Jew broker at Cologne would figure some days after at Aix-la-Chapelle or Spa as a German baron, or a Dutch merchant, keeping open table, and playing a high game; and the next week he might be met with in a forest at the head of his troop. Young and beautiful women were always in their suite, who, particularly in the task of obtaining or falsifying passports, did more by their address than their lovers could have effected by their courage. Spies, principally Jews, were employed throughout the whole country, to give notice where a booty might be obtained. Spring and autumn were the principal seasons of their harvest; in winter the roads were almost impassable, and in summer the days were too long; the light of the moon, in particular, was always avoided, and so were the betraying foot-prints in the snow. They seldom marched in a body to the place of attack, but went thither two or three in a party, some on foot, some on horseback, and some even in carriages. As soon as they had entered a village, their first care was to muffle the church-bell, so as to prevent an alarm being rung; or to commence a heavy fire, to give the inhabitants an exaggerated idea of their numbers, and impress them with the feeling that it would be more prudent to stay at home than to venture out into the fray.

John Buckler, *alias* Schinderhannes, the worthy whose youthful arm wielded with such force a power constituted in this manner, was the son of a currier, and born at Muhlen, near Nastooten, on the right bank of the Rhine. The family intended to emigrate to Poland, but on the way the father entered the Imperial service at Olmutz, in Moravia. He deserted, and his wife and child followed him to the frontiers of Prussia, and subsequently the travellers took up their abode again in the environs of the Rhine.

At the age of fifteen, Schinderhannes commenced his career of crime by spending a louis, with which he had been entrusted, in a tavern. Afraid to return home, he wandered about the fields till hunger compelled him to steal a horse, which he sold. Sheep stealing was his next vocation, but in this he was caught and transferred to prison. He made his escape, however, the first night, and returned in a very business-like manner to receive two crowns which were due to him on account of the sheep he had stolen. After being associated with the band as their chief, he went to buy a piece of linen, but thinking, from the situation of the premises, that it might be obtained without any exchange of coin on his part, he returned the same

evening, and stealing a ladder in the neighbourhood, placed it at a window of the warehouse, and got in. A man was writing in the interior, but the robber looked at him steadily, and shouldering his booty, withdrew. He was taken a second time, but escaped as before on the same night.

His third escape was from a dark and damp vault in the prison of Schneppenbach, where, having succeeded in penetrating to the kitchen, he tore an iron bar from the window by main force, and leaped out at hazard. He broke his leg in the fall, but finding a stick, managed to drag himself along, in the course of three nights, to Birkenmuhl, without a morsel of food, but on the contrary, having left some ounces of skin and flesh of his own on the road.

Marianne Schoeffer was the first avowed mistress of Schinderhannes. She was a young girl of fourteen, of ravishing beauty, and always "se mettait avec une elegance extreme." Blacken Klos, one of the band, an unsuccessful suitor of the lady, one day, after meeting with a repulse, out of revenge carried off her clothes. When the outrage was communicated to Schinderhannes, he followed the ruffian to a cave where he had concealed himself, and slew him. It was Julia Blaesius, however, who became the permanent companion of the young chief. The account given by her of the manner in which she was united to the destiny of the robber is altogether improbable. A person came to her, she said, and mentioned that somebody wished to speak to her in the forest of Delbach; she kept the assignation, and found there a handsome young man who told her that she must follow him—an invitation which she was obliged at length by threats to accede to. It appears sufficiently evident, however, that the personal attractions of Schinderhannes, who was then not twenty-two, had been sufficient of themselves to tempt poor Julia to her fate, and that of her own accord.

"She fled to the forest to hear a love tale."

It may be, indeed, as she affirmed, that she was at first ignorant of the profession of her mysterious lover, who might address her somewhat in the words of the Scottish free-booter—

"A lightome eye, a soldier's mien—
A bonnet of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
'Twas all of me you knew."

But it is known that afterwards she even accompanied him personally in some of his adventures, dressed in men's clothes.

The robberies of this noted chief became more audacious and extensive every day, and at last he established a kind of "black mail" among the Jews, at their own request. Accompanied one day by only two of his comrades, he did not hesitate to attack a cavalcade of forty-five Jews and five Christian peasants. The booty taken was only two bundles of tobacco, the robbers returning some provisions on a remonstrance from one of the Jews, who pleaded poverty. Schinderhannes then ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw into a heap, leaving to every one the care of finding his own property. The affray that ensued was tremendous; the forty-five Jews who had patiently allowed themselves to be robbed by three men, fought furiously with each other about their old shoes; and the robber, in contempt of their cowardice, gave his carbine to one of them to hold while he looked on.

His daring career at length drew to a close, and he and his companions were arrested by the French authorities, and brought to trial. The chief, with nineteen others, were condemned to death in November, 1803, and Julia Blaesius to two years' imprisonment. The former met his fate with characteristic intrepidity, occupied to the last moment with his cares about Julia and his father.

ROB ROY.

The following, from the new edition of the Waverley Novels, by Sir Walter Scott, is illustrative of the scene in Donald Bean Lean's cave, when Waverley made his first visit to the Highlands:—

An adventure very similar to what is here stated, actually befel the late Mr. Abercrombie, of Tullibody, grandfather of the present Lord Abercrombie, and father of the late celebrated Sir Ralph. When this gentleman, who lived to a very advanced period of life, first settled in Stirlingshire,

his cattle were repeatedly driven off by the celebrated Rob Roy, or some of his gang; and at length he was obliged, after obtaining a proper safe-conduct, to make the catarañ such a visit as that of Waverly to Bean Lean, in the text. Roy received him with much courtesy, and made many apologies for the accident, which must have happened, he said, through some mistake. Mr. Abercrombie was regaled with collops from two of his own cattle, which were hung up by the heels in the cavern, and was dismissed in perfect safety, after having agreed to pay in future a small sum of black mail, in consideration of which, Rob Roy not only undertook to forbear his herds in future, but to replace any that should be stole from him by other freebooters. Mr. Abercrombie said Rob Roy affected to consider him as a friend to the Jacobite interest, and a sincere enemy to the Union. Neither of these circumstances were true; but the laird thought it quite unnecessary to undeceive his highland host, at the risk of bringing on a political dispute in such a situation. This anecdote I received many years since (about 1792,) from the mouth of the venerable gentleman who was concerned in it.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

This poor boy, whose destiny has suffered so remarkable a change, appears to have been a child of great promise, both for intelligence and goodness of heart. The anecdotes concerning him are of the most pleasing kind. From the time that he knew how to speak, he became, like most children, a great questioner. He loved, above every thing, to watch the people walking in the garden and in the court of the Tuileries, over which his windows looked. There was always a crowd of people assembled there to see him. Having remarked that many of the persons who entered the place, had rolls of paper under their arms, he desired to know of his *gouvernante* what that meant. He was told that they were unfortunate people, who came to ask some favour of his papa. From this moment he shouted and wept whenever he saw a petition pass, and was not to be satisfied till it was brought to him; and he never failed to present himself, every day at breakfast, all those which he had collected in the course of the day before. It may be easily supposed, that when this practice was known to the publick, the child was never at a loss for petitions.

He saw one day under his windows a woman in mourning, who held by the hand a little boy about four years old, also in mourning. This little fellow had in his hand a petition which he held up from a distance to the young prince. The boy would know why this poor, little one was clothed all in black. His governess answered that it was, no doubt, because his papa was dead. He manifested a strong desire to talk with the child. Madame Montesquieu, who seized every occasion of developing his sensibility, consented, and gave an order that he should be brought in with his mother. She was a widow whose husband had been killed in the last campaign, and finding herself without resources, had petitioned the emperor for a pension. The young Napoleon took the petition and promised to deliver it to his papa. The next morning he made up his ordinary pocket of petitions, but the one in which he took a particular interest he kept separate, and after putting the mass into the hands of the emperor according to custom; "Papa," said he, "here is the petition of a very unfortunate little boy; you are the cause of his father's dying, and now he has nothing. Give him a pension, I beg." Napoleon took up his son and embraced him tenderly, gave him the pension, which he antedated, and caused the patent to be made out in the course of the day.

[Translated from the French.—*Westminster Review*.

From Barton's Account of China.

CHINESE DRAMA.

China is full of strolling players, who carry all the baggage and decorations of the company in a cart. When a wealthy individual chooses to entertain his friends in this way, the theatre is made in the twinkling of an eye, in a corner of the banquet-room. Even in the capitol there is no estab-

lished theatre. The inhabitants of any district who wish to enjoy a dramatick representation, join together to erect one. It is merely a sort of barn, built of bamboo hurdles, shut in on three sides, and covered with mats. The audience are in the open air, on the side where the opening is left. The galleries for the ladies so that they can see without being seen. They have no actresses; the female parts are performed by beardless young men. Economy characterizes them in the drama as in all other things. A company seldom exceeds seven or eight in number; the same actor plays two or three parts, changing his dress, and specifying the name and subject of his part each time.

As in the Greek theatre were brought forward chorusses of wasps and birds, so the Chinese frequently introduce the figures of animals, and even of the inanimate productions of the earth and sea. These animals, trees, and fishes speak and hold long dialogues together. The scenery remains the same throughout the performance, which is no bar to the supposition of the frequent changes of scene. If a general is ordered on distant service he mounts a stick, and goes twice or thrice round the stage, singing and cracking his whip, after which he stops at the supposed end of his journey. To represent a town taken by assault, instead of walls, a line of soldiers is ranged along the middle of the stage, to characterize a rampart which the assailants must surmount.

They have a favourite pantomime called "The Marriage of the Sea with the Land." The land divinity makes a display of various productions, such as dragons, elephants, tigers, eagles, ostriches, chesnut and pine trees, &c. The ocean on the other hand, collects whales, dolphins, porpoises and other sea monsters, together with ships, rocks, shells, corals and sponges; all these objects are represented by performers concealed under cloths, who play their parts admirably. The terrestrial and marine productions make the tour of the stage, and then open right and left, to leave room for an immense whale, which places itself directly before the emperor, and spouts out several hogshead of water. When the English saw this play at the Court Theatre, the spectators in the pit were perfectly inundated by the whale; but the water soon drained off through holes in the boards; and the trick was loudly applauded by the audience.

A KERRY CREDITOR.

In Crofton Croker's Legends of Killarney we read the following story, illustrative of the relation between debtor and creditor:

Murtogh Mac Mahon's mansion was named Cloonina, and though now it is, with its grass covered avenue, the very abstract of desolation and solitude, yet it once was the scene of unrestrained hospitality and mirth. Mac Mahon had a good stud of horses, a noble pack of hounds, and an excellent wine cellar. His deer park was on a hill opposite to the house; and here the gentry of Clare frequently (to express it poetically)

"came
The joys of Murtogh's hall to find,
And chase with him the dark brown game
That bound o'er Callan's hills of wind."

An itinerant pedlar, either a Swiss or an Italian—by name, as it is traditionally pronounced, John Operrow, one morning went to the house of Cloonina, and displayed his wares, ribands, shawls, knives, and scissors. Murtogh Mac Mahon saw the display, and it found favour in his sight, for he bought, or at least declared himself the purchaser of the whole stock in trade of the wandering merchant. It was Christmas time, and this stock was in less than half an hour distributed without much difficulty, among the pretty girls in the neighbourhood; but what was the amount named for the purchase money never transpired, neither, indeed, is it now of any great consequence that it ever should. Murtogh Mac Mahon, who, was going out to hunt, desired the pedlar to wait until "John White," his steward, should return from Kilrush, in the evening when it should be paid. He then gave orders that Operrow should be well treated in the servants' hall, mounted his horse, and rode off to his sport. It so happened that John White did not return that day, or even the next; and Operrow, who found himself in excellent quarters, was, to use the local phrase, "by no manner of means" over anxious for his arrival. Neither when John

White did return was he at all pressing for the payment of his demand; and as Murtogh Mac Mahon was "by no manner of means" pressing on his side of the matter (which is proved by his never having made the most remote allusion to the subject, from the day of the purchase to the day of his death,) John Operrow remained unpaid, the inmate of the house of Cloonina, upwards of fifty years.

SOUTH AMERICAN BANDITTI.

The vicinity of Lima is occasionally infested by banditti, carrying on their operations in open day with so much system, that all who chance to travel at that time are sure to be relieved of their valuables. These robbers are composed chiefly of free mulattoes and others of a mixed race. The evil has existed from time immemorial, and is of purely Spanish origin; for Indian honesty, in retired villages, is so great, that when a family for a time leaves its cage-like hut, the latchless wicket is left ajar; a brush is placed on the sill, and it would be worse than sacrilege for any one to cross the threshold under any pretence. It has happened that the brigands, well armed and well mounted, have assembled at distant and uncertain periods within a mile of Callao. They direct their course towards Lima, stop all whom they meet, and having very civilly lightened them of their purses, oblige the plundered persons to accompany the robbers, till all arrive near to the city gate, when the banditti disperse. Some ride boldly into the town; many conceal themselves in thickets of canes; whilst others cut across the country, and return quietly to their homes, to enjoy the spoil, or follow their usual occupations. The banditti, on such extraordinary occasions, amount to twenty or thirty in number; and it has happened that they have had about twenty carriages, besides persons dismounted and made to lead their own horses, in the train, which was regularly brought up by a rear-guard, while the advanced scouts pushed on to secure fresh booty. They seldom commit murder; and whenever it is possible, they avoid robbing officers of the army or civilians in the employment of government. Neither do they, when acting in small parties, attack persons of note. Foreigners and strangers are in general their usual victims.

[*Memoirs of General Miller.*

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1829.

☞ The Office of the Masonick Record is removed to No. 3 Beaver street.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of the Rev. Mr. Dean's Discourse, and Mr. Capen's Address, delivered at Dedham, Mass., June 24, 1829. We have not yet had time to peruse them entirely; but from a hasty sketch we have formed the most favourable opinion of them. We shall commence their publication, or furnish some extracts, in our next.

☞ We have received the two first numbers of a new hebdomadal, entitled THE FRIEND, and published by Jewett and Porter, at St. Johnsbury, Vermont. The object of the paper is to correct misrepresentation and spread correct information, relative to anti-masonry. The contents are candidly and temperately written, and must, we think, have a salutary influence with well disposed men. The price is twenty-five cents for twenty five numbers; and four copies being printed on one sheet, may be received for the same postage as one copy.

☞ We have received from Boston a few numbers of *The Mercury*, a new miscellaneous paper, conducted, it is said, by Mr. KIRKELL, editor of "Specimens of American Poetry." The original matter is written in a spirited and independent style, and the selections are well made. The paper and the typography are beautiful.

☞ *The Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*, edited by Dr. DRAKE, and published at Cincinnati, Ohio, has been converted into a quarterly publication, and

will hereafter be published in numbers of 150 pages each, on the first days of January, April, July and October. It is devoted to "original communications, reviews, and a copious summary of discoveries, illustrated with occasional engravings." The price is three dollars paid within the year, or four after its expiration.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION. It will be seen, on reference to an advertisement in a subsequent column, that the exhibition of Mr. Maelzel's celebrated mechanical curiosities will commence at Knickerbacker Hall on the evening of Tuesday next. We desire to call the particular attention of the public to this rare display of genius; which, from the many accounts we have read of it, and from the praise universally bestowed upon it, we think offers our citizens a treat of unequalled excellence. The clergy and ladies say it is an "assemblage of wonders," composed of objects wholly unexceptionable, and eminently calculated to instruct, as well as delight the spectator; and from such authority, in such matters, we are not disposed to appeal. The collection consists of a number of beautiful *Automaton Rope Dancers*, *Speaking Figures* an amusing *Bass Fiddler*, and a perfect fac-simile of the *Evacuation and Conflagration of Moscow*. The *Androides* are so well formed, and so easy and graceful in their movements, that when viewed at a short distance it is said they are sometimes supposed by strangers to be *real children*. In the representation of the *Evacuation and Conflagration of Moscow* the arts of Design, Mechanism and Musick are so exquisitely combined as to produce a perfect imitation of the natural scene. But we cannot dwell on the subject. The following extract from O'Meara, descriptive of the conflagration, and of the disappointment and feelings of Napoleon, in consequence, will, we think, prove interesting to our readers.

"The wretches that had been hired by Rostopchin," said Napoleon, "ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches, in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing. I was prepared, for every thing but this. It was unforeseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? The inhabitants themselves, however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a *popolazzo* we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg. I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. 'No,' replied Napoleon; but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and Indian warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you, that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flames below."

The second Vermont antimasonick "state convention" as it is nick-named by its parents, will prove to be as great a bore as any of its predecessors. The Vermont papers state that a great portion of the delegates were chosen without their consent, and contrary to their wishes. A number of influential names have been added to the list of delegates for political effect abroad! when it was known to the authors of the measure that the individuals whom they thus insulted were opposed to their designs. A Judge Luce is to be their candidate for governor. He is said, by his friends, to be a disciple of Tom Paine and Voltaire; and opposes masonry, as Paine opposed it, because it aids the cause of religion! What consistency! Solomon is an anti because "religion is in danger."

The judgment of the court in the case of Mrs. Royall, is—"that she be fined ten dollars and costs, give security in the sum of 250 dollars for her good behaviour for one year, and stand committed until paid."

The Ulster anti-masonick editor talks of sending some of his "everlasting" travellers to the legislature next winter. We shall take lodgings for them in the menagerie.

A correspondent to the Boston Free Press says he is a clam digger. He had better stick to his trade.

The Buffalo Republican says "it is believed that the anti-masons will, next December, form a new combination, such as an *Anti-political-anti-masonry-when-none-of-your-candidates-can-be-elected-society*." If the anti's do not form such a society for themselves, the people undoubtedly will do it for them.

LITERARY SUMMARY. From the last "List of New Publications," received from Mr. Willmer, of Liverpool, we extract the following titles from the list of works in the London press: *Adventures of a King's Page*, by the author of *Almack's Revisited*; *Barrington's Historick Anecdotes*; *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, edited by the Right Hon. J. W. Crocker, 5 vols. 8vo.; *Book of the Boudoir*, by Lady Morgan; *Devereux*, a Novel, by the Author of *Pelham*; (*Taking for Granted*, a Novel, by Mrs. Edgeworth's; *Forest Scenes in the Wilds of North America*; *Hood's Comic Melodies*, with Musick; *A New Forest*, a Novel, by the Author of *Zillah*.

From the Boston Bulletin.

MEXICO. By the next arrivals from the hither coast of South America, we may expect to hear some news of interest relating to the manner in which the Spanish troops from Havana are received by the people of Mexico. We are much mistaken, if the flattering promises held out by the king of Spain, through the proclamations of his officers, will be taken for more than their worth—the perfidy of that monarchy is almost proverbial; and the Mexicans are as fully aware of this fact as are many other nations of the southern continent. It is the common cant of all the invading generals, bent upon the re-conquest of revolting provinces, to preach forgiveness of injuries, oblivion of the past, and protection for the future. But when did Spain, or any other despotic nation, after having quelled what they are usually pleased to term rebellion, pursue a magnanimous course, and act with good faith towards the vanquished? In the case of the Mexicans, it will be perceived, as we think, that they will be extremely jealous of those fair assurances of their invaders, and particularly backward in offering their necks to the ancient yoke of foreign domination. They will remember the declaration in 1813, that "it is derogatory to the majesty and dignity of the Spanish nation to confirm a treaty (or a promise) made with malignant insurgents!"

A private letter from Havana, communicated to the New-York Daily Advertiser a few days since, gives the following interesting view of the relations between Spain and Mexico:—

"It has long been a darling hope of Ferdinand, that the time would yet come, when he should regain his lost colonies of New Spain, although some of his counsellors and the intelligent men of his country have for a time doubted it. When, therefore, one of the most accomplished courtiers of the Spanish realm, had the temerity to propose an expedition so decidedly consonant with the wishes of H. M., you may be sure the thing was immediately authorized, though in opposition not only to the opinions of most of the influential men about him, but particularly obnoxious to those of this island. Our Governor and Intendant both, very wisely disapproved of it. However, General Barradas, the commander of the forces, has gained his object, and with the Royal mandate in his pocket, all our authorities must submit to him. The preceding, then, by inference, proves to me, that no measures have previously been concerted of winning the Mexicans from their allegiance to their Republic, but money, or offers of power; and the hope, therefore, which Barradas may entertain of success, can not be based, but upon the effect his lenient proclamation may have upon their minds, aided by *conciliatory force*, at a time when he supposes the sons of New Spain sick of the experiment they have had of Republicanism, and disposed to any change which may give, or promise them security of property, and order in Government; the former held by a very slight tenure now, the latter unknown.

Without even being aware of the situation of the affairs in the country now about to become the theatre of war, I should have prognosticated ruin to the enemy about to cause it; but when I learn that the "young Napoleon" of

Mexico (Santa Anna, as called by the soldiers) is well prepared to receive them, my convictions become the stronger. This republican General, and bosom friend of the President, it appears, was, 14 or 15 days ago, at the head of 8000 effective men, in the province of Xalapa. Beloved by the soldiers for the care he takes of them, and the regularity of his pay, from money levied on the *Conductas*, or Muleteers, as they pass from Mexico—say a certain per centage—he is adored among the military, and equally so by the citizens, for the mildness with which he rules it over them, and the few demands he makes upon their money bags. Indeed I am informed by a person recently from thence, that the wish both among foreigners, and the natives near where he is stationed, is, that their favourite military Hero should become Emperor. They both desire it, to procure quietness to the country, but more especially the former, as knowing the abilities of Santa Anna to be good, and his attachment to foreigners very great. He is a native of Mexico, and as you may surmise from his y'clept name, considered very brave.

I have not time now to detail many of the considerations which occur to me, touching Spain and Mexico, but, before I close, must observe, that at a season when the demands upon our Treasury funds, which are supplied only by Custom House revenue, should be the greatest, the appearance of things, on the contrary, wear the most threatening aspect. That is to say, it is reasonable to infer, from the recent occurrences, with our "Mercaderes," or Dry Goods purchasers, that the importation, for some time to come, must be greatly reduced. This body of men, have, en masse, appeared before their creditors, and demanded an extension of credit on their notes, amounting to about \$3,500,000, given by them, in payment for goods. The consequence is, a great deal of anxiety pervades all the mercantile body—"juntas," or meetings at respectable counting houses, occur daily, and a general gloom seems for the present, to reign over things, to a degree not to be speedily removed. The insecurity, then, of sales, will, assuredly, reduce the introduction of goods, and our revenue, consequently, taxed with the heavy charges of the Mexicans scheme, be unable to fulfil its engagements."

We find in a late Troy Sentinel the following extraordinary story:

SPECIE. A Mr. Hand died a short time since at a great age, in Stephentown, in this county. He possessed a good farm, had always been known as a careful, saving man, and was supposed to have left at his death a snug little estate. He left a will, however, and upon opening that, it was discovered that his farm was but a small item of his property. In the house in which he had dwelt for a great many years, there was one room which he had never permitted any to enter but himself; it was on the ground floor, and in his will he gave directions to go into that room, open a trap door, and thereunder, in small tubs and kegs, and other vessels, would be found a treasure of specie. The investigation being made, the money was indeed found, to the amount of about \$40,000, in dollars, half dollars, quarters, crowns, &c.

There was another clause in the will which stated that in one of the vessels mentioned, was a phial containing a written scroll, giving information where another and still larger deposit of specie had been made; but alas! the treacherous ink had disappeared, deserted its post, or rather abandoned its lines, and the paper told not a word of the precious secret with which it had been charged. What vigils will covetousness keep till this other deposit is found—what digging, and searching there will be till this Kidd's money shall be forth coming.

There is no room to doubt the truth of this story, as we are told by several of our citizens, some of whom are personally cognizant of the fact.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION. The citizens of Albany and vicinity and the public generally, are respectfully informed, that the necessary arrangements will be completed on the evening of Tuesday, August 11, and Knickerbacker Hall will be then open for their reception. The Exhibition will be as follows: The performances of the little *Bass Fiddler*; the celebrated and *Original Speaking Figures*, which, in the hands of the spectators, and on the rope, will distinctly articulate a few words; the beautiful *AUTOMATON ROPE DANCERS*—the surprising and graceful feats of these figures have obtained the highest celebrity, and have received the warmest encomiums of the spectators. After which, the *Evacuation and Conflagration of Moscow*, consisting of two parts, viz. the city of Moscow, represented by *Moonlight*, as on the evening previous to the Conflagration—the guns are heard in the suburbs, announcing the approach of the invading army—the alarm bells are heard in every quarter—the inhabitants abandon the city, &c. This scene has never yet been exhibited in America, and is now first introduced in Albany. The whole to conclude with the "CONFLAGRATION" of Moscow. Particulars of this sublime spectacle in the bills, &c. Performance on every evening (Sundays excepted) precisely 1-4 past 8. Admittance, 50 cents, children half price. Tickets to be had at Knickerbacker Hall, American Hotel, Eagle Tavern, State Street House, Bome's Recess, Cruttencker's Hotel, Mrs. Rockwell's Mansion House, and at the bookstores of Messrs. W. C. Little, and O. Steele.

JOB PRINTING,

Of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed on moderate terms, at the office of the *American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*, No. 8, Beaver-street, one door west of South Market-street, Albany.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

A SKETCH.

I saw a youth—on his fair brow no cloud
Of anguish or of discontent appeared,
But all was fresh and glowing life and health
Delightful. Laughing joy appeared to reign
And riot in his bosom: Southern suns
Had o'er his birth presided, and infused
Into his bosom, and through all his frame,
An ardent temperament, and feelings warm.

A letter came—with eager haste he seized
And gazed upon it—'t was in his father's hand—
A black seal closed the fearful sheet, and looked
Like the foreboding messenger of death.
The warm life blood forsook the youth's fair cheek,
And o'er his face expressive mantled fast
A deadly paleness. Sick at heart he felt,
And o'er his nerves crept feelings undefined,
But sinister, betokening sure some dire event.
Trembling with wild anxiety, he broke
The fatal seal—when met his seeking eye,
Glancing with glow intense along the lines,
The sad intelligence of his mother's death.
He read not to the end—the letter dropped—
"My mother, Oh! my mother!" he exclaimed,
"Dead! no, no, it cannot, must not be—
It is not so—a week—'t is but a week,
I parted from her well—yes, she was well,
And now a corpse!—good heavens! can it be!
Oh! my poor mother, little did I think
At that kind parting, scarce a week ago,
That I should never more behold her face.
She cast her arms around me, called me her boy,
Her darling boy—prayed God to bless, preserve
And prosper me—and then she said, that we
Should shortly meet again—and smiled through tears,
And O! my mother, little did I think
And will my mother never smile again?
Oh! do not leave me—do not yet desert
Your Edward—stay—I cannot, will not live
Without you—'t is too much—mother, come back,
And pity me.

But she is gone," he said,
After a moment's pause, "and never more
Will she return. Where, mother, shall I find
Another such as thou hast been to me?
So kind—so tender—she would not even let
The winds of heaven too roughly visit me.
Yes, she was too kind—how oft I've pained
Her gentle bosom by my wantonness;
Yet her reproof was always mild, and soon
She'd pardon me. Oh! curses on my head,
That I should e'er offend her."

Thus went he on—his tones were thrilling wild,
Reaching the inmost sympathies, and the soul
Were hard indeed, that were not touched and grieved
By grief so frenzied. All around were mute,
Save one. A man of God stood near, and strove
Into his bosom, sorrow-tost, to pour
The balm of consolation. All in vain—
His was a grief that mocked at sympathy—
And when the venerable man of patience spoke,
Of trust reposing in the king of heaven,
His words unheeded were; and still he raved,
And cried convulsed, till nature overpowered,
He sunk exhausted in forgetfulness.

DOMESTICK HAPPINESS.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

—the only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.
"Beside the nuptial curtain bright"
The bard of Eden sings,
"Young love his constant lamp will light
And wave his purple wings."
But rain drops from the clouds of care
May bid that lamp be dim,
And the boy Love will part and swear
'Tis then no place for him.

C. C. C.

So mused the lovely Mrs. Dash;
'T is wrong to mention names;
When for her surly husband's cash
She urged in vain her claims.
"I want a little money, dear,
For Vandervoort and Flandin,
Their bill, which now has run a year,
To-morrow mean to hand in."
"More?" cried the husband, half asleep,
"You'll drive me to despair;"
The lady was too proud to weep,
And too polite to swear.
She bit her lip for very spite,
He felt a storm was brewing,
And dreamed of nothing else all night
But brokers, banks, and ruin.
He thought her pretty once, but dreams
Have sure a wondrous power,
For to his eye the lady seems
Quite altered since that hour—
And Love, who on their bridal eve,
Had promised long to stay,
Forgot his promise—took French leave—
And bore his lamp away.

WHAT OUR FATHERS BELIEVED.

A WAR SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Men of the North! look up!
There's a tumult in your sky;
A troubled glory surging out;
Great shadows hurrying by:
Your strength—where is it now?
Your quivers—are they spent?
Your arrows in the rust of death,
Your fathers' bows unbent?
Men of the North! Awake!
Ye're called to from the deep;
Trumpets in every breeze—
Yet there ye lie asleep:
A stir in every tree;
A shout from every wave;
A challenging on every side;
A moan from every grave:
A battle in the sky;
Ships thundering through the air—
Jehovah on the march—
Men of the North, to prayer;
Now, now—in all your strength;
There's that before your way,
Above, about you, and below,
Like armies in array:
Lift up your eyes and see
No changes overhead;
Now hold your breath! and hear
The mustering of the dead.
See how the midnight air
With bright commotion burns,
Thronging with giant shape,
Banner and spear by turns—
The sea-fog driving in,
Solemnly and swift;
The Moon afraid—stars dropping out—
The very skies adrift:
The Everlasting God
Our Father—Lord of Love—
With cherubim and seraphim
All gathering above—
Their stormy plumage lighted up
As forth to war they go,
The shadow of the Universe.
Upon our haughty foe.

From the New Edition of the Waverly Novels.

MINSTREL BALLAD.

Sung under the Castle Windows of a Chivalrous Party.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear:
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, hounds are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountains gray;
Springlets in the dawns are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,

And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in the thicket green;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed.
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay,
Tell them youth, the mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we,
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

A REAL LOVE SONG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Love came to the door o' my heart ae night
And he called wi' a whining din—
"Oh open the door! for it is but thy part
To let an old crony come in."
"Thou sly little elf! I hae opened to thee
Far oftener than I dare say;
And dear hae the openings been to me,
Before I could wile you away."
"Fear not," quo' love, "for my bow 's in the rest,
And my arrows are ilk ane gane;
For you sent me to wound a lovely breast,
Which has proved o' the marble stane.
I am sair forepent, then let me come in
To the nook where I wont to lie;
For sae aft hae I been to this door within,
That I downa think to gang by."
I opened the door, though I weened it a sin
To the sweet little whimpering fay;
But he raised sic a buzz the cove within,
That he filled me with wild dismay;
For first I felt sic a thrilling smart,
And then sic a sudden glow,
That I feared the chords o' my sanguine heart
War a' gaun to flee in a lowe.
"Gae away, gae away, thou wicked wean,"
I cried with the tear in my ee;
"Ay! see ye may!" quo' he, "but I ken
Ye'll be laith now to part wi' me."
And what do ye think? by day and by night,
For these ten lang years and twain,
I hae cherished the urchin with fondest delight
And we'll never mair part again.

WAR SONG.

Translated from the Russian of Lomonosov.

On—like a ship amid the sea,
When winds are loud, and waves are high,
And forward—forward, far and free,
Mid yawning deep, and threatening sky,
She dashes from her sides amain
The billows to their depths again.

On—like the eagle in his pride,
Who soars in distance wide and dim;
The rock, the gulf, the mountain's side,
The woods are level paths to him:
Where'er the winds of heaven can blow,
There may his chainless pinion go.

On—like the lion of the waste,
Whose glaring eye sheds fear around,
And wolves in rage and terror haste
Far from his fatal footsteps sound;
While through the rocks and mountains ring
The thunders of the forest king.

On, warriors, on—through smoke and blood,
On—through the battle's furious sea,
That dashes, like a stormy flood,
Its deluge of red waves on thee:
On, on to conquer—or to die—
Hurrah, for death or victory!

THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1829.

NO. 29

MASONICK RECORD.

A DISCOURSE,

Delivered before Constellation Lodge, and the associate lodges, assembled at Dedham, Massachusetts, to celebrate the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1829.

BY REV. BR. PAUL DEAN,

Pastor of the Central Universalist Society, Boston.

Phil. in. 8. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Thus spake the servant of God to the christians of his day; and thus, my christian and masonick brethren here assembled, do I now address you on this solemn and interesting occasion.

And met as we are to commemorate the principles and virtues of departed worth, and to think deeply on the means of rendering our society pure and happy within, respected and beloved abroad, and worthy of the praise of God and of good men; I trust this language of inspiration will be deemed appropriate and acceptable.

Though as christian masons, we value all institutions and associations of men, having for their object the extension of human happiness: yet we cease not to revere christianity as the greatest, highest, and best, of all institutions that ever has existed, or ever can exist on the earth. In our estimation, it contains the sublimest doctrines, the purest precepts, and the most illustrious examples of piety and virtue. It offers the richest consolation to adversity and affliction, and inspires in the bosom of the penitent and the dying, the most sacred hopes of heaven. And we most ardently cherish the conviction that it will finally prevail over all earthly institutions, bringing the laws and constitutions of all civil governments into perfect conformity with its own heavenly spirit, dictating by its divine influence the intercourse of nations, and engrossing the undivided affection and obedience of all people. We therefore consider its commands to be superior to all other obligations, whether civil or social; holding all such to be binding on us no farther than they are conformed to its benevolent spirit and design. Its threatenings are the only subject of our dread, its promises the supreme object of our hope, and its word the acknowledged law of our lives.

But though the gospel be thus exalted in its character, it inspires its followers with a peculiar magnanimity of spirit; and enjoins on them the most perfect candour; teaching them to admire whatever is great in the works of nature, to value whatever is useful in history, and to acknowledge and love whatever is just, pure, and praiseworthy in society and in all human institutions, whether of a civic, literary, or charitable character, and whether ancient or modern.

Now leaving principally the discussion of the character and claims of masonry to the brother who is to follow me, on that subject; I propose to show first, that christianity is a light far above that of reason and philosophy, the only perfect institution among men—and second, that while it liberalizes the human mind, it gives the most refined and exalted sense of character, and of our duty to our fellow creatures.

This I shall attempt to do, by describing its influence on the knowledge, pursuits, and institutions of society.

Revelation dispenses the darkness and uncertainty which philosophy in its best estate has left spread over the origin of human nature, and of the world we inhabit. It shows us the Almighty, most wise and benignant Creator of heaven and earth, the glorious and beneficent Father of spirits dispensing from his throne, light and love to the universe of intelligent beings. To him all are indebted for the powers, comforts and hopes of life, and responsible for the proper improvement of all his gifts. And having presented to our faith the divine architect of the universe, enrobed with light divine, and crowned with glory, it discloses to us the nature, duty and destiny of man. Fearfully, wonderfully formed; he feels that there is a spirit within him vastly superior to the tabernacle it inhabits, and that the spirit of the Almighty hath given to him understanding. His senses unite him to created objects around him; and reason, judgment,

sympathy and love, qualify him to act the part of a friend and brother.

He traces in all nations and tribes of men the lineaments of his own countenance, and the properties of his own nature; he sees in them the same desires, hopes and fears, and that they are protected by the same power, and sustained by the same goodness as himself. Their spirit, like his own, feels, reasons, compares; and unsatisfied with this short and transitory life, sends forth its aspirations into a future state for eternal life and everlasting happiness.

Hence he concludes and feels that the whole human race were made to walk together in love, dwell in the mutual exchange of good will, and of kind offices, on earth; and that they are destined, in another and better world, to glorify God and enjoy him forever.

When the enlightened christian goes abroad to contemplate the mighty works of nature, he hears the heavens and their starry hosts declaring the glory of God. In yonder lamp of day, in his noontide splendour, he beholds the resplendent image of his Maker's goodness, dispensing life and light, and joy, to every thing beneath his throne. The lofty mountain that heaves its towering summit to the sky, the vast plain that reaches beyond his sight, and the mighty deep that mingles its waves with the clouds, all impress his soul with an affecting sense of his maker's greatness.

And if, with the opening dawn of day, he visits the earth as the mantle of darkness is uplifted: from her bosom, and the tenants of the field and wood awake from their repose, and the newly animated creation regales his senses with the morning hymn of her praise—if then he gazes on the beauty and freshness of the opening flower, and beholds every leaf of the forest, and every spear of grass around him, crowned and impearled with dew, sparkling transparent in the beams of the rising sun—then will he be enraptured with the rich variety of Jehovah's goodness, and whosoever he goes, the hand of a father will lead him, and the numerous memorials of his power, wisdom and mercy surround, instruct and enrich him.

But it is not so with the learned men of the world, or the mere philosopher. He admires the works, but sees not the Creator.

If the intelligent christian opens the page of history he will find there much to delight and instruct him. He will find there many excellent and great men, who have subdued the earth, traversed the ocean, reared cities, instituted governments, cultivated the arts, extended commerce among the nations, and established mighty empires over the face of the earth. But on all these characters, imperfection will be written, and mortality engraved on all their mighty works.

Yet the disciple of Jesus values and esteems them, not only for what in them is amiable and useful, but he values them especially, as they prepare the way for the coming of him who should teach from heaven, subdue the empires of the earth, and establish a kingdom of righteousness, and truth, and peace, not to decay, but to continue while the sun and the moon shall endure.

But though the christian finds pleasure and improvement in seeking the origin of nature, studying himself, the works of God, and the progress and history of human society; yet he is most of all pleased to follow the footsteps of the angel of light, as they lead the mind along the events of sacred history, and among the testimonies of Christ and his apostles.

It is here, by faith, that he begins with man, not as he now is, but as he came from the hand of his maker, pure and happy; and traces his devious way from the paradise of Eden, through the lapse and sufferings of sin, and also through the glories of redemption, to the mansions of everlasting peace. It is here that he finds the origin of the several nations of the earth, the rise and progress of human society and of the languages and civil governments of the world; here too he learns the rude commencement of the arts and sciences, their gradual improvement, and their wide extension; here he becomes acquainted with the most astonishing phenomena of nature, and witnesses the most surprising display of divine power and wisdom, in the providence and government of the universe; here he converses with the prophets and the son of God, and his passions are subdued, his heart sanctified, and his understanding divine-

ly illuminated by that word, which in the beginning, said, "let there be light, and there was light,"—here he journeys with the Israelites, suffers with the saints, and sits in heavenly places with the redeemed. Yes, in the bible the christian finds his treasure, his companions and his home.

In the presence of Jesus the troubled waves of the sea are calm, and sleep as on the bosom of love; pain and disease retire before him like the mists of darkness before the beams of the morning, and the heart, broken with grief, feels the power of unutterable joy and heavenly rapture.

By his word the shattered powers of the distracted mind are restored, death itself disarmed of its fatal power, and heaven on earth is begun in the hearts of happy thousands. And, by the light and help of faith, we are enabled to draw aside the veil of eternity, gaze on the house not made with hands, and survey the bright inheritance of the saints in glory. Such, brethren, are some of the superiour advantages, conferred by christianity on its faithful followers; blessings far above those which boasted reason and philosophy are capable of bestowing on their devoted admirers.

But the gospel is not more distinguished for the greatness of its blessings, than for its superiour tendency to ennoble and liberalize the human mind, as I shall now attempt to show.

It is a base libel on the true religion to say, as some have said, that it encourages a bigoted, narrow, selfish, and illiberal spirit—the very reverse of all this is the truth, as will appear, both from the principles and conduct of christians in all ages.

The exalted views it gives us of Deity, and of his works—of the dignity of human nature, and of that eternity to which we are destined, cannot fail to give us liberal views on all subjects, and noble and generous feelings towards our fellow creatures. But what have christians done to prove that christianity liberalizes the mind? We answer, they have done much. They have, in all ages and countries, been the patrons of good order and of civil government—they have nobly and liberally encouraged the arts and sciences—they have widely extended the blessings of civilization, and the refinements of society—they have softened the rigour of human laws, shortened the arm of tyranny, and greatly diminished the destructive character of war, that awful scourge of nations—they have done much, and worthily for the cause of charity. Asylums, penitentiaries, hospitals, and infirmaries, have arisen in every kingdom and city of Christendom, and for every class of sufferers. But in nothing have christians exhibited a more truly liberal spirit, than in the arrangements of domestic life, and of home. It is here that woman, who in the whole heathen world was degraded to a mere slave of her pretended lord, has been exalted to be the companion, associate, and friend of man; dividing with him the cares and duties of life; and sharing with him the rich variety of its blessings—here too, parents have the honour, the respect, and the obedience due to them; and children find the affectionate care, the protection, and the instruction, required by their tender years, and for their future usefulness and happiness. Here is true liberality without licentiousness, a liberality that seeks the happiness and welfare of all ages, sexes and conditions of mankind.

To this liberality of spirit, in sentiment and in conduct, christianity adds a very high sense of character, and a refined sense of relative and social duty. Good men not only seek to deserve the approbation of their fellow men, but they aspire to that praise which cometh from God only, by uniting in their character and conduct whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report; and as they feel and know that they always act before the all-searching eye of God, which cannot be deceived, but looks upon the heart and tries the honesty of its most secret purposes as well as the sincerity of its outward professions; so they must feel a more high and refined sense of the importance of moral character, than those can possess who act only with reference to men, to say nothing of the multitude, who neither fear God nor regard men.

This deep and lively sense of moral virtue, St. Paul would have his brethren carefully preserve and cultivate among themselves, as a most powerful check upon their passions, and an efficient aid of their souls, in the day of trial and temptation.

At the head of the christian duties stands our duty to God, the righteous and rightful sovereign of the universe, and the bountiful and constant benefactor of the human race. To him we owe the supreme love of the human heart, and the unceasing adoration of the soul, a cheerful submission to his providence, and a perfect obedience to his word; with a sincere and devout repentance for all our sins of thought, word, and deed. But on this subject I need not dwell.

The next in importance, is that of submission and respect to the civil authority and laws of the land; for the powers that be, are ordained of God, and rulers are appointed to be a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well.

When our blessed Lord came into the world, he found civil government existing in different forms, from the most despotism, to the most popular and free: but with these he did not interfere, because his kingdom was not to be of this world.

He selected no one form of government, to the exclusion of the rest, well knowing that not the form, but the power and design only, were ordained of God; and therefore, any form, and any administration of it, which would preserve order, suppress vice, and promote virtue and happiness among its subjects, would answer the end of its institution. And therefore christians have ever yielded ready and cheerful obedience to the governments of every form under which they have chanced to live.

But it may be said rulers are liable to err, and become oppressors, as was Pharaoh to the children of God in Egypt—that they may widely mistake the proper objects and exercises of civil power, as they manifestly did, when they hung people in Salem for witchcraft. What then, shall we discard and put down all civil authority and government, because the rulers do, or may mistake their duty, and pervert the objects of their power? surely not.

But here, let me ask, how does religion propose to remedy this evil? surely not by opposing the power, and introducing anarchy and confusion, the very worst of human ills! This is her wiser and more effectual method. She explains the design and object of government, teaches the ruler how to administer it, and the subject how to obey it; and thus brings the government, ruler and subjects to belong to his kingdom, who is Lord of lords, and King of kings; and to whom are to be given the kingdoms of the whole earth, for his everlasting dominion. Hence christians have ever been the patrons of civil government, and the zealous supporters of social order.

The obligations imposed by religion, in relation to the institutions of literature and science, and also in regard to domestic life, are plainly and forcibly demonstrated by the circumstance, that whosoever its influence has prevailed, there literature, the useful arts, and good learning, have prevailed and been diffused, with all their advantages, through every rank of society; and men have been made better fathers, better husbands, and better brothers and sons, and women have become more virtuous, useful, and happy mothers, wives, sisters and daughters.

But last, though not least, we are come to the duty of the friends of religion, towards charitable societies and establishments. Permit me now to inquire, if when Jesus first visited our world of sorrow, affliction and death, he had formed a society, like our persecuted fraternity, whose members were scattered through the cities, villages and countries of every kingdom, and stationed along the shores of the distant seas, for the laudable purpose of relieving the shipwrecked mariner and stranger, of aiding and supporting a poor brother, and of making the heart of the desolate widow and orphan cheerful and glad, by the timely offer of charity and kindness—if on their altars he had beheld the sacred writings, and learnt that in their meetings they never disputed on the subject of sectarian religion, or party politics of the day, but cultivated among themselves friendly and social feelings, and good will to all mankind. What suppose ye would have been his conduct towards them? Allow they were not christians in the strict use of that term; that they had among them members whose errors they endeavoured to correct, and whose crimes and faults they deplored; but that on the whole, they were equally as moral and upright men as other citizens. Would he have despised and hated them? would he have pointed at them the finger of scorn and derision? would he have marked them individually, and as a society, for the objects of proscription and infamy? Say, ye that have felt most of the spirit and power of his grace. For myself I must be persuaded his conduct towards them would have been very different.

Would he not rather, as in the case of the young man in the gospel, have loved, though he could not pronounce them perfect? would he not rather, as in the instance of the Roman centurion, have sent a vision of angels saying, your alms-deeds are held in memorial before God, now therefore send for the messengers of the gospel, and to your virtue and alms, add the knowledge, the hopes, and the joys of salvation?

The justice of christianity solemnly prohibits all general and sweeping censures against any order or association of men; as in all societies there are some good men and others not so good. The sobriety and benevolence of the gospel, both utter their voice against all rash and heated excitements. They are the moral tempests that lay waste the fairest fruits of virtue and religion, and spread moral desolation and innocent sufferings around the dwellings of men, and the temples of God.

The simplicity of truth, cries aloud against those dark and deadly insinuations, secretly and basely thrown out, by the cowardly and dastardly assassin of human character and human peace: who dare not utter openly, what he would fain make men believe. And the venerable gravity of God's word utters its high and solemn protest against that shameless levity of sentiment and feeling, that hesitates not to ridicule whatever in religion or masonry it wishes to oppose and put down, and would not scruple when interest or pleasure was at stake, to satirise the coronation of an emperor, the solemn service of the Lord's Supper, or the sacred rights of the burial of the dead. Of these remarks, you can easily make the application.

Before closing, one word on the present excitement. Though in its character, extent, and violence, it is entirely new and unprecedented in the history of human events, yet I have no fears as to its ultimate result. I repeat it, *I have no fears as to its result.* But notwithstanding this, I do most devoutly deplore its existence. This I do, because its object is to heap disgrace on an institution which I know to be good. Because it tends to break up the peace of many innocent minds, of many happy families—because it dries up the current of charity and relief, which has so long and happily flowed to the bosom of the widow, the orphan, and the poor. I grieve for those faithful and pious ministers of the cross, who have been driven from their homes, their friends, and their parishes by its relentless fury. But most deeply do I mourn for the illustrious dead, whose memories, and whose fame, are blasted by this night-wind of moral desolation and of death.

My brethren, these are days of trial, but let it be your consolation that if you suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye, for God shall reward your faithfulness. I trust you have a good conscience before God to this day, as the supporters and friends of masonry; and that as men, or masons, and as christians, you are willing to be known and judged of all men, by your fruit. Then put ye on the whole armour of light, stand on the watch-tower, and watch at the post of danger; and ye shall soon see that mighty is truth, and it will prevail. Trusting in the Lord, meditate no revenge upon your persecutors, and seek not their evil, but pray for their future reformation; and as to their past sins, leave them to the wholesome chastenings of an awakened conscience, and to the just retribution of God.

Finally, brethren, let your light shine before men—live as masonry teaches, and as religion requires you, and then shall the world admire your virtues, and praise you as the followers and friends of whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report; and God himself shall prosper, own and bless you forever.

GEOGRAPHY.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

GEOGRAPHY OF GREECE.

By a decree of Count Capo d'Istrias, President of Greece, the Peloponesus has been divided into seven departments, and the islands which are in possession of the Greeks, and under the jurisdiction of the government of the republic, into six, making in all thirteen. The extent of the peninsula is 8353 square miles, which is a little more than that of the state of Massachusetts, and the present population is estimated to be 600,000 souls. The extent of the islands is 1770 square miles, and the population 196,500. This is exclusive of any part of continental Greece, and the island of Negropont. If we add this island, and the part of the continent proposed in the protocol lately published, including Attica, Boeotia, Phoris, Aetolia, and Acarnania, it will make the extent of the new Grecian State about 19,500 square miles, or about equal to the states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, with a population of about a million souls.

We have seen a map on which the boundaries of the thirteen departments as constituted by the President of Greece, are delineated. Those of the peninsula bear names corresponding with those of the same counties in ancient Greece, and the boundaries in general are the same. They are as follows:

1. *Argolis.* The capital town is Napoli, a city of 15,000 inhabitants. It has also the considerable towns of Corinth, Argos, Damala, and Kironiti, the ancient Epidaurus.

2. *Achaia.* This department occupies the northern part of the Peninsula, bordering on the Gulf of Corinth or Bay of Lepanto. Its principal towns are Patras, lately taken from the Turks by the French troops, with the assistance of the the French and English fleets—it was while under the Turkish dominion a place of considerable trade—Vostitza, Kalevrita, and Kamenitza.

3. *Elis.* The principal towns of this department are Gastouni, Lana, and Prigo.

4. *Upper Messinia.* This department includes the towns of Navarino, Modon, Coron, and Arcadia.

5. *Lower Messinia.* This department includes the towns of Kalamata, Leondari, Karitene, and Andorossa.

6. *Laconia.* The principal towns in this department are Mistra, near the site of the Ancient Sparta, Monembasia, Kolokythia, and Kolochina.

7. *Arcadia.* The principal towns of this department are Tripolitza,—which under the Turks was the chief town of the whole peninsula—Karitena, Ajapetri, or St. Peter, and Fanari.

8. *The North Shorades.* This department consists of the islands of Skiathos, Serpelos, Skiros,

Ipsara, and the smaller islands. The extent of the whole is less than 100 square miles, and the population is 6,600.

9. *The East Shorades.* The population of this department is 54,000. The principal islands is Samos, which has an extent of 174 square miles, and a population of 50,000 souls. The other principal islands are Patmos, which has 1,500 inhabitants; Ikaria, which has 1,000, Kalymna, which has 300, and Zera, which has 200.

10. *The West Shorades.* This department consists of the islands of Hydra, which has 20,000 inhabitants, Spezzia, which has 8,000, Poros 3,000, Egina 4,000, and Salamis, which has 5,000. The whole population of the department is 40,000.

11. *The North Cyclades.* This department has a population of 46,400 souls. The principal islands are Andros, Tine, Mycone, Syra, Thermia, and Zea.

12. *The Central Cyclades.* The principal islands are Nexos, which has a population of 10,000 souls, Paros 2,000, Nios 3,700, Milo 4,800, Sephnos 5,000. The whole department has 25,200 inhabitants.

13. *The Southern Cyclades.* The principal islands are Amorgo, Santerin, and Karpatos. The whole number of inhabitants is 19,900.

CHARACTER.

From the Washington City Chronicle.

NAPoleonIANA.

Napoleon had an extreme aversion to every thing that was not extremely clean. Persons who are not themselves over nice would regard his taste in this respect as somewhat fastidious. The very idea that there was "any unclean thing" in his plate, or on his table, would inspire him with inseparable disgust. During his brilliant progress through part of his dominions, with Maria Louisa, after a review of a part of his troops, he ordered a plate of the soup prepared for his soldiers to be brought him. He filled a spoon with some of it, when, on lifting it to his mouth, he beheld a long hair! Unperceived he suddenly removed it, and suppressing the feeling of nausea which was coming over him, he boldly swallowed it, not wishing to hurt the feelings of his brave soldiers whose attachment was raised to adoration by such traits of familiar condescension.

The conduct of the emperor towards his own family sets his character in a very favourable light. His generosity to his brothers is well known, and his tender attachment to his wife and child would have done honour to the feelings of the most susceptible heart. He always treated his mother with exemplary respect and filial love. He gave her a splendid train of domesticks, and in order to bestow on her a sort of political consequence, he named her Protectress of all the charitable institutions. Of his sisters he preferred Pauline, who was one of the most beautiful women of the age, the model and theme of poets and painters. The reader may have heard some of the unfounded calumnies which were circulated about the voluptuous character of this princess.

Napoleon drew a circle around him wherever he moved, which none ever entered without being fixed by its fascination. Capt. Maitland, in his unpretending but delightful "Narrative of the surrender of Napoleon," gives a very amusing instance of this peculiar and irresistible enchantment:—"Lord Keith appears to have formed a very high opinion of the fascination of his conversation, and expressed it very emphatically to me, after he had seen him: speaking of his wish for an interview with the Prince Regent, 'd—n the fellow,' he said, 'if he had obtained an interview with his Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England!'"

Montesquie, speaking of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, has a remarkable passage which can be applied, with singular propriety, to the increase and destruction of the colossal empire of Napoleon: "Rome had acquired a vast extent, because the wars which she waged took place successively—each nation, by remarkable good luck, only attacking her when some other had been ruined. Rome was destroyed at last because every nation attacked her at once, and penetrated her territory from all sides." Napoleon successively

annihilated the power of Prussia, procured the neutrality of the Czar by winning his attachment and admiration; Italy, Spain, and the German Confederacy, were prostrate before him; and Austria was exposed almost singly to his blows. But when these nations, subsidized by the corrupting gold of England, and profiting by the disasters in Russia, united their strength, a coalition was formed which no human power could resist. If our admiration for the Emperor, when he is rising to the meridian of his glory, is somewhat qualified by aversion for his ambition, we can feel nothing but unmixed enthusiasm for the courage and genius which he displayed when overwhelmed by his implacable foes. History will record the campaign round Paris as one of the most bold and skillful feats that ever illumined its pages. Madame de Stael compares Napoleon to Cæsar sinking under the daggers of the assassins; and, like him, he fell with a dignity which sheds an unfading lustre over his departed glory. Lord Byron has celebrated the invincible fortitude which he displayed during his reverses, in some of the most beautiful lines that ever flowed from his gifted pen.

Idol of the soldier's soul!
First in fight, but mightiest now;
Many could a world controul;
Thee alone no doom can bow!

Nothing can be conceived more affecting than the heroic friendship of the faithful followers, who shared the Emperor's imprisonment at St. Helena. Public opinion has already done justice to the noble and devoted attachment of these illustrious men, who preferred the dungeon of their fallen master to all the splendours which might have illumined their apostasy, at the court of the Bourbons. The most disgusting part of Sir Walter Scott's book is his laboured vindication of Napoleon's inhuman jailor, who wished to wreak his cowardly vengeance on the helpless corpse of his victim. It was cased down in a grave ten feet deep, and overlaid with stone and mortar, all cramped with iron; and every means was resorted to to render the funeral ceremony as *un-imperial* as possible. It looked as if the vigilance of his inveterate foes survived their prisoner—as if they thought that his very grave should be a dungeon, and that his mighty spirit which the world could not contain, might "burst its searments," and escape beyond its last dark tenement!

THE GATHERER.

PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance, says the editor of a Scotch Journal, often enables even the dunce to outstrip the man of genius, and makes fortune the friend of stupidity. His maxim is not very new, but he illustrates it by an anecdote which is so to us. We have sometimes heard with wonder of the exploits of thoroughgoing salesmen—but never of any quite equal to this: A person in the west of Scotland, who had engaged in the manufacture of a certain description of goods, then recently introduced into that part of the country, found it necessary, or conjectured it might be profitable, to establish a permanent connexion with some respectable mercantile house in London. With this design he packed up a quantity of goods, equipped himself for his journey, and departed. He travelled on foot to the metropolis. Upon his arrival he made diligent inquiry as to those who were likely to prove his best customers; and accordingly proceeded to call upon one of the most opulent drapers, with whom he resolved to establish a regular correspondence. When Saunders entered the draper's shop, he found it crowded with purchasers, and the clerks all bustling busily at the back of the counter, handing out their several wares to their respective customers. Saunders waited what he thought a reasonable length of time, then laid down his pack, his bonnet, and staff, upon the counter, and inquired, in his broad Scotch, for "the head o' the house." One of the clerks asked what he wanted. The answer was, as usual, a question—"What ye ought i' my line, sir?" "No," was the prompt reply of the person interrogated, who accompanied his monosyllabic negation with a look of contempt for the mean appearance of the itinerant Scotch mer-

chant. "Will you not take a look o' the gudes, sir?" was Saunders' next query. "No, not at all, I have not time," replied the clerk; "take them away, take them away." "Ye'll aiblins find them worth your while, and I doubt na but ye'll buy," said Saunders, as he coolly proceeded to untie and unstrip his burden. "Go away, go away," were reiterated half a dozen times, with great impatience; but the old man still persisted. "Get along, ye old fool," cried the clerk, completely out of temper, as he pushed the already exposed contents of the pack off the counter—"get along." Saunders looked up in the individual's face, with a wide mouth and enlarged pair of eyes, then looked down to his estate that lay scattered among his feet, looked up again, and exclaimed, "wull ye really not buy ought; but ye dinna ken, ye ha'ena seen the goods yet," and so saying, he slowly gathered them up and replaced them on the counter. "Get out of the shop, sir," was the peremptory and angry command that followed his last appeal. Saunders, with gravity and self-possession, said, "are you in earnest frien'?" "Yes, certainly," was the reply, and that reply was succeeded by an unequivocal proof of sincerity on the part of the person who made it, when he picked up Saunders' bonnet, and whirled it out into the street. The cool Scotchman stalked deliberately and gravely in quest of his stewarton "headgear." After giving it two or three hearty slaps upon the wall without the door, he re-entered very composedly, wringing the moisture out of it, looked over to the person who had served him so, and said, with a genuine Scotch smile, "you was but an ill faured turn, man: ye'll surely take a look o' the gudes noo." The master draper himself, who was standing all the while in the shop, admiring the patience and perseverance of the old man, and feeling a little compunction for the unceremonious manner he had been treated, examined the contents of the pack, found them to be articles he stood in need of, purchased them, and ordered an additional regular supply, and thus laid the foundation of an opulent mercantile house, that has now flourished for some generations.

MANKIND IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

*Mankind at the beginning of the 15th Century, are thus described in the Liverpool Observer:—

They had neither looked into heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, mathematicks without instrument, geometry without scale, astronomy without demonstration.

They made war without powder, shot, cannon or mortars; nay, the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing-press, writing no paper, and paper no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board, for a love-letter, and a billet-doux might be of the size of an ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufactures, and the richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on trade without books, and correspondence without posts; their merchants kept no accounts, their shop-keepers no cash-book; they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without materia medica; they gave emetics without ipecacuana, and cured agues without bark.

ENTHUSIASM.

William Vandervelde, the old and famous painter of sea-pieces, was so fond of his art, that, in order justly to observe the movements and various positions of ships engaging in a sea-fight, that he might design them from nature, and unite truth with grandeur and elegance in his compositions, he did not hesitate to attend those engagements in a small light vessel, and sail as near to his enemies as his friends, attentive only to his drawing and without the least apparent anxiety for the danger in which he was every moment exposed. Of that bold and dauntless disposition, he gave two very convincing proofs, before his arrival in England; the one was in that severe battle between the Duke of York and Admiral Opdam, in which the Dutch Admiral and 500 men were blown un-

the other was in that memorable engagement, which continued three days between Admiral Nonck and Admirable de Ruyter. During the continuance of these different engagements, Vandervelde plied between the fleets, so as to represent minutely every movement of the ships and the most material circumstances of the action, with incredible exactness and truth.

INDIAN ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

I have two objections to this duel affair. The one is lest I should hurt you, and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part (the least dangerous part) of your body. I could make no use of you when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal, to feed on the flesh of men; why, then shoot down a human creature of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat, for though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate it would not be fit for long voyages. You might make a good English stew or an American barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human in these enlightened times. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a year colt. As to myself, I don't like to stand in the way of any thing harmful. I am under great apprehension you might hit me! that being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols take some object, a tree or a barn door, about my dimensions; and if you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that had I been in the same place you might have also hit me.

VEGETABLE DIET.

The Indians of South America are very strong limbed, and capable of enduring great fatigue. Their every day pedestrian feats are truly astonishing. Guides perform a long journey at the rate of 20 or 25 leagues a day. Their usual pace is a jog trot. They take short steps, and carry their feet close to the ground. They go up and down mountain-sides quicker than a mule; and horsemen whom they accompany as guides have frequently occasion to call after them, to request them to slacken their pace. A battalion, eight hundred strong, has been known to march 13 or 14 leagues in one day without leaving more than ten or a dozen stragglers on the road. The Indian subsists on a very small quantity of the simplest food. A leathern pouch containing *cocoa*, suspended from his neck, is worn next to the breast. A hand-full or two of roasted maize is tied up in one corner of his pouch, and, in general, these are the only provisions for a very long day's journey.

POISON BY IVY.

The poison of Ivy is said to be of an acid nature and alkalies are recommended as antidotes against it. Lime water, lye obtained from wood ashes, or weak solutions of potash or pearlash will therefore be good applications for poison by ivy. It has also been recommended to hold the part affected as near the fire as can be well endured for twenty or thirty minutes. This remedy however, should be applied during the first twenty-four hours after the poison has begun to operate. Soft soap and cold water is likewise said to be a good application.

TALLEYRAND.

A friend of M. de Talleyrand told him one day that he had had a smart altercation with the Countess de Genlis, who said some very severe things to him. "I gave her several sharp replies."—"That was wrong; there are two sorts of people from whom one may receive a *soufflet* without resenting it—women and bishops."

Some one observed to M. Talleyrand, that whatever might be said of the Chamber of Deputies, the members of the upper chamber at least possessed consciences. "Oh yes," replied M. de Talleyrand, "there are consciences enough among them."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

"STAND FROM UNDER!"

The following story was told for an actual fact, by a sailor who solemnly affirmed he knew it to be so; whatever else he was, he certainly must have been a genius.

We were on board a slave ship, bound to the coast of Africa. I had my misgivings about the business; and I believe others had them too. We had passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and were lying off Barbary, one clear, bright evening, when it came my turn to take the helm. The ship was becalmed, and every thing around was as silent as the day after the deluge. The wide monotony of water, varied only by the glancings of the moon on the crest of the waves, made me think the old fables of Neptune were true; and that Amphitrite and her Naiads were sporting on the surface of the ocean, with diamonds in their hair. These fancies were followed by thoughts of my wife, my children, and my home; and all were oddly enough jumbled together in a delicious state of approaching slumber. Suddenly I heard, high above my head, a loud, deep, terrible voice call out, "Stand from Under!" I started to my feet—It was the customary signal when any thing was to be thrown from the shrouds, and mechanically I sung out the usual answer, "Let go." But nothing came—I looked up in the shrouds—there was nothing there—I searched the deck,—and found that I was alone! I tried to think it was a dream—but that sound, so deep, so stern, so dreadful, rung in my ears, like the bursting of a cannon!

In the morning, I told the crew what I had heard. They laughed at me; and were all day long, full of their jokes about "Dreaming Tom." One fellow among them was most unmerciful in his raillery. He was a swarthy, malignant-looking Spaniard; who carried murder in his eye, and curses on his tongue; a daring lordly man, who boasted of crime, as if it gave him pre-eminence among his fellows. He laughed longest and loudest at my story. "A most uncivil ghost, Tom," he said; "when such chaps come to see me, I'll make 'em show themselves. I'll not be satisfied without seeing and feeling, as well as hearing."

The sailors all joined with him; and I, ashamed of my alarm, was glad to be silent. The next night, Dick Burton took the helm. Dick had nerves like an ox and sinews like a whale; it was little he feared on earth, or beneath it. The clock struck one—Dick was leaning his head on the helm, as he said, thinking of me or my story,—when that awful voice again called from the shrouds, "Stand from under!" Dick darted forward like an Indian arrow, which they say goes through and through a buffalo, and wings on its way, as if it had not left death in the rear. It was an instant, or more, before he found presence of mind to call out, "Let go!" Again nothing was seen, nothing heard. Ten nights in succession, at one o'clock, the same unearthly sound rung through the air, making our stoutest sailors quail as if a bullet-shot had gone through their brains. At last, the crew grew pale when it was spoken of; and the worst of us never went to sleep without saying our prayers. For myself, I would have been chained to the oar all my life to have got out of that vessel. But there we were in the vast solitude of ocean; and this invisible being was with us! No one put a bold face upon the matter, but Antonio, the Spaniard. He laughed at our fears, and defied Satan himself to terrify him. However, when it came his turn at the helm, he refused to go. Several times, under pretence of illness, he was excused from a duty which all on board dreaded. But at last the captain ordered Antonio to receive a round dozen of lashes every night until he should consent to perform his share of the unwelcome office. For awhile this was borne patiently; but at length, he called out, "I may as well die one way as another—give me over to the ghost!"

The night Antonio kept watch on deck,—few of the crew slept; for expectation and alarm had stretched our nerves upon the rack. At one o'clock, the voice called, "Stand from under!" "Let go!" screamed the Spaniard. This was answered by a shriek of laughter, and such laughter, it seemed as if the fiends answered each other from

pole to pole, and the bass was howled in hell! Then came a sudden crash upon the deck, as if our masts and spars had fallen. We all rushed to the spot—and there was a cold, stiff, gigantic corpse. The Spaniard said it was thrown from the shrouds; and when he looked on it, he ground his teeth like a madman. "I know him," exclaimed he, "I stabbed him within an hour's sail of Cuba, and drank his blood for breakfast!"

We all stood aghast at the monster. In fearful whispers we asked what should be done with the body. Finally, we agreed that the terrible sight must be removed from us, and hidden in the depths of the sea. Four of us attempted to raise it; but human strength was of no avail—we might as well have tugged at Atlas. There it lay, stiff, rigid, heavy, and as immovable as if it formed a part of the vessel.—The Spaniard was furious: "let me lift him," said he; "I lifted him once and can do it again. I'll teach him what it is to come and trouble me." He took the body round the waist, and attempted to move it. Slowly and heavily the corpse raised itself up; its rayless eyes opened; its rigid arms stretched out, and clasped its victim in a close death-grapple—and rolling over to the side of the ship, they tottered an instant over the waters—then with a loud plunge sunk together. Again that laugh—that wild, shrieking laugh,—was heard on the winds. The sailors bowed their heads, and put up their hands to shut out the appalling sound.

I took the helm more than once after; but we never again heard in the shrouds that thundering sound, "Stand from Under!"

From the London New Monthly Magazine for May.

CONVERT OF ST. BERNARD,

ON THE ROAD OVER THE ALPS.

It was during the last winter that two Italians, whose home was in the valley of Aost beneath, were on their passage over the mountain. It was already drawing towards the evening when they arrived, and after resting and taking some refreshment, they resolved to proceed. It was represented that the appearance of the sky predicted heavy falls of snow during the night; that the wind had now risen, and had set in violently in the very face of the path they were to take. It was in vain to endeavour to restrain their departure; they had been absent many years from their families, they said, having travelled as merchants about France and Germany, and were now quite impatient to return to their native valley. The last benefit the kind monks could bestow, was to give them two of the experienced guides of the convent, to accompany them through the most perilous part of the way. Thus assisted they soon afterwards set out. It became dark not long after they quitted the convent, but as it is a continued and gradual descent of six hours to the valley of Aost, they had hoped to arrive at their own homes in the course of the night; for the distance seemed very small compared with the long journeys they had already travelled. The snow storm began about an hour after their departure, and the good priests felt the worst apprehensions for the safety of the unfortunate Italians, yet they had great confidence in the experience of the two guides from the convent. They had advanced, it afterwards appeared, some distance on the way to their native valley, being resolved, if possible, to arrive there at the risk of their lives, when their course was arrested in a moment by the fall of an avalanche, which no skill or foresight could guard against, and the whole party was buried many fathoms deep in the snow. The description of the peasant in "The Seasons," perishing, at the time the warm thoughts of his home and family, not far distant, came on his mind, might be said to be faithfully paralleled here. A few leagues' further progress, and the cottages of these hapless adventurers would have received them, and the joyful sounds of welcome been heard, after so long an absence, in a warmer climate too, and under a more genial sky; for there cannot be a more striking change of atmosphere than is found in a few hours from the heights of St. Bernard to the warm vallies of Piedmont below.

When the morning came, however, and no ti-

dings were received of the fate of the travellers, and the guides never returned, the fathers gave them up for lost. The spot where they perished was not known till the melting of the snow, as the season advanced, discovered the bodies at the foot of a small eminence in the various positions in which they had perished. They were not in a state of decay, having been preserved from corruption by the snows amidst which they had lain; and they were brought to the cemetery, or rather the Morgue, as it is called, of the monastery. This is a very extraordinary place, and presents a rather startling spectacle to a visitor who is unaware, perhaps, of the object he is about to see. It is a gloomy and long apartment, into which you gaze through a small window, or if curiosity goes so far, you may enter, and move amidst the dead, who are placed in various positions. Some stand upright against the wall, others in a reclining position; some are recumbent on the floor: the bodies are all, more or less, in a good state of preservation, from their being hardened by the excessive cold to which they have been exposed. This is the case with those who are discovered amidst the depths of the snow soon after death, as well as with the remains of others, who have lain frozen and congealed for days, and even for weeks, beneath avalanches and snow-wreaths, whence it is impossible for some time to extricate them. In this singular receptacle are the bodies of travellers of both sexes, and of various nations, some of a period as remote as a hundred years ago; and the features often present the different emotions under which they died, of agony, despair, and heart-rending sorrow. The jaw having fallen in most instances, and the teeth being frightfully visible, as well as the mouth drawn up by the nature of their death, give to many of these groups an appalling aspect. The skin becomes perfectly brown and hard, though when these victims of winter are drawn forth from the snows, the colour is as fresh on the cheek as in life, and continues so for some days. Here, amidst the other tenants of the tomb, are a few of the brave and skillful guides, who have perished in their efforts to extricate the helpless traveller: there is no daring and self-devotion to which these men are not capable. No tempest, or falling avalanche, or snow-storm, deters them from advancing on the track of their faithful and sagacious dogs. Often they are summoned forth amidst the darkness of the night; and equipped with long poles and lanterns, they traverse the fearful wilds around the convent, when every beaten path is buried from the view. They are hardy peasants from the hills and valleys, the nearest on the Italian frontier, who leave their cottage and families during the inclement season, to give their services to the monastery.

MISCELLANY.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

PROVERBS.

"Some men are born with a silver, and others with a wooden spoon in their mouths;" and "He who was born under a three-half-penny planet will never be worth twopence," are two melancholy Proverbs, expressly intended for the use of the losers in the game of life, the dejected, wearied competitors in the race we are all running, the awkward and unsuccessful dancers to whom Fortune's pipe never taught a single chassee. The language in which they are couched is mean and plebeian, but let it be recollected that it is the language of adversity, the language of the poor and dispirited; such maxims do not pass the lips of the prosperous and happy, they acquire no polish from the rich and elegant, who are very apt to forget that there are such things as wooden spoons or copper money in existence, and are sure to attribute their right to the use of fiddle-headed king's pattern spoons and gold and silver coin to their own indefeasible privileges and indisputable merits. For it is a remarkable fact that those who dance oftenest in Fortune's cotillion, and are most indebted to her pipe, frequently assert that they supply their own music, and that their fine steps are entirely owing to the admirable way in which they themselves are performing on a jews-harp or

penny trumpet. She, partial goddess, takes no umbrage at their ingratitude, plays on to her thoughtless favourites, nor turns one glance to the crowds of worshippers who are imploring a single tune from her lips. Yet, notwithstanding the arrogance of the prosperous, those who look on and observe the banquet, can readily distinguish the "wooden spoon" adhering with spiteful pertinacity to its original owners. They cannot part with their birthright, friends endeavour in vain to exchange it for a utensil of more valuable materials, and they themselves exert all the powers of their body, the energies of their mind, to aid the benevolent design. But all in vain; they used it for their soup, and they will use it for their dessert.

These ill-starred creatures have no reason to regret the suppression of lotteries, since not even the nominal prize of twenty pounds ever came to their share; and their dislike of the legacy tax is exasperated by no selfish feelings, as they were never called upon to contribute towards it in the slightest degree. Their rich, childless male relations always astonish the world by becoming husbands and fathers in their dotage; while their old female ones either purchase Poyais bonds and are ruined, or marry a Methodist preacher; and if a friend has promised to remember them in his will, he is sure to die suddenly before he has made one. They are always a little too late in asking for a favour, and a little too soon in abandoning a speculation; and they generally sell their shares in a mining company, at a heavy loss, just before the discovery of a bonanza. If money is ever within their grasp, a law-suit speedily loosens their hold, and it falls into the capacious hands of some SILVER-SPOONED sons of Themis; their landed property is always in the West Indies, and their ready cash in a bank that fails. In their youth heiresses have an antipathy to them; and when they marry, their wives are very liable to have twins. If they are botanists or enomologists, they never find a rare plant or uncommon insect; dandelions and groundsel seem to spring beneath their feet, cockchafers and cabbage butterflies to pursue them; it is out of the question that their eyes can ever behold a lady's slipper or a purple emperor, and if they should chance to possess the chrysalis of a death's-head moth, a servant or a child will throw it away by mistake. As sportsmen or fishermen they are equally unfortunate; their gun always misses fire at a cock-pheasant; and, notwithstanding a diligent observance of the rules of "Salmonia," their hook fails, or line breaks, whenever a trout of any size has taken the bait.

As the "wooden spoon" is not confined to the male sex, its influence often dooms the fairer part of the creation to a series of troubles and vexations. Its victims are very unfortunate in their domestick affairs; if they get a good servant, she is sure to marry away; if they wash at home, it always rains at the time; if they have a dinner party, the weather is hot and thundery, their custards are sour, their partridges stink, a little soot falls into the soup, and fish is extravagantly dear. The china of these unhappy women appears more brittle than their neighbours; their gowns seem to possess a magnetick quality for brambles; if a glass of port wine is thrown over at table, you need not ask whose dress has been spoiled; and if they take a walk, unprovided with an umbrella, no barometer is required to tell you it will rain. When invited to a particular pleasant party, they catch cold and cannot go; when they visit the Opera to hear Pasta or Sontag, she is sure to be too indisposed to sing. In early life, they are subject to spraining their ankle just before a ball, and to splitting a shoe when they are about to dance with the man they prefer. At dinners they are generally placed between aged clergymen and persevering gourmands, bores take a fancy to them, incorrigible old bachelors bestow their tediousness upon them, and they are apt to fall in love with half-pay ensigns and country curates. Their hair goes grey early, they lose their teeth soon, their husband is particular about his dinners, and their children have the whooping-cough twice.

Behold, on the contrary, the happy man who with a "silver spoon" in his mouth, dances through life to the pleasant musick of Dame Fortune! His uncles are all childless, nobody will marry his

aunts; he sends a basket of game to a capricious old miser, and is rewarded by a legacy of 10,000*l.*; he preaches a sermon before a lady of quality, and gets a rich rectory; he buys worthless land, and the next year there is a rage for building upon it; he writes to his agent to purchase mining-shares, and the letter miscarries. If he is a physician, he is called in just as his patient's disorder takes a favourable turn; if he is a lawyer, his clients happen to be in the right; if he is a naturalist, nondescripts reward his most careless search; if he sports with a friend, the birds always rise on his side. History and biography occasionally furnish us with examples of this peculiarly favoured race. Whittington was evidently one of them, whose very cat proved a source of riches; so was the gentleman, who, worn out by a painful disorder, attempted to commit suicide, opened an inward imposthume and was cured—the Persian condemned to lose his tongue, on whom the operation was so performed that it merely removed an impediment in his speech—the painter who produced an effect he had long aimed at in vain by throwing his brush at his picture in a fit of impatience and despair—and the general who once upon a time besieged the town of Bushire, and had the gates blown open for him and the wall overthrown by the first discharge of a sixty-eight pounder, which the inhabitants fired to prevent his approach. Who can doubt that if these several individuals had been born with "wooden spoons" in their mouths, their fate would have been very different? Whittington's cat would have turned out no mouser, the sword gone through the sick gentleman's heart, the tongue been extracted to the very root, the painting irrecoverably spoiled, and the general repulsed with the loss of a limb.

RELIGIOUS NURSES IN FRANCE.

The *Sœurs de la Charité of France* are an order of religious nurses. They originated in a charity sermon, perhaps the most useful and extensive in its influence that ever was preached. Vincent de Paul, a celebrated missionary, preaching at Chatillon, in 1617, recommended a poor sick family of the neighbourhood to the care of his congregation. At the conclusion of the sermon a number of persons visited the sick family with bread, wine, meat, and other comforts. This led to the formation of a committee of charitable women, under the direction of Vincent de Paul, who went about relieving the sick poor of the neighbourhood, and met every month to give an account of their proceedings to their superiour. Such was the origin of the celebrated order of the *Sœurs de la Charité*. Wherever this missionary went he attempted to form similar establishments. From the country they spread to cities, and first to Paris, where, in 1629, they were established in the parish of St. Saviour.

About 1625, a female devotee, named *Le Gras*, joined the order of *Les Sœurs de la Charité*. She was married young to M. le Gras, one of whose family had founded a hospital at Puy, but becoming a widow in 1625, in the 34th year of her age, she made a vow of celibacy, and dedicated the rest of her life to the service of the poor. In her, Vincent de Paul found a great accession. Under his direction she took many journies, visiting and inspecting the establishments which he had founded. She was commonly accompanied by a few pious ladies. Many women of quality enrolled themselves in the order, but the superiours were assisted by inferior servants. The Hotel Dieu was the first hospital in Paris where they exercised their vocations. This they visited every day, supplying the patients with comforts above what the hospital afforded, and administering, besides, religious consolations. By degrees they spread into all the provinces of France, and at length the Queen of Poland requested Mademoiselle Le Gras, for though a widow, that was her title, to send her a supply of *Sœurs de la Charité*, who were thus established in Varsovia, in 1652. At length, after a long life spent in the service of charity and religion, Mademoiselle le Gras died on the 25th of March, 1660, nearly seventy years of age, and for a day and a half her body lay exposed to the gaze of the pious.

The order now consists of women of all ranks, many of them of the highest. After a year's novitiate in the convent, they take a vow, which binds

them to the order for the rest of their lives. They have two objects—to attend the sick, and to educate the poor. They are spread all over France, are the superiour nurses at the hospitals, and are to be found in every town, and often even in villages. Go into the Paris hospitals at almost any hour of the day, and you will see one of these respectable looking women, in her black gown and white hood passing slowly from bed to bed, and stopping to enquire of some poor wretch what little comfort he is fancying will alleviate his sufferings. If a parochial cure wants assistance in the care of his flock he applies to the order of *Les Sœurs de la Charité*. Two of them (for they generally go in couples) set out on their charitable mission. Wherever they travel their dress protects them. Even more enlightened persons than the common peasantry hail it as a happy omen when on a journey a *Sœur de la Charité* happens to travel with them, and even instances are recorded in which their presence has saved travellers from the attacks of robbers. During the revolution they were rarely molested. They were the only religious order permitted openly to wear their dress and pursue their vocation. Government gives a hundred francs a year to each sister, besides her travelling expenses; and if the parish where they go cannot maintain them, they are supported out of the funds of the order. In old age they retire to their convent and spend the rest of their lives in educating the novices. Thus, like the vestal virgins of old, the first part of their life is spent in learning their duties, the second in practising them, and the last in teaching them.

ON GOOD AND EVIL DAYS.

Notwithstanding the ridicule which in later ages has been deservedly thrown on the idea of *good and evil days*, it is certain, that from time immemorial, the most celebrated nations of antiquity, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, adopted, and placed implicit faith in this superstitious notion, which is still prevalent in all parts of the east. According to Plutarch, the kings of Egypt never transacted business on the third day of the week, and abstained even from food till the evening; because, on that day, Typhon, who was considered by them the cause of every evil, was born. The seventh day of the month was also deemed unfortunate, as on that day Osiris died. The Greeks too had their unlucky days, which they denominated *apophrases*.^{*} The Thursday was generally considered by the Athenians of so unlucky an import, that the assemblies of the people, which happened to fall on that day were always deferred. Hesiod enumerated the days when it might be proper to commence certain undertakings, and those when it was necessary to abstain from every employment; among the latter he mentions the fifth of every month, when the Infernal Furies were supposed to bestride the earth. Virgil has the same idea:—

Quintam fuge—pallidus Orcus
Eumenidesque satæ: tum partum terra nefando,
Cæuque, lapetomque creat, sævumque Typhæa,
Et conjuratos colum rescindere fratres. 1 Georg. 279.

The Romans also demonstrated in their calendar the implicit faith they placed in this distinction of days. The fortunate days were marked in white, and the unfortunate in black; of these were the days immediately after the *Calendæ*, the *Nones*, and the *Ides*; the reason was this: in the 363rd year from the building of Rome, the military tribunes, perceiving the republick unsuccessful in war, directed that its cause should be inquired into. The senate having applied to L. Aquinius, he answered, "That when the Romans had fought against the Gauls, near the River Allia, and had experienced so dreadful a defeat, sacrifices had been offered to the gods the day after the *ides* of July, and that the *Fabii* having fought on the same day at *Cremera*, were all destroyed." On receiving this answer, the senate, by the advice of the pontiffs, ordered, that for the future no military enterprise should be formed on the days of the *calends*, the *nones*, or the *ides*. Vitellius having taken possession of the sovereign authority on the 15th of August, and on the same day promulgated some

^{*} We have no Greek characters.

new laws, they were ill received by the people, because on that day had happened the disastrous battles of Allia and Cremera. There were other days esteemed unhappy by the Romans, such as the day of sacrifices to the dead; of the Lemuria; and of the Saturnalia, the 4th before the nones of October; the 6th of the ides of November; the nones of July called Capritonæ; the 4th before the nones of August, on account of the defeat at Cannæ; and the ides of March, esteemed unlucky by the creatures of Cæsar.

In addition to these, were days which every individual considered fortunate or unfortunate for himself. Augustus never undertook any thing of importance on the day of the nones. Many historical observations have contributed to favour these superstitious notions. Josephus remarks, that the temple of Solomon was burnt by the Babylonians on the 8th of September, and was a second time destroyed on the same day by Titus. Emilius Protus also observes that Timoleon, the Corinthian, gained most of his victories on the anniversary of his birth. To these facts, drawn from ancient history, many from more modern times may be added. It is said that most of the successes of Charles V. occurred on the festival of St. Matthew. Henry III. was elected king of Poland, and became King of France on Whitsunday, which was also his birth day. Pope Sextus V. preferred Wednesday to every other in the week, because it was the day of his birth, of his promotion to the cardinalate, of his election to the papal throne, and of his coronation. Louis XIII. asserted that Friday was always a favourable day to him. Henry VII., of England, was partial to Saturday, on which most of the happy events of his life had taken place. Oliver Cromwell always considered the 3d of September, 1650, when he defeated the Scotch at Dunbar; on that day, in the following year, he gained the battle of Worcester, but on the 3d of September, 1658, he expired. Though this distinction of good and evil days, be in reality as absurd as it appears to be, I much doubt if it be entirely eradicated. When it is considered how many things concur to keep up an error of this kind, and that among the great as well as with the vulgar, opinions as puerile are not only received, but even made a rule of action, it may be inferred, that in every age and in every country, however civilized, superstition always maintains its influence, though it may occasionally vary in its object or name. The human mind, alternately wise and weak, indiscriminately adopts error and truth.

THE ALLIGATOR.

Near the mouth of the Assahan river, in Sumatra, where there is a fishing house, there is an alligator of a most prodigious size; his back when a little out of the water, resembling a large rock. He remains constantly there, and is fed upon the head and entrails of the large pair, or skate fish, which are caught there. I saw him when the Malays called him to his meal. He appeared full twenty feet long. Being in rather a small boat at the time, I wished to make all haste away; but the Malays assured me he was quite harmless, so much so that his feeders pat his head with their hands; a dangerous amusement, certainly, but showing the wonderful tameness and sagacity of the creature, naturally so ferocious. He will not allow any other alligator to approach the place; and on this account the Malays almost worship him.

The great Duke of Marlborough, who was, perhaps, the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obscenity in his presence; and it was said, by Lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the speaker, but resented it as an indignity to himself; and it is evident, that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy, or treason, must degrade not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character, which a man ought always to sustain, is in danger, when he is made the confidant of treachery, detraction, impiety, or lust; for he who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts of a robbery to another, presupposes that he is a thief.

[Hawkesworth.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1829.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

☞ The subscribers to the *Masonick Souvenir and Pittsburgh Literary Gazette*, are informed that the subscription in their behalf, entered into with us by Dr. Andrews, expired with our last number. Those who wish the paper discontinued are requested to return this number, endorsed with their names, or give us information through their post master, as soon as possible. The price will be to those who continue it, \$2.50 in advance, or \$3, otherwise.

FOREIGN NEWS. English papers to the first of July have been received during the past week. The English Parliament was prorogued on the 23d of June. Mr. Peel has been elevated to the peerage. There is little news of interest except such as relates to the Russians and the Turks. According to the Russian Bulletins, a great victory was gained over the Turks, on the 11th of June, under the walls of Shumla. The Russian accounts of the affair are undoubtedly exaggerated, and the result will probably prove less disastrous to the Turks than the victors seem to imagine. The following remarks upon the subject are from the London Morning Journal a leading and influential opposition print.

The Vizier had, it is stated, left the entrenched camp before Shumla, for the purpose of investing Pravadi, on or about the 14th May. Intelligence of this movement was communicated to General Diebitsch, the Russian commander-in-chief before Silistria, on the 4th of June, and on the 5th he left that place to be watched by his second in command, and proceeded by an unfrequented route, which he appears to have had great difficulty in opening, to intercept the Vizier's supplies from Shumla, and thus compel him to fight. The ground between Pravadi and Shumla, and along the whole of the base of the Bulgarian side of the Balkan, is one mass of natural wood, stretching more or less into the plain, and abounding in passes, in which, during the last campaign, the Russians, in advancing from Jenebazar and Pravadi against Shumla; and in maintaining their communications between that city and Varna, frequently suffered by the incursions of the mountaineers. In one of these passes in the rear of the Vizier's position General Diebitsch took up a strong position on the night of the 10th. He had been previously joined by ten thousand men under Roth. The Vizier appears to have been completely unaware of the amount of the forces opposed to him, and, though their approach determined him to raise the siege of Pravadi, he commenced his retreat on Shumla, in the opinion that it would not be seriously disputed. During the first part of the day the action seems to have been pretty fairly contested; but, in the latter part, General Diebitsch having pushed forward some fresh troops, victory, according to their own account, declared itself for the Russians, and the Vizier was compelled to retreat in disorder. His loss is described to amount to nearly 4,000 killed and wounded; fifty-six cannon and two standards had fallen into General Diebitsch's hands. The Russian loss is not given, but it is stated to be severe. Such is the Russian account; and without questioning the fact of the Turks having suffered a defeat in consequence of a departure from the plan of avoiding a general action, which they practiced so successfully last campaign, it does not appear to us that any great evil is like to arise out of the mistake, while, we trust, it will teach a lesson to the Turkish commanders that they will not soon forget. Diebitsch speaks of pursuing the Vizier with all his forces, yet admits that it is impossible for the artillery to proceed until the road is cleared. To pursue a broken army in a pathless wood with artillery, or any thing else, is a very quixotic attempt. We have no doubt that the troops of the Vizier must have abandoned their heavy baggage, and this is, doubtless, a great loss; but, having done so, we have as little doubt that they will contrive, by the assistance of the mountain tribes, to reach their old quarters at Shumla long before Diebitsch can retrograde to Silistria.

Extract of a letter from a friend in Cincinnati, of a recent date, to the editor of the Masonick Record.

"The masonick institution is one for which I have a high regard; and I fully believe the principles of brotherly love,—purity of life,—of honesty and uprightness in conduct and deportment,—of meekness and humility,—of morality and religion, which are taught and enforced by it, have done much in ameliorating the condition of man, in every situation and in all parts of the world. Great care and circumspection should be observed by those who are engaged in the active duties of our lodges—indeed by all who do in any way, belong to them. This is a duty which should be binding upon them at all times, but becomes more indispensable at this time, as having the best tendency to counteract the unwholy attempts lately made to destroy its influ-

ence. In relation to this, a great and good man has said—'I lament the malignant spirit which has assailed the institution of masonry, but trust its principles will not be shaken. The attack upon them will only prove their strength and their power to abide the test of time. It is true that some of its members may be unworthy and bad men, but this is a misfortune common to every institution, and ought not to be chargeable to the principles of the order.'

☞ An anti-masonick editor asks us if we "would have imputed evil motives to Mr. Van Rensselaer if he had renounced" masonry. Really this is a *poser*, and no doubt was the cause of much labour to the anti-masonick and anti-common-sense-ible brain that produced it. We shall hand it over to the first wooden nutmeg maker we meet with. In the mean time we will answer it by asking a brace of equally "wise" questions: If the moon should visit the earth would its object be to vote the anti-masonick ticket, or kick up a dust among those who have called it a green cheese? And if the Emperor Nicholas should turn Mussulman, and the Grand Sultan should turn Christian, what would be the speculations of the aforesaid editor, as to their motives?

The United States Gazette, says, "we believe every general officer in the revolutionary army, General Arnold excepted, was a member of the masonick fraternity, and he was the only one found base enough to be a traitor."

☞ Every candidate, save one, nominated by the late anti-masonick "state convention," in Vermont, is opposed to the present national administration. "*Straws*," &c. It should be recollected however, that the great body of the party which the anti-masons profess to support, despise them; and that Mr. Clay, and several other distinguished members of that party, are adhering and active masons.

☞ The U. S. ship CONSTELLATION, having on board Mr. McLANE, Minister to England, and Mr. RIVERS, Minister to France, and Commodore Biddle and several other passengers, put to sea on Wednesday last. Appropriate salutes were fired when each of the ministers went on board.

The funeral of Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, who died, at Geneva, Switzerland, on the 29th May, took place at that city on the 1st of June. His remains were attended to the grave by the government of the canton, the Academy of Geneva, the Consistory of the Genevan Church, the societies of Arts, and Natural Philosophy and History, and by nearly all the English resident there. Sir Humphrey died in the 51st year of his age, of an attack of a paralytick nature.

☞ Mr. J. G. WHITTIER has left the editorial chair of the American Manufacturer. We are sorry for it. His successor, however, appears to be a man of substance, and we shall continue to regard the Manufacturer as an able journal.

The editor of the Nantucket Inquirer prints advertisements "in an inverted position," sometimes, to "accommodate those who stand on their heads to read."

☞ Maelzel's Exhibition, is drawing crowded houses at Knickerbacker Hall. All who have seen it express themselves highly gratified. A more imposing spectacle than the Evacuation and Conflagration of Moscow, has never been offered to the view of our citizens.

Louis Le Courteux, esq. formerly of this city, has presented the Roman Catholics in Buffalo, a lot of ground on Main-street, on which a church is to be erected, as soon as funds can be collected for that purpose.

Messrs. Putnam & Hunt have issued proposals to publish monthly in Boston, a religious and literary review and magazine, to be called the *American Christian Observer*, on the principles of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

The establishment of the Pensacola Gazette, is offered for sale. The purchaser may take possession at any time previous to the 1st of January next.

Last week, on Thursday, the annual commencement at the Albany Academy took place. The Trustees and Students, the Hon. the Corporation, the Rev. Clergy, and many of our most respectable citizens, assembled at 10 o'clock A. M. at the City Hotel, in North Market street, and from thence were escorted to the large room in the Academy, by the Lafayette Guards, of the city of New-York, who were on a visit to this city and volunteered their services on the occasion. The gentlemanly deportment and military precision of this company spoke much in their praise, and their appearance in the procession was well calculated to heighten the general interest felt on that day. The exercises at the Academy were opened by prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Ferris, one of the trustees. Then recitations in prose and verse were delivered by several students, with much animation, and if I may draw a conclusion from the applauses elicited, and from the satisfaction apparent in every countenance, I would say, that the young gentlemen acquitted themselves with much credit to themselves, and heart-felt gratification to their parents and friends.

The distribution of premiums to the meritorious students was unusually interesting. The five, which kindled in their ardent bosoms, lit up their young countenances, as the principal handed to each the well contested reward of his talent and industry. The numerous attendance of ladies and gentlemen at the examination cannot fail to have the most salutary effect on the young aspirants for distinction; it will excite their pride and ambition, and animate them to further exertions.

[Communicated.]

POLICY AND INTENTIONS OF RUSSIA. This colossal power, which developed itself to Europe mainly in the 18th century, and which is hereafter to fill so large a space in the eye of the world, is gigantic and almost appalling in all its proportions. With its head, it touches the Arctic circle; its right arm is held in a threatening position over the frozen ridges of Sweden and Norway, its left stretches out to the confines of the Chinese empire to the east, and its feet seek a resting place on the shores of the Mediterranean. The component parts of this mass take in an infinite diversity of country, kindred and tongue, which are all blending with the utmost felicity, and the vast aggregation placed under the direction of one individual; thus combining all the requisites for great achievements of unity of councils, and undivided energy of action. The primary object of all governments so situated, has been, as all history demonstrates, to acquire consolidation and stability; and the second, to extend themselves and their territories at the expense of neighbouring sovereignties. From the creation of the world, up to the present time, there is no known exception to this rule but China. The Russian system began under Peter the Great, and with the most perfect comprehension of, and acquiescence in, the original design, was carried on under Catharine II. The imbecility of Paul, occasioned an interregnum in the course of the impetuous torrent, and the bold genius of Bonaparte, anticipating the designs of Russia, attacked the bear in its own fastnesses—thus repressing the audacity of its encroachments by greater audacity. Alexander, either softened by early education, or a personal inspection of the dangers and miseries of war, or christianized by the bible society, took a departure from the Russian System, and as we are of opinion, dearly did he answer it. Nicholas, whether he will or no, whether his own inclinations or opinions, or whether clemency or urbanity may adorn his character, which, by the by, we have yet to learn, if he desire to live, must, we think, follow on in the path marked out for him by Peter and by Catharine. And the question appears to us to be, not whether the Russian System is carried into full and complete execution in 1828-9-30-31 or 40, but be executed it must, go on to its completion it will. And if Nicholas demur and follow the footsteps of Alexander, somebody else, we think, will take the place of Nicholas.

[Boston Examiner.]

From the Madison co. Observer and Recorder.

"A Daniel, a Daniel come to judgment." Shylock.

Mr. Editor—As a specimen of anti-masonick *purity* and *freedom* from collusion, the following plain, unvarnished truth is related. A short time since, in a town in this county, a certain reverend gentleman commenced an action for trespass against a mere boy, before a true blue anti-masonick justice. The various counts of the declaration in the cause, contained charges against the boy for having fired at his fence, pulled down the fence, injured his apple trees, his grass, herbage, and corn. On the trial, the only witness whose evidence sustained any part of the declaration, was a son of the plaintiff, and he only swore that he saw the boy at two different times on the land of the doughty plaintiff, but expressly disclaimed that he knew of the defendant having committed any damage in any way what-

ever. Yet with this, and only this, evidence before him, the said anti-masonick justice gave judgment for the plaintiff of *two dollars and costs*. Mirabile dictu.

An intelligent community can make their own comments and draw their own conclusions. The reverend plaintiff has full cause to exclaim with Shylock "a Daniel, a Daniel come to judgment."

"Where is the excitement?" said a gentleman from a Western Territory. It was supposed, that at Buffalo, where several aspiring and talented anti-masonick statesmen reside, the excitement must have been discoverable by the atmosphere; by the topick of bar-rooms; by the conversation of the publick coaches; in steam boats; among mechanics, at their labour: in none of these places, could the excitement be found. Go to New York, where a brass foundry by the name of *Hanks*, and one *Allyn*, of *Chipperville* affidavit memory, have been exhibiting the degrees of Masonry, similarly to the sober, the moral and the persecuted *Hamilton*, who edified thousands at this place, in a similar manner, without money and without price; he only needed a good supply of *twitche-eye*. Go to New York,—Boston,—to Detroit,—to Pittsburgh,—and enquire where is anti-masonry? Echo answers, "where?"

[Buffalo Republican.]

About two months since, *Mr. Lorin Hodge*, formerly of this place, published in an Ohio paper, his renunciation of Masonry. This was also copied into the *Buffalo Patriot*. From information in our possession, we are induced to believe, that Mr. Hodge was never made a mason! So the renunciation was entirely gratuitous. Has the *Patriot* any information on the subject?

[Ibid.]

ITEMS.

Advantage of Promptness. A merchant, whose policy expired at 12 o'clock, called at the insurance office at half past 11, and obtained a renewal of it. At 3 o'clock on the same day, his store and goods were reduced to ashes!—This circumstance occurred at the late destructive fire in Augusta, Georgia. What would have become of that man's fortune if he had thought it would "do as well after dinner."

[Boston Palladium.]

"*The Weasel asleep.*" A draft was not long since drawn by a firm in Boston upon a bank in New-York, for \$1500, as expressed by figures in the margin; it was, however, inadvertently written *fifteen* dollars in the body of the bill. But with this error it was discounted at a bank in Boston, forwarded to New-York, there drafted and returned to the bank, and paid at maturity, in the full amount of fifteen hundred dollars, without the discovery of the mistake by any one, except the persons on whom the bill was drawn—who noticed it at the time of acceptance. [Ib.]

There is to be a Museum of Natural Curiosities established at China. Rev. Dr. Morrison has circulated the proposals among the Hong merchants. It is thought that an institution of this kind will very much promote the natural sciences in that hitherto secluded country. An American gentleman, resident there, has already presented a large collection of curiosities to the Museum.

Mercantile letters from Constantinople say that the French General Hulot, who lately arrived there with the intention of entering the Turkish service, has been appointed by the Sultan, Chief of the General Staff. The Turks consider this acquisition as highly valuable, as the General is represented to them as a very distinguished officer, and has promised by his connexions in France to engage many other officers to serve in the Porte. The Sultan has had the new regular troops exercised in the presence of the General, who expressed much surprise at their appearance and discipline. In general, all accounts agree in stating that the regular Turkish infantry has much improved during the winter.

An English traveller in the United States, whose notes are published in the *Montreal Gazette*, says:—"Whatever may be said of the American population, I can not call it a drunken one, they eat astonishingly, and are drinking all day but not to drunkenness, and I have seen more beastly drunkenness in one day in passing twice along Holborn, than I saw among Americans in several months."

According to the active capital notions of the day, Mr. Hand, who recently died in Stephentown near Troy, made but a poor use of his cash. At 7 per cent, per annum, money doubles in 14 years. It is probable that, averaging the time of the deposits, the whole hoard lay idle at least 28 years. Now \$40,000, at 7 per cent, would become in 14 years, \$80,000, and in 28 years, 160,000. So that Mr. Hand's legatees have lost \$120,000 by the testator's hoarding his money, to say nothing of the still greater sum that can not be found.

In Martinique, recently, a slave who had robbed his master was condemned to die. The sentence was confirmed by the Royal Court. No resource was left, as none but freemen have the privilege of an appeal to the Court of Cession. The free men of colour in the Colony instantly

raised a subscription to redeem their tawny brother, in order that he might enjoy the benefit of an appeal to the Supreme Court.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Aurora disavours of "unwritten smells" in the streets of the city; and calls for an "anti-permitting-dead-and-decaying-cats-and-dogs-to-waste-their-sweets-on-the-desert-air Society."

A horse of one hundred and three years old is shown at Berlin. It belongs to a Polish merchant. This remarkable animal has always fed upon sugar, since it was seventy years old.

VARIETIES.

Alphabets. The English alphabet contains twenty-four letters; to which if we add j and v, consonants, there will be twenty-six; The French contains twenty-three; the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriack, and Samaritan, twenty-two each; the Arabick twenty-eight; the Persian thirty-one; the Turkish thirty-three; the Georgian thirty-six; the Cophtick thirty-two; the Muscovite forty-three; the Greek twenty-four; the Latin twenty-two; the Slavonick twenty-seven; the Dutch twenty-six; the Spanish twenty-seven; the Italian twenty; the Ethiopick and Tartarian each two hundred and two; the Indians of Bengal twenty-one; the Burmese nineteen; the Chinese have, properly speaking, no alphabet, except we call their whole language by that name; their letters are words, or rather hieroglyphicks, amounting to about eighty thousand.

Re-animation of Frozen Fishes. In winter, the Canadian fishermen erect huts on the ice of the lakes and rivers, and, cutting a hole in the ice, enclose it with a screen of straw, &c. to shelter themselves from the cold wind. Sitting inside the screen, they sink their hooks through the hole made in the ice. Amongst the other fish so caught, are perch in abundance. After hauling them up, if thrown aside on the ice, they speedily become frozen quite hard. They then take them home and place them in water, near a fire; in a short time they begin to exhibit symptoms of re-animation,—the fins quiver, the gills open, the fish gradually turns itself on its belly, moves at first slowly about the basin, and at last completely revives and swims briskly about.

[Edin. N. Phil. Jour.]

Chloride of Lime. A gentleman who has been induced to make an experiment with chloride of lime, in consequence of seeing a recommendation of it in Mr. Silliman's Journal of Science and the Arts, for the abatement of nuisance, has requested us to direct the attention of our readers to it. It corrects the most impure air in a few minutes, and absorbs all putrid exhalations so effectually, that the utmost purity is restored to the atmosphere. A pound of the chloride of lime, which costs only one shilling, he found sufficient in his experiment; and the effect of it will last two or three weeks. In the hot season it is highly important.

[N. Y. Dai. Adv.]

Gipsies. A society has been formed at Southampton, (England) for the improvement of the condition of the Gipsies. The number of those people who lead a wandering, miserable life, without any pretensions to religion, is about fourteen thousand.

MARRIED,

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. SAMUEL MORGAN, of the house of Stilwell, Morgan & Co. to Miss ELIZA RUSSELL, daughter of Thomas Russell, esq. all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Weed, Mr. ALONZO CRITTENTON, principal of the Albany Female Academy, to Miss MARY W. daughter of Elias Warner, esq. all of this city.

DIED,

In New York, on the 28th July, after a lingering illness, Mrs. ALICIA ANNE O'REILLY, mother of one of the editors of the Rochester Republican, in the forty-fifth year of her age.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION. Knickerbacker Hall, is open every evening, (Sundays excepted), for the purpose of exhibiting Maelzel's celebrated Automaton Bass Fiddler, Speaking Figures, and Black Rope Dancers. To conclude with the EVACUATION AND CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

Performances commence at 1-4 past 8 precisely. Admittance 50 cents; children half price. Tickets to be had at the American Hotel, Eagle Tavern, State-street House, City Hotel, Crutenden's Hotel, Hement's Recess, Mrs. Rockwell's Mansion House; and at the book-stores of Messrs. W. C. Little, and O. Steele.

August 15.

STEAM ENGINE FOR SALE. A steam engine of one horse power, fit to drive three or four lathes, is offered for sale on very reasonable terms. Enquire at this office.

Albany, August 1, 1829.

27th.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE, & Co. No 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of *Cooking Stoves, Franklin's Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves*, together with *Russias, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tong, Tin Plato, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.*; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.

Albany May, 1829.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A GENTLEMAN'S ALBUM.

Like one, who in some coronet,
Where fairest pearls are found;
Would seek some paler gem to set,
Than those that shine around;

So I, where beauty's pen hath placed
The words to Friendship dear,
Where beauty's fairy hand hath traced
Its wish for thee, sincere.

I can but do, as they have done,
Although with feeble force,
And wish thee, pleasure's shadeless sun
To shine upon thy course.

The smiles of youth, without its tears,
Its brightest smiles be thine,
And manhood's hopes, without its fears
Their wreath for thee entwine.

H.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Almighty God! behold once more
Before thy throne we bow;
Thy gracious goodness to adore
And seek our Saviour—THOU.

The closing day still finds us here
In life and health's embrace,—
So may it find us in thy fear,
And earnest for thy grace.

Supported by thy powerful arm,
We brave all hell and fear no harm;
That powerful aid shouldst thou deny,
In vain we raise our suppliant cry.

Then kindly deign to lend us aid,
That all-efficient aid,
And grant us strength to do thy will
On scriptural page displayed.

Be near us now, and teach our hearts
To read and understand
The holy truths thy word imparts,
And each all wise command.

Dismiss us then to calm repose;—
And through the livelong night
May thine, the eye that doth not close,
Still o'er us watch till morning light.

FRANCIS.

LOVE.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

The imperial votress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Midsummer Night's Dream.
Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?
Benedict, in Much Ado about Nothing.

When the tree of Love is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurst
Its infant life has been;
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows is
The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even,
'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
In the blue of the summer heaven.
A breath can bid it burn no more,
Or if, at times, its beams

Come on the memory, they pass o'er
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into
A being and a power,
And smiled in scorn upon the dew
That fell in its first warm hour,
'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's head,
Whose task is to destroy;
'Tis the lamp on the altars of the dead,
Whose light is not of joy!

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,
The infant buds of Love,
And tread his growing fire to earth,
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above;
Cherish no more a cypress tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
Quenched only with thy tears.

THE RUINED HOUSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

No dower of storied song is thine,
O desolate abode!
Forth from thy gates no glittering line
Of lance and spear hath flowed:
Banners of Knighthood have not flung
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
Nor bugle notes to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have the rich bowers of *Pleasance* here
By courtly hands been dressed
For princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest:
Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
Tells where the Spirit of Delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of Quenched light and silent board!
For me thou heedest not.
It is enough to know that here,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and Love, and Hope and Fear,
Have linked one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells:
—A solemnizing breath,
A presence all around thee dwells!
Of human life and death.
I need but pluck yon garden flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake with strange and sudden power,
A thousand sympathies!

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth,
Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve have met in mirth,
Which eve may ne'er recal.
Youth's buoyant step, and Woman's tone,
And Childhood's language glee,
And song and prayer have well been known,
Hearth of the Dead, to thee!

Thou hast heard blessings fondly poured
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed:
Thou hast seen partings—such as bear
The bloom from life away—
Alas! for love is changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of Pain,
The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with Hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept:
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,
The breathless influence shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
Have here been marked and mourned;
And Time hath filled the vacant place,
And Gladness hath returned:
Till from the narrowing household chain
The links dropped, one by one;
And homeward hither o'er the main
Came the Spring birds alone.

Is there not cause then—cause for thought,
Fixed eye, and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,
E'en lowliest hearts have bled?
Where, in its ever haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst
The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems
The long forsaken spot!
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot!
Therefore, in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the Dead! I stand,
Where Joy and Sorrow, Smile and Tear,
Have linked one kindred band.

From the Boston Statesman.

CLOUDS.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

"Child of the flashing sun—
Who movest heavily on the sapphire sky,
Who crownest, as with foam the sea on high;
As the smoke of an ocean gun,
Who rollest!—Where is now the wavy blush
That dwelt upon thee?—even the fervent gush
Of gold, when the day was done!"

"Son of the earth, far down—
The gold thou askest—hath it not been thrown
O'er mortal hearts?—hath not man's spirit shone
Even beneath sorrow's frown?
O'er the pale poet's harp-strings to his cheek
Hath it not poured,—a proud strength to the weak,
And faint on the regal crown?"

"Children of sun and rain,—
Thoughts of the heaven are ye, from its vast soul,
Dark—dim—light—flashing? Do not fancies roll
Even from Almighty brain,
To paint those glorious foldings? flowing then
Off from their bosoms to dreams of men,
To linger and gently wane?"

"Anxious, on distant earth,
Fancies which gild us, are reposing smiles
Wandering from distant worlds,—as on sea isles
Will rest the bird, whose birth
Was in far vales. Spirits are they, who pass
From heaven to earth, blessing man, beast, flower, grass.
And back to the sky in mirth."

"Clouds, where all glories blend—
Marshalled by day to shield the sleeping stars—
The timid Venus and the lusty Mars,
And, as an earnest friend,
To sail beside the meek consumptive moon,—
Why for the storm become ye sad so soon?
So soon your joyance end?"

"Mortals, beneath our shade!
Know ye not frowns go over all the vast,
But to leave brighter smiles when they are past:
That sorrow and death were made,
But to roll back before the eternal morn,
Dim in whose splendour, even the sun stands, shorn,
And the moon and star-beams fade?"

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee House. Keeps constantly on hand and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid or clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

TO PRINTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.—FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The reduced cost of the materials used in the composition of Printing Types, and the improvements and increased facilities of casting them, have induced the subscribers to adopt the following list of prices.

The style of their large and small letter is modern, and of the most elegant kind. The metal will be found very hard and durable, having a new ingredient in its composition. For accuracy and finish, the type cast at their foundry is warranted equal to any whatever. They have on hand a complete assortment of Book and Job Letters, so that they are prepared to execute orders for entire offices of Job, Newspaper, or Book Printing, on a short notice. They are thankful for the patronage they have received, and will be happy to receive the orders of printers, which will receive prompt attention.

Merchants and others who have orders from abroad, will be supplied not only with type, but with Presses, Cases, Composing Sticks, and every thing necessary for a printing establishment, and put up with care and perfect accuracy.

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NO. 30.

MASONICK RECORD.

NOTES ON ANTI-MASONRY.

From "Omnifarious Laws Exemplified—or, how to Curse and Swear, Lie, Cheat and Kill, according to Law!"

BY LORENZO DOW.

How few attend to the golden rule, to do to others as they would that others should do to them.

The old priest with his long face, could not see the *reprobate* wounded invalid; but went by—then his *Levite deacon* copied him, and passed by also.

But the *masonick Samaritan*, fulfilling the second commandment, to do to the stranger a *neighbour's* part—"do as you would be done by."

Then beware of judging!

Contrary to the command of God, which was to make no league with the Canaanites, but to destroy them all, the Sanhedrim, or Grand Council of seventy Elders, with Joshua at their head, *swore* to spare the Gibeonites—thus the Elders, as the head of the nation, plighted national faith, repugnant to the interdiction. Some hundreds of years after, Saul, as head of the nation, committed a national breach of fidelity, by slaying the Gibeonites. This act of *infidelity* constituted a national crime, and called for a national punishment!

In the reign of David there was a three years' famine. David enquired the cause, and obtained the answer—it is for Saul and his bloody house; because he slew the Gibeonites. Who replied silver and gold we will have none; but give us seven of the sons of Saul, and we will hang them up before the Lord in Gibeah—and God was entreated for the land.

From the foregoing we may infer the solemnity, nature and obligation of an oath; and also the meaning of the Psalmist, where he saith, (speaking of the character of a righteous man,) he that sweareth to his own hurt, and *changeth not*.

The persons who publicly avow that they are *perjured* men; or else are *impostors*, can have no claim to public confidence; but must appear in their true character as *LIARS*—*taking their word for it*: which is doing them but true justice; of course, having destroyed the force of moral obligation from their minds, what trust or confidence can be placed in them? Methinks they must feel like Cain!

The Rechabites were a people of fidelity; being instructed by their forefathers to live in tents and drink no wine, they were tried and tempted by the prophet Jeremiah to drink, in vain.

Hence the promise of God for their fidelity, and obeying parental instruction for 250 years; which promise extended to generations then unborn. Jer. 35.

Judas turned traitor; was taken by the hand by those in authority, for a fool. Judas thought of honour, and flattery, and money; but when he found they had no further use for him he found himself forsaken, and was sensible of his folly—returned the money, confessed his guilt—they tauntingly replied, "what is that to us? see thou to that;" feeling his situation, in a fit of frenzy he went and hanged himself; as a warning to all traitors.

The man whose yea is yea, and whose nay is nay, inwardly feels and speaks in his heart—"Thou God seest me."

But most people have not that close, constant, inward feeling before God, as his *spiritual worshippers* walking before him. Hence, in this dark, stupid, thoughtless age of the world, governments and customs have thought and found it necessary to use oaths, affirmations, &c., to bring people to their feelings, in point of testimony and obligation, socially.

And what *feeling* is exercised on this occasion, and that which proceeds from yea and nay—they *both* are bottomed on the same principle of fidelity, founded on moral obligation, in their several degrees; as *forms* and *modes* alter not the nature of principles. For the principle of truth is a unit; and is as inflexible as the *eternal, causeless CAUTERIZER*.

People may change, and things may change; and in the turn of times there are great changes. But *principles*, and *truth*, and the *DEITY*, *change not*.

The feelings and character of Cain, Abimelech, Judas

and Benedict Arnold, should be kept in view by all professed traitors.

For if some people bribe and stimulate others to acts of treachery—yet all mankind in creation *despise* THE TRAITORS.

The anti-masons admit that there are *masons* among the Christians, Turks, and Hindoos; and they might have added, the *Jews* also.

The Christian masons they say, take the Holy Bible; the Turks take the "KORAN;" and the Hindoos take the "SHASTER," a book which contains the religion of Hindostan. And they might have added, that the Jews from America to India, take "THE LAW OF MOSES and the Prophets."

Since the Reformation, if not before, those four societies pledge their faith, on the Books of their Faith, in national contracts, &c. Some feel bound by the *cross*, and a favourite *saint*, &c.

Now admitting, for argument's sake, that masons do as the anti say, concerning the *different* books of creeds on which fidelity is plighted. What does it argue? Why, thus much, that masonry is very *ancient* and *extensive*.

For their Creed Books, on which their religion is founded *differ* from each other. And the *spirit* which each is influenced by, from what is called religion, is indeed very *BITTER* against each other.

But masonry must have been anterior to those creeds which produce those things, (which excite such bitterness towards each other,) as they came successively upon the stage, otherwise, masonry could not have been so *interwoven* among them, throughout the world.

And thus, transmitted down through the different ages, in succeeding generations, in the different parts of the world.

For it is evident that the *Turk* would not have received it from the "Christian dog." Nor would the *Jew* have received it from the same source. Nor the *Hindoos* have taken it from the Christians, and incorporated it in their *system* of religion, within this few hundred years.

In the *Almian Magazine*, John Wesley relates an account, circumstantially, which he says must remain among the mysteries inexplicable, till that day when all secrets shall be disclosed.

A gentleman went out one evening, and was missing. A servant in his employ, swore in court, that his mother, brothers, &c. had murdered the man—concealed him in a certain place, until they had an opportunity to fix the corpse in a proper attitude, to be carried off by the spring tide, and sink.

Such were the circumstances attending his disclosure and confession, that they were all executed, protesting their innocence till the last—except himself, who was hung in chains.

About eight years after, the gentleman came home to his family—saying, that he had been pressed by a pressgang, and sent on board a ship of war—not having an opportunity to escape sooner, nor to receive a discharge.

The case of "Boons," in Vermont, for murder—one sent to the state's prison, for life—the other under sentence of death—when the man *supposed* to be murdered, came back, after an absence of seven years.

How many have been executed for *supposed* murder, the law reports testify—and afterwards their innocence hath appeared.

So the affair of captain William Morgan—perhaps some few, who are called masons, have killed him! perhaps not. Who knows?

Those who know the tragedies of his life, with the concomitants connected, would have ground to form a judgment from the past, what he with others, would be capable of doing in the *future*, without giving a *censorious judgment*!

He was a poor man, having known masonick generosity; but now, to make merchandize of the order, associated with some others, to publish to the world, *something* to make the world *wonder*.

And the better to carry on the joke, made arrangements to go off on the *credit* of the *masons*, by duping some honest hearts for *tools*—like the monkey, to use the cat's paw to pull the nuts out of the fire. And thus whet up the public mind to buy the books, and make the better sale.

The duped, honest tools, confessed what they knew, and were punished accordingly—but these others, the *antis* say, run off, as if guilty; but, perhaps, to make the greater smoke—and hence we may infer, to share the greater profits in the *farce*.

The masons are accused of being associated together for base and evil purposes, by obligations of secrecy for "*treason and murder*."

The same accusation was produced by the Bishop of Winchester, and passed into a law, 1425, in the 3d year of Henry VI., in his minority, but without effect, for the king himself afterwards was made a mason, in riper years.

Also Robinson, of Scotland, denounced them as *traitors and rebels*, intending to put down all *religion and government*; and Abbe Barruel, in four quarto volumes, has published something, for the same purpose, and without making a proper distinction betwixt masonick and political societies. But the British government, and common sense, have not given credit to it.

The *antis* are partly *guilty* of what they accuse the masons, viz: "of being a *POLITICAL SOCIETY*."

The subjects of *politicks* and religious *creeds* are never *suffered* to be *mentioned* in a lodge; because the basis of the institution constitutionally is, *to think and let think*.

Hence all candidates are given to understand, previous to their admittance, that the subject does not interfere with their religion or politicks. In all the meetings that I have attended, this principle of the fraternity has been kept inviolable. Therefore it is not used for political or electioneering purposes, as some do falsely charge them.

And the bold assertion, that "masons are bound to *vote* for each other"—or "for a brother mason, in preference to all others," &c. is *false*. Also to keep the secrets of a brother mason, of "*treason and murder*," is false, as far as my knowledge extends—from the "Masters' Lodge," of three degrees; "the Chapter," of five degrees; "Council," of three degrees; "Encampment," of four degrees; up into the "Consistory," of thirty-three degrees, &c., and about twenty "*side degrees*," also.

Beverly Allen, a Methodist preacher, shot the sheriff at Augusta, in Georgia; the Presbyterian minister killed his elder, and was hung in Pennsylvania; the Baptist preacher killed his wife in the state of New-York, and got hung; the Independents, or Congregationalists hung the Quakers, at Boston, and put to death twenty persons for *witchcraft*, at Salem, who, no doubt, were more innocent than themselves.

Shall any one have the hardihood to condemn the whole of a society, because some of its members have acted incorrectly? Where would be the wisdom or justice in so doing?

And to blame *all* the *masons*, for the seeming misconduct of a few, would be equal injustice to the fraternity. For their *constitution* contains no such principles as are alleged against them, and laid to their charge—and which has been discovered, by the craft, in their official capacity to a candid world.

The distinction between *political* societies, and the *masonick*, is not made sufficiently by those who attempt to judge upon the subject.

The "Washington Society," connected with "Henryism," and the "Hartford Convention," were purely political.

So the "United Irishmen," and the "Orange Men," in 1798, were political; one being for liberty and the other for the king. But when a *freemason*, on the point of being cut down by the sword, a friend hath stepped forward and saved his life—shows the principle to be bottomed on humanity.

Congress sit with "closed doors," and request the president to communicate documents not consistent to be *made public*.

The Quakers keep closed doors against all not of their society, in meetings of business—both monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings.

The different denominations do their business among themselves, in matters that concern themselves only. If so, why condemn the masons? The true meaning of a secret society is, when the *existence* of the society is kept *secret*,

as well as their deeds—not when the existence is avowed, and only the forms of proceeding are not divulged.

If the forms of masonry are secret, the society is not; but is accessible to all who have the qualifications of honesty and intelligence, who wish to gain them.

Conclusion next week.

MASONICK CEREMONIES.

The following account of the celebration of the day which marked the completion of a full century since a name and a place were allotted to the city of Baltimore, and also of the laying of the First Stone of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road, is from the Baltimore American of the 20th inst.

THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

Agreeably to arrangements, the citizens assembled in Monument Square on Saturday morning for the purpose of celebrating the day which marked the completion of a full century since a name and a place were allotted to the City of Baltimore. The elevation in front of the eastern end of the Court House was occupied with rows of seats, for the accommodation of those who were specially invited to be present on the occasion, including His Excellency Governor MARTIN and Aids, Messrs. CARROLL and LOCKERMAN, the President and Directors of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail-Road Company, the Reverend Clergy, the Judges of the Courts, the members of the Corporation, the Juvenile Associations, and others. In the centre of the elevation was erected the rostrum for the Orator of the day. It was surmounted by a portrait of the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, encircled with the following inscription:—

"The only Surviving Signer, July 4, 1776."

CARROLL.

Over the portrait was inscribed in large characters the motto—

AGRICULTURE—COMMERCE—MANUFACTURES.

At each end of the elevation was placed a staff bearing the Star-spangled Banner.

The exercises of the day were opened by music from a full band stationed in the rear, playing "Lafayette's welcome." After which the Reverend Mr. SNETHER advanced to the front of the rostrum, and uttered a Prayer in which piety of sentiment and appropriate allusion to the peculiar occasion were happily blended. At the termination of this service, the band played "Hail Columbia." The Orator of the day, WM. GEORGE READ, esq. then arose, and commenced the delivery of an Address which was listened to throughout with great attention, and at intervals marked with the general plaudits of the auditors.

At the conclusion of the Address, the band performed *Washington's March* and *Yankee Doodle*, when the exercises in the Square were terminated.

RAIL-ROAD PROCESSION.

About half past nine o'clock the Procession preparatory to the laying of the First Stone of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail road was formed at the Masonick Hall in St. Paul's street. The line of march was taken up in the following order. A corps of Pioneers took the front, bearing on their shoulders their Axes, Picks and Spades. Succeeding these was a wagon bearing the First Stone, and the apparatus necessary for its removal and deposit at its destined spot. On one side of the Stone was inscribed the date, "August 8, 1829," and on the other the initials of the Company, "B. S. R. R." The top of the Stone bore a like inscription.

The Principal Engineer, W. F. SMALL, esq. followed, supported by the assistant engineers bearing the various instruments of the profession. The Association of Stone Masons and Bricklayers followed next, wearing appropriate badges and aprons. The handsome banner of the Association was borne in its front.

The *Masonick Fraternity* came next, arranged in the following order, and attended by marshals on foot and on horseback:—

Winder Lodge in front
Tyler, with a drawn sword, light blue sash.
Two Stewards, white rods and white sashes.
Entered Apprentices, two and two.

Follow Crafts, two and two.
Master Masons, two and two.

Treasurer and Secretary, jewels of office, white rolls.
Junior and Senior Wardens, jewels, columns, light blue sashes.
Junior Deacon, MASTER, Senior Deacon,
Jewel, blue rod, Jewel and Mallet, Jewel, blue rod,
Light blue sash, Purple Sash, Light blue sash.

The several Lodges followed in the same order, taking rank according to seniority. The *Encampment of Knights Templar* came next, having in their centre the distinguished banner of the Order. The *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland* succeeded, the Chapter being formed in the following manner:

Grand Janitor, crimson sash, drawn sword.
Two Grand Stewards, crimson sash, red rods.
Grand Captain of Host, crimson sash, drawn sword
Three Grand Captains of Veils, crimson sashes, carrying their respective Banners.
Grand Principal Sojourner and Grand Royal Arch Captain, carrying white wands.
Scribes and Kings of Subordinate Chapters, crimson sashes.
Grand Chaplain, white sash.
Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary, crimson sashes.
Past Grand Scribes and Grand Kings, two and two, crimson sashes.
Grand Officers, from Sister Grand Chapters, two and two, crimson sashes.
Grand Scribe and Grand King, with sceptres, crimson sashes.
Past and Present Deputy Grand High Priests, with fasces, crimson sashes.
Past Grand High Priests, crimson sashes, carrying Aaron's rod.

Grand Pursuivant, High Priest, Grand Pursuivant, with the breast plate, crimson sash, drawn sword.
Two Grand Stewards, crimson sashes, red rods.

A Band of Music was stationed in this part of the line of procession, and after it came the *Grand Lodge of Maryland*, the State Executive, the President and Directors of the Susquehanna Rail-road Company, and the Orator, E. L. FINLEY esq.—in the order here designated—

Grand Tyler, purple sash, drawn sword.
Two Grand Pursuivants, purple sashes, drawn swords.
Junior and Senior Wardens from the country, two and two; jewels of office.

Past Masters, two and two, purple sashes, jewels of office.
Worshipful Masters of Lodges from the country, purple sashes, jewels of office.

Three Great Lights in a triangle, carried by three Past Masters, purple sashes, jewels of office.
Silver Vessels, with Wine and Oil, carried by two Past Masters, purple sashes, jewels of office.

Concupia, carried by a Past Master, supported by two Past Masters carrying garlands of flowers, purple sashes, jewels of office.

HOLY BIBLE,
Carried by four Past Masters, purple sashes, jewels of office.
Past Grand Chaplains, white sashes.

Past Grand Treasurers and Grand Secretaries, purple sashes.
WORSHIPFUL GRAND TREASURER AND GRAND SECRETARY.

Purple sashes, jewels of office, white rolls.
Past Worshipful Junior and Senior Grand Wardens, two and two, purple sashes and jewels.

Worshipful Junior and Senior Grand Wardens, purple sashes, columns, and jewels of office.

Grand Officers of sister Grand Lodges, purple sashes and jewels of office.

GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL OF MARYLAND.

Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, purple sash, column, jewel of office.

THE ORATOR OF THE DAY,

Br. E. L. Finley, white sash.

The President and Directors of the Susquehanna Rail-Road,

Past Most Worshipful Grand Master.

Purple Sashes and Jewels of Office.

Junior Grand Deacon, Most Worshipful Senior Grand

Jewel, purple sash, GRAND MASTER, Deacon, jewel,

black rod, jewel, gavel, purple sash, purple sash,

Grand Sword Bearer, purple sash.

Two Grand Stewards, white rods, purple sashes.

Mayor and City Council,

Officers of the Corporation.

The Juvenile Associations, distinguished by their appropriate banners, and conducted by their marshals, closed the line of procession. The Procession moved through the streets which had been designated, and at about eleven o'clock reached the spot in the vicinity of the Falls Turnpike road where the Susquehanna Rail-road was to be formally commenced.

The spot selected for the laying of the First Stone was a short distance west of the Turnpike, and south of the first gate, on a piece of gently rising ground. From this point a section of the Rail-road had been graduated in a northern direction for the distance of a quarter to a half mile. Immediately in the vicinity of the spot prepared for the reception of the Stone was erected a platform with seats and a rostrum, handsomely decorated with flags, evergreens, &c. At one end was erected a flag staff bearing the American flag, and beneath it were placed the portraits of Washington, Jefferson, and other worthies of the Revolution. At either end of the rear of the platform was the representation of a turret, surmounted by a Rail-road Car bearing a banner. That on the left hand was inscribed "1729," and that on the right, "1829." In front of the turrets were tablets with the following inscriptions:—

1729,	1829,
Population	Population
43.	80,000.
Area	Area
60	9,300
Acres.	Acres.

As the procession approached the platform, the several bodies arranged themselves in front, and the Governor and Suite, the officers of the Rail-road Company and of the Masonick Fraternity, the Orator, the Reverend Clergy, and others, repaired to the seats allotted to them on the platform. While the Stone was preparing for removal from the car to its intended place of deposit, some appropriate airs were performed by the band. The Stone was then lowered into its place by the Association of Stone-Masons and Bricklayers. A Prayer suited to the occasion was then delivered by the Rev. Grand Chaplain WILLIAMS; after which the President of the Rail-road Company, GEO. WINCHESTER, esq. made a short explanatory address. The officers of the Grand Lodge of Maryland then advanced to the Stone, which was adjusted by Col. WILLIAM STEWART, Deputy Grand Master, in due masonic form. The Gavel used for this purpose was the identical instrument employed by General Washington, in laying the corner stone of the Capitol at the seat of the General Government. A prayer was now delivered by the Rev. Mr. REYNOLDS of Harrisburgh; which was succeeded by the reading of the following silver inscription plate by the Grand Marshal:—

IN COMMEMORATION
of the Commencement of the
Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road,
THIS STONE

Was placed

on the 8th day of August, A. D. 1829, by

The Grand Lodge of Maryland,

under the direction of

the President and Directors of the Rail Road Company,

Being the first hundredth Anniversary of

BALTIMORE.

Which was laid out under an act of the

Assembly of the

Province of Maryland,
Passed on the 8th day of August, 1729.

On the other side of the Plate was the following:—

In the 54th year of the

Independence of the United States:

Andrew Jackson, President of the U. S.

Daniel Martin, Governor of Maryland;

Jacob Small, Mayor of the City of Baltimore;

George Winchester, President of the Rail Road

Company;

James L. Hawkins, Thomas Finlay,

Sheppard C. Loakin, James Howard,

Justus Hoppe, William Jenkins,

James B. Stansbury, James C. Gittings,

Robert Purviance, Henry Didier,

John Keiso,

Wm. F. Small, Engineer.

Directors.

The deposits were then placed in the cavity of the stone, consisting of the inscription plate, and a glass jar containing the newspapers of the day, coins bearing date nearest to the present period, &c. The upper stone was then affixed and cemented by the Association, and the officers of the Grand Lodge then resumed their seats on the platform. The Orator of the Day, E. L. FINLEY, esq. then arose, and delivered an address which is spoken of as an effort of talent richly meriting the high praise which it elicited.

The ceremonies being ended, the line of march was again taken up. The Procession passed along the section of the Road now graduated, and descending the hill, crossed Jones' Falls at the turnpike gate, and came down on the east side of the Falls, passing the Landvale Cotton Factory, to the York Turnpike. Entering the city by this avenue, it passed down Gay to Baltimore street, and thence to the Masonick Hall, where it was dismissed.

THE GATHERER.

From the New York Enquirer & Courier.

CICERI AND MR. MAELZEL.

Our readers have often heard of Ciceri and Mr. Maelzel; and they will, no doubt, be pleased to see an account of the very ingenious method by which the latter procured from the former the beautiful Diorama of the Cathedral of Reims. It is thus related:—Previous to his departure from this place, Mr. Maelzel conceived the idea of opening to our citizens a diorama of the interior of a church, upon a plan entirely new, introducing into it, after his own peculiar and happy manner, animated figures and music. But who should do the painting, or could execute it in the shortest period, and at the same time render it a masterpiece of art, was the first question to be settled. He thought of his friend Ciceri, the most celebrated artist in Paris; and Ciceri, said he, upon reflection, must paint my diorama. Now Ciceri is a man of great wealth, as well as extraordinary talent; and like most men of genius, would rather employ his pencil for fame than money: In a word—he paints only when he pleases. All this Mr. Maelzel was aware of; but, nevertheless, he determined his Diorama should be the effort of Ciceri, or he would have none at all. Accordingly, the moment he arrived in Paris, he called upon Ciceri; and, after the usual salutations had passed between them, thus addressed him:—"My dear sir, I have come all the way from the United States to request you to paint me a Diorama of the Cathedral of Reims, which, with my Automata, and Melodium, I desire to exhibit to my friends in the Republic. If you will execute it, you will give me much pleasure; if you cannot, I must take passage in the same packet that brought me to Havre, and return directly to America, where I have left my Automaton Chess Player, Trumpeter, and Conflagration of Moscow."

This very handsome appeal to the ambition of the artist had the desired effect; and shaking him very cordially by the hand, Ciceri promised Mr. Maelzel, that he would certainly comply with his wishes. He commenced his labours without delay; and by the aid of that singular skill and industry, which he possesses in so eminent a degree above the members of his profession, Ciceri was enabled, in less than six months, to complete the "interior of the Cathedral of Reims." Several of his personal acquaintance were privately admitted to see it. They were struck with astonishment at the perfect illusion it produced; and, pronouncing it a *chef d'œuvre* of perspective design and brilliant colouring, they one and all desired it to be exhibited in Paris. But Mr. Maelzel had already departed for America; and Ciceri had pledged his word to send on the picture as soon as it was finished: accordingly it was packed up with the utmost care and expedition, and transmitted by the

ship *Charlemagne*. It was received in the most perfect state; and now, for the first time in any part of the world, it is opened in this city, in a building prepared for its reception. After it shall have closed here, the friends of Ciceri have requested that it may be returned to France. There the price of admission will be five francs; here Mr. Maelzel has been persuaded to put it at 25 cents!

A NEW BAROMETER.

Observations on a leech, by a gentleman in England, who kept one several years, for the purpose of a weather glass. A phial of water, containing a leech, was kept in the lower frame of a chamber window-sash, so that, when I looked in the morning, I could know what would be the weather on the following day.

If the weather prove serene and beautiful, the leeches lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form.

If it rain before or after noon, it is found crept up to the top of its lodging, and there remains till the weather is settled.

If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner gallops through its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard.

If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days before, it lodges almost continually without the water, and discovers uneasiness in violent throws and convulsive motions.

In the frost, as in clear weather, it lies at the bottom—and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial.

The leech was kept in an eight ounce phial, about three-fourths filled with water. In the summer the water was changed once a week, and in the winter once a fortnight. [London Casket.]

ANCIENT AND MODERN NAMES OF PLANTS.

The culling of herbs and simples, and compounding preparations from them, to relieve the suffering of nature were the first rudiments of all our knowledge, the most grateful exertion of human talent, and after food and clothing, the most necessary objects of life. In ages of simplicity, when every man was the usual dispenser of good or bad, benefit or injury, to his household or his cattle, ere the veterinary art was known, or the drugs of other regions introduced, necessity looked up to the products of our clime, and the real or fanciful virtues of them were called to the trial, and manifests the reasonableness of bestowing upon plants and herbs such names as might immediately indicate their several uses or fitness for application; when distinctive characters, had they been given, would have been little attended to; and hence the numbers found favourable to the cure of particular complaints, the ailments of domestick creatures, or deemed injurious to them. Modern science may wrap up the meaning of its epithets in Greek or Latin terms; but in very many cases they are the mere translations of these despised "old vulgar names."—What pleasure it must have afforded the poor sufferer in body or in limb, what confidence he must have felt for relief, when he knew that the good neighbour who came to bathe his wounds, or assuage his inward torments, brought with him such things as "all-heal, break-stone, bruise-wort, gout-weed, fever-few," (fugio,) and twenty other such comfortable mitigators of his affliction; why, their very names almost would charm away the sense of pain. The modern recipe contains no such terms of comfortable assurance, its meaning are all dark to the sufferer, its influence unknown. And then the good herbalist of old professed to have plants which were "all-good;" they could assuage anger by their "loose strife;" they had "honesty, true-love, and, and heart's-ease." The cayennes, the soys, the catsups, and extra-tropical condiments of these days were not required, when the next thicket would produce "poor man's pepper, sance-alone, and hedge-mustard;" and the woods and wilds around, when they yielded such delicate viands as "fat hue, lamb's quarters, way-bread, butter and eggs, with codlins and cream," afforded no despicable bill of fare. No one ever yet thought of accusing our old simplers of the

vice of avarice or the love of lucre; yet their "thrift" is always to be seen; we have their humble "pennywort, herb twopence, moneywort, silverweed, and gold." We may smile perhaps, at the cognomens, or the commemorations of friendships, or of worth, recorded by the old simplers, and their herbs, "Bennet, Robert, Christopher, Gerard, or Basil," but do the names so bestowed by modern science read better, or sound better? It has "Lightfootia, Lapeyroussia, Hedwigia, Schkuhria, Schuchzeria;" and surely we may admit, in common benevolence, such partialities as "good King Henry, sweet William, sweet Marjory, sweet Cicely, Lettuce, Mary Gold, and Rose." There are epithets however, so very extraordinary, that we must consider them as mere perversions, or, at least, incapable of explanation at this period. The terms of modern science waver daily; names undergo an annual change, fade with the leaf, and give place to others; but the ancient terms, which some may ridicule, have remained for centuries, and will yet remain till nature is swallowed up by art. No; let our ancient herbalists, "a grave and whiskered race," retain the honours due to their labours, which were most needful and important ones at those periods; by them were many of the casualties and sufferings of man and beast relieved; and by aid of perseverance, better constitutions to act upon, and faith to operate, than we possess, they, probably, effected cures which we moderns should fail to accomplish, if attempted.

[Journal of a Naturalist.]

CHINESE CHARACTER.

The same flourish, or character, of the Chinese, stands for an *adulterous woman*, and for *traitorous correspondence*. It is curious that the Jewish prophets should continually employ this very metaphor; and describe as the adultery of Jerusalem, that traitorous correspondence with the Egyptian court, which tended to separate Palestine from the Babylonians. Were these characters already employed throughout civilized Asia? Were they those of which the Jewess Maria (Cyncelli Chronographia, anno 5058, page 248), taught the use to Democritus of Abdera? If so, they would throw light on the hieroglyphs of the Egyptians, and derive historick elucidation from them.

HISTORICAL.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

THE DISCOVERY OF HUDSON RIVER, AND THE VOYAGE OF HENDRICK HUDSON THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

I know of nothing more entertaining than the simple narrative of Hendrick Hudson, describing his discovery of that proud river which bears his name, and is the boast of New-Yorkers. It was in the month of September, in 1609. Much as he admired its spacious bay, and beautiful scenery, and the abundance of fine mullet which its waters supplied, he was not thrown off his guard by this new and enchanting picture, but had no sooner anchored off the then wood-covered shores of Manna-hata, than he adopted, as it were by the instinctive prudence of an Englishman, all the necessary precautions against the treachery of the savages who came in their canoes to visit him. He was indeed forewarned of the necessity of watching them with the utmost vigilance, by what happened to the boat's crew which he sent the day after his arrival, September 5, to explore the passage which led to Hell-gate. Colman, who commanded the boat in that notable excursion, was shot in the throat by an arrow from an Indian canoe, somewhere in the neighbourhood of that dangerous straight, and his body brought down and buried with proper ceremonies. They related to Hudson that they had gone as far as the open sea, (Long Island Sound) and that the shores of the River (East River) were covered with grass and flowers, and goodly trees; and the air perfumed with the sweet smells which blew from them; that they were regaled with dried currants by the natives, and altogether delighted, apparently, with the appearance of the country, since so beautifully realized in its picturesque scenery of villas and lawns, and parks, and culti-

vated fields. The natives came on board the ship with maize or Indian wheat, beans, oysters, &c., and were clothed in mantles of fur of panthers. On the 12th, the ship being still anchored in the bay, twenty-eight canoes, full of men, women and children, came alongside. Hendrick, with the true spirit of enterprise, did not delay his time here, but soon got under weigh, to follow the course of the great river which he saw leading up by the mountain wall of the Pallisadoes, far towards the north, and which he little thought then would bear his name, and be the seat of a great city, and the thoroughfare of the world. He remarked the extraordinary passage through the mountains, and those loftier summits which are seen farther from the river, at what is now known as Catskill. Near this latter place, he was visited by several of what he calls the Governours [Sachems] of the different tribes that then occupied the banks of the river, all of whom, with their people, he found of friendly disposition, bringing platters of venison, beaver and other skins, and grapes, in return for knives and hatchets. Two young maidens, of about 17, also came on board, with their fathers, and behaved themselves very modestly. To one of the Sachemes they poured out such copious libations of wine and acquavite, [brandy] that he became quite intoxicated, much to the astonishment of his brethren, and was thereby obliged to remain several days in the cabin. Hendrick, in witnessing this novel experiment, did not contemplate how much the god of wine would afterwards be worshipped in this part of the empire of Neptune, in the bar-rooms of steamboats, packets and skippers. On their return through the Highlands, whose many points, narrow channel, and eddy winds he takes notice of, and where he encounters a stiff gale, an accident occurred of quite a romantick nature. A canoe with one man in it was constantly hanging under the stern of the ship, until at length, by the aid of the rudder, he crept into the cabin window, and stole out several Hendrick's shirts and handkerchiefs; whereupon the master's mate, says Henry, shot at him and killed him. The rest in the canoes, through fear, jumped into the water, and after Hendrick's men had recovered the stolen goods, one of the Indians, who swimming, caught hold of the boat, and tried to turn it over, "but our cook took a sword, and cut off one of his hands, and he was drowned." The first time that the waters of this limpid river had, by the hand of a white man, drank of the blood of a human victim. Hereafter to be the theatre of many a war exploit, and historical recollection. Its bosom whitened with the canvas of military expedition; its mountain passes echoing to the sound of the bugle, and the roar of artillery; the scene of Andre's capture, the storming of Stony Point, &c.

The people of the mountain, says he, came on board wondering at our ships and weapons. But they did not seem to have acquired an adequate notion of the power and advantage which civilized modes of warfare possess over bows and arrows. In the pass of the Highlands, some followed after the ship in canoes, and shot their arrows at her stern, and some hundreds who had collected there, on a point of land, tried their skill at the same exercise, to see what impression they could make upon this strange visitor. "There, (says Hendrick) with inimitable sang froid, I shot a falcon at them, and killed two of them."

Hendrick speaks of the steep precipices of the Highlands conjectured from their bear appearance, that the trees had been blasted, and that they contained metals. It would seem that he thought, in the language of alchemy, the chemistry of that day, that the spirit of the metallick substance had "buried," as he expresses it, or destroyed the vegetation.

A whitish green colour on similar rocks near what is now called Spiten-devil, made him suspect they contained copper and silver. Far above the Highlands, they met with shoals, the overslaugh upon which they several times grounded. Frequently they had wind and rain, though the weather was generally fair and hot, and he observes also that the bottom where they anchored, was often oozy. In the Highlands, they found fine salmon, and somewhere by the town now called after him, they went ashore, and gathered chestnuts.

THE LEGENDARY.

From Flint's "Western Monthly Review," for July.

MIKE FINK, THE LAST OF THE BOATMEN.

MIKE FINK was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. where his brothers, &c. still reside. He had but little knowledge of letters, especially of their sounds and powers, as his orthography was very bad, and he usually spelled his name Miche Phinck, whilst his father spelled his with an F. When he was young, the witchery, which is in the tone of a wooden trumpet, called a river horn, formerly used by keel and flat boat navigators on the western waters, entranced the soul of Mike, while yet a boy; and he longed to become a boatman. This soon became his ruling passion; and he served as a boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and their tributary streams, which occupation he pursued until this sort of men were thrown out of employment by the general use of steam boats. When Mike first set foot on a keel boat, he could mimic all the tones of a trumpet, and he longed to go to New Orleans, where he heard the people spoke French and wore their Sunday clothes every day. He served out his pupilage with credit. When the Ohio was too low for navigation, Mike spent most of his time in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, killing squirrels with his rifle, and shooting at a target for beef at the frequent Saturday shooting matches, and company musters of the militia. He soon became famous as "the best shot in the country," and was called *bang-all*, and on that account was frequently excluded from participating in matches for beef; for which exclusion he claimed, and obtained the *fifth quarter* of the beef, as it is called, (the hide and tallow,) for his forbearance. His usual practice was to sell his fifth quarter to the tavern or dram shop keeper for whiskey, with which he "treated" every body present, partaking largely himself. He became fond of strong drink, but was never overpowered by its influence. He could drink a gallon of it in twenty-four hours, without the effect being perceivable. His language was a perfect sample of the half horse and half alligator dialect of the then race of boatmen. He was, also, a wit; and on that account he gained the admiration, and excited the fears of all the fraternity of boatmen; for he usually enforced his wit with a sound drubbing, if any one dared to *dissent*, by neglecting, or refusing to laugh at his jokes; for as he used to say, he told his jokes on purpose to be laughed at in a good humoured way, and that no man should "make light" of them. The consequence was, Mike always had a chosen band of laughing philosophers about him. An eye bunged up and a dilapidated nose, or ear, was sure to win Mike's sympathy and favour, for Mike made proclamation—"I am a salt river roarer; and I love the winnimg, and as how I'm chock-full of fight," &c. so he was in truth, for he had a chere amie in every port, which he visited, and always had a circle of worshippers around him, who would fight their deaths, (as they called it) for him. Amongst these, were two men, *Carpenter* and *Talbot*, Mike's fast friends, and particular confidants. Each was a match for the other, in prowess, in fight, or skill in shooting, for Mike had diligently trained them to all these virtues and mysteries. *Carpenter* and *Talbot*, figure hereafter. Mike's weight was about one hundred and eighty pounds; height about five feet nine inches; broad round face, pleasant features, brown skin, tanned by sun and rain; blue, but very expressive eyes, inclining to grey; broad white teeth, and square brawny form, well proportioned, and every muscle of the arms, thighs and legs, were fully developed, indicating the greatest strength and activity. His person, taken altogether, was a model for a Hercules, except as to size. He first visited St. Louis, as a keel boat man, in the year 1814 or 1815, and occasionally afterwards, till 1822, when he joined Henry and Ashley's company of Missouri trappers. Many shooting feats of Mike's are related here by persons, who profess to have witnessed them. In ascending the Mississippi above the mouth of the Ohio, he saw a sow with eight or nine pigs on the river bank; he declared in boatman phrase, he wanted a pig, and took up his rifle to shoot one; but was requested

not to do so. Mike, however, laid his rifle to his face and shot at each pig successively, as the boat glided up the river under easy sail, about forty or fifty yards from the shore, and cut off their tails close to their rumps, without doing them any other harm. In 1821, a short time before he ascended the Missouri with Henry and Ashley's company, being on his boat at the landing in this port, he saw a negro lad standing on the river bank, heedlessly gaping, in great wonderment at the show about him. This boy had a strange sort of foot and heel, peculiar to some races of the Africans. His heel protruded several inches in the rear of the leg, so as to leave nearly as much of the foot behind as before it. This unshapely foot offended Mike's eye, and outraged his ideas of symmetry so much, that he determined to correct it. He took aim with his rifle, some thirty paces distant, at the boy's unfortunate heel, and actually shot it away. The boy fell, crying *murder*, and badly wounded. Mike was indicted in the circuit court of this county for the offence, and was found guilty by a jury. I have myself seen the record of the court. It appeared in evidence, that Mike's justification of the offence was, "that the fellow's long heel prevented him from wearing a *genteel boot*." His particular friend, *Carpenter*, was, also, a great shot; and he and Mike used to fill a tin cup with whiskey, and place it on their heads by turns, and shoot at it with a rifle, at the distance of seventy yards. It was always bored through, without injury to the one, on whose head it was placed. This was often performed; and they liked the feat the better, because it showed their confidence in each other.

In 1822, Mike and his two friends, *Carpenter* and *Talbot*, engaged in St. Louis with Henry and Ashley, to go up the Missouri with them, in the three-fold capacity of boatmen, trappers, and hunters. The first year a company of about sixty, ascended as high as the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, where they built a fort for the purposes of trade and security. From this place small detachments of men, ten or twelve in a company, were sent out to hunt and trap on the tributary streams of the Missouri and Yellow stones. Mike and his two friends, and nine others were sent to the Muscle Shell river, a tributary of the Yellow Stone, when the winter set in. Mike and company returned to a place near the mouth of the Yellow Stone; and preferring to remain out of the fort, they dug a hole, or cave in the bluff bank of the river, for a winter house, in which they resided, during the winter. This proved a warm and commodious habitation, protecting the inmates from winds and snow. Here Mike and his friend *Carpenter* quarrelled a deadly quarrel, the cause of which is not certainly known, but was thought to have been caused by a rivalry in the good graces of a squaw. The quarrel was smothered for the time, by the interposition of mutual friends. On the return of spring, the party revisited the fort, where Mike and *Carpenter*, over a cup of whiskey, revived the recollection of their past quarrel; but made a treaty of peace, which was to be solemnized by their usual trial of shooting the cup of whiskey from off each other's heads, as their custom was. This was at once the test of mutual reconciliation and renewed confidence. A question remained to be settled; who should have the first shot. To determine this, Mike proposed to "sky a copper" with *Carpenter*; that is, to throw up a copper. This was done, and Mike won the first shot. *Carpenter* seemed to be fully aware of Mike's unforgiving temper, and treacherous intent, for he declared, that he was sure Mike would kill him. But *Carpenter* scorned life too much, to purchase it by a breach of his solemn compact, in refusing to stand the test. Accordingly, he prepared to die. He bequeathed his gun, shot pouch, and powder horn, his belt, pistols and wages to *Talbot*, in case he should be killed. They went to the fatal plain, and whilst Mike loaded his rifle, and picked his flint, *Carpenter* filled his tin cup with whiskey to the brim, and without changing his features, he placed it on his devoted head, as a target for Mike to shoot at. Mike levelled his rifle at the head of *Carpenter*, at the distance of sixty yards. After drawing a bead, he took down his rifle from his face, and smilingly said, "Hold your noddle steady, *Carpenter*, and don't spill the whisky, as I

shall want some presently!" He again raised, cocked his piece, and in an instant, *Carpenter* fell, and expired without a groan. Mike's ball had penetrated the forehead of *Carpenter* in the center, about an inch and a half above the eyes. He coolly set down his rifle, and applying the muzzle to his mouth blew the smoke out of the touch hole without saying a word—keeping his eye steadily on the fallen body of *Carpenter*. His first words were, "Carpenter! have you spilt the whiskey?" He was then told that he had killed *Carpenter*. "It is all an accident," said Mike, "for I took as fair a bead on the black spot on the cup, as I ever took on a squirrel's eye. How did it happen?" He then cursed the gun, the powder, the bullet, and finally himself.

This catastrophe, (in a country where the strong arm of the law cannot reach,) passed off for an accident; and Mike was permitted to go at large, under the belief that *Carpenter's* death was the result of contingency. But *Carpenter* had a fast friend in *Talbot*, who only waited a fair opportunity to revenge his death. No opportunity offered for some months after, until one day, Mike in a fit of gasconading, declared to *Talbot*, that he did kill *Carpenter* on purpose, and that he was glad of it. *Talbot* instantly drew from his belt a pistol, (the same which had belonged to *Carpenter*,) and shot Mike through the heart. Mike fell to the ground, and expired without a word. *Talbot*, also, went unpunished, as no body had authority, or inclination to call him to account. Truth was, *Talbot* was as ferocious and dangerous, as the grizzly bear of the prairies. About three months after, *Talbot* was present in the battle with the *Aurickarees*, in which Col. Leavenworth commanded, where he displayed a coolness, which would have done honour to a better man. He came out of the battle unharmed. About ten days after, he was drowned in the Titan river, in attempting to swim it. Thus ended, "the last of the boatmen."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

An oration pronounced by Professor Schouw, at the solemn opening of the Winter Session, 1823-29, of the University of Copenhagen.

In order to eradicate the common error, which induces us to consider nature as the almost exclusive modeller of the character of nations, it is of paramount importance we should carefully keep in view, that even in the physical world, however obvious an influence they may produce, the climate, soil, and natural constitution of a country, are by no means capable of explaining all the appearances which will claim the enquirer's attention. This observation applies with peculiar force to the distribution of the various families of the vegetable and animal kingdoms over the surface of the earth. It is impossible to explain on such a datum, why England and Van Diemen's Land, though similarly circumstanced as to climate, should differ so widely in respect of their animal and vegetable productions; or why the Flora of southern Africa should possess so distinct a character from that of the northern parts of the African continent, or the flowers of New Holland be so essentially peculiar to its own soil. Much less will climate or soil enable us to account for the corporeal distinctions which characterise the several races or families of mankind. We know it is customary to ascribe the dark complexion of the negro to the extraordinary heat of the solar ray in his native clime; but do not the olive-coloured Hindoo and the fairer-complexioned tenant of the isles of the South Seas inhabit similar latitudes? or does the negro's skin become less sable when exposed to the less scorching skies of Jamaica or the Floridas? Though surrounded by the same meteorological circumstances, there is a striking dissimilarity in the complexional characteristics of the European, the Asiatic, and the aboriginal Indian of North America: the natives of Greenland and Lapland possess a darker skin than their European brethren, and the inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land, though living beneath a temperate sky, is of a complexion not far removed from black. We shall find ourselves at a similar loss in the attempt

to deduce other variations from the customary premises to which I have alluded: the woolly locks of the negro, the lofty stature of the Patagonian, the slender frame of the Papu, or the little twinkling eye of the Chinese, can in nowise be charged to the account of the climate, or referred to the nature of the soil. If we follow up the influence of physical causes on isolated individuals, we shall find ourselves equally sinning against every rational assumption, should we venture to deduce the mental attributes of any one human race from such causes. In the same country, in the same spot, nay, under the same roof, we meet with individuals entirely differing from each other in their intellectual features; but it would be ridiculous to ascribe the dissimilitude to the effects of climate, food, or beverage. Intellect does not resemble the anana; it can neither be nurtured nor called into existence by artificial heat.

In looking at the characteristics of nations, it is impossible not to observe the marked shades of diversity which sever one people from another, even where the climate is precisely similar, or not essentially different. The Europeans cultivate the soil, dwell in towns, live under regular forms of government, and, in general, are devoted to the arts and sciences; whereas most of the Asiatick regions, where the circumstances of climate are similar, are tenanted by nomadick tribes, who derive their livelihood from rearing cattle, are entire strangers to social polity, and have no conception of a more advanced state of civilization; whilst the aborigines of North America are untutored savages, wandering from spot to spot, from wood to plain. The feeble, peaceable, thrifty Hindoo lives beneath a climate scarcely differing from that which is breathed by the athletic, fierce, and lazy negro, or the miserable indigenes of South America, whose wild exterior and uncouth gestures excite both pity and aversion. The Chinese are, in every respect, strikingly dissimilar from any other nation surrounded by the same natural circumstances; and the proud and ingenious Briton possesses few characteristics in common with the poor, timid inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land. We find the most discordant masses intermixed and living together under the same sky; in the innermost parts of Africa the Arabian dwelling with the negro, and far surpassing the latter in every mental endowment; in its southern districts, the Caffre hordling with the Hottentot, with whom he has no earthly similitude; and towards the northernmost confines of Scandinavia, the Laplander hutting with the Swede and Norwegian.

If we weigh the effect of physical circumstances, to which is usually attributed the formation of national character, it will be found to depend neither necessarily nor demonstrably upon the influences ascribed to them: on the contrary, we shall frequently find the closest affinity of character existing where those circumstances wear the most widely diverse of aspects. A clear atmosphere is held to foster gentleness of manners, and give vitality to art and science; and Greece and Italy are cited in proof of the justness of this inference. The surface of the globe, however, will show us many a country where the atmosphere is more rarefied than in those regions; and such are the islands of the South Seas, or the elevated plains of Peru, Quito, or Mexico: yet in these, where shall we discover the manners and intellectual energy of the olden Greeks? Whilst under the dense and humid sky of England, man has reached a state of intellectual advancement to which few other nations have attained. Again; large rivers are esteemed conducive to the interchange of social relation, and, consequently, to human civilization; and the proofs of this argument are drawn from the Nile and the Indus. Now, the largest streams which exist are those of South America, along whose banks the uncivilized Indian toils for a bare and miserable existence; whilst the Dane, who is scarcely inferior to the most intelligent of his contemporaries, treads a soil unfertilised by a single stream. The Mediterranean is brought forward to exhibit the propitious influence attending large masses of water encompassed by land; yet where shall we discover the minutest traces of civilization along the capacious lakes of North America, around the Caspian, or among the numberless

thickly-studded isles of the Indian Seas? The coasts of the Cattegat, where social intercourse is impeded by storms, and sand-banks, and floating fields of ice, are ennobled by those civil institutions and mental energies, which will be sought after in vain among the islands of that ocean, on which the name of "the Pacific" has been appropriately bestowed.

The slender influence derivable from climate will become still more apparent, when it is recollected, that nations which have abandoned their native soil, and sought a home under stranger skies, have undergone no change whatever in their character. Among the colonists who have settled in the interior of the colony at the Cape of Good Hope, there is no difficulty in recognizing the Dutchman; yet his dwelling stands on an elevated plain, which is celebrated for the dryness of its soil and atmosphere, whilst his ancestors toiled in a land, damp as it was flat and low, and enveloped in a dense atmosphere of fog. In India we shall find as little difficulty in detecting the Englishman, as the Spaniard in South America, or the descendant of the Gaul and Briton in the Canadas or United States; whilst the Jews, dispersed over the face of every nation, and scattered beneath every various sky, afford an interesting proof, that the peculiar characteristics of an individual race may be faithfully retained under the most striking dissimilarities of physical circumstances.

The lapse of time will be frequently marked by a deterioration in the national character, though soil and climate remain unchanged. In vain should we seek to discover, among the Greeks of the present day, those traits of character and expressions of intellectual greatness which distinguished their forefathers in the hour of their noblest splendour; and yet the Grecian sky is not less translucent, nor its atmosphere less kindly, than they were in former ages; and if ever this unfortunate race should succeed in raising themselves from their present low estate, one circumstance, at least, is placed beyond a doubt,—they will not owe their elevation to any revolution of their climate. The Scandinavian sky has undergone little or no alteration, yet the Scandinavian himself has risen from the depths of barbarism to a state of civilized prosperity.

Let it not be imagined that we are inclined altogether to deny the influence of climate, and other physical causes. There are regions where these operate with so sinister an effect, that the inhabitants, though incessantly contending against them, are incapacitated from attaining any eminent degree of mental refinement: and such must be the event, where the climate is overcharged with cold or heat, or where the atmosphere is loaded with unwholesome vapours. The Icelanders afford, however, a signal instance of the extent to which the inward powers of man are capable of overcoming such obstacles as these.

The effects of what are termed "moral causes" on national character are beyond the limits of the present discourse: yet we can not refrain from observing, that in this particular, also, too great a stress has been laid upon isolated appearances. One party will profess to resolve such effects into the influence of legislation and political institutions; another will refer them to that of education; and a third, to the impulses of religion. All these causes are undoubtedly co-operative; nay, they are far more influential than any physical impulses; yet are they of trivial moment, when placed by the side of those powerful agents which exist in the innate qualities of the human mind: for what are called "moral causes" are usually the immediate results of national character; and on this principle, despotism is the consequence of popular depravity and servility.

Under every view of the subject, we are warranted, therefore, in assuming, that God has endowed every nation, as well as every single individual, with a peculiar character, the expansion of which is favoured or retarded by external circumstances, though it can never become the subject of direct and unerring calculation.

The upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man, more than the eye of God.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

THE WEDDING RING.

"Think Well on it."

Reasons for the use of the Wedding Ring in the Marriage Ceremony, by the Rev. George Montgomery West, Chaplain to the Bishop of Ohio, and late of Cork.

1. As by turning a ring forever no end can be found, so the friendship cemented by marriage should be *endless* and *perpetual*; not even broken off finally, by the interruption of death, but the marriage party separating merely during the night of the grave in sure and certain hope of meeting again on the following of a glorious resurrection, when all that was pure and lovely in the union, shall be more so still, with the high additional perfection of continuing uninterrupted throughout the *endless round* of a blessed immortality.

2. As the marriage ring should be made of *pure gold*, which is the most pure or simple of all metals, so the marriage union, cemented by that impressive pledge given and received, should be pure in its origin, pure in its continuance, and so pure in all its motives as to contra-distinguish the contracting parties from all intimacies founded upon cross or carnal principles, and as nearly as possible resembling the love of Christ for his spouse, the Church, who so loved the Church that he gave himself for it.

3. As gold of which the marriage ring should be made, is esteemed the most *valuable* of all metals, so the love and friendship implied in the marriage ring should ever be considered as infinitely more *valuable* than any other system of which human nature is capable.

4. As gold is the most compact or least porous of metals, so the marriage love and friendship should be so closely cemented by the blending into each other of all the kind and good affections of the parties, as to leave no possible aperture or opening for the introduction of any strange or forbidden affection. Each party should always be prepared to say of the other,

"Thy loveliness my heart hath possessed,
And left no room for any other guest."

5. As gold, by the action of the most intense heat, even in a crucible, cannot lose any particular of its original weight and worth, but comes out of the crucible as heavy and as valuable as when it was put in, losing nothing in consequence of the fiery ordeal, except whatever portion of dross or alloy may have been incorporated with the pure metal; so the most severe afflictions, and fiery persecutions, which may be the portion of the marriage parties, during some of the changes and chances of this mortal life, should never be able to deteriorate or take from the marriage union any part of its intrinsic worth or beauty, but the parties should rise from the furnace of affliction and the dishonours of the grave without having lost any thing except the grosser particles of earth and sin, which may have unhappily attached themselves to the mystick union which was intended to secure their felicity.

6. The marriage ring should be perfectly *plain*, that is; no *chased*, *raised*, or *artificial work* should appear on its surface—implying, that the marriage union should not be the result of any *artifice*, on account of *wealth*, *equipage*, *honour*, or the *undue influence of friends*, but the plain result of an honourable and religious affection between the contracting parties and that God who first instituted the holy estate of matrimony.

7. As gold is an *incorruptible* metal, that is, if thrown into the mire, or embedded in the most impure soil, it will never become corrupt, corrode, or imbibe one speck of rust or impurity, so should the marriage love and friendship, however it may be sometimes obliged to descend from the elevation of affluence into the deepest valley of penury or distress, be doomed "To waste its sweetness on the desert air," be incarcerated with the gloomy confines of the prison cell, or associate with the poor, the mean, or the illiterate; still, like its incorruptible emblem, should it continue as bright and beautiful as ever.

8. As gold is the most ductile of all metals, so that an ounce can be beaten out to cover an acre of land, or gild a finely attenuated thread to embrace

the circumference of the world's surface, so should the results of the marriage union fulfil the original command, to increase, multiply, and cover the earth with "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold."

9. As the marriage ring exhibits nothing to imply pre-eminence of the one party over the other, notwithstanding that the word *obey* is applied to the Lady rather than the Gentleman, yet the Gentleman; should even recollect, that as, in forensick Courts, especially Courts of Equity, the Plaintiff must appear with what is called, "clean hands," in other words, have fully done his part and duty; so before the husband can have any right to *command*, or the wife be under obligation to *obey*, he must remember the rest of his love and sincerity, which is given in Holy Scriptures; viz. "Husbands love your wives, as Christ loved the Church." But how did Christ prove his love for the Church? by dying for it. When a love, of which this is the model, predominates in the husband's heart, he can require no obedience from his wife, but what she will ever feel it to her honour, privilege, and delight to render.

When a lady "reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests" the foregoing, with all its implied suggestions and endearments, and then glances at the honoured finger, which bears the pure insignia of such voluminous delight and serious responsibility, how inexpressibly happy she must feel that she can be at all times, and under all circumstances, the bearer of so dear and portable a pledge of all that constitutes real terrestrial felicity, and may she often recur to the title or motto, and "Think well on it."

"This love worth commending,
Still beginning, never ending."

THE PRESENT SULTAN AND THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

The unpublished travels of Captain Frankland, from which an extract is made in the London Court Journal, of July 11, received at this office, gives the following romantic anecdote relating to the two greatest men of which the East now boasts—Sultan Mahmoud and Mahmet Ali. It was related by Lady Herter Stanhope to Capt. Frankland.

The growing power of the Pacha of Egypt had long been the cause of uneasiness to the Sublime Porte. It was feared, at Stamboul, that Mahmet Ali would some day throw off the yoke of the successor to the Caliphate. In vain the perfidious policy of the seraglio despatched Capidgi Bashis, armed with the bowstring and the dagger, to the capital of the Pyramids; in vain its treacherous agents endeavoured, by poison or stratagem, to rid the Porte of a dangerous rival. Mahmet Ali was too well warned, by his spies at Constantinople, of the toils which were spread around him, to suffer himself to fall into the snare.

At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme, which should be so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success. He had in the harem a beautiful Georgian slave, whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the Sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy, of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent. The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the East; and perhaps even the enlightened Mahmoud himself is not superior to the rest of his nation, in matters of traditionary superstition. He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mahmoud Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign prince, second to no one in the universe but to himself, the great Padisha. He observed to her how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become as it were the Queen of Egypt, and would reign over boundless empires. But in order to insure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger. "Watch," said he, "a favourable

moment, when the Pacha is lying on your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water, which, when he shall have drunk, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever."

The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the Sultan to the very letter. In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves bearing rich presents. Mahmet Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety. He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but, after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his *intimate friend*, Billel Aga, the Governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the bye, the Pacha had long been jealous. The poor Georgian having lost a Pacha, thought she must do her best to captivate an Aga, and she administered to him the fatal draught, in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mahmet Ali. The Aga fell dead upon the floor; the Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands; in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master. When the Georgian was accused of poisoning the Aga, she calmly denied the fact. "What did you do to him?" was the question. "I gave him a glass of water, into which I had dropped a talisman. See, there is the glass, and there is the ring." The ring, it was true, remained; but the stone which it had encircled was melted in the water.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1829.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

ANTI-MASONRY IN NEW-JERSEY. Extract of a letter from a citizen of Huntingdon county, New-Jersey, to the editor of the Record, dated—

August 19, 1829.

"There is no anti-masonick excitement in New-Jersey, at this time, except in Morris county, where it is subsiding very fast, it being discovered that the leading antis were disappointed political aspirants, who had no merit themselves, nor any influence among the people; hence their ghostly tales about Morgan and masonry are not regarded by intelligent Jerseymen. The anti-masonicks are completely put down in this state; their idle stories are made a jest of by nine-tenths of the people; they can only find knaves and fools to listen to their mighty matters of falsehood and wo! Their exertions to transform the Morgan prejudices into political influence, has failed entirely in New-Jersey, because their political schemes were not in concert, consequently they were moving in a retrograde way, instead of advancing their influence. The people were well convinced of their hypocrisy and entire want of honest integrity even among themselves—thereby destroying confidence in the old adage, "*honour among thieves*."

ANTI-MASONRY IN PENNSYLVANIA. John B. Otto, William Weimar, Peter Stump, Henry Bitting, Henry Wunder and Jacob Guth, who were appointed members of the anti-masonick committee of Berks county, Pennsylvania, have declined the *honour*, and publicly advertised that their names were used without their knowledge or consent.

John Bower and George Weirick, esqrs. of Union county, have also publicly declined acting as committee men, declaring that they will not serve on the committees or support the candidate nominated by the convention, but will use all honourable means to oppose him.

Mrs. Royal, in accordance with the judgment of the court, "has paid her fine and given security to keep the peace." Her securities are said to be major Lewis, the second auditor, Dr. Jones, the postmaster at Washington, Mr. Heusten, a clerk in one of the public offices, and major Eaton, the Secretary of War.

PRIZE ADDRESS. The board of trustees of the Baltimore Theatre and Circus Stock Company, offer fifty dollars or the value in a piece of plate, for the best poetical address, to be delivered at the opening of the house on the 10th of September next. Addresses offered for the premium are to be addressed to Jos. Robinson, secretary, Baltimore, and sent previous to the first of September.

☞ It is reported that the anti-masons in Jamestown, Chautauque county, *spiked* the cannon that was intended to be used in the celebration of the 4th of July. We have not learned whether this gallant and patriotick action was done for the benefit of "religion," "law," or "decency."

☞ The editor of the Niagara Courier thinks himself an excessively *sharp* fellow. He may be, if you turn him edge-wise: the receipt to do which, is, *a la Mrs. Glass*, "first find his edge."

☞ The yankee abilities of the *profound* anti of Ulster, would reflect more credit upon a button-mole factory, than upon the editorial chair.

FOREIGN NEWS. English papers to the 17th and French to the 22d July, have been received at New-York. We select the most interesting items of news.

BUCHAREST, July 2. At this moment a courier, sent off from Silistria, has arrived with the intelligence of that place having fallen under the victorious attacks of the Russians. The Turkish garrison, who, after an obstinate resistance, had been reduced to the last extremity, have surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The garrison consisted of 10,000 men, exclusive of the inhabitants. In this number are captain Hady Achmet and Serf Mahmoud, both three-tailed pachas, and many other officers. The trophies of this victory are 250 pieces of cannon, two horse-tails, upwards of 1000 stand of colours, the flotilla of the Danube, and a great quantity of ammunition and provisions.

Accounts had been received at Selim, in which it is stated that the Russians had failed in their attempts to cross the Danube at several places, and that Constantinople continued in a state of the most profound tranquility, whilst the sultan proceeds in all his enterprises with great judgment and energy, a line of conduct which has gained him the respect both of his own countrymen and foreigners.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 22. "The British and French ambassadors have not yet had an official interview with the Reis Effendi, but have endeavoured to have a confidential understanding with them upon the object of their mission. In this manner they have learned that the Porte will not negotiate upon the basis of the protocol signed at London, and especially upon the article which requires the extension of the frontiers of Greece from the gulf of Volo to that of Arta; so that they already foresee great difficulties in the way of their mission. The grand vizier is collecting all the troops he can at Choumla, and hopes to be able to assemble 50,000 men without weakening the garrison. All the men capable to bear arms have departed for the Balkan; the Turks admit that the number of men and artillery lost by them in the battle of the 11th was very considerable. Some persons still flatter themselves with the hope of peace, and speak of agents having been sent to the Russian camp. Ali Pacha, it appears, was killed in the battle of the 11th. The Captain Pacha has not yet returned from the Black Sea." Another letter from Constantinople of the same date, says—"The Grand Vizier returned to Choumla after the battle of June 11, with 6,000 men of cavalry and 12,000 infantry. The Mussulmans, thrown into consternation by the first intelligence of the defeat, resumed courage when they learned that the mass of the army had returned into the camp. It was also represented to them that the loss of the Russians was very considerable."

German papers anticipate the fall of Rudschuck, as well as Silistria, and look upon those events as likely to lead to a peace. A Congress of the great powers, was already spoken of, to settle the affairs of the belligerents and provide for the peace of Europe. The exigencies of Russia are said not to be exorbitant. It is supposed that the basis of the arrangement will be formed on the treaty of Ackerman, and the freedom of Russian commerce in the Black Sea. The fortresses of Asia to remain in her hands; and the principalities to be made independent. The emperor it is said, has expressed the formal intention, not to attempt the extension of the Russian territory.

For some days there have been no executions at Lisbon, but they still continue at Oporto. Don Miguel seems to have returned to the idea of marrying queen Donna Maria; and it is said that the states of the kingdom are to be convoked to take the question of the marriage into consideration.

After the victory of 11th June, the emperor of Russia, it is said, addressed a diplomatic note to all the European cabinets, to reassure them of his intentions, and protesting his desire to make peace with Turkey as soon as that government should have satisfied the just demands of the Russian cabinet.

The apostolical party in Spain oppose the King's marriage with the Neapolitan princess.

The *Nuremberg Correspondent* announces after intelligence from the frontiers of Italy, that Athens has surrendered by capitulation to the Greeks.

A letter from Paris, states the universal prevalence of a conviction that some great and general change, in the administration

will speedily follow the prorogation of the chambers. M. De Chateaubriand will occupy a prominent position in the new arrangement.

From the Buffalo Journal.

HEAR THEM! When the "Boston Free Press" first published its base slander, insinuating that governor Clinton committed suicide, the hirelings in this region eagerly seized the tale, and published it with great glee and commendation. It was the discovery of a new and important fact which was to add fresh fuel to the anti-masonic fire. But the tale carried villany upon the face of it, and it is beginning to recoil upon its authors. Now mark the change. The Anti-masonic Inquirer, of Rochester, on Tuesday last, thus commences sounding the retreat.

"We wish our friends of the Boston Free Press would strike from the letter which they are publishing, an intimation that governor CLINTON committed suicide. The suggestion is utterly unfounded, and is equally injurious to ourselves, and the memory of the distinguished man upon which it reflects."

"*Injurious to ourselves*"—there's the rub. What honesty of purpose, to state a malicious falsehood, libelling the illustrious dead, and send it forth upon all the winds, and when it became "injurious to ourselves," request, with down turned corners of the mouth, "our friends" would strike it out! This is the atonement offered by the spirit of anti-masonry to an insulted people. The name of one whose memory is associated with the choicest blessings which our people enjoy, is branded with the crime of self-murder, for the basest of political designs, and when popular indignation is visiting the authors and promulgators of this villany with deserving retribution, pardon is craved upon condition that the libellers will strike out the infamy from the body of a letter.

So with the story that colonel King was not dead. The same party promulgated that falsehood, both orally and in print, until it became injurious to themselves, when it was abandoned and denied. But these things, though once surprising, are no longer so. The authors have libelled alike the living and the dead, they have disturbed the worship of the God of our fathers, they have invaded the silence of the tomb, and dragged the bodies of our fellow men from their last homes—for the unworthy motive of obtaining official supremacy. Such is political anti-masonry.

From the Vermont Watchman, August 1.

FRUITS OF "EXCITEMENT." A specimen of what rational men may do, when under the influence of strong excitement and partly bereft of reason, came to our knowledge on a recent journey, in the southeasterly part of Caledonia county. On the authority of a number of respectable gentlemen in the town of Barnet, we state the disgraceful fact, that a valuable monument erected over the grave of the late Adam Duncan, esq. formerly sheriff of the county, and for a number of years a representative of the town of Barnet, has been demolished, and its broken fragments strewed about the burying ground. The deed was done during the recent disgraceful excitement on the subject of masonry. Mr. Duncan lived and died a mason. It is not known who were the perpetrators of this outrage upon the feelings of the living, and this sacrilegious insult to the memory of the dead. No reason for such conduct can be assigned, unless it be found in the fact that a few masonic emblems were engraven upon the tomb of the lamented Duncan. And this fact surely can afford no reasonable plea, as there are living victims enough to satisfy any ordinary spirit of persecution, without seeking objects in the field of graves, and among the monuments of the sleeping dead on which to wreak its vengeance! We must therefore conclude that the act is chargeable to no reasonable party, and to no rational human being. A cannibal, in the frenzy of a fanaticism, or in the delirium of a madman, could alone have done it.

From the Batavia People's Press.

RELIGIOUS ANTI-MASONRY. Two or three weeks since, the Session of the first Presbyterian Church in Albion, passed the following resolution:—

"Resolved, that we consider freemasonry, as revealed and testified to before this session, to be a moral evil, and therefore cannot fellowship any brother in this church who is a mason, until he shall absolve himself from its obligations, and all connection with masons, as such."

This was published in the Orleans Telegraph, and eagerly seized upon by the anti-masonic presses as another evidence of the "beneficial effects" of anti-masonry. But there is a second edition of this transaction, "corrected and revised," which these same presses say nothing about. It is this: some of the leading members of the church and society being masons, this proceeding was likely to raise a breeze; the resolution was therefore almost immediately rescinded, and the masonic members of the church are again permitted to worship their Maker in peace. This is the manner in which the crusade against them has terminated; fanaticism has not yet gained the entire ascendancy.

VARIETIES.

Canadian Difficulties. We regret exceedingly, says the Quebec Old Gazette, the state of affairs in Upper Canada. We repeat that that province cannot be long governed under the present system. It is nearly in the state of Ireland before Catholic Emancipation, writhing under a system adverse to the opinions, feelings and interests of a majority of its inhabitants, and to the rights to which they consider themselves entitled, as British Subjects. A government of this character is essentially a government of force, and can only exist while it is supported by force, a necessary instrument of government we admit, but of all others, the one which, for obvious reasons, ought to be the least used. We also repeat that nothing will ever induce the inhabitants of Upper Canada, to abandon one iota of the common rights which belong to, or have been enjoyed by British subjects in the colonies; and it is not for the interests of England that they should. It is only those who have the spirit to maintain these rights, that can maintain her dominion on this continent.

Duke of Wellington. A year ago the Duke was very much in debt; within a few weeks, he has found means to free himself from all pecuniary embarrassment, and has purchased the beautiful estate of Sir Peter Pole, the ex-banker at Strathfieldsay, for two hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and has annexed two other estates to it—the whole costing near half a million—and enclosing a space of nearly thirty miles in circumference. In addition to this, the site is marked for a superb mansion, which will cost two or three hundred thousand, or more. Apsley House, his Grace's mansion at Hyde Park corner, has undergone a complete repair, at an expense exceeding thirty thousand pounds, and orders have been given, it is said, for new furniture! Some suppose it is the money of the rich physician, whose only child, it is reported, the Marquess Drury, the eldest son of the Duke, will shortly lead to the Hymeneal Altar.

A Tomb in the Clouds. The Duke of Athol is said to have upwards of sixty miles of gravelled walks on his Perthshire estates, and more than half that number of miles of carriage roads; many of which are formed out of the solid rock, and lead through the most picturesque scenery, to the tops of various of the lower range of the Grampians. But all of these yield to that which the Earl of Hise has for some years been forming to the top of one of the highest Bens in Scotland, (Macdui, in Brae Mar, which is upwards of four thousand feet above the level of the sea,) by which materials are carried for the erection of a family tomb, upon the highest pinnacle of the mountain! The length of the ascent is nearly seven miles from the foot.

A Miser. A miserly bachelor schoolmaster died a short time since at Exeter, who had worn the same coat twenty years, and had himself darned his worsted stockings so many times, that no remains of the original colour were perceptible. After his interment his poor relatives sent for a gentleman to look over his scraps of paper, and, on the tester of the bed, were found, wrapped up in pieces of worsted rags or old stockings, sixteen hundred pounds in interest notes, from different Exeter bankers, of 2½ per cents, commencing 35 years since, the interest of none of which had been applied for; the compound interest of the whole would have been £4,000. A dread of being required to assist his relatives appears to have been his motive for withholding the secret of his wealth.

From the New-York Cabinet.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Oh! terrors there are that appal the soul,
When aloud through the heaven's pealing,
The dread bursts of a tempest in thunders roll,
The grandeur of God revealing.

And the firmest spirit will be dismayed
When the lightnings are wildly glaring,
And the bravest soldier will be afraid,
And the boldest forget his daring.

Yet, those peals are but what the tempests sing,
As they rush to the bloodless battle,—
Though the mountains tremble, and vallies ring,
Yet 'tis not with the death-shot's rattle.

And the lightning's course is amid the storms
That are gathered in dire commotion,
And the foes it seeks, are the vapour forms
That arise from the angry ocean.

But ah! wo! wo! wo to the soldier's wife,
And alas! for the maiden, sighing,
If her husband march to the bloody strife
Or her love to the field is flying.

For thunders that boom o'er the battle ground
Tell of death in each fearful roaring
And the flash preceding its boding sound
Is not quenched, but, where blood is pouring.

'Tis a dreary hour when the storms arise,
And the clouds are in wrath contending,

When the lightning speed through the dark'ned skies,
The strong bulwarks of heaven rending.

Yet, what are the flashings that cleave the air
To the gloom of a burning city?
When the orphan's cry, and the mother's prayer
Ask in vain for relief or pity!

I look o'er the mountains and see afar
A bright host, that I may not number
They rush to the home of the mighty Czar,
While it seems in a death-like slumber.

But now, the wild uproar of war I hear
And I see where the flames are curling,
And I see them spreading and they appear
Like a banner of fire unfurling!—

Let all who are charmed with the true sublime,
All the lovers of contemplation,
And those who to pleasure devote their time,
Go to Maelzel's "Conflagration."

RODOLPHUS.

LADIES' MAGAZINE conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41 Washington-st. Boston at Three Dollars a year.

Contents of No. 8, Vol. II. for August, 1829:—*Original Miscellany*—The Doctrine of Temperaments; German Literature; Hints; A Summer's Walk; Man's Mental Superiority over Woman, referable to Physical Causes only; Sketches of American Character—The Times; The Grinding Organ; Romance in Real Life; Thoughts on Domestic Education, the result of experience—by a Mother; School for Young Ladies. *Original Poetry*—To the Eglantine; An Indian's Lament; The Mother's Funeral Chant; The Larme; Sunday; Twilight Musing. *Literary Notices*—The Talisman; The Little Philosopher; Works in Press—Familiar Lectures on Botany; Antediluvian Antiquities.—Pamphlets &c.—The Southern Literary Gazette; The Yankee; The Brunonian.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent, Albany.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW is published in Cincinnati Ohio, at the close of every month: Each number will contain 56 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages. Gentlemen disposed to patronize this work are requested to enclose Three Dollars to the Publisher, when the numbers will be regularly forwarded according to the directions given.

Contents of No. II., Vol. III:—Agnes Sorel de Merivane, the Recluse Coquette; Hamiltonian System; Last number of the Edinburgh Review; Robert Owen's Book; Last Number of the American Quarterly Review; Cincinnati Miami Bible Society Anniversary Address; Agricultural Society Annual Address; Social System, or March of Mind; Unitarian Controversy; Picket's Books; Instruction and Discipline in the University of Vermont; The Federal Calculator.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent, Albany.

THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAH; a historical, literary and dramatic journal, edited by George Pepper, and published by Caleb Bartlett, No. 76, Bowery, New-York.

Contents of No. 7, Vol. 1, for July:—History of Ireland, Chapter VIII.; Ossianic Fragments, No. V.; Literary and Biographical Notices of Irish Authors and Artists, No. IX.; Cursory Light Essays; Venus' Lament for Adonis; Sleep; Horace's Lyric Compositions; Mary of Restrevor; Discursive Remarks on Painting and Sculpture, No. II.; Academy of Fine Arts and the Corporation; The New-York Stage; Original Patch Work; Union Emigrant Society; Lady Morgan's Forthcoming Novels; Ossian and the Editor of the New-York Evening Post; Mr. O'Connell; History of the Catholic Association; Original Poetry.

GOUGH & HERRING, Agents, Albany.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION, Knickerbocker Hall, is open every evening, (Sundays excepted,) for the purpose of exhibiting Maelzel's celebrated Automaton Bass Fiddler, Speaking Figures, and Slack Rope Dancers. To conclude with the EVACUATION AND CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

Performances commence at 1-4 past 8 precisely. Admittance 50 cents; children half price. Tickets to be had at the American Hotel, Eagle Tavern, State-street House, City Hotel, Cruttenenden's Hotel, Bennett's Rooms, Mrs. Rockwell's Mansion House; and at the bookstores of Messrs. W. C. Little, and O. Steele.

August 15.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 3m.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANGBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 433 South Market-street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House. Keeps constantly on hand and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid or clean combedilogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

STEAM ENGINE FOR SALE. A steam engine of one horse power, fit to drive three or four lathes, is offered for sale on very reasonable terms. Enquire at this office. Albany, August 1, 1829.

27c.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

TO VARRO.

In Answer to his *Stanzas*, published in the Record of August 1.

Are Varro's years, (though few, yet gay,)
 "Like clouds that stain the summer sky?"
 So tardily they pass away,
 Their shadows dark still on him lie?
 Is life a dream, a mere mischance?
 A vision of a meteor kind?
 That wanes ere half its noon's advance.
 And leaves no vivid trace behind?

In fitful dreams or phrenzied hours,
 Some mingled shapes of fairy nam e
 Come flitt'ring o'er his slumbering powers,
 And smiling, paint a world in fame.
 Are youth and beauty, wealth and ease,
 All irksome in the morn of life?
 Has life no charm, no power to please,
 No pole-star, haven, nought but strife?

Sic transit gloria mundi seems
 A charm to thee, if charm can find
 In thee a point, in Reason's beams,
 To lure the current of thy mind.
 Vain are such thoughts, such whinnings vain,
 And ill beseech a man, too soon;
 What! but to hush, with cold disdain,
 The social germ of heaven's boon.

When from the portals of the sky,
 On errands kind, to mortals sent,
 "The angel *HORE* is fluttering by,"
 Thy looks seem scorn and discontent;
 No wonder that his weary wings,
 "Are perched upon the stormy wave,"
 "And dark despair his fetters flings,"
 To hide, perchance, them in the grave.

Yet if that dull, cold apathy,
 Be monarch of thy better mind,
 And that foul form of "LETHARGY"
 T' oblivion's care thy power's consigned,
 Sad is thy fate, and drear thy doom,
 Thy star will set in endless night,
 The milky way of night's dim noon
 May be thy only distant light.

CENSOR.

From the London Casket.

THE HUNTED STAG.

BY T. MARSHALL.

What sounds are on the mountain blast?
 Like bullet from the arbalast,
 Was it the hunted quarry past
 Right up Ben-ledi's side?
 So near, so rapidly he dashed,
 Yon lichen'd bough has scarcely plashed
 Into the torrent's tide.
 Ay!—the good hound may bay beneath,
 The hunter wind his horn;
 He dared ye through the flooded Teith,
 As a warrior in his scorn!
 Dash the red rowel in the steed,
 Spur, laggards, while ye may!
 St. Hubert's staff to a stripling's reed,
 He dies no death to-day!

"Forward!" Nay, waste not idle breath,
 Gallants, ye win no green-wood wreath;
 His antlers dance above the heath,
 Like Chieftain's plumed helmet;
 Right onward for the western peak,
 Where breaks the sky in one white streak,
 See, Isabel, in bold relief,
 To Fancy's eye, Glenarney's chief,
 Guarding his ancient realm.
 So motionless, so noiseless there,
 His foot on earth, his head in air,
 Like sculptor's breathing stone!
 Then, snorting from the rapid race,
 Snuffs the free air a moment's space,
 Glares grimly on the baffled chase,
 And seeks the covert lair.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

MARY.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

I saw a tear run down her fading cheek,
 Like a silver dew-drop from the red rose shaken;
 It seemed a pearl, of sorrow's own, to speak
 What yet her tongue could not—"I am forsaken!"
 I saw her in that dreary lapse of doubt,
 When shades of wo and night were spread above her,
 When every gleam of hope was prisoned out,
 And none but me was left on earth to love her.
 I would not own that she had ever sinned,
 That heaven's pure veil had there been rent and broken,
 I gave those dreamings to the idle wind,
 And the sad girl my trusting heart in token.
 Heaven blessed the thought; her spirit's dimness went,
 Like evening shadows from the sun's adorning,
 And smiles and tears were in her blue eyes blent,
 Like sun and dew on violets in the morning.
 She turned from leaning on a broken reed,
 The dawning summer of her bosom made her
 A happier girl—more fully blest indeed
 Than if the garb of wo had not arrayed her.
 And she was nearer than a mother's love;
 If but my slightest feature told dejection,
 She hovered by me like a summer dove,
 And clad me in the sun-light of affection.
 Two swift and sunny years she lingered here,
 As a light flower on autumn's withering bosom,
 And then she drooped without a pang—a fear,
 And slept in earth—a seed for heaven's pure blossom.
 Sleep, Mary, for the summer dews lie soft,
 In the bright turf above thy lonely pillow,
 The summer winds blow sweetly there and oft,
 And long, thin grass waves, like a sea green billow.
 Angel—for now thou art—if ever thou
 Among the stars art one—in distance trembling,
 Let thy sweet radiance fall upon my brow,
 Like a bright drop—thy joyous tear resembling.
 Come, and be near me in my evening dreams,
 Around my heart-string like faint music hover,
 Flit not away in the morning's golden beams,
 But always light the bosom of thy lover.

THE GRAVE.

BY BOWRING.

Why should the grave be terrible?
 Why should it be a word of fear,
 Jarring upon the mortal ear?
 There repose and silence dwell:
 The living hear the funeral knell,
 But the dead no funeral knell can hear.
 Does the gay flower scorn the grave? the dew
 Forget to kiss its turf? the stream
 Refuse to bathe in? or the beam
 Of moonlight shun the narrow bed,
 Where the tired pilgrim rests his head?
 No! the moon is there, and smiling too!
 And the sweetest song of the morning bird
 Is oft in that ancient yew tree heard;
 And there may you see the harebell blue
 Bending his light form—gently—proudly,
 And listen to the fresh winds, loudly
 Playing around yon sod, as gay
 As if it were a holiday,
 And children freed from durance they.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Like thee to die, thou Sun!—my boyhood's dream,
 Was this; and now my spirit with thy beam,
 Ebbs from a field of victory!—yet the hour
 Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
 Nature's deep longings:—Oh! for some kind eye,
 Wherein to meet Love's fervent farewell gaze;
 Some breast to pillow Life's last agony;
 Some voice, to speak of Hope and brighter days,
 Beyond the pass of Shadows!—But I go,
 I, that have been so loved, go hence alone;
 And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
 Sweet friends! it may be that a softer tone,
 Even in this moment with your laughing glee,
 Mingles its feeling while ye speak of me:
 Of me, your soldier 'midst the mountains lying,
 On the red banner of his battles dying,
 Far, far away! And oh! your parting prayer!
 Will not his name be fondly murmured there?
 It will!—a blessing on that holy hearth!
 Though clouds are darkening to o'ercrest its mirth.

Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;
 Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain:
 Young brother, fare thee well!—on each dear head,
 Blessing and love a thousand fold be shed.
 My soul's last earthly breathings!—May your home
 Smile for you ever! May no winter come,
 No world between your hearts!—May even your tears,
 For my sake, full of long-remembered years,
 Quickened the true affection that entwined
 Your lives in one bright bond!—I may not sleep
 Amidst our Fathers, where those tears might shine
 Over my slumbers! yet your love will keep
 My memory living in the ancestral halls,
 Where shame hath never trod. The dark night falls.
 And I depart. The brave are gone to rest,
 The brothers of my combats; on the breast
 Of the red field they reaped;—their work is done—
 Thou, too, art set—farewell, farewell, thou sun!
 The last lone watcher of the bloody sod,
 Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

DIFFERENT SPECIES OF DRUNKENNESS.

When George was poor as poor could be,
Drunk as a beggar still was he;
 Espousing then a wealthy dame,
 Sudden a fortune to him came:
 To drink he now could well afford,
 And daily got—*drunk as a lord*.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE,
 & Co. No 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the
 most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in
 this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of Cooking
 Stoves, Franklins, Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves, together with Ranges,
 English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tong,
 Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will
 sell on the most reasonable terms.
 Albany May, 1836. 18m2

TO PRINTERS AND EDITORS.—Pecuniary embarrassments in-
 duce the proprietor of the BUFFALO REPUBLICAN to offer
 for sale. The materials of the office embrace a greater variety and ex-
 tent than any other in the western country—from Pearl to 20 line Fica.
 The materials are all new, or nearly new, but few having been used
 more than a year. There is a large assortment of flowers, cuts, &c.
 Thirty quires are printed weekly, and not more than 30 papers are
 taken by mail carriers or post riders. The permanent yearly advertising
 will over-reach 500 dollars, the "occasional" advertisements will
 amount to 300 dollars more. The job printing, (not excluding book
 printing) will average 20 dollars a week. The materials have cost
 about 5000 dollars.

The whole office will be sold for 2200 dollars—the present editor re-
 maining in the establishment for a stated term, if desired, for a reason-
 able compensation. One half will be sold for 1100 dollars; or one-third
 for 767 dollars—the purchaser being either an editor of talents and experi-
 ence, or a good practical printer. In case either of the two last proposi-
 tions should be taken up, a partnership, proportionably reciprocal in all
 respects, will be arranged. The title to the materials will be passed by
 men of undoubted responsibility.

Money being the object of selling, a handsome payment down will
 be expected; and the rest amply secured, and on a reasonable credit.
 It may be remarked, with entire truth, that the future prospects of
 Buffalo warrant the belief that the Buffalo Republican will become as
 profitable and as popular a publication as may be found in this section
 of the state.

The purchaser must be a Jackson republican.
 Persons desiring further particulars can obtain them by applying to
 the subscriber by letter, (post-paid,) or otherwise.
 SMITH H. SALISBURY.

TO PRINTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.—FRANKLIN
 LETTER FOUNDRY.—The reduced cost of the materials used
 in the composition of Printing Types, and the improvements and in-
 creased facilities of casting them, have induced the subscribers to
 adopt the following list of prices.

The style of their large and small letter is modern, and of the most
 elegant kind. The metal will be found very hard and durable, having
 a new ingredient in its composition. For accuracy and finish, the
 type cast at their foundry is warranted equal to any whatever. They
 have on hand a complete assortment of Book and Job Letters, so that
 they are prepared to execute orders for entire offices of Job, News-
 par, or Book Printing, on a short notice. They are thankful for the
 patronage they have received, and will be happy to receive the orders
 of printers, which will receive prompt attention.

Merchants and others who have orders from abroad, will be supplied
 not only with type, but with Presses, Cases, Composing Sticks, and
 every thing necessary for a printing establishment, and put up with
 care and perfect accuracy.

Their new specimen book will be published soon, and ready to be
 sent to printers, in which will be exhibited a greater variety than has
 been shown by any Foundry in the United States.
 Albany, July 23, 1835.

A. W. KINSLEY & Co.
 Prices.—At six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount
 of 3 per cent for cash.

Meridian, and all plain,		Small Fica,	36
larger,	0 30	Long Primer,	40
Double Great Primer,	23	Bourgeois,	46
Double English,	32	Brevier,	56
Double Small Fica,	34	Minion,	70
Great Primer,	34	Nonpareil,	80
English,	36	Leads and Quotations,	30
Fica,	36		

Other kinds of type reduced in proportion. Old Type received in
 exchange at 9 cts per lb.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1829.

NO. 31

MASONICK RECORD.

NOTES ON ANTI-MASONRY.

From "Omniferous Laws Exemplified—or, how to Curse and Swear Lie, Cheat and Kill, according to Law!"

BY LORENZO DOW.

Concluded.

O, my countrymen! remember the declaration of '76, with the principles and concomitants thereto belonging. And in these days of exigency and excitement I wish and hope for the voluminous essays or writings of THOMAS JEFFERSON to appear in print, to cultivate and improve the public mind.

The present excitement, to pull down old and long established societies for political purposes of a sinister nature, tends to accomplish objects of a cruel and unjust principle, by procuring laws to oppress and depress their fellow citizens—such as will bring them under the power of tyrannical instruments—to drive them into hypocrisy, *self defence*, exile, poverty and destruction; totally unworthy a free, generous and independent people.

Often, in Church and State, a very few men sway the whole multitude, who act from the impulse of the moment, without reason, why or wherefore.

Corrupt hearts, for party purposes and self interest, love *treachery* to accomplish it. But John Bull and brother Jonathan, with all mankind, despise the traitor.

You attempt to deceive a noted *liar*, and he will revenge upon you, because he respects the *truth*, if he does not possess it.

Also, cheat a knave, and he will resent it, knowing that truth, justice, *fidelity* and humanity, are proper virtues for all to possess, and bring forth in all their fruits of practice.

But this doctrine that some *publick characters* evince by their practice and profession, (taking their own word for it,) that no *oath* is binding, except made before a magistrate in form of civil law, is pernicious in its consequences.

For if an oath is not binding, neither can a *promise* be; and if not, why fine a man for a "breach of promise"?

Such principles for doctrine (taught by preachers who profess to teach the truth of God in *fidelity* of heart,) must tend to *corrupt* the minds of *youth*, who generally imbibe *first notions*, which are apt to grow up with them, and become a trait in their after life, characteristic, to the great injury of society.

For where can you place confidence where no obligation is felt?

For such ideas generated in the breast of youth, that no contract is binding, except made in form by civil law, destroys all force of *moral obligation* from the mind: and thereby, to fling off *moral restraint*, as it relates to society, unless you come under the lash of the law, is to open a wide field for iniquity; and will prove, in its consequences, ruinous to society.

The *Pope* was the first *anti-mason*, of late years, in which he denounced them by his bull, as heretics—assigning as a reason, their requirement of a belief in one God, without descending to particulars, as it relates to *creeds*—as though a protestant could not be saved as well as a Catholic.

The second appearance of the anti was the *inquisition* of Spain, after the return of Ferdinand VII. to the throne; allowing *freemasons* Jews and heretics, only forty days to come in and make their recantation, or share all the horrors of the inquisition: from forty to fifty thousand persons were imprisoned in monasteries and convents, there not being other prison-room sufficient to contain them; and most of those poor wretches have never been heard of since.

The third anti appearance was called the "Holy Alliance," or the Unholy League, who declared "that the principles of liberty were systematically prevailing, as exemplified in Naples, and a firebrand of it had got into Greece." Numbers of the masons were executed, not only in Spain, but at Rome and Naples also.

The fourth appearance of anti was by the *priests* in Spanish America, to prevent light, and to keep up the old order of things—ignorance, superstition, darkness and bondage—for self aggrandizement.

The fifth appearance of anti was by Alexander, of Russia.

He began his reign under favourable auspices, with a prospect of enlightening the dark, northern, savage regions. On the fall of Napoleon, he invited the Bonapartists, who were afraid of the Bourbons, to come into his dominions.

Several hundred thousands, of the brightest talents, and greatest genius, were drawn to his empire, from several parts of Europe. After holding out objects of inducement, to the astonishment of the world, his sun set in a cloud, and he died without lamentation by his surviving observers.

For first, it appears, he would bring back the dark ages of barbarism, by *destroying* the good principles he had suffered to begin, as it relates to literature, liberty of conscience, bible truths, and historical information.

And secondly, would moreover require *perjury* of those whom he had invited to come and settle in his dominions, and *officiate* under his government. Also, more than one hundred thousand were commanded to *quit* his dominions within a given period, under painful circumstances, beyond the possibility of compliance.

Alexander fell asleep in the way of his forefathers, a just retribution according to the view of that Hand, which from time immemorial has interfered in the affairs of mortals, by rendering retributive justice, according to the declaration—"That which ye measure to others, shall be measured to you again." However, fourteen thousand *masons* disappeared by *human power*—and where have they been heard of since?

The sixth anti appearance is in the United States; who are *infatuated* under the idea of "*Religion and Politics*," like their forefathers who hung the *Quakers* for *Heresy*, and in their *FANATICISM* and *DELUSION* must hang the *Witches*, too.

And thus bring back, as *blue skins*, the "*BLUE LAWS*" of former days, with a kind of *INQUISITORIAL SPIRIT*, as if the days of Barbarian Darkness and Oppression must be brought to *deluge* and *overflow* the land, in order to accomplish, by every *stratagem* possible, *TWO ORDERS OF MEN*—one to be *favoured*, and the other to be *oppressed*.

The doctrine of "*EQUAL RIGHTS*" is plainly the fundamental principle of these United States, are exemplified in the Declaration of July 4, 1776—with the letters of General Washington to Congress during the struggle; and also that Constitution, in the Federal Compact, on which the General Government is bottomed, since 1789.

General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, was the first leader and chief head, in his day, of that ancient Institution through the northern states.

General Washington was his successor. And although he advised against secret societies, when speaking of political affairs, which shows he must have referred to societies of a *political nature*; but he was the friend of *humanity*, and of course could never have referred to *humane* societies; as his letters to the Masonick Fraternity fully exemplify, and moreover his continuing in the official capacity, as head of the Society, subsequent to that day.

After him, De Witt Clinton, whose publick character is well known, continued the office to the end of his life.

Many of the antis are strong Jackson men, and voted highly for him, who stands one of the first on the list, and yet are striving to ruin the citizens' community, who are of the same craft.

And those "*ANTIS*" have the eggs now in "embryo," within their nest, to hatch a *political "EQUESTRIAN"* statue—impregnated with that *principle*, socially, which Washington in his "*FAREWELL ADDRESS*" advises the citizens against, as being *dangerous* to society.

And if the calmness of the Publick mind—with that good *principle* of *COMMON SENSE*—should be so exercised, *judiciously*—as to prevent confusion, delusion, fanaticism, convulsion, *anarchy*, and *TYRANNY*—it will be a happy thing—to transmit former privileges to generations yet unborn!

As it relates to candid and judicious people in these days of *excitement*, who are clear of Party Spirit—you will save yourself much trouble and expense, by *not concerning yourself about that which you are ignorant of*—and of course are incompetent to exercise and determine judiciously about it.

I would give my counsel to such, as a friend, to let it alone.

For if the Balance of the principles of 1776 be overthrown in this country, then, surely, the Palladium, which is the pendulous regulator of our national safety, is gone—and the surety and doctrine of Equal Rights driven from these shores, and banished from the world. For where else do they exist, or where can they be found in a social point of view!

Before the conquest of England by William, one of his predecessors, viz. King Athelstane, in 926, gave a Charter to a certain Society in York. Hence the origin of the well-known phrase—"Ancient York Masons." And the King's brother, Edwin, was the Grand Master.

Some laws in succeeding reigns were passed against them. When the Grand Lodge was convened at York, Queen Elizabeth sent some of her confidants, with a military force, to seize them with their papers, and bring them to her. But some of the leading men being *initiated*, made a favourable report to her Majesty, so that the opposition died away.

When a boy, I heard my father read of our people being carried into Algerine slavery, but some were *let off without ransom*, whilst others were retained and redeemed at the publick expense—which made an impression upon my mind.

But I had my prejudices as well as others of my day, without proper notions or judgment on the subject. And probably I should have carried them with me, till my dying day, had it not been for the following circumstance.

When on Rhode-Island, 1824, in my sleep, thought myself in a Masonick Lodge—where I received the first degree; after which I stood up to give them an address; in doing which I waked myself up. A strange, weighty exercise—sleep fled—early I crossed the ferry to Warren, where I related the circumstance at breakfast—noticed the countenance of some present, which appeared to be an index of their mind—concluded they were Masons—on enquiry found it to be so.

Then I resolved to see the difference betwixt dream and reality, the first opportunity, which soon presented at Bristol. I anticipated, step by step, and was not disappointed; the circumstances answering to my dream.

And travelling on, I have found no cause to repent my journey through the degrees of masonry, ancient and modern steps—but find the *principles* to be such as I would wish to *treasure* in my heart, and practise in my life, till my dying day—as I now see and feel.

The antiquity of it, the data and circumstances attending the origin of the several degrees, the parts separate and taken together to form one whole—there is a chain and a harmony in the institution, common opinion and assertion to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is noble in its administration; to think and let think, beyond the narrow contracted prejudices of bitter sectarians in these modern times.

In common with other citizens, I do good to all—but those of the Brotherhood have more especially claim.

It is general or universal Language, fitted to benefit the poor stranger, which no other institution is calculated to reach by extending the beneficent Hand.

Even the modern degree, called the Mediterranean Pass, known all around the shores of that sea, existed anterior to the date of the Knights of Malta; taking its rise at the capitulation of the Isle of Rhodes, which island had been maintained 200 years by the Christians after their expulsion from the Holy Land, against all the power of Turkey, which is near 400 years since.

The Wooden Mallet, now preserved in the English Museum of Antiquities as a curiosity, because King Charles 2d used it in laying the corner stone, publicly, of St. Paul's, and Masonick Hall, upwards of 150 years ago, shows the folly of some who attempt to assert its origin subsequent to that period, arising from the delusion of the South Sea Company, 1720.

The statute of Henry IV. of England, the 3d year of his reign, interdicting masonry, perhaps about 1425, is not brought into view by the "antis."

The Missionaries in the East have found the benefit of their having been initiated into this ancient institution (in the West,) among the *Indoos*—when otherwise even their sacred office and character would not have saved them.

Other societies strive to make disciples by proselyting, but this does not. Others beg your money, when out of the society, or belonging to another, but this does not. But in common with other societies and the publick at large, they show their equality in paying their proportion of the poor taxes, and also, the general kindness to the neighbours' distresses; yet over and above all that, they aim to help each other with their own money, which is not begged from others, but is the fruit of their own earnings. And provided they wish to extend their institution beyond the little narrow contracted prejudices of local societies, who do they injure? Let Truth and Justice answer the question!

Supposing a "Royal Arch Knight Templars' High Priest" should drop a few hints to all whom it may concern:

"Don't give up the ship"—but in the storm lay to; the gust, when it comes to its zenith, must lower away; and then set your sails, and steer your course. But learn the lesson—mind what characters compose your crew, and see there be not too many raw hands "admitted" for the voyage. But, while you have this opportunity, purge your decks of disorderly and improper members, by seeking a reformation, to correct whatever is amiss, that the institution may not be injured by those who are unworthy.

Signs always denote substances—and the substance is beyond the sign.

There was an outward stone table—outward manna—and an outward name written—kept from those without, the Gentile world.

But there is a "hidden manna," a "living stone," and a "new name" written, "which no man knoweth but he that receiveth it." Christ revealed in the heart, by the spirit, is the true knowledge of God!

To go no further than the signs, is to be only what may be considered as a mere nominal, outward court worshipper—a formal professor.

But those who study and pursue the true principle, to enjoy it inwardly, will find a sublime theory—an interesting study—refreshing, sweet contemplation—worthy a rational being, above the brute creation, which has but animal contentment; but you may study God; enjoy God—as an inward and spiritual worshipper—anticipating the joys of the world to come.

The conclusion of the whole matter, "Fear God and keep his commandments," which are, "repentance" for sin; the exercise of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—and to "love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself," practically doing to others as you would they should do to you—and thus lay up treasure in heaven.

EXPULSION.

At a regular communication of *Vermont Lodge*, No 1, holden at Masons' Hall, in Windsor, June 15, A. L. 5729, voted unanimously, that *Jabez Delano* and *James Bailey*, of Windsor, for unmasonic conduct, be expelled from this lodge. Printers in the United States, friendly to the institution of masonry, are requested to give the above a place in their respective papers. By order of the lodge.

MARTIN P. PINNEY, Sec'y.

Windsor, June 15, 1829.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

THE HUMAN EAR.

A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, London, May 30, 1823—by J. H. Cuvier, Esq.

The Ear consists of three principal divisions, viz. the external, intermediate, and internal ear. The different parts of the first division, or external ear, are described by anatomists under the name of the helix, antihelix, tragus, antitragus, the lobe, cavitas innominata, the scapha, and the concha. In the middle of the external ear is the meatus, or passage, which varies in length in different individuals. The external or outward ear is designed by nature to stand prominent, and to bear its proportion in the symmetry of the head, but in Europe it is greatly flattened by the pressure of the dress; it consists chiefly of elastic cartilage, formed with different hollows, or sinuosities, all leading into each other, and finally terminating in the concha, or immediate opening into the tube of the ear. This form is admirably adapted for the reception of sound, for collecting and retaining it, so that it may not pass off, or be sent too rapidly to the seat of the impression. There have been a few instances of men who had the power of moving the external ear in a similar manner to that of animals; but these instances are very rare, and rather deviations from the general structure; nor did it appear in these that such individuals heard more acutely: a proof that such a structure would be of no advantage to the human subject. With

respect to the external ear in man, whether it is completely removed either by accident or design, deafness ensues, although its partial removal is not attended with this inconvenience. the external ear, therefore, or something in its form to collect sound, is a necessary part of the organ.

The next division is the intermediate ear; it consists of the tympanum, mastoid cells, and Eustachian tube. The tympanum contains four small delicate bones, viz. the malleus, the incus, the stapes, and the os orbiculare, joined to the incus. The intermediate ear displays an irregular cavity, having a membrane, called the membrana tympani, stretched across its extremity; and this cavity has a communication with the external air, through the Eustachian tube, which leads into the fauces, or throat. The membrane of the tympanum is intended to carry the vibrations of the atmosphere, collected by the outward ear, to the chain of bones which form the peculiar mechanism of the tympanum. Besides the effect of the hard and bony parts of the ear in increasing the power of sound, the tension of the different membranes is also a requisite: thus various muscles are so situated as to put the membrane on the stretch, that the sound, striking upon it, may, from its tension, similar to that of the parchment of a drum head, have full influence upon the sense. In respect to its tension, the membrane of the tympanum may be also compared, not unaptly, to the string of a violin, or musical instrument, even more properly than to a drum; as the state of tension and relaxation in such chords produces a variety of sound in the instrument, so, in the same manner, circumstances, which affect the tension and relaxation of the tympanum, vary most perceptibly its powers of action, and the customary agency of the organ. Its four bones act mechanically, in consequence of the power of the local muscles: they strike like the key of an instrument, and produce a percussion on the nerves of the tympanum. Not only may the membrane of the tympanum be partially destroyed, and hearing be preserved, but the small bones of the tympanum have been in certain cases lost, or have come away, from ulceration, and through a constitutional or other cause; but in such cases it appears that the stapes was, in most instances, left, and thus the openings of the fenestra ovata and fenestra rotunda were preserved, which prevented the escape of sound from the labyrinth and internal parts. With respect to the Eustachian tube, its aperture into the throat seems indispensable to hearing; and whenever closed, from malconfirmation or disease, deafness is the certain consequence.

The third division of the organ is the internal ear, which is called the labyrinth; it is divided into the vestibule, three semi-circular canals, and the cochlea: the whole are incased within the petrous portion of the temporal bone. The internal ear may be considered as the actual seat of the organ; it consists of a nervous expansion of high sensibility, the sentient extremities of which spread in every direction, and in the most minute manner; insculpting with each other, and forming plexus, by which the auricular sense is increased. Here, also, sound is collected and retained by the mastoid cells and cochlea. To this apparatus is added the presence of a fluid, contained in sacks and membranes; as this fluid is in large quantities in some animals, there is no doubt it is intended as an additional means for enforcing the impression: the known influence of water, as a powerful medium or conductor of sound, strengthens this idea. The internal ear of man, therefore, has all the known varieties of apparatus, which are only partially present in other classes of the creation; and its perfection is best judged of, by considering the variety or form of the internal ear of other animals. The internal ear of some animals consists of little more than a sack of fluid, on which is expanded a small nervous pulp: according to the situation of this, whether the creature lives in water, or is partially exposed to the air, it has an external opening with the ear, or otherwise

From the (Chopertown) Watch Tower.

ON THE POISONOUS PROPERTY OF THE BLACK CHERRY TREE. The "*Prunus Nigra*" of Botanists. The fact, that the withered leaves of the cherry are a deadly poison to cattle, has been long

known in the country; but I never recollect to have heard of any ill consequences from the use of the bark, a domestick remedy very much celebrated for the cure of jaundice, &c. The following case is perfectly satisfactory to my mind, and must establish the fact of its poisonous properties beyond a doubt. On Thursday, July 23, I was called in great haste to visit a young lady who had been seized with vertigo, insensibility and syncope, followed by an alarming difficulty of respiration, in consequence of a draught of about half a pint of cider, taken from a closely stopped bottle which was filled the evening previous with cherry bark, fresh from the tree. These symptoms were followed by a small pulse, nausea and vomiting. The more violent symptoms passed off in about twenty or thirty minutes, and before I saw her, yet I am inclined to believe, that a larger dose might have proved fatal without any return of sensibility. In this case, it returned and the patient soon recovered with no ill consequences, except extreme languor and debility.

Another young lady in the family, who had good health and constitution, took also, about the same time, a very small quantity of the contents of the bottle and was immediately affected with faintness, giddiness of the head, and tremour of the whole body, which lasted about half an hour.

Whether the bark in these cases was more poisonous in consequence of the small sprouts, from which it was taken, being broken down and partly withered, (which is known to be the case with the leaves,) or whether such effect will be uniformly produced when the bark is put immediately into closely stopped bottles, I will not attempt to decide. I relate the facts only, and hope they may lead to farther inquiries.

The discoveries of the French chemists have recently revealed the truth, that the deleterious principle of the cherry and laurel, the kernels of the peach, and some other vegetables, is very analogous to the prussick or hydeocyanic acid. This acid, in its condensed form, is one of the most violent poisons in the world; snuffed up the nostrils incautiously, it produced sickness, and even syncope; a feather dipped in it and drawn across the eye ball of an animal produces instant death—a method often resorted to by physiologists to terminate the sufferings of animals which have been made subservient to their experiments. Two drops have been known to kill a vigorous dog in an instant. The whole body of animals killed by it, exhales the odour of bitter almonds, no disorganization or evidence of inflammation ever being discovered.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the New York American.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance Societies are the order of the day; but, according to the meaning given by these societies to the word *Temperance*, it only means abstinence from ardent spirits. But *temperance* really means something more than this, and must include abstinence from *gluttony*, not less than from excessive drinking. If the abuse of ardent spirits has led to much drunkenness in the land, voracity of appetite has made known and familiar among us a Destroyer, that, in his way too, slays his thousands—*Dyspepsia*!! to say nothing of other subalterns in the same service, and deriving their existence and power from the same source. We are no great admirers of societies or associations of any sort, for superintending and regulating the affairs of our neighbours: but if such be the impulse of the hour, we do not see why anti-gormandizing societies should not find favour in the eyes of the publick, as well as anti-drinking societies. We threw out the suggestion for those who may think it worth considering, and by way of illustrating the dangers incident to excessive eating, we subjoin some extracts from the article on *Dyspepsia* in the 7th No. of the Southern Review:

"We may safely take it for granted, after long observation, that almost every man, woman and child in this country, habitually eats and drinks twice as much every day, on a moderate estimate, as is necessary. Now this procedure must be cor-

rected, both by those who would preserve and those who would regain their health; unless they adopt the Roman custom of taking a vomit immediately after their feasts. "The Romans," says Seneca, "vomit that they may eat, and eat that they may vomit. It was used, says Dr. Middleton, "as an instrument both of their luxury and of their health. Thus Vitellius, who was a famous glutton, is said to have preserved his life by constant vomits, while he destroyed all his companions who did not use the same caution. And the practice was thought so effectual, that it was the constant regimen of all the athletes or professed wrestlers, trained for the publick shews, in order to make them more robust.

When Cæsar dined with Cicero, and took a vomit before dinner, it was a compliment to the host, as it intimated a resolution to pass the day cheerfully, and to eat and drink freely with him."* It is, doubtless, more rational to adopt this emptying habit than to die with an overloaded stomach; and, as we scruple not to take an emetic to remove indisposition, we see not why it should not be taken to prevent it. They, however, who think otherwise, must be content to submit their appetites to a rigid rule. We lay it down then as a general rule, liable to very rare exceptions, that three light meals at the utmost, with meat at one only, are as much as any one, much more a dispeptic, should venture on; and if he make them two, it will, perhaps, be so much the better. Between these two meals no luncheon or any thing whatsoever should be eaten; and any repast in the nature of supper, after eight o'clock, should be eschewed. Some physicians have recommended that we should eat little and often. And Drs. Potter and Calhoun, in their edition of Gregory's Elements, say, "it will be proper, when the person is disposed to inordinate indulgence, to take some food half an hour before the regular meal, &c. to prevent oppression of the organ." To this Dr. Paris objects, because the several processes of chymification, chyliification, &c. follow each other in a certain order, as he says, and "cannot be simultaneously performed without such an increased expenditure of vital energy as weak persons cannot, without inconvenience, sustain: thus chyliification would appear to require the quiescence of the stomach, and sanguification to be still more incompatible with the act of chymification. If, therefore, the stomach be set to work during the late stages of digestion, the process will in weak persons, be much disturbed, if not entirely suspended." He adds, "the specious aphorism of Dr. Temple, that the stomach of an invalid is like a schoolboy, always at mischief unless it be employed, has occasioned more dispeptic disease than that respectable physician could ever have cured, had his practice been as successful as that of Æsculapius, and his life as long as that of an antediluvian." The reasons given by Dr. Paris are not satisfactory. He assumes the fact that chymification and chyliification cannot be carried on at the same time without too great an expenditure of vital power; yet if Dr. Phillip's account of digestion be correct, the chyme is gradually formed and poured into the duodenum as it is formed, whereby a fresh surface of food is exposed to the gastric juice—consequently, these two processes are simultaneous after the first layer of food has been chymified. But we have no doubt of the injurious nature of the practice, for other reasons. It interrupts the healthy habits of the stomach by putting it to work at irregular periods—it keeps it almost constantly employed—"all work and no play"—and it destroys the appetite which nature has implanted to excite the flow of saliva and gastric juice. An exception, however, must be made when the stomach is unable to bear food enough at one time, but such cases are very rare, and when such patients become a little stronger, the practice of a little and often should be abandoned."

* Middleton's Life of Cicero, vol. ii. p. 419.

THE GATHERER.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

A DUTCH TALE.

A ballad of *Rooje* is perhaps the most touching story which the Dutch possess. It is of a maid—a beloved maid—born at her mother's death

—bred up 'midst the tears and kisses of her father—prattling thoughtlessly about her mother—every one's admiration for beauty, cleverness, and virtue—gentle as the moon shining on the downs. Her name was to be seen written again and again on the sands by the Zeeland youths—and scarcely a beautiful flower bloomed but was gathered for her. Now in Zeeland, when the south-winds of summer come, there comes too a delicate fish, which hides itself in the sand, and which is dug out as a luxury by the young people. It is the time of sport and gayety—and they venture far—far over the flat coast into the sea. The boys drag the girls among the waves—and Rooje was so dragged, notwithstanding many appeals. "A kiss, a kiss, or you go further," cried her conductor—she fled—he followed, both laughing:—"Into the sea—into the sea," said all her companions—he pushes her on—it is deeper, and deeper—she shrieks—she sinks—they sink together—the sands were faithless—there was no succour—the waves rolled over them—there was stillness and death:—The terrified playmates looked—

"All silently.—they looked again—
And silently sped home—
And every heart was bursting then,
But every tongue was dumb.

And still and stately o'er the wave,
The mournful moon arose,
Flinging pale beams upon the grave,
Where they in peace repose.

The wind glanced o'er the voiceless sea,
The billows kissed the strand—
And one sad dirge of misery
Filled all the mourning land."

From the Virginia Literary Museum.

CHAMBERS STREWED WITH RUSHES.

"Fashion of death were not the king here, he should strew the chamber like a Rush
Buxary d'Ambois

Before carpets came into use, in England, the floors of chambers and the stage itself were strewed with rushes. Thus in the "*Widows Tears*."

"Their honours are upon coming, and the room not ready!

"Rushes and seats instantly."

And in the *Coccomb*:—

"Take care my house be handsome,
And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes."

To the above remark of Whally, Mr. Gifford has caustically added:—

"My predecessor might have added, that from the indelicate and filthy habits of our fathers, carpets would have been a greivous nuisance: whereas rushes, which concealed the impurities with which they were charged, were, at convenient times, gathered up and thrown into the streets, where they only bred a general plague instead of a particular one." *Gifford's Jonson*, vol. 2.

Fastidious Brisk in Jonson's "*Every man in his humour*" observes:—

"Fore god, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love."

In "*Cynthia's Revels*," too, we are informed "that all the ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the rushes."

"Rushes," says Dr. Bullein, "that growe upon dry groundes, be good to strew in halles, chambers and galleries, to walk upon, defending apparel, as traynes of gownes and kirtles, from dust. Rushes be old courtiers: and when they be nothing worthe, then they be cast out of the doores: so be many that doe tread upon them. Bulwarke of defence 1759: they not only trod, however, but danced upon them: not the best way to keep their "trains from dust."

Thou dancest on my heart lascivious queen,
Even as upon these rushes." *Dumb Knight*.

See Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare vol. 1, p. 478.

From the same.

BLACKGUARD.

In all great houses, in Britain, about two hundred years ago, there were a number of mean and dirty dependants: whose office it was to attend to the woodyards, sculleries, &c. Of these the most abject were selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To these wretches who attended the "*Progresses*" and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which with every article of the furniture were, at that time, moved from palace to pal-

ace, the people, in derision, gave the name of *black guards*, a term which has since become familiar but whose derivation has puzzled many an Etymologist. This degraded class is referred to by Webster:—

"A lousy knave, that within this twenty years rode with the black guards in the Duke's carriages, amongst spits and dripping pans."

White Devil.

And by old Ben:—

"And so the *black guards* are pleased with any lease of life."

And Dekker:—

"King. What place would you serve in?

Gazette. Any, but one of your turnbroaches; I would not be one of your *black guards*, there's too much fire in me already." *Match me in London*.

THE EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.

I envy no quality of the mind, or intellect of others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life in death, and from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture, and of shame, the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptick only view gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair! [Sir H. Davy.

BUNYAN AND THE QUAKER.

Bunyan had a native turn for wit and repartee which appears in the following story. Towards the close of his imprisonment, a Quaker called on him, probably hoping to make a convert of the author of the Pilgrim. He thus addressed him. "Friend John, I am come to thee with a message: from the Lord, and after having searched for thee in all the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee at last." "If the Lord had sent thee," returned Bunyan sarcastically, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been a prisoner in Bedford jail these twelve years past."

From "The (London) Age."

CROSS READINGS.

The Cardinals having assembled, presented a scene of the most revolting depravity.

The Duke of Wellington pressed the bill forward—at the point of the bayonet, and drove all before him.

A poor woman was yesterday trampled to death by—Lord Nugent, the member of Aylesbury.

Mr. Tierney has been appointed—a wet nurse, with her first child.

Mr. Murray has had for some time in the press—a respectable widow in Maddox street.

Sir Richard Birnie was about to state—a falsehood, a gross one, said Mr. Laing.

The society for the propagation of—rats, renegades, and apostates.

There were discovered in a rat-hole, last week—the lord chancellor and Mr. Peel.

Syllabub hot from the cow, daily, at—the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans.

At Weymouth, Sir E. Sudgen was—sentenced to the treadmill for three months.

The Cabinet Ministers are just now—on sale, in Elgin, for a ten penny.

ANECDOTE OF A PAINTER.

Rembrandt, being in want of money, and finding his work of heavy vent, put into the newspapers that he was dead, and advertised a public sale of the finished and unfinished paintings in his house. Crowds flocked to the auction, eager to possess one of the last efforts of so great a master. The meanest sketch sold at a price, which entire pictures had never fetched before. After collecting the proceeds, Rembrandt came to life again; but the Dutch, who resent improbity even in genius, never would employ him after his resurrection.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From "Five Nights at St. Alban's"—a new work.

FITZMAURICE THE MAGICIAN.

"I have lived three hundred years! In that time—in all that time, I have never seen the glorious sun descend, but followed still its rolling course through the regions of illimitable space. I have shivered on the frozen mountains of the icy north, and fainted beneath the sultry skies of the blazing east: the swift winds have been my viewless chariot, and on their careering wings I have been hurried from clime to clime. But, nor light, nor air, nor heat, nor cold, have been to me as to the rest of my species; for I was doomed to find in their extremes a perpetual torment. I howled, under the sharp, pinching pangs of the icy north; I panted with agony, in the scorching fervour of the blazing east; and when mine eyes have ached, with vain efforts, to pierce the darkness of the earth's centre, they have been suddenly blasted with excessive and intolerable delight.

"All the currents of human affection—all that makes the past delightful, the present lovely, and the future coveted, were dried up within me. My heart was like the sands of the desert, parched and barren. No living stream of hope, of gladness, or of desire, quickened it with human sympathies. It was a bleak and withered region, the fit abode of ever-during sorrow and comfortless despair. I was as a blighted tree, that perishes not at the root, but is withered in all its branches. Tears, I had none. One gracious drop, falling from my seared orbs, would have been the blessed channel of pent-up griefs that seemed to crush my frenzied brain. Sighs, I breathed not. They would have heaved from my bursting heart some of that misery, which loaded it to anguish. Sleep never came. I was denied the common luxury of the common wretched, to lose, in its sweet oblivion, its brief forgetfulness, the sense of what I was. Death, natural death, closed his many doors against me. All that lived, except myself—the persecuted, the weary, and the heavily laden of man's race—could find a grave! I, alone, looked upon the earth, and felt that it had no resting place for me! God! God! what a forlorn and miserable creature is man, when, in his affliction, he can not say to the worm, I shall be yours! I might have cast away, indeed, the YENAKON—the Giver of Life—the elixir of the Sibyl—but that would have been to subject myself to a power of darkness, in whose fell wrath I should have suffered the casting away of mine eternal soul!

"Thus the stream of time rolled on, burying beneath its dark waves, our little span of present, in the huge ocean of the perpetual past, and devouring, as the food of both, our swift decaying future. But I floated on its surface, and beheld whole generations flourish and fade away, while age and silver hairs, growing infirmities, and the closing sigh that ends them all, mocked me with a horrible exemption. I remained, and might have remained, for ages yet to come, the fixed and unaltered image of what I was, when in Mauritania I encountered the potent Amamon, the damned magician of the den, but for that—woman's faith, and man's fidelity—which have made me what I am!

"This was my destiny. Now mark how I became enthralled to it; and how it befell, that at last I shook it off, and found redemption.

"In my middle manhood, when scarcely forty summers had glowed within my veins, I left my native Italy, and journeyed to the Holy Land, upon the strict vow of a self-imposed penance. It was for no sin committed in my days of youth, but for the satisfaction of an ardent piety, and the growing spirit of a long enkindled devotion. I had patrimonial wealth in Apulia; I had kindred; I had friends. I renounced them all, to dedicate myself, thenceforth, to the service of THE CROSS. My purpose was blessed, by a virtuous mother's prayers, that I might approve myself a worthy soldier of Christ; and it was sanctified by a holy priest at the altar.

"Even now, the recollection is strong within me, of the feelings with which, as the rising sun illumined the tops of the surrounding hills, I approached the once glorious, and still sacred, city of

Jerusalem—that chosen seat of the Godhead—that Queen among the nations. Eclipsed, though it was, and its majestic head trodden into the dust, by the foot of the infidel, my gladdened eyes dwelt upon what was imperishable, and my wrapt imagination pictured what was destroyed. The valleys of Jehosaphat and Gehinnon, Mount Calvary, Mount Zion, and Mount Acre, stretched before me. The palace of King Herod, with its sumptuous halls of marble and of gold—the gorgeous Temple of Solomon—the lofty towers of Phasaelus and Mariamne—the palace of the Maccabees—the Hippodrome—the houses of many of the prophets—grew into existence again, beneath the creative force of fancy. I stood and wept. I knelt, and kissed the consecrated earth which once a Saviour trod."

From the same.

THE IDIOT GIRL.

When Peverell reached his own house, his man Francis met him with a strangely mysterious look and manner.

"Here is one within," said he, "that will not, by any dint of persuasion, go; though I have been two good hours trying my skill to that end."

"Who is it?" inquired Peverell.

"That, neither can I discover," quoth Francis. "She knocked at the door—it might be something after eleven, perhaps near upon twelve—and when I opened it, she whips into the hall without saying a word, walks into every room in the house—I following her, as a beadle follows a rogue, till he sees him beyond the parish bounds—and at last takes possession of your low chair, and, without so much as 'by your leave,' begins to wring her hands, and cry 'Lord! Lord!' 'What do you want, good woman?' said I. But I might as well have addressed myself to the walls, for 'Lord! Lord!' was all her moan."

Peverell hastened into the room and there he saw poor Madge—her face buried in her hands, rocking to and fro, weeping most piteously, and as Francis had described, ever and anon calling upon the Lord, but in a tone of such utter wretchedness, that it pierced his very heart.

He spoke to her. She started up at the sound of his voice, looked at him, and then mournfully exclaimed, while she pointed to the ground—"They have buried her!"

"Then be comforted," said Peverell, in a kind and soothing voice; "your hardest trial is past."

"What a churl he was!" continued Madge, not heeding the words of Peverell; "I only asked him to keep the grave open till to-morrow, and he denied me! Only till to-morrow—for then, said I, the cold earth can cover us both. But he denied me! So I fell upon my knees, beside my Marian's grave, and prayed that he might never lose a child, to know that blessedness of sorrow which lies in the thought of soon sleeping with those we have loved and lost! It was very wrong in me, I know, to wish to call down such affliction on him—but he denied me—and I had to hear the rattling dust fall upon her coffin—ay, and to see that dark, deep grave filled up; as if a mother might not have her own child!"

"Poor afflicted creature!" exclaimed Peverell, in a half whisper to himself.

"Yes!" said Madge, drying her tears with her hands. "Yes! I have walked with grief, for my companion in this world, through many a sad and weary hour. But I shook hands with her, and we parted, at the grave of Marian. I buried all my troubles there. What is the hour?"

"Hard upon two," replied Peverell.

"Then I must be busy," replied Madge, in a wild, hurried manner, and smiling at Peverell, with a look of much importance, as if what she had to do were some profound secret. "You'll not betray me, if I tell you?" she continued, taking his hand—"Feel!" and she placed it on her heart. One, two; one, two; one, two—and so it goes on; it can not beat beyond two! Oh, God! in what pain it is before it breaks!"

She now returned to the chair from which she had risen, at the sound of Peverell's voice. He approached nearer; and (with a view rather to draw her gently from her own thoughts, than from

any desire that she should leave his house,) he asked her "if she would go home?"

"Yes," she replied; "bear with me yet a little while, and I'll go. It is near the time I promised Marian, when last I kissed her wintry cheek, as she lay shrouded in her coffin; and I may not fail. Lord! Lord! what a troubled and worthless world this seems to me now! A week ago, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the green earth, and all that was upon it, were dear to mine eyes; and I should have wept to look my last at them! But now, I behold nothing it contains, save my Marian's grave! You will see me laid in it, for pity's sake—won't you?"

"Ay," said Peverell, "but that will be when I am gray, and thinking of my own: so, cheer up. He that shall toll the bell for thee; now sleeps in his cradle, I'll warrant."

She beckoned Peverell to her, and taking his hand, she again placed it on her heart. A sad, melancholy smile played for a moment across her pale wrinkled face, and her glazed eyes kindled into a fleeting expression of frightful gladness, as she feebly exclaimed, "Do you feel? One!—one!—one!—and hardly that. I breathe only from here," she continued, pointing to her throat. "Feel!—feel!—one!—one!—another!—how I gasp!—see!—see!"

She ceased to speak; the hand which retained Peverell's relaxed its hold—her head dropped—one long-drawn sigh was heaved—and poor Madge resigned a being touched with sympathies and feelings not often found in natures of nobler quality, in the world's catalogue of nobility. If, among the thousand doors which death holds open for mortal man to pass through, ere he puts on immortality, there be one, the rarest of them all, for broken hearts, this hapless creature found it. A self accusing spirit bowed her to the earth, with the sharpest of all griefs—a mother's anguish for an only child—lost to her, as gamblers lose fortunes—thrown away by her own hand.

MISCELLANY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

THE LEGENDS OF ALBANY.

We who inhabit these confederated Republics are in comparison with the rest of the world, a new people. Our arrival at the years of discretion has been exceedingly precocious. Antiquity can scarcely be said to have appeared in our land. The graves of our ancestors are still plainly visible, and but few portions of our history are seen through the dim veil of uncertainty and tradition. Our countrymen seek in foreign climes and adventures the objects on which to exercise their genius, and the few legends that still haunt some of the oldest parts of our country, the spectres of the past, are gradually fading from remembrance and if told at all forgotten almost as soon.

Yet new as our country is, and young as is our existence as a nation, I am convinced that there are many places in our land upon which the dust of antiquity has begun to accumulate, places which though destitute of the tales of ancient chivalry, have been the scenes of many a dark and wild adventure, and I hope that fact will support me in the assertion when I say that Albany possesses as rich a mine of legendary lore as any other place in the Union. We claim to be the oldest city in the states,—to have acquired the first charter. The relics of the olden day project their peaked roofs to our gaze in almost all our streets—legends in themselves. The Old Elm

"That green and venerable tree,"

still exists, under whose shade generation after generation have passed; whose cooling influence all have appreciated. The Council of the Savage was held around it,—the grave assemblage of the Hollander blessed its luxuriant branches—the Colonist felt his loyalty to the crown begin and end there, and how much of the present wisdom of our municipality is owing to its influence I leave to others to decide.

But not alone are we to look for the mementos of the past from inanimate objects. There are those who daily walk our streets

"Whose thoughts are with the olden days,"

and to whom the reminiscences of what we call "old times" are far more familiar and acceptable than the occurrences of the present hour. There are not a few who, rejecting the modern innovation of dress, cherish the same costume in which they appeared.

"When Life's enchanting dream was new,"

they serve as the links to connect the past with the present. Long may they continue.

One of the talented authors of the *Talisman*, says that there is romance, genuine romance, in Albany. He is correct, our city has passed through days of dread and danger which could not fail to bring with them singular and wild adventures. If the sceptick asks when those times were, I would tell him it was when the scite of our city, where at present

"Twenty spires glisten to the skies,"

was a large hill covered with thick forest and exhibiting as its only mark of the white man, a few scattering huts in which the trader affrighted at his own temerity, essayed the first traffick with the myriads of demoniack savages around him. And it was in the time too when the settlers had obtained a stronger foothold, when Fort Orange reared its walls of protection and the broad banner of the High Mightinesses claimed all around it as its own, when the manners and customs of the little colonies were as completely Dutch, as though they had never left their *Vaderland*; and I would tell him of the era when the inhabitants found themselves quietly transferred from the government of the Netherlands to that of England, almost without a struggle.

A diversity of other changes have befallen our city, the sway of the Briton has yielded to "The People by the Grace of God, free and independent." Hostile armies once threatened our city, it has been the darling place of their ambition. Burgoyne from the North and Vaughan from the South, coveted its possession, but the one made his entry here as a prisoner, the other was repulsed long before he could reach us. The time is still in the recollection of a few of our oldest men, when the limited bounds of our city were placed under a vigilant patrol to protect them from the attack of the savage. One of the first meetings of Delegates from the colonies was held at Albany. The titled noblemen of the Eastern Continent have sought an asylum here; our graves have received their dust. Government after government, and yet after year, has brought new scenes to the history of our city. Now, all is changed, we enjoy the luxuries of life, where the deer once startled at the step of the Indian. Shall not these legends then, which must and which do exist among us, be preserved from utter oblivion? Let not the tale of our olden days go to the grave of forgetfulness.

"Unwept, unsung."

The contrast between the pains and perils of our ancestors and our present free and happy condition, will heighten the pleasures of the latter, and strengthen the remembrance of the former. The genius and talent of our city could scarcely be devoted to a more praiseworthy subject.

"This is our own, our native land."

Albany, August, 1829.

H.

From the London Court Journal of July 11.

THE FEMALE OFFICERS.

In 1805 I was residing in Tournay. At the conclusion of a *dejeune dinatoire*, at which about twenty persons had assisted, the worthy host, Mr. Delvigne, took me aside, and in a low tone asked me what I thought of the two sisters, one of whom had been seated by me during the repast. "The lady with whom I conversed," was my reply, "is evidently of a mild, amiable disposition; witty, quick at repartee without a particle of causticity; her person graceful; her shape lovely in the extreme—perhaps almost too slender; her eyes, large, brilliant, and expressive; her hands and feet the smallest and most delicate I have ever beheld: she may, without exaggeration, be termed a very pretty woman;—yet, I think, she is not without a degree of *coquetterie* in her composition; but that,

you will say, is the natural concomitant of nearly the whole of her sex. The gentleman who sat opposite to her is, I presume, one of her admirers, probably a lover, and apparently not a successful suitor. He appears to be unhappy,—possibly experiencing some jealousy whilst she was in earnest conversation with me and the person who sat at her left. The mere restlessness he evinced, the more she seemed to exert her talents in rendering herself pleasing to me and to the company. She was asked to sing, and instantly complied: her melodious and playful voice gave full effect to a satirical and facetious song, entitled "*Le Malheureux Felix*." Her admirer sighed—then frowned—then sighed again: but all would not do; she continued her song, enraptured all the company, and, at its termination, proposed that we should remove to the garden and dance quadrilles. In vain the lover solicited her hand for only one dance: she was sorry—was always engaged to some other person. It was clear she had made arrangements to dance with persons she had previously selected, and who would instantly come forward at any sign she made."

"You are mistaken altogether," said Mr. Delvigne "in ascribing this behaviour to *coquetterie*; she is naturally of a cheerful disposition, and the gaiety she evinces is not assumed. Her motives for acting thus proceed from circumstances highly honourable to her character. The gentleman you have remarked is the son of a French Marquess, recently returned from emigration;—he indeed loves the lady, and has declared his passion, but she refuses to give him the slightest encouragement. The objections she makes are, that her age exceeds that of Monsieur de R. by eight years, and that she would never enter into a family of *ancienne noblesse* that might look upon her with distrust, and perhaps with feelings of horror."—"Of horror!" exclaimed I, "how can such a sentiment exist towards so lovely a creature?"—"Attend," replied my friend, "to what I have to relate about this interesting and extraordinary female. You would not suppose, when looking at her, that she is in her twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, she scarcely seems to have exceeded the age of eighteen. You will hardly believe me if I tell you, that when only sixteen years old, she entered the ranks of the Republican Army, accompanied by her sister, served during three years, and was promoted, for an action of great valour, to be *Aid-camp* to Dumouriez, one of our most distinguished Generals.

"During the whole of the time she was in the army her conduct was marked with the strictest propriety, and her military talents were duly appreciated by her superiors. Unlike the Maid of Orleans, she and her sister never appeared in the field otherwise than in female attire. Their modest behaviour, beauty, and amiable manners, caused them to be universally respected, and their presence caused the most enthusiastick feelings among the military, many of whom, particularly the younger officers, strove to gain the approbation of these interesting women by feats of bravery. Upon one occasion, the elder, of whom I have been speaking, being then a Lieutenant, was despatched by her general officer to interrupt a part of the enemy's waggon-train;—she not only completely succeeded, but actually disarmed the officer who commanded it, and brought him a prisoner into the camp. In this skirmish she received a slight sabre wound in the neck. The Austrian officer whom she had taken became the laughing-stock of the French military; and, in a fit of rage and despair, at having delivered up his sword to a female, he committed suicide by blowing out his brains. The young lady rapidly recovered from her wound; and the Government, to reward her gallant conduct, presented her with a handsome country residence, with several acres of land.

"When Dumouriez was compelled to leave the French territory, she left the army with her sister, the young lady you see sitting by M. de Noailles.† Their father, before the Revolution, was an opulent Rentier, but had been ruined by some Austrian nobleman. He swore eternal enmity to that nation; and when war broke out, he solicited and ob-

† I believe, the present Duke de Noailles,—or, at least, one of his family,—then a poor Lieutenant in the second regiment of Chasseurs.

tained the situation of Quarter-master of Cavalry, and took his two daughters with him to the army:—such was the cause which led them to a military life.

"You will now understand," continued Mr. Delvigne, "the reasons which prevent her accepting the hand of Monsieur de R. Her opinion is, that a female who has lived in a camp ought never to become a wife. "My conduct," she adds, with a smile, "will bear the minutest investigation: but gentlemen, you know, are apt to be suspicious;—and besides, who can tell, if a husband behaved harshly or unkindly towards me, whether I might not call him out,—fight, and disarm him."

"The name of our fair Amazon," continued my friend, "will descend to posterity in our military annals; and future historians will celebrate the gallant exploits of the lovely and amiable Fernig."

EXCERPTS.

"The best Words of the best Authors."

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one. Pope.

Worldly ambition is founded on pride or envy, but emulation (or laudable ambition) is actually founded in humility, for it evidently implies that we have a low opinion of our present attainments, and think it necessary to be advanced; and especially in religious concerns it is so far from being pride for a man to wish himself spiritually better, that it is highly commendable, and what we are strongly exhorted to in many parts of the Bible.

Bishop Hall.

Volatility of words is carelessness in action; words are the wings of action. Lavater.

The good yeoman wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons, but silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blushes at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the sweet landmark, whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions. Fuller.

In order to look into any person's temper I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

—Smiles from reason flow, to brutes denied—
And are of love the food.

It may be remarked in general, under this head, that the laugh of a man of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them: but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world. Steele.

If you find a person accusing you of *willingly* perverting the truth, merely because you differ from him in judgment, say no more to him; for how can you expect him to confide in what you say, who already believes you to be a *hypocrite*? For he who wilfully perverts judgment is the worst of all hypocrites. There is another reason why you should say no more to such a person, and that is he sets up for *infallibility*. He thinks himself so infallibly right that all who differ from him must do so against the dictates of their own judgment. It is therefore useless to reason with him, for who can upset infallibility? What is the most mortifying of all, those who are the most ignorant, the most governed by passion, personal interest, or prejudice, themselves, are the most vehement contemners of others, and the most pertinacious of their own opinions. Let them alone therefore.

We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or

crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Lord Bacon.

Secretaries of State, President of the Council, and Generals of an Army, have crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises; which are but a civil sort of duns, that lay claims to voluntary debts.

Congreve.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1829.

93- New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

93- We recommend to the attentive perusal of every one, the circular of the New-York State Temperance Society, which we publish in another column. We do not subscribe to the extravagant tales which pronounce us "a nation of drunkards," and give currency to a multitude of libels and bug-bear stories which would sink us beneath the savages, if they were true; but we hold it to be a self-evident truth, that the less men drink intoxicating liquors, the more will they be disposed to cultivate the peace and harmony of society.

LORENZO DOW. This excellent citizen and esteemed preacher of the Methodist persuasion, has been for some weeks past, engaged in a tour of religious duties in Upper Canada, and the western parts of this state. On Saturday last he delivered a discourse in Palmyra, Wayne county. Some remarks from his caustic and excentric pen, on the subject of anti-masonry, are concluded in the Record of today. There is none, we think, who will deny that Mr. Dow is governed purest principles, and his opinions and reasoning will be received with deference, and be respected by honest men, the declarations of those who make a merit of perjury, to the contrary notwithstanding.

HUZZA FOR RITNER! The progress of anti-masonry in Pennsylvania is truly astonishing—it beats every thing we ever heard of. The Washington Examiner says that a general meeting was lately held by the antis in Chartiers, and several adjoining townships, "at which there were present exactly seven persons!" And "so great is the interest manifested in that section of country in favour of Mr. Ritner, that an adjourned meeting was appointed and held a few days afterwards, at which were present eight souls, all told!" A bright and mighty one of the west says, "if Ritner crosses the Susquehanna with 20,000 majority, he will be governor, as sure as fate!" And, truly, after the above display of strength, we are very much disposed to congratulate the prophet on his prospects.

We copy the following description of St. Paul's church, recently erected in this city for the use of the congregation of which the Rev. Mr. BURY is Rector, from the Daily Advertiser. This building was consecrated to the worship of God, by Bishop Hobart, agreeably to the forms and usages of the Protestant Episcopal Church, on Monday last, and will be opened for divine service to-morrow morning, at the usual hour.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH. This edifice is situated at the corner of Ferry and Dalleus streets, in this city. The building was commenced a year ago last May, by Mr. Henry Peers, the builder and contractor, and Mr. J. Clement, the mason, and is now completed.

The design is from an ancient Gothick temple. The width of the main body of the building is fifty-six feet by eighty-five long; fronted with a semi-octagonal vestibule of thirty-two feet diameter, with a corresponding roof, rising into the front pediment of the main roof. The walls of the whole building are of unwrought stone, 3½ feet thick in the basement—the upper walls, two feet. There are five windows on each side, and two in front supported by center piers, diverging at the head, so as to form three distinct Gothick arches to the casements and frames of each window. The mullions are diagonally disposed, and contain glass of 5½ inches square. The angles of the walls and the partition wall at the landing of the gallery stairs, are supported by buttresses of two feet square, having in each three abatements coped with cut stone, and surmounted with quadrangular Gothick pinnacles. The eaves finished

with a deep Gothick frieze and cornice, and the parapet carried up in the form of battlements.

There are niches in the right and left angles of the entrance way, prepared for statuary. The front door is ten feet wide, on each side of which are columns supporting the arch of a window above the impost of the door. The eaves of the vestibule roof are finished with a cornice and chainwork, and the angles surmounted with pinnacles.

The interior finish is also Gothick, and painted (by Messrs. Russel and Davis of this city) in imitation of oak; there are 148 pews below, and 66 in the gallery. The pulpit, screen and altar were designed and drawn by Mr. George Vernon, architect, and built by Mr. J. Biggelow. The screen is twenty-four feet wide, supported by four octagonal Gothick columns, in panel work, and rising about eighteen feet from the chancel floor. The columns are finished at the top with pinnacles, ornamented and encircled with carved leaves and vines; in the centre of the screen and immediately over the pulpit, there rises a pediment supported by clustered columns and an arch; the pediment is also surmounted with a richly ornamented pinnacle extending to the ceiling and standing in relief, in a niche prepared to receive it. The top of the screen and bases of the pinnacles are finished with castellated battlements, and the panel work in quatre foils.

The church is supplied with a large and beautiful organ, from the factory of Mr. Henry Eben, of the city of New-York.

This church has been built for the congregation of which the Rev. Richard Bury is the rector, and the building and interior finish has been done under the superintendence and direction of Mr. W. W. Dougherty.

The whole building may be considered as an excellent specimen of Gothick architecture, and there are excellencies in the design and execution of the screen and pulpit, and in the imitation of the oak, which are very creditable to the artists and mechanics who executed them. It is an ornament to the city, and will do credit to the age in which it was built.

The Cherokee Phenix says that reading and writing are as common among the Indians at New-Echota, as among the neighbouring whites; and asserts that "those Cherokees who have attended to their alphabet (invented by Mr. Guess) one week, write more correctly than the English scholar, who has been steadfast to his book two years." For the sake of the editor's modesty we hope he tells truth.

A directory of the city of Cincinnati has recently been published, containing, besides the usual local information, an article upon the rise and progress of the city, and some interesting statistical information. From a notice of the work, (which is stated to be the first of the kind ever issued there) in the Chronicle of the 15th inst. we select the following items.

" In 1795	our population was	500
1800	"	750
1805	"	950
1810	"	2320
1815	"	4,000
1819	"	10,293
1824	"	12,015
1826	"	16,230
1829	the first half of the year	24,148

" The ordinary revenue of the city for the year ending in March 1829, was upwards of \$25,000.

" About 30,000 square yards of street pavement will be made during the present year.

" The amount of postage in this city for the year ending 31st March 1829, was \$12,150, giving an increase of near \$4,000 since 1826.

" Twenty-three mails arrive and depart weekly, 18 of which are carried in stages and five on horseback.

The anti-masons of Vermont, who, like their brethren in every quarter, are more noted for their noise than their logic, are gifted with an odd sort of consistency. Samuel Clark, Esq. an anti-administration candidate for councillor, and who was nominated for the same office by the late anti-masonic convention for that quarter of the world, "is a Royal Arch Mason, and attends regularly upon the communication of Lodges in his vicinity!" The antis are so excessively patriotick that they have forgotten which side they belong to. We hope they may soon come to their senses and return to their heterogeneous labours: their support is mortifying and disgraceful to an honest man; and cannot be too severely deprecated, by those who, in the language of Mr. Colden, would "eachew all evil."

The ex-king of Sweden, Colonel Gustavson, was about to publish Memoirs of his life, at Leipsic, last month.

A new musical work, under the title of *Peninsular Melodies*, is in progress in London. The Court Journal says it will consist of a collection of melodies by the most esteemed composers of Spain and Portugal. The poetry is to be chiefly by Mrs. Hemans; which will guarantee its grace and elegance; and the melodies are to be harmonized by Senor la Disma, Maitre de la Chapelle to the King of Spain.

Captain Basil Hall's Travels are not very well received in England. It is said that some of the liberal writers who are friendly to the institutions of this country, handle him severely.

The University of Oxford conferred the honorary degree of D. C. L. on James Barbour, esq. late minister of the United States to England, on the 1st of July last.

A ship from the Indies lately arrived at Boston, brought from Siam two youths, connected together by an elastick ligament, extending from the lower extremity of the breastbone of one to that of the other. The following letter relating to this curious freak of nature, is copied from the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Some Account of the Siamese Boys lately brought to Boston.

DEAR SIR—In compliance with your request, as well as in obedience to what I consider a professional duty, I undertake to give some account of the Siamese Boys, and particularly of the medium by which they are united together.

The boys are supposed to be about eighteen years old. They are of moderate stature; though not as tall as boys of that age in this country. They have the Chinese complexion and physiognomy. The forehead is more elevated and less broad than that of the Chinese, owing to malformation. They much resemble each other; yet not so much but that upon a little observation, various points of dissimilarity may be noticed.

The substance by which they are connected is a mass two inches long at its upper edge, and five at the lower. Its breadth from above downwards may be four inches; and its thickness in a horizontal direction, two inches. Of course it is not a rounded cord, but thicker in the perpendicular, than in the horizontal direction. At its lower edge is perceived a single umbilical, through which passed a single umbilical cord, to nourish both children in the fetal state. Placing my hand on this substance, which I will denominate the cord, I was surprised to find it extremely hard. On further examination, this hardness was found to exist at the upper part of the cord only; and to be prolonged into the breast of each boy. Tracing it upwards, I found it to be constituted by a prolongation of the ensiform cartilage of the sternum, or extremity of the breast bone. The breadth of this cartilage is an inch and a half; its thickness may be about the eighth of an inch. The cartilages proceeding from each sternum meet at an angle, and then seem to be connected by a ligament, so as to form a joint. This joint has a motion upwards and downwards, and also a lateral motion. The latter operating in such way that when the boys are in either direction the edges of the cartilage are found to meet and shut. The lower face of this cartilage is concave; and under it is felt a rounded cord, which may be the remains of the umbilical cord. Besides this there is nothing remarkable felt in the connecting substance. I could distinguish no pulsating vessel.

The whole of this cord is covered by the skin. It is remarkably strong, and has no great sensibility; for they allow themselves to be pulled by a rope fastened to it, without exhibiting uneasiness. On ship board, one of them sometimes climbed on the capstan of the vessel, the other followed as well as he could, without complaining.

When I first visited the boys, I expected to see them pull on this cord in different directions, as their attention was attracted by different objects. I soon perceived that this did not happen. The slightest impulse of one to move in any direction, is immediately followed by the other; so that they would appear to be influenced by the same wish. This harmony in their movements is not the result of a volition, excited at the same moment. It is a habit, formed by necessity. At an early period of life it is probable they sometimes differed. At present this is so rarely the case, that the gentlemen who brought them, have noticed only a single instance. Having been accustomed to use the cold bath, one of them wished it when the weather was cool; to which the other objected. They were soon reconciled by the interference of the commander of the ship. They never hold a consultation as to their movements. In truth, I have never seen them speak to each other, although they converse constantly with a Siamese lad, who is their companion. They always face in one direction; standing nearly side by side; and are not able, without inconvenience, to face in the opposite direction; so that one is always at the right and the other at the left. Although not placed exactly in a parallel line, they are able to run and leap with surprising activity. On some occasions, a gentleman in sport pursued them round the ship, when they came suddenly to the hatchway, which had been inadvertently left open. The least check would have thrown them down the hatchway and probably killed one or both; but they leapt over it without difficulty.

They are quite cheerful: appear intelligent: attending to whatever is presented to them, and readily acknowledging any civility. As a proof of their intelligence it is stated, that in a few days, they learned to play at drafts well enough to

become antagonists of those who had long been versed in the game.

The connexion between these boys might present an opportunity for some interesting observations in regard to physiology and pathology. There is, no doubt, a network of blood vessels and some minute nerves passing from one to the other. How far these parts are capable of transmitting the action of medicines and of diseases, and especially of what particular medicines and what diseases, are points well worthy of investigation. Captain Coffin informed me they had never taken medicine since they had been under his care. Once they were ill from eating too heartily, but were relieved by the efforts of nature. He thinks that any indisposition of one extends to the other; that they are inclined to sleep at the same time; eat about the same quantity, and perform other acts with great similarity. Both he and Mr. Hunter, the gentleman who united with him in bringing them here, are of opinion that touching one of them when they are asleep, awakes both.

The pulsations of the heart are exactly alike in both boys. I counted seventy three pulsations in a minute, while they were sitting; counting first in one boy, then in the other. I then placed my fingers on an arm of each boy, and found the pulsations take place exactly together. One of them stooping suddenly to look at my watch, his pulse became much quicker than that of the other; but after he had returned to his former posture, in about a quarter of a minute, his pulse was precisely like that of the other boy. This happened repeatedly. Their respirations are, of consequence, exactly simultaneous.

This harmony of action in primary functions shows a reciprocal influence, which may lead to curious observations and important deductions. Whether it will be in my power to obtain any further information in regard to them, is uncertain. If not, some one else can better accomplish the task.

Let me add that there is nothing unpleasant in the aspect of these boys. On the contrary, they must be viewed as presenting one of the most interesting objects of natural history, which have ever been known to scientific men.

You are at liberty to employ the above statement in such way as you think likely to be useful.

I have the honour to be, yours, &c. JOHN C. WARREN.

WM. STURGIS, Esq.

NEW YORK STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

(CIRCULAR)

The Executive Committee of the "New-York State Temperance Society," after some unavoidable delay, have at length commenced their operations, and would now call upon the citizens of the state for their co-operation and aid.

The committee cannot but hope that the community are now ready for a vigorous and united movement in this noble enterprise.

The levity and incredulity with which the incipient efforts in this cause were at first regarded, have, in a great measure, ceased. The light that has been shed upon the subject—the many experiments, triumphant and glorious in their results, that have been made, can scarcely leave a doubt in the minds of candid and reflecting men, that something may be done to arrest the evils of intemperance, and that it is the duty of every good citizen to contribute his influence and aid.

The principles of the temperance enterprise are few and easily understood; and no man, it is believed, can fairly examine them, without becoming convinced of the following truths—

1st. That the evils of intemperance in this country are so serious, that something ought at once to be done to arrest them.

2d. That these evils may be removed by an entire abstinence from distilled spirits on the part of temperate men.

3d. That such an entire abstinence would be productive of no injury, either to the interests or character of the community. And

4th. That such an abstinence may be effected by associations to sustain each other in these new habits, and thus to make them reputable and common.

In view of these truths, so fully sustained as they are by arguments and facts now extensively before the public, the committee propose to proceed at once to organize such associations in every county and town, throughout the state, and by this means to concentrate and embody, as systematically and rapidly as possible, the influence of the friends of temperance amongst us.

In pursuance of this object, they have engaged the services of an agent, who is also secretary of the society, whose time and labours will be devoted exclusively to carrying forward its enterprise, and whose first object will be to visit, as soon as practicable, every county in the state, to organize county auxiliaries. It must be seen, however, that neither the committee nor their agent can accomplish much without the co-operation of the friends of the object generally throughout the state.

This co-operation, therefore, from their fellow citizens, they earnestly solicit; and beg leave candidly and concisely to state some of the ways in which it may be afforded.

1st. In the first place, they do not ask for money. The expenses of their agent and the other incidental expenses of the state society, will be sustained exclusively by a few benevolent individuals in the city of Albany, and in other parts of the state, who will stand mutually pledged to furnish the funds to promote this enterprise throughout the state.

It is hoped, however, that county societies, when organized, will take upon themselves the responsibility and the expense of organizing town auxiliaries in every town within their limits.

2d. They request that clergymen of all denominations will take the earliest measures, by preaching—publicly reading printed discourses—private conversation, &c.—to prepare the

minds of their hearers to act understandingly and promptly, when called upon to form associations.

3d. They ask that the conductors of newspapers, whether religious, literary, or political, will appropriate a column, or part of a column, in every paper, for articles, either original or selected, on the subject of temperance, and thus exert, in favour of this cause, that mighty moral power with which the conductors of the periodical press in this country are entrusted.

4th. It is desired that country societies already organized, will declare themselves auxiliary to the state society, and immediately forward a copy of their constitution and a list of their officers, without expense if practicable, to the secretary of that society at Albany; and that town associations will declare themselves auxiliary to their county society; and also, that reports may be sent from the town to the county, and from the county to the state society, previous to the meeting of the state society in January next; so that at that time the statistics and other information on this subject, collected from all parts of the state, may be condensed and arranged, and again sent abroad for the mutual edification and encouragement of all.

5th. It is requested, that every individual in this community, and especially all who are in public and influential stations, will immediately examine this subject with attention, and enquire, whether the effort now making to rescue our country from the degradation and the miseries of intemperance, is not at least worth an experiment; and whether he ought not at once to give it his decided countenance and support.

Fellow-Citizens of the State of New-York: Shall this enterprise succeed? Shall the state of New-York go forward and throw the whole weight of its influence in favour of this effort for our country's good; or shall it be found reluctant and opposing? Shall the multitudes from other states and from foreign countries, who annually throng our rivers, and canals, and high-roads, to visit our springs and our water-falls,—shall they find here a tone of public sentiment on this subject, which shall be healthful, and which they shall carry back, with electrical rapidity, to all parts of the country,—or shall that tone of sentiment be disastrous to ourselves, and pernicious in its influence, as it spreads around, to others? Upon you, fellow-citizens, the answer to these momentous enquires mainly depends.

Signed, EDWARD C. DELAVAN,
JOHN F. BACON,
ANANIAS PLATT,
HENRY TROWBRIDGE,
ERIEND HUMPHREY,
RICHARD V. DE WITT,
ARCH'D CAMPBELL,

Executive Committee.

Albany, August, 1829.

N. B. All communications to the State Society should be addressed to Mr. Daniel C. Artell, Secretary and Agent, at Albany, N. Y.

P. S. Editors of newspapers throughout the state, friendly to the object of the society, will please publish the above communication.

THE SPANISH INVADING EXPEDITION. The schr. Eclipse, at New-Orleans from Tampico, which place she left on the morning of the 19th July, reports "that part of the Spanish squadron which left Havana, consisting of one ship of the line, one frigate, and two corvettes, had arrived, and were at anchor off that place. The transports having on board the troops had not yet been heard of. The commandant at Tampico had received instructions from his government to declare that port blockaded on the first appearance of the hostile fleet, which we infer, has actually taken place in consequence of its arrival. It is also stated that a levy by government of ten millions of dollars was to take place on all monies that should be brought from the interior, for the purpose of clothing and paying the army, which was to be accounted for at the close of the campaign. Orders had been given to station 10,000 troops at Tampico, 8,000 at Campeachy, and at all other places on the coast in the same proportion.

The Pensacola Gazette announces that the U. S. schr. Shark, capt. Voorhees, arrived at that port on the 1st inst.

On the 20th July, capt. Voorhees understood at Trinidad that letters had that day been received from Vera Cruz, stating that our MINISTER, MR. POINSETT, HAD BEEN ASSASSINATED at the city of Mexico. This report was generally believed at Trinidad.

In relation to the reported assassination of Mr. Poinsett, the N. Y. American remarks as follows:—

The rumour of the assassination of Mr. Poinsett, brought by the U. S. schr. Shark to Pensacola, seems to us to be sufficiently contradicted by the fact, that news from Tampico direct, of 19th July, has been received in New-Orleans, and no allusion is made to any such occurrence or rumour. Capt. Voorhees heard the rumour at Trinidad, (Trinidad de Cuba, we presume, on the south side of that island) on the 20th July—as coming from Vera Cruz, which is distant (lying to leeward too) not less than ten day's sail—and Vera Cruz itself is more distant from the city of Mexico than Tampico—so that this rumour cannot be well founded.

ITEMS.

Generous Offer. The proprietors of the Academy buildings and grounds in Middletown, Conn. lately occupied by Capt. Partridge, as the seat of his military and scientific institution, have offered to present them, as a donation to the Methodist Episcopal Church, to aid in the establishment of a college or university in that place on certain conditions.

The buildings, which are of very permanent construction, and grounds are thought to be worth forty thousand dollars. They are, however, estimated at \$33,333 33, and are given gratuitously on condition that the Methodist community raise an additional sum of \$66,666 66 for the endowment of the college which is required to go into operation Oct. 1 1830. Should the N. York Conference of the Methodist Church unite with the New-England Conference for the establishment of a college, no doubt Middletown would be the location, and the terms of this generous offer promptly complied with; but if the New-England Conference must sustain such an enterprise alone, while New-York should found its own college, a preference will probably be given to Wilbraham as the seat of a college for the use of New-Englanders. [New-England Palladium.]

A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier recommends, as the season for musquitos to be plentiful has just arrived, to throw into each cistern of rain water, two or three small shovelfuls of common ashes, which will destroy the insects before they emerge from their chrysalis state. The preventive has succeeded at the South.

The London papers mention as a very curious document that in which it is shewn that the amount of our national debt is just one fourth of the annual public expenditure of Great Britain. Miserable democracy!

Mr. Rothschild has been cast by a Chancery suit. The suit was brought against him by Mr. Brookman, on account of various disastrous operations of Exchange undertaken for him. Mr. Rothschild was adjudged it is said, to pay to the plaintiff £20,000 sterling, with thirteen years' interest.

Advantage of being drunk. A stage-coach near London ran over the leg of a drunken woman lying in the road. She was carried to St. Bartholomews Hospital and the leg amputated—the stump bandaged, and every thing placed in apple-pie order before she became sober—or was aware of the accident or operation. As the Yankees would say, "she must have been pretty considerably in for it."

The Journal des Debats considers the fall of Silistria as almost a decisive blow for the Turks. It secured to the Russians the whole line of the Danube, from which to operate into the heart of the Ottoman empire in Rometia.

The Difference. The Turks are called infidels and atheists, but they attribute their successes to the favour of Almighty God. The Russians are professed christians, but they supplicate the blessing of the God of War.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION, Knickerbocker Hall, is open every evening. (Sundays excepted,) for the purpose of exhibiting Maelzel's celebrated Automaton Band Fiddler, Speaking Figures, and Black Rope Dancers. To conclude with the EVACUATION AND CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

Performances commence at 1-4 past 8 precisely. Admittance 50 cts children half price. Tickets to be had at the American Hotel, Ea Tavern, State-street House, City Hotel, Crottenend's Hotel, Bemen Room, Mrs. Rockwell's Mansion House; and at the bookstores of Messrs. W. C. Little, and O. Steele. August 15.

THE YANKEE AND BOSTON LITERARY GAZETTE conducted by John Neal,—published Monthly by Wells and Li Boston, at Three Dollars per annum in advance, otherwise Four Dollars.

Contents of No. II, for August, 1829. The Drama, No. 1; William Cobbett; The Skeleton Hand; The Second Volume; Sketch from Nature; Observations on the forty-second Psalm; Literary Notices; List of New Publications; To Correspondents.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent, Albany.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, edited by N. P. Willis, and published monthly in Boston by Pease and Williams at Five Dollars per annum.

Contents of No. V, for August, 1829. The Poetry of Religion; I Am There; A Mystery of the Sea; Retrospection; A Winter Scene in New-England; The Dream of Fame; The Science of Criticism Systematized, or The Art of Reviewing Made Easy; The First Days of Autumn; Chatterton; A Morning on the Andes; Mr. Clay; Nightfall; Confessions of a Disliked Man; The Moonbeam; The Editor's Table; The Mercury; Journal of Science; Western Monthly Review; The Dismantled Cabinet.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent, Albany.

THE LONDON PERIODICALS. The subscriber has made arrangements to receive the Foreign Periodicals direct to this city, and will receive subscriptions for them, as follows:—

QUARTERLY.

Brand's Journal of Science,	Foreign Quarterly Review,
Brewster's Philosophical Journal,	London Jurist,
Classical Journal,	London Review,
Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,	Retrospective Review,
do. Medical Journal,	Westminster Review,
do. Journal of Med Sciences,	Musical Review,
do. Journal of Agriculture,	Phrenological Review.

MONTHLY.

Blackwood's Magazine,	Sporting Magazine,
New Monthly Magazine,	Repository of Arts,
La Belle Assemblée,	Gentlemen's Magazine,
Ackerman's Repository,	Athenaeum and Literary Chronicle,
Lib'y of Entertaining Knowledge,	London Literary Gazette,
Eclectic Review,	Court Journal
London Magazine,	London Weekly Review.

W. C. LITTLE, 67 State Street.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

STANZAS.

'Tis midnight—and you silent moon
Has but a midway path to trace,
And we shall lose, alas! how soon
All memory of its placid face.

O! brightly will the morning come,
And ushered with its gaudy light,
Sin will its golden pinions plume,
And breathe o'er all its withering blight.

I look around—the pensive flowers
Are crowned with light profusely strown,
And fleetly the enchanting hours
Seem on the wings of radiance borne.

And yet here in this balmy air,
So pure, so healing to the heart;
There comes a wasting sense of care,
A keen and a corroding smart—

A thirsting for an absent one,
Whose spirit, and whose hopes are mine,
Whose smiles, whose voice, and every tone
Are as a seraphs, so divin.

And I had left her carelessly,
And roamed o'er many a joyous scene,
With heart that seemed untouched and free,
Nor told the grief that gnawed within.

I who had folded her in youths
Fondest, and earliest embrace,
And kist the away the tears in ruth,
That fell upon her angel face—

Had left her with a heart all broken,
For other, gayer ones had strove
To lip the words that Love hath spoken,
And make a mockery of love.

And time stole by, and I had been
A weary and a heart-sick one;
With apathy all nights had seen;
And hope despondingly had flown.

It matters not to say we met,
To say that youths fair sky was clear,
That her whom I would once forget,
Was to my bosom now more dear,

But once again I am away,
Amid a whispering wild of flowers,
And hill, and tree, and flowers are gay,
And bear away the flying hours.

And I am sad and sorrowful
Beneath the moons transcendent light,
Where luxury doth seem to lull
The very darkness of the night.

For thinking of thee, Isabel,
I win much sorrow for my heart;
For that far time I cannot tell
When we shall meet no more to part.

VARRO.

From "Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron," recently published by Mr. Nathan, the musical composer.

I SPEAK NOT—I TRACE NOT.

I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name—
There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the fame;
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thought that dwells in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain—
We must part, we must fly, to unite it again.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt;
Forgive me, adored one—forsake if thou wilt;
But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased,
And man shall not break it, whatever thou mayest.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,
Thy lip shall reply not to them, but to mine.

From the same.

IN THE VALLEY OF WATERS.

In the valley of waters we wept o'er the day
When the host of the stranger made Salem his prey,
And our heads on our bosoms all drooping lay,
And our hearts were so full of the land far away.

The song they demanded in vain—it lay still
In our souls, as the wind that hath died on the hill:
They called for the harp—but our blood they shall spill
Ere our right hand shall teach them one tone of their skill.

All stringlessly hung on the willow's sad tree,
As dead as her dead leaf those mute harps must be
Our hands may be fettered—our tears still are free,
For our God and our glory—and Sion!—Oh, thee!

From the same.

THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS.

Felix qui potuit forum cognoscere causas.

Virgil.

They say that hope is happiness;
But genuine Love must prize the past,
And memory wakes the thoughts that bless:
They rose the first—they set the last;
And all that memory loves the most
Was once our only hope to be,
And all that hope adored and lost
Hath melted into memory.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

From the "Garland of Miscellaneous Poems"—a new work.

THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

A fearful form from Stirling's tower
Was dimly seen to bend;
He looked as though 'mid fate's far hour,
Some mighty woe he kenned.
White was his hair, and thin with age,
One hand was raised on high,
The other o' the mystick page
Of human destiny.

And oft, ere shone the moon's pale ray,
His eyes were seen to turn
Where, in the gloomy distance, lay
The plain of Bannockburn.

And fair uprose the queen of night,
Shining o'er mount and main;
Ben Lomond owned her silvery light,
Forth sparkled bright again.
Fair, too, o'er royal Scoone she shone,
For there the Bruce had knelt,
And, half forgetful, looked she down
On Falkirk's fatal field.

For ere to-morrow's sun shall set,
Stern Edward's self shall learn
A lesson pride may ne'er forget,
Where murmurs Bannockburn.

A voice is heard from Stirling's tower,
'Tis of that aged seer,
The lover leaves his lady's bower,
Yet chides her timid tear.

The infant wakes 'mid wild alarms,
Prayers are in vain outpoured,
The bridegroom quits his bride's fond charms,
And half unsheathes his sword.
Yet who may fate's dark power withstand,
Or who its mandate spurn?
And still the seer uplifts his hand
And points to Bannockburn.

"There waves a standard o'er the brae,
There gleams a highland sword;
Is not yon form the Stewart, say,
Yon, Scotland's Martial Lord?
Douglas, with Arran's stranger chief,
And Moray's Earl, are there;
Whilst drops of blood, for tears of grief,
The coming strife declare.

Oh, red th' autumnal heath bells blow
Within thy vale, Strathearne:
But redder far, ere long, shall glow
The flowers of Bannockburn!

"Alas! for Edward's warrior pride,
For England's warrior fame;
Alas! that o'er from Thames' fair side

Her gallant lances came!
Lo! where De Bohun smiles in scorn,—
The Bruce, the Bruce is near!
Rash earl, no more thy hunter horn
Shall Malvern's blue hills hear!
Back, Argentine, and thou, De Clare,
To Severn's banks return,
Health smiles in rural beauty there,—
Death lowers o'er Bannockburn!

"Up, up, De Valence, dream no more
Of Mothven's victor fight—
Thy bark is on a stormier shore,
No star is thine to-night.
And thou, De Burgh, of Erin's isle,
Whom Eth O'Connor leads,
Love's tear shall soon usurp his smile
In Ulster's emerald meads.
But oh! what tears will Cambria shed
When she the tale shall learn—
For Forth's full tide shall flow blood red,
Ere long, from Bannockburn!

"But not alone shall Southron vale
Lament that day of woe—
Grief's sigh shall soothe each ruder gale
Where Scotia's waters flow.
From Corra Linn where roars the Clyde,
To Dornoch's ocean bay—
From Tweed, that rolls a neutral tide,
To lonely Colinsay:
But see, the stars wax faint and few,
Death's frown is dark and stern—
But darker soon shall rise to view
Yon field of Bannockburn!"

NOW IS N'T IT A PITY.

A favourite Ballad sung by Madame Feron.

I love a lad, a handsome lad,
And love him, too sincerely;
He played a part that won my heart,
And vowed to love me dearly.
And vowed to love me dearly, &c.

But Aunt's consent she will deny,
Indeed it's very pretty;
And I'm so vexed that I could cry,
Now is n't it a pity?
Now is n't it a pity, &c.

My cruel Aunt will jeer and taunt,
And cry young girls should tarry
Because she yet could never get
A man in mind to marry:
A man in mind to marry, &c.

It's right down spite, you can n't deny,
Indeed it's very pretty;
And you may laugh, but I could cry,
Now is n't it a pity?
Now is n't it a pity, &c.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 56 North Market street), Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Carrier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.
Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE & Co. No. 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves, together with English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tong, Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms.
Albany May, 1829.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 3m.

ROLAND ADAMS.

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1829.

NO. 32.

MASONICK RECORD.

The undersigned, members of the masonick institution, and principally of Aurora Lodge, or King Solomon's Royal Arch Chapter, at Montpelier, Vt., beg the privilege of calling the attention of the publick to the following

APPEAL.

It can not be unknown to you, fellow citizens, that on the 5th of the present month, there assembled in this Village a body of individuals, who collectively denominated themselves an *Anti-Masonick State Convention*.

The first principles of this government necessarily imply the right, which is expressly sanctioned by its written constitution, of any body of men collecting peaceably together, to redress any grievances within the scope of their immediate authority, or unitedly presenting their solemn declarations of opinion against the practical adoption of any principles or the continuation of any practices, repugnant to all and each of the benefits, privileges and immunities which are invariably secured to the people by the federal compact. It matters not what name such a convocation may be pleased to assume to itself, or even against what interest it may be ostensibly directed, so long as the real purpose is, the procurement of a justifiable remedy for a palpable and sensible wrong.

None of us are disposed to deny this position in the abstract or the concrete, for many of us have been witnesses to the advantages it has secured, the dangers it has averted, and the injuries it has summarily redressed. Whenever the contingency may arrive, that the aid of all or either of us shall be required, by our voices, our property or our persons, for the conservation of any of the rights already identified with republican liberty, or those which the progress of intellect and knowledge may hereafter annex to the list, we have given a record of our names, which will stand as a pledge of preparation to obey the call.

Had we supposed that the leaders of the anti-masonick convention were governed by this principle, and that a society dangerous to our free institutions, obtained among us, without doubt or difficulty, one and all, we would have yielded our hearts to their cause, and our strength for its support. Had we been in doubt upon the matter, and been brought to our present belief by a series of artificial and intangible reasoning, we would have searched longer and farther for the truth, and avoided an obtrusion of our opinions upon your notice, until that which we sought had been gained, and the obscurity which might have clouded our minds was dispelled by the labours of research and the potency of knowledge. But knowing, as we do, fellow citizens, that our association owns no principle and no practice but such as are in perfect conformity with the purest republicanism—that the earliest lesson masonry taught us, was the rigid observation, in spirit and in letter, of our oath of allegiance to our God and our country—that the being a good mason necessarily and inevitably implies the being a good citizen,—that the institution inculcates principles of equality, and charity, and brotherly affection, among men,—and binds its members with deep solemnity, to the practice of those moral virtues, which strengthen the bonds of human society, and as an inevitable consequence, those of the government, without which this society could not, in its force and purity exist,—knowing that the broad and sweeping denunciations, and unqualified allegations of murder, and treason, and corruption against it, by the body of which we speak, are totally unwarranted, and directly reprobated by its principles, so far as any of us know them, and utterly and unequivocally disproved and confuted by so much of its practical operation as our experience or observation has enabled us to witness,—we have thought it a duty which we owed you as well as a respect due to our own characters and reputations, in this publick manner, to manifest our most solemn denial of the charges that have been, with so much assurance made.

The abduction and probable death of Wm. Morgan, which justly excited the alarm and indignation of the community, is conceded, we believe on all sides, to have been the incipient steps towards the progress of the party denominated *Anti-Masonick*. Why a class or party of individuals should

usurp to themselves exclusively the right or privilege of entertaining sentiments of deep horror and solemn indignation at an outrage which concerned every American citizen, or constitute themselves a tribunal, with the cognizance of crimes, which are legitimately to be inquired of, and punished by the judiciary of our country, we confess ourselves unable to determine. That they should go even further, and not merely assume the ermine of the judge, and the sable of the executioner, but by an *ex post facto* process, identify a large and respectable society of individuals, dispersed over the whole territory of these United States, with the abductors and probable murderers of a single man, greatly shakes our confidence in the sanity of some, and belief in the purity of intention of others. If we entirely disregard the effects thus far, which this assumption has produced, and direct the publick attention to the future, there will, in the view of all judicious men, be discovered sufficient of direful and dreaded evil, to induce the repudiation of a principle, pregnant with destruction to that which it cost much rich blood to secure. As masons no less than as men and christians,—and we have found no reason to convince us of the incompatibility of the characters,—we have disclaimed, and do here again disclaim all knowledge of, or participation in, Morgan's abduction. In all our experience, we have found no masonick principle or obligation that would justify, or palliate it; and in this opinion, we are fortified by the sentiments of every member of the fraternity, within the boundaries of our knowledge. A masonick governour was the first to offer a large reward for the detection of the perpetrators of the nefarious act; and we conscientiously believe that this demonstration of official authority has met the hearty concurrence and co-operation of every true freemason whose exertions could avail the least. We have reason to believe that some calling themselves members of the fraternity, were concerned in the transaction; but that its principles gave them any warrant or colouring for the proceeding, from our best knowledge and belief, we utterly deny. In our society, as in all others, are found vicious and misguided men. When such yield themselves to their propensities, the masonick character is necessarily cast aside, and as we would not sanction the conduct, so we ought not to be visited by its odium.

There is nothing in masonry, so far as we are acquainted with it, that at all answers to the charge which has been so sweepingly made. We have heard the lodge declared to be a refuge for cut-throats and villains; and that under its sanction every sort of iniquity was perpetrated. We should exhaust your patience were we to go through the detail of enormities which have been heaped upon us and our order. Not infrequently have the charge and the invective proceeded from an individual styling himself a *seceding mason*. If such an one was what he pretended, and if he knew anything of masonry, he knew also, that the accusation was directly at variance with the truth. We know it and declare it to be so. In the outset we deemed it too ridiculously absurd to gain credence with any one, but we have found that by continued and obstinate repetition, and the assumption of every possible shape and form, there have been found, those who, in the absence of denial, were disposed to yield it their belief. Again we declare it to be untrue: as also the allegation, that one mason is bound to aid in the political aggrandizement of another.

We have never known masonry, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the political concerns of the state or nation; and during the whole course of our membership, which to some of us answers for more than thirty years,—we have known no instance, in which it was made a subject of discussion or remark in the lodge. Among us are found men of all religious and political sects and parties which have had a being since our government began. Some of us, it will be seen have been warm advocates of the cause we espoused, while others of us will be found to have been arrayed upon the opposing side, with at least an equal zeal. During all these times, we have met in the lodge room, under the influence of masonry, as friends; and we have met there thus, because we left party partialities and prejudices without the door.

If our institution recognizes any such principles as are now attempted to be fastened upon it, why have any of these professed *seceding masons*, why has any honest and en-

lightened man, after receiving one or more degrees, sought to involve himself deeper in this sink of iniquity? We know the answer to this is, that they were stimulated on from finding nothing in the lower degrees worth possessing. *Fellow citizens, if there be nothing worth the possession in a pure and upright heart, and a belief in God and the Holy Scriptures,—in faith and charity,—in morality and brotherly love,—in temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice,—in upright conduct before God and man,—in peace, fidelity and equality,—then we are constrained to acknowledge the lower degrees of masonry vain, barren and useless.* All these principles and virtues are there inculcated, and the man who can pronounce them worthless, is just such an one as should renounce and denounce masonry. If *seceding masons* have delivered you an unvarnished tale, why did they so long continue with us, thus blackened with infamy? It was only after the idea had gone abroad that masons were to be deprived of offices of trust and emolument, that they seem to have collected their reason about them sufficiently to be convinced that their pretended shackles hung heavy on their consciences. They contend that the moral blindness in which they were enveloped by their initiatory ceremonies, was moved only on the eve of their secession. As miserable as is the subterfuge, we will answer it by the remark, that for ourselves, we have no consciousness of mental obscurity in this matter, and that if such obscurity is about us, the prospects of political preferment are not yet sufficiently apparent, to shake the scales from our eyes.

If *seceders* were convinced that masonry is what they represent it to be, why did they not remain in the lodge and devote the labours of a life in exertions to convince and reclaim their brethren, and guide them to the path of duty, instead of dealing out their railing accusations in the streets, and mounting the forum and hurling their anathemas at every head which dared yet to believe the order what it had been regarded from time immemorial, and hazard rebuke and suffering for a season, rather than assume the accommodating and obsequious bearing of the flatterer, or the time-serving blasphemy of the hypocrite.

Masonry, so far as we know, requires not of its members, the performance of any act in contravention of the statutory regulations, or the laws and usages of our country. By becoming a mason, an individual voluntarily imposes upon himself a double obligation, to be, in the literal and legitimate meaning of the term, a true and faithful citizen. This is expressly and in direct terms inculcated in the lodge, and fortified by those moral precepts without which, christianity itself could not exist. We have in no instance been required to bind ourselves to yield a suffrage for a member of the institution in preference to one who is not, or use exertions for the relief, protection or escape of such as had rendered themselves obnoxious to the retributions of the laws. Doctrines like these, in masonry, we have never found. Neither have we discovered aught, which by fair and honest interpretation, could be brought to sanction a solitary principle militating, in the remotest manner, against the purest and strictest christian morality.

Surely, we impose upon ourselves the duty of administering to the necessities of a worthy brother, his widow and orphans. To this we hardly thought the most captious could except. But it seems there is at this day abroad a spirit, whose magical influence can transform the dearest of charity's doing into machinations of the most wicked depravity. We have been charged, on this very account, with being exclusive in our charities. Before we became masons, there existed between us and our fellow men certain well defined relations and obligations. Aside from any thing else, the law of nature imperatively taught us, so far as our means extended, to satisfy the wants and remove the necessities of those who might be smote by the visitation of these afflictions. Can these obligations be in any way shaken off, or evaded? The casuist who should hazard such an assertion, would be at once silenced by the opposing power of every finer feeling which has existence in the human breast. When we took upon ourselves the duties which masonry enjoins, we found among them that of relieving the distresses, administering to the wants, and soothing the sorrows of those, whom the misfortunes of our brethren should leave in destitution. The previous obliga-

tion still remained fresh in force. We had no power or right to divest ourselves of it. Nature clothed us with it, and it became incipiently a portion of us, and must exist inseparably from us, until nature shall itself expire. We voluntarily enlarged the sphere of our charitable ministrations, and for so doing, we believed and still believe, an act was performed, which renders us more worthy of the confidence and affections of mankind.

It has been urged against the institution that its rites are blasphemous. There are quite a number amongst us, fellow citizens, who have for many years belonged to the visible church, and been the professed followers of the humble Saviour of men. We have never deemed that masonry would supply the place of our christian system of religion, or be alone sufficient to ensure us an immortality of bliss. We have found it, in many instances, a great help to the inculcation of purely religious duties, and in a multitude of others, we have been enabled by its influence, to impress moral precepts upon the mind, where otherwise the admonition would have utterly failed. In all our observation, we discovered nothing in which sacred things were sported or trifled with, and above all, nothing to which we should suppose the most fastidious could affix the epithet we have recited above. The pretensions of the institution have also undergone a rigid scrutiny. What some of its vain or enthusiastic members may have represented it to be, is a matter for which we are wholly irresponsible. For ourselves we have mainly regarded it—and our opinion is in no wise changed,—as a moral and benevolent institution. One, calculated in many cases, to still the cry of human misery, and convert the bitter tears of affliction into substantive testimonials of gratitude and joy. One calculated to reclaim erring man; by impressing upon his mind moral beauties, in a manner simply eloquent and forcibly effective; and in an eminent degree, to nurture and cherish, and to bring into active exercise those generous and sympathetick feelings of our nature, which freely and fully interchanged, soften the asperities of the human heart, and elevate man a degree nearer to the state of superiour intelligence.

It cannot be expected that in this brief exposition of our principles, we should advert to every charge which the railers against our order have been pleased to make. We bear willingly our united testimony to the purity of its principles, and having thus destroyed the basis upon which the monstrous superstructure they have reared must rest, we feel a ready conviction that you will concur with us in opinion, that the superstructure itself must crumble to the earth.

We have but a few words to add, fellow citizens, and we have done. We have made it a point during our lives to be good members of the republic as well as good masons. We have given and still continue to give of our substance, for the support of our invaluable government, and the effectual execution of its laws. We have yielded, as men, something to sustain kindred societies established for the amelioration of the condition of degraded portions of the human race. We have been taught that all mankind were brethren, and that all, at least in this government, were entitled to an equal and impartial distribution of privileges. If of the latter we are deprived, the honourable badge of the citizen will become polluted by the groveling weeds of the slave. To degrade us to this point, do not the principles of action of the anti-masonic party, directly tend?

When a laudable feeling pervaded the minds of a large and respectable body of individuals in the state of New-York, at the outrage there perpetrated upon the rights of personal inviolability, we feared nothing, because we knew their every effort was tempered with judgment, and prudence and discretion. Now that the face of things has changed; and a spirit of unqualified proscription is pouring its desolating fruits upon us, the same equanimity of feeling and consciousness of security cannot in the nature of things prevail. We have been told, and that too, openly and without circumlocution, that of each and all of us, the church of God must be purged! That we must no more enter the sanctuary and participate in the ceremonial commemoration of the most signal act,—which would suffer debasement by being simply denominated *magnanimity*,—that hath ever been witnessed since the world began. We have been told that character and conduct of such spotless purity that the malignant slanderer hath never dared to breathe upon it, is to weigh but as a feather, contrasted with continued adhesion to the institution. That in despite of all this, and every other virtue which humanity hath ever known, the halls of legislation, the chair of the executive, and the bench of the judiciary are to undergo a rigid inquisition, and the test of competency rest entirely in the single, simple fact, whether the incumbent is or is not a mason! You may be startled at the annunciation of doctrines like these. Not more so than were we, when they were first promulged. That they are those of the leaders of the party styled anti-masonic, for confirmation we appeal to any and every one who witnessed the proceedings of the late convention. And for what is this war of extermination waged against us? Plainly and shortly, because we will not stand up in the face of heaven and earth and swear that to be of vicious tendency which we conscientiously believe in perfect harmony with the strictest morality and virtue.

It would seem, fellow citizens, that the times are radically changed. When doctrines like the above are unblushingly given to the world, and with the sanction of those who are professedly "legates of the skies," it can augur nothing less than a revolution in human polity, co-extensive with the existence of republican liberty. It is not simply masons or masonry which it will affect; but each and every one, be he friend or foe to it or them, who will not directly lend his exertions in aid of this impious crusade, will be marked as a subject of interdiction, and his property as the rightful spoil of an unholy civil conquest.

We have witnessed, and you will believe us when we say with no ordinary pain, ministers of the Gospel, forgetful of the retiring humility of their master, harranguing the people with

an indiscreet and reprehensible zeal, and calling to their assistance every artifice which their associations could suggest, for the purpose of creating an unnatural and unwarrantable excitement in the public mind. We have seen them herd with men, whose only claim upon their affections or to their confidence, was resolved into the single questionable recommendation, of a peculiar solicitude for the success of projected political schemes. We have found those of a sister state intruding upon the political concerns of this, and using unmeasured pains to excite the storm and direct it to subvert their purposes. We have seen in this sister state political bankrupts of every hue and faction, become regenerated by the utterance of the magical polysyllable *anti-masonry* and assimilate with apparent coherence, for the guidance of its bark in the tempest to the goal of office. We have seen a portion of the public press team with misrepresentations, repeated and reiterated to force conviction, and these dispersed like firebrands over the country, to inflame the public feeling. We have seen the most irrelevant circumstances dragged in, invested with a new and different dress, and then charged to the account of masonry. We have seen the institution portrayed by its enemies, not as it is, but as they wished it might be, to answer their ends, and then a series of inferences drawn, with a quantum of low abuse and invective superadded, perfectly in character with the spirit manifested in the previous assumption of the counterfeit premises. For all and more than this, we have but to refer you to the columns of journals which are officially intruded upon your observation.

Fellow citizens, we have done. Some of you have long known and long lived with us on terms of free and familiar intercourse. To such of you we put the question, whether you believe us guilty of the foul enormities which are disposed in such formidable array against us? We here renew the declaration, that in masonry we have never been taught, have never observed or received, any thing, either in principle or practice, contrary to our moral, or civil, or religious duty—our obligations to man, to our country, or our God. You cannot fail to be well assured, that it is not against masonry merely that the weapons of the leaders of anti-masonry are hurled; or the simple abolition of that institution the object nearest their hearts. Although there are found in the anti-masonic ranks many honest and conscientious men, yet you well know, that those who have conspicuously embarked in the enterprise, have risked their all upon the issue of the voyage. Therefore is there every inducement presented for them to marshal their best energies to attain the end, without regarding the means—to secure power if in so doing, they trample the liberties of the people beneath their feet. In our intercourse with you, have you discovered that gross impropriety of conduct which will warrant the unqualified sentence of outlawry? Anything deserving disfranchisement,—the division of our families, the destruction of our social intercourse, the derangement of our business, and the annihilation of all hopes of future comfort or usefulness? If not, bear testimony to the unbroken and unimpaired confidence which we still possess. You have our pledge for the truth of this relation. It has been reluctantly drawn from us, but the call was so clear and so explicit, that a decent respect for your opinions impelled us to the exposition, however unwilling we might have been to present ourselves for the public attention. We believe there can be no doubt upon the question of masonry or political anti-masonry, and if you will bring your unbiased judgments to the task of scrutinizing this matter, you will assuredly arise from the investigation convinced that we have spoken to you the words of truth and soberness.

JEDUTHUN LOOMIS,
JOSEPH HOWS,
SYLVANUS BALDWIN,
Geo. WORTHINGTON,
CALVIN COLLINS,
CHAS. BULKLEY,
STEPH. FOSTER,
PARLEY DAVIS,
BENJ. I. WHEELER,
Jno. E. PALMER,
ISAAC PUTNAM,
THO. REED,
CHESTER NYE,
BENJ. CHATTERTON,
ELIJAH HOLDEN,
JERA WHELOCK,
ORAMEL H. SMITH,
LUCIUS HOUGHTON,
SILAS WILLIAMS, jr.
Jno. GOLDSHARY,
CALEB BLISS,
PLINY CURTIS,
NATHL. CARPENTER,
JOHN POOR,
IRA OWEN,
ALF. WAINWRIGHT,
R. KENT, jr.
PHINEAS DODGE,
J. B. WHEELER,
TIMOTHY HUBBARD,
AMOS RICE,
OPHIR LEONARD,
HARRY RICHARDSON,
NORMAN RUBLEE,
Geo. W. HILL,
W. WHELOCK,
SILAS HALL,
Jno. PARKER,
NATHL. DAVIS,
MARMADUKE WAIT,
ALDEN PALMER,
NATHL. DAVIS, jr.
JAS. BENNET,
Jno. WINSLOW,
ISRAEL DEWEY,
A. KNAPP,

H. N. BAYLIES,
ADOLPHUS THURSTON,
S. S. POST,
LUMAN RUBLEE,
H. H. REED,
ASA GAYLORD,
R. R. KEITH,
ARAUHA WATERMAN,
EBR. LEWIS,
SAM'L GOSS,
CYRUS JOHNSON,
JOHN SPALDING,
TH. REED, jr.
JAS. SPALDING,
S. C. FRENCH,
DAN'L BALDWIN,
NATHAN JEWETT,
S. W. COBB,
GEO. TOWNSEND,
ANDREW WHEATLEY,
NATHL. BANCROFT,
AMHERST SIMMONS,
ZEBINA MOULTON,
SAM'L SIMPSON,
JOHN THWING,
LEM'L FARWELL,
NEWEL KINSMAN,
MAYNARD FRENCH,
DAN'L SPRING,
SMITH SHERMAN,
R. PADDCK,
WARREN ELLIS,
J. PATTERSON,
DENISON SMITH,
WALTER CLAFFY,
CHAPIN KNITH,
JAS. HALE,
WM. RIPLEY,
A. ROOD,
E. B. BROWN,
S. WHEELER,
A. A. CHASE,
A. PIERCE,
G. W. BLISS,
J. PITKIN.

July 15, 1828.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

MAKING TEA.

By Dr. Kitchiner.

It has been long observed that the infusion of tea made in silver, or polished metal tea-pots, is stronger than that which is produced in black, or other kinds of earthenware pots. This is explained on the principle that polished surfaces retain heat much better than dark, the calorick being confined in the former case, must act more powerfully than in the latter.

It is further certain, that the silver or metal pot, when filled a second time, produces worse tea than the earthenware vessel; and that it is advisable to use the earthenware pot, unless a silver or metal one can be procured sufficiently large to contain at once all that may be required. These facts are readily explained by considering, that the action of heat retained by the silver vessel so far exhausts the herb as to leave very little soluble substance for a second infusion; whereas the reduced temperature of the water in the earthenware pot, by extracting only a small proportion at first, leaves some soluble matter for the action of a subsequent infusion.

The reason for pouring boiling water into the tea pot before the infusion of the tea is made, is, that the vessel being previously warm, may abstract less heat from the mixture, and thus admit a more powerful action. Neither is it difficult to explain the fact why the infusion of tea is stronger if only a small quantity of boiling water be first used, and, more be added some time afterwards; for if we consider that only the water immediately in contact with the herb can act upon it, and that it cools very rapidly, especially in earthenware vessels, it is clear that the effect will be greater where the heat is kept up by additions of boiling water, than where the vessel is filled at once, and the fluid suffered gradually to cool.

When the infusion has once been completed, it is found that any further addition of the herb only affords a very small increase in the strength, the water having cooled much below the boiling point, and consequently, acting very slightly.

TO MAKE THE LIQUEUR CURACOA.

Put into a large bottle, nearly filled with alcohol, at thirty-four degrees of Baume (or thirty-six) the peels of six fine Portugal oranges, which are smooth skinned, and let them infuse for fifteen days. At the end of this time, put into a large stone or glass vessel, 11 ounces of brandy at eighteen degrees, 4 1-2 ounces of white sugar, and 4 1-2 ounces of river water. When the sugar is dissolved, add a sufficient quantity of the above infusion of orange peels, to give it a predominant flavour; and aromatise with three grammes of fine cinnamon, and as much mace, both well bruised. Lastly, throw into the liqueur 31 grammes (one ounce) of Brazil wood, in powder. Leave the whole in infusion ten days, being stirred three or four times a day. At the end of this time taste the liqueur; and if it be too strong and sweet, add more water to it; if too weak, add alcohol, at 36 degrees; and if it be not sweet enough, put syrup to it. Give it colour with caramel when you would tinge it.

[From the French.]

HYDROPHOBIA.

In the *New Monthly Magazine* for October, 1826, is the following statement of the efficacy of the guaco for the cure of the bite of a mad dog, published by the gentleman who first made use of the plant in South America, as an antidote to that scourge of human nature, hydrophobia; his words are, "I shall simply state, that during my residence in South America, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the direful effects of hydrophobia, without having in any one case that came under my care been successful in its cure by the usual modes prescribed in Europe. It fortunately occurred to me, that the guaco, so celebrated for curing the bite or sting of all venomous snakes, might prove equally efficacious in hydrophobic cases. How far my idea was correct that an analogy existed between the virus of a serpent and that of a rabid dog. I leave to others to determine; but such

was my opinion, and I acted upon it in all subsequent cases with complete success."

MUTTON HAM.

The *Journal des Connoissances Usuelles* gives the following method of curing legs of mutton like ham:—It is necessary that the mutton should be very fat. Two ounces of raw sugar must be mixed with an ounce of common salt and half a spoonful of saltpetre. The meat is to be rubbed well with this, and then placed in a tureen. It must be beaten and turned twice a day during three consecutive days; and the scum which comes from the meat having been taken off, it is to be wiped, and again rubbed with the mixture. The next day it should be again beaten, and the two operations ought to be repeated alternately during ten days, care being taken to turn the meat each time. It must be then exposed to the smoke for ten days. These hams are generally eaten cold.

NEW PYROMETER.

A new air-thermometer has been invented by M. Pouillet, for the purpose of measuring degrees of heat in very high temperatures; an object hitherto of very difficult attainment. By means of this instrument it has been ascertained, that the heat of melted silver is 1677°; of a melted mixture of one part gold and three parts silver, 1803°; and of melted pure gold 2096°.

TO MAKE KITCHEN VEGETABLES TENDER.

When peas, French beans, &c. do not boil easily, it has usually been imputed to the coolness of the season, or to the rains. This popular notion is erroneous. The difficulty of boiling them soft arises from an excess of gypsum imbibed during their growth. To correct this, throw a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda into the pot along with the vegetables. [From the French.]

TRANSPLANTING SHRUBS IN FULL GROWTH.

Dig a narrow trench round the plant, leaving its roots in the middle in an isolated ball of earth; fill the trench with plaster of Paris, which will become hard in a few minutes, and form a case to the ball and plant, which may be lifted and removed any where at pleasure. [French Paper.]

TO HOUSEWIVES.

The N. Y. American, which is exemplary in matters of taste, says—"The way to boil rice is not to boil it at all. Put it in a pot and cover it with water, place it near the fire, or over coals on the hearth, were it will get gradually hot, but not at any time faster than to simmer. It will thus be cooked so that every grain will be distinct and separate, and have that crawling appearance so much boasted of by the Carolinians."

A Virginia paper gives this recipe to make corn soup: cut the corn from the cob, and boil it in water until it is sufficiently done: then pour in new milk, with salt, pepper, and one or two eggs; continue the boiling, and stir in flour in order to thicken it a little. This soup is superiour to the best turtle soup ever made.

If so, our Farmers may live like Aldermen.

THE NATURALIST.

ICE MOUNTAIN.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer gives the annexed account of a singular natural curiosity existing in Virginia.

The curiosity, which it is my purpose to introduce to your notice, is appropriately called the *Ice Mountain*. It stands in the county of Hampshire, not far distant from the road leading from Winchester to Romney, and near a small stream called the North River. It is not of a very great altitude, nor are its sides very steep and precipitous. About half a mile, or perhaps more, of that side fronting the West, is formed entirely of stone from its base to very near its summit. These stones, varying in

weight from one to ten or twenty pounds lie loosely together, and may be easily removed with the hand—no earth of any consequence being found among them, of course no trees can grow there, and the only shrubs to be found are a few wild currant bushes.

The side of the above mentioned mountain is fully exposed to the rays of the sun, from 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning until sun set, without any intervening mountain or grove to protect it. In this mountain may be found, at all seasons of the year, in Summer as well as in Winter, an abundance of ice. It is procured without the least difficulty; it is only necessary for the stones lying on the top to be removed, and underneath, the ice will be found lying among and adhering to other stones, in pieces of different sizes, all as hard and as firm as in the Winter season. It was on the 4th of July last, that I visited this mountain; and, it will be recollected that prior to that time, there had been some very warm and oppressive weather; nevertheless with the assistance of a gentleman who accompanied me, I procured plenty of ice, and I am very confident, that in the space of ten minutes we would have found more than we could have conveniently carried. So easily is it procured, and so abundantly is it found, that persons living in the neighbourhood are in the daily habit, during the Summer months, of procuring it for the use of their families. The ice I saw was found near the foot of the mountain; but I was informed, and have no doubt but that it might be procured a considerable distance up the mountain; but the difficulty of ascending over the loose rocks, and, indeed the danger of those above tumbling down in the removal of those below, prevented my ascertaining the fact. Out of this mountain, and through these stones there issues a strong current of extremely cold air. It is not like the common breeze that blows over our fields, abating at intervals, but is continual and unrelenting, and is as cold as the wind in the middle of December. From my recollection of the Blowing Cave, mentioned by Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes of Virginia, I am pretty confident that the current of air which issues from the mountain is much stronger than that from the Cave, and greatly colder. It may be furthermore mentioned as descriptive of this singular mountain, that a gentleman who lives near, and whose plantation lies adjacent to the mountain, has built among the stones a small house, for the purpose of keeping fresh meats, butter, milk, &c. I saw when there icicles hanging from the bottom logs of this house as firm and as hard as are found here in the depth of Winter, and was told, that it was not uncommon to find the flies and insects, attracted by the meats, &c. lying numbed and motionless upon the stones.

As may be supposed, a person on approaching the mountain experiences a manifest change in the atmosphere; and I have no doubt, that, in the warmest and most sultry day, a person, by remaining on it for a few hours, would feel a coolness almost disagreeable.

THE GATHERER.

DEAN SWIFT.

His character seems to have been radically overbearing and tyrannical;—for though, like other tyrants, he could stoop low enough where his interests required it, it was his delight to exact an implicit compliance with his humours and fancies, and to impose upon all around him the task of observing and accommodating themselves to his habits, without the slightest regard to their convenience and comfort. Wherever he came, the ordinary forms of society were to give way to his pleasure; and every thing, even to the domestic arrangements of a family, to be suspended for his caprice. If he was to be introduced to a person of rank, he insisted the first advances and the first visit should be made to him. If he went to see a friend in the country, he would order an old tree to be cut down if it obstructed the view from his window—and was never at his ease unless he was allowed to give nicknames to the lady of the house, and make lampoons upon her acquaintance. On going for the first time into any family, he fre-

quently prescribed before hand the hours for their meals, sleep, and exercise; and insisted rigorously upon the literal fulfilment of the capitulation. From his intimates he uniformly exacted the most implicit submission to all his whims and absurdities; and carried his prerogative so far, that he sometimes used to chase the Grattans, and other accommodating friends, through the apartments of the Deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with a large whip, till he thought he had enough of exercise. All his jests have the same character of insolence and coarseness. When he first came to his curate's house, he announced himself as "his master;"—took possession of the fireside, and ordered his wife to take charge of his shirts and stockings. When a young clergyman was introduced to him, he offered him the dregs of a bottle of wine, and said, he always kept a poor parson about him to drink up his dregs.

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

This petticoated mis-leader of a band of lunatics from Rhode Island purchased a large and beautiful farm near Seneca Lake, N. Y. which is now in possession of one of her disciples called Aunt Esther; it is not far from Penn-Yan, (or Pennsylvania and Yankee town.) Aunt Esther holds fast to the glebe, and will not sell a rod; her companions are twenty fawn coloured cats. A late traveller relates one of Jemima's miracles, which is quite as convincing as those of the prince bishop Hohenloe. She announced her intention of walking across Seneca Lake, and alighting from her carriage, walked to the water on the white handkerchiefs strewn in the road by her followers; she stepped ankle deep into the water, and then turning to the multitude, inquired whether they had faith that she could pass over, for if not, she could not; on receiving an affirmative answer, she returned to her carriage, declaring that as they believed in her power, it was unnecessary to display it. Jemima died some years since, and Aunt Esther is probably the only disciple remaining; it is conjectured that she values Jemima's earthly legacy, the farm, more than her prophetick teaching. [Hamp. Gaz.]

RIVER MELODIES.

Between Pittsburgh and Shawneetown, whilst "gliding merrily down the Ohio," in a keel-boat, "navigated by eight or ten of those half-horse and half-alligator gentry commonly called Ohio boatmen," Judge Hall was lulled to sweet sleep, as the rowers were "tugging at the oar," timing their strokes to the cadence:—

"Some rows up, but we rows down,
All the way to Shawnee town;
Pull away—pull away."

LONG SNOW.

In 1614, there was one of the heaviest and longest snows which has ever been remembered in the north of England. The Parochial Register, of Wotton Gilbert, states that it began on the 5th of January, and continued to snow more or less every day, (the heaviest fall being on the 22nd of February,) till the 12th of March,—to the great loss of cattle, and of human life as well.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon never shrunk from allusions to his origin; and an adroit reference to his early life was one of the surest modes of conciliating him. At the famous interviews at Erfurt, when dining with the Emperor of Russia and an elite of kings, he began a sentence with, "When I was an engineer in the regiment of la Pere," M. de Bausset, who stood facing the royal diners, within a few feet, tells us, that these words produced a lively emotion among the crowned heads; a shudder, we suppose, ran from one end of the line to the other, to think of the lump of illegitimacy they were cringing to.

The butchers of Geneva, have a singular mode of preventing flies from attacking the meat in their shops. They rub the walls and boards, upon which the meat is placed, with the essential oil of laurel, the smell of which keeps away this troublesome insect.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Menageries.

ENCOUNTER WITH A LEOPARD.

"We have been favoured, by a gentleman who was formerly in the civil service at Ceylon, with the following description of an encounter with a leopard or panther, which in India are popularly called tigers:—

"I was at Jaffna, at the northern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, in the beginning of the year 1819; when, one morning, my servant called me an hour or two before my usual time, with 'Master, master! people send for master's dogs—tiger in the town!' Now, my dogs chanced to be some very degenerate specimens of a fine species, called the *Poligar* dog, which I should designate as a sort of wiry-haired grey-hound, without scent. I kept them to hunt jackals; but tigers are very different things: by the way, there are no real tigers in Ceylon; but leopards and panthers are always called so, and by ourselves as well as by the natives. This turned out to be a panther. My gun chanced not to be put together; and while my servant was doing it, the collector, and two medical men, who had recently arrived, in consequence of the cholera morbus having just then reached Ceylon, from the continent, came to my door, the former armed with a fowling-piece, and the two latter with remarkably blunt hog-spears. They insisted upon setting off without waiting for my gun, a proceeding not much to my taste. The tiger (I must continue to call him so) had taken refuge in a hut, the roof of which, as those of Ceylon huts in general, spread to the ground like an umbrella; the only aperture into it was a small door, about four feet high. This collector wanted to get the tiger out at once. I begged to wait for my gun; but no—the fowling-piece (loaded with ball, of course,) and the two hog-spears were quite enough. I got a hedge-stake, and awaited my fate, from very shame. At this moment, to my great delight, there arrived from the fort an English officer, two artillery-men, and a Malay captain; and a pretty figure we should have cut without them, as the event will show. I was now quite ready to attack, and my gun came a minute afterwards. The whole scene which follows took place with an enclosure, about twenty feet square, formed, on three sides, by a strong fence of palmyra leaves, and on the fourth by the hut. At the door of this the two artillery-men planted themselves; and the Malay captain got at the top, to frighten the tiger out, by worrying it—an easy operation, as the huts there are covered with cocoa-nut leaves. One of the artillery-men wanted to go in to the tiger, but we would not suffer it. At last the beast sprang; this man received him on his bayonet, which he thrust apparently down his throat, using his piece at the same moment. The bayonet broke off short, leaving less than three inches on the musket; the rest remained in the animal, but was invisible to us: the shot probably went through his cheek, for it certainly did not seriously injure him, as he instantly rose upon his legs, with a loud roar, and placed his paws upon the soldier's breast. At this moment, the animal appeared to me about to reach the centre of the man's face; but I had scarcely time to observe this, when the tiger, stooping his head, seized the soldier's arm in his mouth, turned him half round staggering, threw him over on his back, and fell upon him. Our dread now was, that if we fired upon the tiger, we might kill the man: for a moment there was a pause, when his comrade attacked the beast exactly in the same manner as the gallant fellow himself had done. He struck his bayonet into his head; the tiger rose at him—he fired; and this time the ball took effect, and in the head. The animal staggered backwards, and we all poured in our fire. He still kicked and writhed; when the gentlemen with the hog-spears advanced, and fixed him, while some natives finished him, by beating him on the head with hedge-stakes. The brave artillery-man was, after all, but slightly hurt: he claimed the skin, which was very cheerfully given to him. There was, however, a cry among the natives that the head should be cut off: it was; and, in so doing, the knife came directly across the bayonet. The animal measured

scarcely less than four feet from the root of the tail to the muzzle. There was no tradition of a tiger having been in Jaffna before, indeed, this one must have either come a distance of almost twenty miles, or have swam across an arm of the sea nearly two in breadth; for Jaffna stands on a peninsula on which there is no jungle of any magnitude."

A DREAM.

The following account of a rather singular dream is given by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to the new edition of the *Antiquary*, as the original of the legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldbuck.

Mr. R—d of Rowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators of the tithes.) Mr. R—d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R—d thought that he had informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade, "I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer (or attorney,) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." Mr. R—d awoke in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying any thing of the vision, he enquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them; so that Mr. R—d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing. The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few would suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the

living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. R—d a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. R—d had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours. It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequence to Mr. R—d, whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night.

MISCELLANY.

DYING LACONICKS.

The late John Philpot Curran, in one of his splendid orations, said, "the hour of dissolution is a period of more than ordinary illumination." Many have at that moment spoken with a prophetic air, to which the local associations added an imposing solemnity. The instances, too, of death-bed repentance, or recantation, are innumerable; and on that account the disciples of Voltaire deny the truth of Curran's assertion. They deny that Voltaire, when expired, wished to return into the bosom of the church, and contend that, even if he had, his conduct might be fairly attributed to a cause very different from that described by Mr. Curran. Leaving the partisans of each to argue that point, we shall pass on to another frequent attendant upon "the parting hour"—we mean stoicism, or rather an extraordinary mode in which it is manifested: confining ourselves to cases where the actors had not been debilitated either in mind or body by previous indisposition; and who, consequently, and indisputably, died in the full possession of their faculties.

The origin of the ostentatious, and somewhat pompous, declarations and expressions of expiring martyrs and heroes is quite obvious. But it would puzzle a Locke to analyze that irrepressible levity displayed by persons in momentary expectation of death, and culprits at the place of execution—that levity and self-possession, apparently so unbecoming, so incompatible with their dreadful situation, and which belong not exclusively to either sex, neither to the strong nor the weak, to the Christian nor the infidel.

"Extremes meet," and every one has, at one time or other, experienced the difficulty of refraining from loud laughter at the merest trifle, on the most solemn, nay, melancholy occasions. This is nervous excitement—but jests, bon-mots, witticism, even practical jokes, require a disengaged mind, an arrangement of the intellect. When a man has uttered a good thing, or composed a pointed epigram, he is said to have been "very happy;" but how can that expression apply to the last words of a wretched culprit, about to step into the grave? They may be called paradoxical phenomena, of which we shall subjoin a few striking instances, and which we consider not unworthy the contemplation of the philosopher.

Anne Boleyn, on the scaffold, it is well known, grasped her small, but lovely neck, and, with a smile, remarked it would not give the executioner much trouble to divide it.

The late Duke of Orleans, surnamed *Egalité*, having been condemned to death by his associates, was guillotined at the same time with a great number of minor culprits. His grace is said to have died with some courage; he, however, had no ambition for precedence; and, on the scaffold, pushed forward one of his unfortunate fellow-sufferers—a hair-dresser. The latter turned round, and perceiving who the distinguished individual was who thus acted the usher, with a low bow, and a polite air, made way for the duke, saying, "Après vous, Monseigneur!"

When the infamous Danton was about to make his exit on the same bloody stage, he also had many companions in misfortune, one of whom approached Danton to salute (kiss) him, which was customary with those in their unhappy situation. Danton declined the embrace as unnecessary, "for

you know," said he, "our heads will meet in the sack!"

An English clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Jackson, was found guilty of high treason in Dublin, about the year 1794. The day after his conviction he was brought up to receive sentence. He had previously been advised that forfeiture and attainder could not attach unless the sentence was formally pronounced. On being placed at the bar, his leading counsel, the late Mr. Mac Nally, proceeded to argue an arrest of judgment; having nearly concluded, Jackson earnestly entreated him to continue, and to *speak against time*; "for," added he, with a ghastly smile, "we have deceived the senate!" He was, at that moment, in the agonies of death, having swallowed poison previous to his leaving the gaol, and in a few minutes after expired in the dock, before the dreadful sentence of the law could be pronounced.

In September, 1798, the unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone was taken prisoner by Sir J. B. Warren, in the Huche, which formed part of a French expedition for the invasion of Ireland. He had been a barrister of eminence of Dublin, but held then the rank of general of division in the French service. He was sent to Dublin, where he was tried by court martial, and sentenced to death. He requested to be shot by a file of grenadiers, "in order that his (French) uniform should not be dishonoured." This was refused; and in consequence he determined to die by his own hand: he stabbed himself in the throat with a pen-knife. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who examined the wound. "Is it mortal?" asked Tone. "I think not," replied the surgeon. "I am sorry for it," rejoined Tone; "for I find I am a bad anatomist!" He died of the wound, however, in the course of the day.

In the month of May, 1798, the Irish rebels had taken prisoner the late general the Earl of Ludlow, near Tara, in the county of Meath. His lordship was then an old man; surrounded by an armed, but unrestrained, and unorganized body of men, who threatened every instant to put him to death, he preserved the greatest composure. Amongst other crimes, the rebels reproached him with being an aristocrat, in the words—"Oh, you old tyrant! you do not like liberty!" "I beg your pardon, boys," said his lordship; "there is not one amongst you wishes for liberty more than I do." The rebels understood him, cheered, and suffered him to depart.

To similar preference of mind, it is well known, the Abbe (afterwards Cardinal) Maury owed his life. The sans culottes were dragging him to execution, with cries of "a la lanterne! a la lanterne!" "Well," said the Abbe, "and when I am there, do you think you will see the better for it?"

A few years since, a young Irishman, named George Mansfield, was hanged for robbery. From the moment of his sentence, until that of his death, he displayed the most sincere repentance, unfeigned piety, and resignation; he exhibited, however, at the same time, the most extraordinary playfulness and levity. From a number of instances we select the following:—On the Wednesday previous to his execution, the turnkey gave him a glass of spirits; the weather being intensely cold. He drank it; returned the glass, with thanks, adding, "that was a good glass of gin. I'll take three of them on Saturday, (the day appointed for his execution,) as I have a long journey to go!"

When the good and great Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, laid his head upon the block, he gently turned his flowing beard aside, calmly observing to the sheriff, "This, sir, at all events, has not been guilty of treason."

We have collected together and publish the following articles relative to *Capt. Hall* and his book, merely to amuse our readers. They furnish some pleasant anecdotes of this acute and excessively well-bred gentleman.

From the New-England Palladium.

CAPT. BASIL HALL.

The scientific reputation of Capt. Hall and his letters of introduction gave him an easy access to the hospitality and the services of the people of the United States. Every one was eager to facilitate his enquiries and designs, for the reason that he

had come among us with the avowed intention to acquaint himself with our institutions and resources. His inquisitiveness, though oftentimes trifling and troublesome, was tolerated and gratified, with a patient civility, characteristic with no people so much as of the Americans. Those gentlemen were peculiarly unfortunate, whose lot it was to act the *cicerone* for this inquiring, peeping, and noting traveller. There is not one of them who will not say that the Capt. was a decided bore. Capt. Hall has now laid before the publick the result of his observations on the United States, in some hundreds of octavo pages; and one of the prominent topics of the work is found to be the *vulgar and impertinent civility of Americans*. The gallant Captain represents the obliging courtesy which he every where experienced, as *impertinent officiousness*. It is not our object to retort upon Capt. Hall his churlish taunts—as to his opinions, whether favourable or unfavourable to us, we are totally indifferent, for of the former we should have no reason to be proud, and from the latter we have nothing to apprehend. But we wish to suggest to our countrymen, the policy of discriminating, with more severity than they are accustomed to do, between the characters of the many foreigners who are pressed upon their notice, as men of distinction. We would not wish them to be less civil than they are to strangers, but to bestow their civilities only upon those who have sense and candour for their proper appreciation. Capt. Hall found one individual in the United States who read him, at a glance, and treated his annoying curiosity in the manner which it merited, and which, it seems, Capt. Hall himself indirectly commends. As the anecdote has never been published, we will give it, at the same time expressing the hope, that it will find a place, with suitable comments, in the American edition of Capt. Hall's Travels.

"What stones are these?" said Capt. Hall to a Pavier, who was very busy in laying curb stones on one of the side-walks, leading to the Capitol, at Washington. The Pavier looked up at the inquirer, and deriving an unfavourable impression, as to his character, from the first glance at his features, deliberately determined to quiz him, instead of making a civil and satisfactory reply. "What stones are these?" repeated Capt. Hall, impatiently. "They are such stones," returned the Pavier, as we use for curb stones. Where do you get the stones, said the Capt. At Capt. Folsom's, was the reply. Who is Capt. Folsom? Capt. Folsom is the contractor for furnishing stone. Where, said the Capt. in utter despair, does Capt. Folsom get the stones? Here the fellow, with a sly look of triumph, gravely replied, "that's Capt. Folsom's look out, not mine."

While we are upon this subject, we will relate another anecdote of *Capt. Basil Hall* which will shew the estimate which the very respectable representative of Great Britain, in the U. States, Mr. Vaughan, puts upon Capt. Hall. At the Columbian Institute Dinner, Capt. Hall sat near the President, Mr. Adams, Mr. Vaughan, and Col. Knapp. Capt. Hall stated, in the course of conversation, that he had learned, from good authority, that there were 1,200,000 paupers in the United States. Mr. Adams expressed his disbelief of the statement, and Capt. Hall repeated that he had learned the fact upon best authority on which he implicitly relied. Mr. Adams appealed to Col. Knapp for his views on the subject, as he had been on a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature appointed to investigate the subject of pauperism. Col. Knapp, after giving his views, asked Capt. Hall what he understood by paupers. The Capt. replied that he understood by the term, those members of the community who were unable to pay their debts. Then replied Col. Knapp, the King and Royal family of England have been paupers for a century. Mr. Vaughan pinched his countryman, and, in a whisper, begged him not to make a fool of himself by hazarding another remark.

From the Boston Courier.

BASIL HALL'S TRAVELS.

It is conjectured that the English nation sent this titled fool to write his travels in this country, that they might be gulled by one having authority, and from the specimens of his book which have fallen

under our notice we presume he has distorted fact and dispensed philosophical opinions in a manner perfectly suited to their wishes.

From a running review in the New-York Commercial Advertiser, we extract the following paragraph, for the especial consolation of those ladies who lament their want of influence in society; they must be particularly gratified by the co-operation of this redoubtable romancer who compliments them with a hit at their want of curiosity, which is, by the way, as gross a libel as any in the book.

At Brighton were many objects of curiosity and attention; cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, and men, in great abundance. But he was astonished to find no women there. Four thousand men, and but nine women. This was worse than the cattle show at Stockbridge, where there were more females, but they were all kept on one side of the church. Capt. H. strayed about—no girls romping on the grassy knolls with the boys—no cheerful faces of any sort. No laughing or singing, or halloing. But every body toiled for pleasure, and looked as sober as so many owls about it. At last Capt. Hall heard a fiddle! He started at the sound, and hurried to the place whence it came, when lo! four men were dancing a reel! This was horrible; but when the Captain inquired why the women were not there to enliven the scene, and join in the merry making, he was only laughed at. This subject gives the Captain a text for twenty pages of comment. After a long and patient examination, he came to a deliberate opinion "that the women of the United States do not enjoy that station in society which has been allotted to them elsewhere."

The following extract is from a long article in the New-England Galaxy.

Capt. Hall thinks that we Americans have a great deal of national vanity and boastfulness, and are too much exasperated the opinion about which the British in general and Capt. Hall in particular, may form concerning us. The difference, in this respect, between us and the English, is this; they take it for granted, as a settled point to begin with—a matter conclusively discussed and laid upon the shelf, as Capt. Hall says in another case—that nothing nationally characteristic, in the whole world, is ever to be named or thought of, in comparison with what is British, or rather English—for the Scotch, though they have Scotch national spirit, have, very many of them at least, purely English national pride, as if they, by blending with England, had gained what we, by breaking off, had lost; whereas we think every thing American first rate; but doubting whether others are wholly of this opinion, and being very thoroughly convinced, every man, woman and child of us, they ought to be, are a little officious and sturdy in bringing them to agree with us. These distinct national characteristics, like many others, give rise to not a little ill manners, and make John Bull and Brother Jonathan, somewhat annoying to each other, as well as to third parties. These are rough points which a man of liberal philosophical mind glides by as easily as he can, but with which one of circumscribed sentiments and views is always chafing others or himself.

From the Baltimore Minerva and Emerald.

THE VIRGINIA GAME COCK.

It was in the year 18—, that I was bound for the Havana, in the brig Evening Star, when we had lost sight of the capes, that a large eagle lit upon our yard arm. The sailors seeing him let him remain until after dark, when one of the men, taking a large bag with him, went out upon the yard and succeeded in flinging it over him, so as to prevent his biting, and tying the bag at one end secured him until the following morning, when he was taken from the bag, and his wings clipped, and trimmed in such a manner, as to prevent his escape. He was always fed well by the men in the fore-castle, and at last became quite domesticated, and was a great favourite of the captain. He played a great many tricks to the great annoyance of the pigs on board, for any thing in the pigs' mess he would have if he took a liking to it; he was the terror of his brawny companions to such a degree, that if a pig showed his snout on the quarter deck, he

was sure to "go the whole hog" on him—this very much pleased the captain, for when pigs are let loose on board ship, they are very troublesome.

The day after we arrived at Havana, the captain, with several more Americans, visited a cock-pit, to have some sport. The captain bet several times, but invariably lost, at length he offered to bet five hundred dollars, that he had a Virginia game cock on board that would kill any cock on the Island. Of course he was soon taken up, and the day pitched for the fight, which was to be three days after. Accordingly, on leaving the pit, he let his companions into the secret, and proposed to them, to go snacks, and throw in, to make up the bet. The captain also went around to the American captains in the port, and told them of the hoax, advising them to bet on the Virginia game cock, if they wanted to win a stake or two. The captain then returned on board, and had the eagle trimmed as cocks generally are for fight; all his feathers about the neck, which are called the cow-feathers on a chicken, in consequence of their letting them fall when they are beaten, or as it is termed, cowed. He then had a little more trimmed off his wings, and in fine, disfigured him in such a manner that very few could have told it was an eagle. He was then cooped and put upon short allowance, so as to whet his appetite for the coming battle.

The news spread all over the Havana, and many flocked to see the fight between the Virginia and Spanish cocks, and bets were made to a considerable amount. When the day of battle came, the eagle was conveyed to the scene of action in the same bag in which he was caught. The time of pitting the cocks arrived, and two men stepped out, who were selected to pit the cocks, for neither party were permitted to pit their own chicken; the man on the opposite side produced one of the large Spanish breed, and fixed the heels on him. The man who was to pit the captain's cock, was about preparing a large pair of heels, when the captain told him not to trouble himself, for he fought his cock without gaffs. The captain's bird was taken from the sack, and was received with surprise by the beholders, but the Spaniard said his cock would gaff him the first fly. The Spanish cock made a fly at the eagle and picked him with his heels pretty smartly, which raised his ferocity, which was very high before for want of food—he cast a look of disdain on his adversary, and the next fly the game Spaniard made at him, he seized him with his talons, by the breast and wing, and in an instant tore him to pieces. The fame of the Virginia game cock was raised so high, that the captain, before he left the place, sold him for an amount of money equal to the bet.

FRENCH TRICK ON A JEWELLER.

We take the following anecdote from an article in the last No. of the Western Monthly Review, on Manners and Dress in France.

The following is a translation of the narrative. M. E——, a physician, well known for his skill in mental disorders, saw arrive at his gate, one morning, a lady who seemed forty years, although still young and fresh. Madame the Countess de—— was admitted within the gate of the celebrated physician. The Countess introduced herself on the spot, and spoke, as a mother in desolation and despair, in the following terms: "Sir, you see a woman, a prey to the most violent chagrin. I have a son; he is very dear to me, as well as to my husband; he is our only son. * * * Tears, like rain, fell, such as Artemisia shed over the tomb of Mausoleus. "Ah, yes! Y—es, alas, sir! and for some time we have suffered the most horrible fears. He is now at that age when the passions develop. * * * Although we gratify all his wishes, money, liberty, &c. he evidences many signs of complete demerit. The most remarkable is, that he is always talking about jewelry, or of diamonds, which he has sold, or given to some woman, all unintelligible. We suspect that he has become amorous of a woman, no better, perhaps, than she should be, and that he has involved himself in burthensome engagements, to satisfy his desires. This, sir, is but a conjecture. The father and I are lost in sounding the causes of this folly.

Well, Madam, bring your son here. * * Ah, to-morrow, sir! by all means, at noon. That will

do. The doctor respectfully conducted the lady to her carriage, not forgetting to scan the coat of arms and the lacqueys.

The next morning the pretended Countess drove to a famous jeweller, and after having a long time cheapened a set of thirty thousand crowns, she finally purchased it. She took it, and negligently drew a purse from her reticule, found there ten thousand francs, in bank notes, and spread them out; but immediately gathering them up, she said to the jeweller, you had better send a person with me. My husband will pay him. I find I have not the entire sum.

The jeweller made a sign to a young man, who, proudly delighted to go in such an equipage, started off with the Countess M. M. She drove to the doctor's door. She whispered the doctor, this is my son, I leave him with you. To the young man she said, my husband is in his study. Walk in. He will pay you. The young man went in. The Countess and the carriage went off at first slow and noiseless; soon after the horses galloped.

Ah, well, young man, said the physician, you understand the business, I suppose. Let us see. How do you feel? what is going on in this young head? What passes in my head, sir! nothing, except settling for the set of diamonds. We understand all that, said the doctor, gently pushing aside the bill. I know, I know. If the gentleman knows the amount, no more remains but to pay the cash. Indeed! Indeed! Be calm. Where did you get your diamonds? What has become of them? Say as much as you will; I will listen patiently. The business is to pay me, sir, ninety thousand francs. Wherefore! How! Wherefore! said the young man, whose eyes began to glisten. Yes, why should I pay you? Because, madam, the Countess, has just purchased the diamonds at our house. Good! there we have you. Who is the Countess? Your wife—and he presented the bill. But, young man, do you know I have the honour to be a physician, and a widower! Here the young man became transported; and the doctor called his domesticks, and bade them seize him by his hands and feet, which raised the transport of the young man to fury. He cried theft! murder! a wilful murder! But at the end of a quarter of an hour he calmed down, explained every thing soberly, and a terrible light began to dawn upon the doctor.

Notwithstanding all the search that could be made, this singular theft, so witty, so original from the scene which took place between the physician and the young man, was never punished. The *intrigante* had taken good care to conceal every trace of herself. The driver and lacqueys were her accomplices. The carriage was hired; and this history remains a monument in the memoirs of jewellers.

SOLIMAN "THE GREAT."

Here is a specimen of the magnificence with which this historical butcher treated his fellow-creatures:—

Among the many distinctions of Soliman's reign must be noticed the increased diplomatic intercourse with European nations. Three years after the capture of Rhodes, appeared the first French ambassadour at the Ottoman Porte; he received a robe of honour, a present of two hundred ducats, and, what was more to his purpose, a promise of a campaign in Hungary, which should engage on that side the arms of Charles and his brother, Ferdinand. Soliman kept his promise. At the head of 100,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery, he commenced this memorable campaign. On the fatal field of Mohacks the fate of Hungary was decided in an unequal fight. King Lewis, as he fled from the Turkish sabres, was drowned in a morass. The next day the sultan received in state the compliments of his officers. The heads of 2,000 of the slain, including those of seven bishops and many of the nobility, were piled up as a trophy before his tent. Seven days after the battle, a tumultuous cry arose in the camp to massacre the prisoners and peasants—and in consequence 4,000 men were put to the sword. The keys of Buda were sent to the conqueror, who celebrated the Feast of Bairam in the castle of the Hungarian kings. Fourteen days afterwards he began to retire—bloodshed

and devastation marking the course of his army. To Moroth, belonging to the Bishop of Gran, many thousands of the people had retired with their property, relying on the strength of the castle; the Turkish artillery, however, soon levelled it, and the wretched fugitives were indiscriminately butchered. No less than 25,000 fell here; and the whole number of the Hungarians destroyed in the barbarous warfare of this single campaign amounted to at least 200,000 souls.

[Foreign Quarterly Review.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1829.

§ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

§ Our Title Page and Index, for the 2d volume of the Record, is published to-day.

The Buffalo papers give an account of a gross violation of the laws, in an attempt to impose upon the Court of Sessions in that place, two illegally drawn juries, with the design (we are forced, by the proofs adduced, to believe), to procure indictments and convictions not warranted by evidences of guilt. The circumstances, as stated, are these: The deputy clerk of Erie county, whose duty it was to post the notices required by law, of the time and place of drawing the juries, either wilfully or otherwise, neglected his duty, until several days after the lawful time had elapsed; he then posted a notice for drawing a *petit jury*, and *ante-dated* it for the purpose of deceiving the people and concealing his official neglect. Three or four days after this he posted a notice of the drawing of a *grand jury*, which he also *ante-dated*, with the same fraudulent intentions. The law says that *ten days* notice shall be given. The *petit jury* was drawn after *three* days notice; and the notice for drawing the grand jury was posted in the *night* previous to or on the morning of, the day appointed for such drawing. The *ante-dating* deputy was quite unfortunate, too, in his choice of dates; the first was not old enough by a day, and the second belonged to a *Sunday* which happened ten days before! The consequence of all this management and double dealing was, the court declared that the juries were illegally drawn, and adjourned without doing any business.

This deputy clerk is a Mr. Harvey Newcomb, an anti-masonick adventurer, who was imported into Erie from Chautauque county, because among all the good people of the former county there was not one capable of filling the important station of deputy clerk! He is also an anti-masonick editor, and ever and anon belches forth something about the *dangerous* tendency of freemasonry, the necessity of keeping masons out of office, and so forth. We think he has now pretty well illustrated the *purifying* influence of anti-masonry, and doubt not his *actions* come as near the *truth* as his *words*. When he managed the Jamestown Phoenix he offered an apology to his readers, for having, accidentally, placed confidence in the *moral* obligations of an *oath*; and were we to judge from present indications, we should say that he has no intentions of relinquishing his favourite theory. What are the laws worth in the hands of fellows of his description?

ANTI-MASONRY IN VERMONT. The Hon. HEMAN ALLEN, late minister to Chili, has declined the nomination for governor, given to him by the recent anti-masonick convention of the state of Vermont. The Hon. J. C. THOMPSON, of Chittenden county, has also declined the nomination for councillor, and says that his nomination by the anti-masonick convention was made without his knowledge, and that he does not hope or desire to receive the support of his fellow citizens from any other consideration than a conviction on their part of his qualification to serve them as councillor. Hon. SAMUEL CLARK, who was also nominated for councillor, is a Royal Arch Mason, and since his nomination has been stricken from the anti-masonick roll, and another candidate substituted. Mr. Clark is the regular candidate for councillor, of the party friendly to the late President, Mr. Adams.

The following anecdote of the excentrick Lorenzo Dow, who sojourned here for a day or two, and left the city this morning for his residence in Connecticut, is from the Rochester Craftsman of Tuesday last:

LORENZO DOW. We observe that some of the leading anti-masonick papers have turned their battering rams against this man of the longbeard, and appear resolved that he shall not preach, as heretofore, unmolested. We have recently heard a good anecdote of this man, which serves to show that they will find him a hard nut to crack.

Last fall, while on his way to the lodge, in this village, he was followed by a herd of anti-masonick cattle, who were reviling him, and just before he ascended the steps, he turned around to them, and very quaintly observed—*"Whither I go, YE cannot come."*

The first anniversary of the Albany Horticultural Society was celebrated at Cruttenden's in this city, on Tuesday last. The company was numerous; and the display of shrubs, flowers, and fruits, and the proceedings throughout, were highly creditable to the Society, and gratifying to those who participated in the scenes. An able and pertinent address was delivered by JESSE BUEL Esq.; and at the close of an excellent repast some very good toasts were drunk. The following is the list of officers for the ensuing year: JESSE BUEL, President; ALFRED CONKLING, 1st Vice President; EDWARD C. DELAVAN, 2d Vice President; ISAAC DENNISTON, 3d Vice President; DOUW B. SLINGERLAND, Treasurer; LEWIS C. BECK, Corresponding Secretary; R. M. MEIGS, Recording Secretary.

The Holland Purchase Baptist Association, comprising twenty churches, held their annual meeting in the county of Erie, on the 19th and 20th August. An attempt was made at this meeting to bind the churches to exclude masonry from among them. There was but *one* vote in favour of the measure.

On the 29th instant Solomon Southwick and Alexander Sheldon are to be "hail fellows well met," in the same court house in which Southwick, was tried in the famous bribery case. Sheldon was the principal witness against Southwick. Anti-masonry is a sort of philosopher's stone.

The "Johnstown Free Press," an anti-masonick paper, under the patronage of Alexander Sheldon and Henry Frey Yates, gave up the ghost on the 20th ult. after much hard struggling, aged *fourteen weeks*.

ANTI-MASONRY IN FRANCE. The Paris Quotidienne has discovered a plot now forming by the Freemasons, and Knight Templars, for placing the son of Napoleon on the Throne of Spain, that he may the more easily and conveniently reach that of France, and that the Throne of his father is now preparing to receive him at the Thuilleries!

Mr. Burges and Mr. Eddy were opposing candidates for congress at the late election in Rhode Island. Mr. B. having, during the campaign, accused Mr. E. of a want of courage, the latter, who is chief justice of the supreme court in that state, replied, "If he has any curiosity on that subject, he has my consent to gratify it as soon as he pleases."

A new bone to pick. The anti-masonick presses have made the important discovery, that Lorenzo Dow is a *Masonick Missionary*! and are accordingly belabouring him right lustily. [Batavia Press.]

From the Livingston Journal.

The following *braggadocio* paragraph, from Ward's Anti-Masonick Review, reminds us of the old proverb,

"Soon ripe, soon rotten."

"We speak with deference our doubt, whether any great moral reformation on earth has advanced so rapidly in three years from its birth, as anti-masonry. We doubt, whether the pure Gospel from heaven, spread wider, or made more converts in the first three years of its promulgation; and we know that the Mahometan imposture did not; neither, did the Protestant Reformation of A. D. 1517."

The comparison of "the great moral reformation," produced by the "Mahometan imposture," to that promised by anti-masonry is probably, as apt and correct a one as any yet made.

From the Little-Falls People's Friend.

BLESSINGS OF ANTI-MASONRY. The following is the precise copy of a letter (except the names,) received by a

merchant of this village, in answer to a call for payment of an honest debt, upon a man residing in a county where the Anti-masonick *sorceries* have extensively prevailed. The man who would not frown indignantly upon the first attempt to introduce such a state of things among us, is a recreant to every principle of honour, patriotism, and religion, and unworthy the name of an *American citizen*.

August 20th, 1829.

"Sir I received your letter of the fifteenth past of which you informed me you claimed a waggon wick i Purchased of Mr. — and if i Did not Pay you fifty dollars you would prosecute me begin I Dont fear you threads for *I am an ANTI-MASON* and our sherif and court and Jury and Preests consists of same mettle I shall win the case *wright or wrong* sue if you dare for I am Ready to meet you at Both ends."

VARIETIES

Longevity of the Land Tortoise. We have lately seen it stated as a remarkable fact, that a Land Tortoise was seen in July last, in Dutchess, N. York, by a man who saw and marked the same 32 years ago. What is still more remarkable, a Tortoise of this kind was found in Rhode Island, in 1804, with the name of one of the finder's progenitors inscribed on the shell, and dated 1702. From the marks of extreme old age by which the Tortoise was distinguished, and from the known fact that the person whose name was cut in the shell was a resident in that section of the state in 1702, the natural conclusion was, that the Tortoise must have been considerably more than 100 years of age.

[Nantucket Enquirer.]

Egyptian beards. The Pacha of Cairo has turned reformer, and ordered all the Mussulmen to cut off their beards. This was a bold measure, and for a time great danger to the publick peace was apprehended. "What shall we do when we want to swear by our beards?" asked the Musselman. "Swear by your chins," said the Pacha. The consent of the Ulemas was at length obtained to his beard-sweeping measure, and the Mussulmen were consoled by the permission given them to deposit their beards in the gaves of the owners of them. As an expedient by which no laughter or ridicule should be indulged against any man who might be shorn of his beard before his neighbours, a particular hour and day were fixed for the bearded Mussulmen to assemble in the open streets and squares. They were ranged in line and column—the shaving executioners were in requisition—and the cherished growth of years was destroyed in a moment.

An association has been formed in the city of New-York having for its object the civilization and improvement of the *Indian tribes*, within the limits of the United States. The objects of the society, says the New-York Evening Post, embrace the adoption of some measures in relation to the emigration of certain of the indian tribes. Colonel T. L. McKenney, of the Indian Department, delivered an address before the society, on Wednesday, on the subject of our moral and civil relations towards the remnant of the Indian race: [Bost. Pal.]

The Seneca Indians, residing in the state of Ohio, have lately put several of their tribe to death for being witches, or practising what is called the *black art*. The Indians have full faith in witchcraft; many years since they formally tried and tomahawked a number of Indians, of both sexes, for being witches. And such was their infatuation, that children have become the executioners of their aged parents, conceiving it their duty to destroy them.

[Poughkeepsie Telegraph.]

Temperance of the Jews. A young Jew returning from a London theatre, with a female relation, was maltreated by a watchman. The watchman endeavoured to justify his conduct, by asserting that the Jew was drunk; but the latter found no difficulty in disproving the accusation, the presiding magistrate and principal police officer, united in declaring that they had never known a Jew intemperate in the use of spirituous liquors.

No Free Black is permitted to reside in Ohio, unless he gives bonds, in \$500, to behave well, and not to become chargeable to the community. In consequence of this, several thousands are about to leave the state, and seek elsewhere for a spot to live on. Many of them are about to form a colony in Canada.

A shopkeeper in Connecticut, proposes to have a society formed, to be called the Anti-going-a-shopping-more-than-three-times-a-day-without-any-money society. There are probably some hundred shopkeepers in Boston who would be much pleased with the formation of such a society here.

MARRIED,

In Troy, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. TIMOTHY SEYMOUR, to Miss ELIZABETH BRADT, both of this city.

In this city, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. James Hartness, to Miss ANN ELIZABETH FARNHAM.

DIED,

In this city, on the 27th ult. Miss ELIZABETH ABEL aged 45 years.

PRINTING TYPES, PRESSES, &c.—WM. HAGAR & Co. offer for sale at their Type and Stereotype Foundry, No. 20 Gold street, New York, a complete assortment of Printing Types, from 14 lines Pica to Diamond, at the following prices, six months credit, or five per cent. discount for cash.

They cast their book fonts from English to Diamond, on a metal which they will warrant *superior to any other used in this country.*

Six Lines Pica, and all larger, per lb. 50cts.

Double Pica to Five Lines, 32

Great Primer, 34

English, 36

Pica, 36

Small Pica, 38

Long Primer, 40

Bourgeois, 46

Brevier, 56

Minion, 70

Nonpareil, 90

And all other in proportion. Old metal received in exchange, at 8 cents per lb.

W. HAGAR & Co. are agents for the sale of the Washington Press, invented by Samuel Russett, which they offer for sale on accommodating terms.

Proprietors of papers who will publish this advertisement three times, will be allowed two dollars in settlement of their accounts, or in articles from the Foundry. Sept. 5, 31.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE—Part 2d of this interesting work is just received. Also, No's. 50 and 51 *Library of Useful Knowledge*.

These works are published in London by a Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which Henry Brougham is Chairman. The former in monthly No's. 4-6, and the latter semi-monthly 1-3 or \$2.50 per annum. W. C. LITTLE, Agent.

THE LONDON PERIODICALS The subscriber has made arrangements to receive the Foreign Periodicals direct to this city, and will receive subscriptions for them, as follows:—

QUARTERLY.

Brand's Journal of Science, Foreign Review,
Brewster's Philosophical Journal, London Jurist,
Classica Journal, London Review,
Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, Retrospective Review,
do. Medical Journal, Westminster Review,
do. Jou'l of Med. Science, Musical Review,
do. Jou'l of Agriculture, Phenological Review,
Foreign Quarterly Review,

MONTHLY.

Blackwood's Magazine, Sporting Magazine,
New Monthly Magazine, Repository of Arts,
La Belle Assemblée, Gentlemen's Magazine,
Ackerman's Repository, Athenaeum and Literary Chronicle,
Lib'y of Entertaining Knowledge, London Literary Gazette,
Eclectic Review, Court Journal,
London Magazine, London Weekly Review.
W. C. LITTLE, 67 State Street.

NEWSPAPER ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE. Owing to extreme ill health, the subscriber is induced to offer for sale the office of the Belvidere Apollo. The subscription list is large, and may, in the hands of a proper person, be easily increased to two thousand, if desired. The County is a rich one, and daily improving. The Apollo is the only paper in the county, and the advertising and job work is so large as often to require an extra hand. To any one wishing to purchase such an establishment, no country place can hold out greater inducements; and if application be made immediately, immediate possession can be given. The terms will be made easy to any one who is able to give satisfactory security. EDMUND P. BANKS, Belvidere, Warren co. New-Jersey, August 21, 1829.

TO PRINTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.—FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The reduced cost of the materials used in the composition of Printing Types, and the improvements and increased facilities of casting them, have induced the subscribers to adopt the following list of prices.

The style of their large and small letter is modern, and of the most elegant kind. The metal will be found very hard and durable, having a new ingredient in its composition. For accuracy and finish, the type cast at their foundry is warranted equal to any whatever. They have on hand a complete assortment of Book and Job Letters, so that they are prepared to execute orders for entire Offices of Job, Newspaper, or Book Printing, on a short notice. They are thankful for the patronage they have received, and will be happy to receive the orders of printers, which will receive prompt attention.

Merchants and others who have orders from abroad, will be supplied not only with type, but with Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, and every thing necessary for a printing establishment, and put up with care and perfect accuracy.

Their new specimen book will be published soon, and ready to be sent to printers, in which will be exhibited a greater variety than has been shown by any Foundry in the United States.

Albany, July 22, 1829.

A. W. KINSLEY & Co.

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Meridian, and all plain, larger,	0 30	Small Pica,	0 38
Double Great Primer,	32	Long Primer,	40
Double English,	32	Bourgeois,	46
Double Small Pica,	34	Brevier,	56
Great Primer,	34	Minion,	70
English,	36	Nonpareil,	90
Pica,	36	Leads and Quotations,	30

Other kinds of type reduced in proportion. Old Type received in exchange at 9 cts per lb.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION, Knickerbocker Hall, is open every evening. (Sundays excepted,) for the purpose of exhibiting Maelzel's celebrated Automaton Bass Fiddler, Speaking Figures, and Slack Rope Dancers. To conclude with the EVACUATION AND CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

Performances commence at 1-4 past 8 precisely. Admittance 50 cents, children half price. Tickets to be had at the American Hotel, Eagle Tavern, State-street House, City Hotel, Cruttenden's Hotel, Remont's Rooms, Mrs. Rockwell's Mansion House; and at the bookstores of Messrs. W. C. Little, and O. Steele. August 15.

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market-streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 69 1-2 cents a volume. Sept. 6. 3m3

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

HYMN.

Bounteous Giver of the good
That in plenty we enjoy,
In heartfelt praises now we would
Our grateful tongue employ.
We own the good thy mercy sheds,
On our undeserving heads;
And we now our thoughts would raise
And render Thee our grateful praise.
"Paul may plant, Apollos water,"
Thou must still the increase give;
O, thou assist us, God of nature,
In thy fear that we may live.
And thy bounteous blessings send,
O'er our Earth from end to end;
That every tongue thy praise shall sing,
And every heart devotion bring.
Let the suppliant voice of prayer
Ne'er escape thine Ear,
But deign to watch with zealous care
The man who owns thy fear.
May thy bounteous blessings flow
On us still, while here below,
And may we through thy grace benign
Stand accepted Sons of Thine. FRANCIS.

From the August number of the American Monthly Magazine.

A MORNING ON THE ANDES.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

Arise the Andes, gorgeous, proud,
Like islands in a sea of cloud,
A glorious burning main;
The dawn of day has coloured o'er
The ocean as a golden floor,
The hills with coral stain.
The mountain seems above its cloud
A giant standing in a shroud,
A frozen wave of earth;
The mists, a silvery curtain, spread
Above a universe of dead,
Just dawning into birth.
The circled sun is sparkling up,
A drop from glory's foaming cup,
A shield of polished gold,
To waste upon a waiting world
The radiance of its wing unfurled,
As from the days of old.
The thunder-anthem peals around
The firm, uplifted rock-ribbed ground,
Like a free earthquake's tone;
And sea and sky re-echo well—
As caverns answer to a bell—
Its wild and swelling moan.
A mountain rock just trembles on
The precipice, as when at dawn
Pousses the mounting sun;
And now it leapeth, and the sound
From shore to shore goes sweeping round—
It never will be done.
It breaks away to distant isles,
It sweeps through consecrated piles,
Through forests old and strong;
Like winds careering in their scorn,
Till every substantial thing is torn—
So passeth this along.
Eagles, with lustre on their wings,
Come up in scorn from earthly things—
In scorn pass they the sun;
And wheel away to the brilliant skies
As spirits melt in paradise—
Their journeying scarce begun.
How small seem human pomp and power,
From where these hoary mountains tower,
These thrones of solid land!
Empire on empire goeth down—
The monarch and his jewelled crown—
But these unshaken stand—
Fit emblems of His power—who stept
From glory, while the elements slept
And framed this shining sphere;
Fit emblems of His power, who when

The chosen time shall come again,
Will leave no semblance here.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

Did you ever look
In Mr. Tooke,
For Homer's gods and goddesses?
The males in the air,
So big and so bare,
And the girls without their bodices.
There was Jupiter Zeus,
Who played the deuce,
A rampant blade and a tough one;
But Denis bold,*
Stole his coat of gold,
And rigged him out in a stuff one.
June, when old,
Was a bit of a scold,
And ruled Jove *jure divino*;
When he went gallivanting,
His steps she kept haunting,†
And she played, too, the devil with Ino.

Minerva bright
Was a blue-stocking wight,
Who lodged among the Atticks;
And, like Lady V.
From the men did flee,
To study the mathematics.
Great Mars, we're told,
Was a grenadier bold,
Who Vulcan sorely cuckold,
When to Rome he went,
He his children sent
To a she-wolf to be suckled.

Sol, the rat-catcher,‡
Was a great body-snatcher,
And with his bow and arrows
He *Burked*, through the trees,
Master Niobes,
As though they had been cock sparrows.

Diana, his sister,
When nobody kissed her,
Was a saint, (at least a semi-one,)
Yet the vixen Scandal
Made a terrible handle
Of her friendship for Endymion.
Full many a feat
Did Hercules neat,
The least of credit draws on;
Jesting Momus, so sly,
Said, "'Tis all my eye,"
And he called him Baron Münchhausen.

Fair Bacchus' face
Many signs did grace,
(They were not painted by Zeuxis:)
Of his brewing trade
He a mystery made,||
Like our Calverts and our Mouzes.

There was Mistress Venus,
(I say it between us,)
For virtue cared not a farden:
There never was seen
Such a drabish queen
In the parish of Covent Garden.

Hermes cunning,
Poor Argus funning,
He made him drink like a buffer;
To his great surprise
Sewed up all his eyes,
And stole away his heifer.

A bar-maid's place
Was Herbe's grace,
Till Jupiter did trick her;
He turned her away,
And made Ganymede stay
To pour him out his liquor.

Ceres in life
Was a farmer's wife,

* Not a Catholic agitator, (as some Brunswickers might imagine,) but Dionysius, a very orthodox, tyrant, who lived before Popery was invented. He did not wait for clerical permission to put his enemies to death; and broke his promises as cleverly as if he had a hundred bulls in his pocket. Scriblerus,

† "I'll search out the haunts
Of your favourite gallants
And into cows metamorphose 'em." *Alides*.
‡ Apollo Smintheus. He destroyed a great many rats in Phrygia, and was probably the first "rat-catcher to the King." *Vet. Schol.*
|| "Mystica vanaus facchi." *Met. Schol.*
This was either a potter-brewer's dray, or more probably the Fan of his druggist, *Scriblerus*.

But she doubtless kept a jolly house;
For Ramour speaks,
She was had by the Beaks
To swear her son Triptolemus.*

Miss Proserpine,
She thought herself fine,
But when all her plans miscarried,
She the Devil did wed,
And took him to bed,
Sooner than not be married.
But the worst of all gods,
Beyond all odds,
It can not be denied, oh!
Is that first of matchmakers,
That prince of housebreakers,
The urchin Dan Cupido. M.

* There is some difference of opinion concerning this fact; the lady, like so many others in her interesting situation, passed through the adventure under an alias. But that Ceres and Terra were the same, no reasonable person will doubt; and there can be no serious objection to the little trip being thus ascribed to the goddess in question. *Scrib.*

TO THE DEAD.

I.
It is a hushed and holy spot
Where death has wrought thy dreamless bed,
And bade thee still, all unforget,
Forget that charter of the dead!

II.
At length thy heart is cold; the pain
Which wrings my own thou canst not see,
Nor turn to smiles this sullen strain,
Which soothes—because it breathes of thee!

III.
If once my spirit stole the vow,
But due to love, to waste on fame,
My only wish for laurels now
Would be—to wreath them round thy name.

IV.
I would not thou shouldst cease to live
While fame its being can bestow,
And to our broken passion give
The deathless memory of our woe.

V.
In life, a widowed lot we bore,
But all my own in death thou art!
The grave, which severs hands the more,
But breaks the barriers from the heart.

VI.
As he who felt a charmed doom,
And saw friends—empires—ages fade,*
I live—a weed that wreathes its bloom
Around the wrecks which time has made!

VII.
Hope's latest link from life is wrenched!
The bird which blest the night, is fled!
The lamp, which lit the tomb, is quenched!
I stand in darkness with the dead!

* St. Leon, in Godwin's tale of that name.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical-Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired, N. B. Country orders punctually attended to. Albany, Feb. 14, 1829. 3rd

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—HEERMANS, RATHBONE, & Co. No. 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of *Cooking Stoves, Franklin's Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves*, together with *Russels, English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tong, Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.*; all of which they will sell on the most reasonable terms. Albany May, 1829. 18m2

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city. ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 3m.

THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12. 1829.

NO. 33.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS.

The following address on the subject of the anti-masonick excitement, was delivered by JONATHAN A. ALLEN, M. D., at a convention of the citizens of Addison county, Vermont, holden in the village of Middlebury, on the 7th of April last. It was published and circulated in a pamphlet form, by order of the convention.

Mr. Chairman—Nothing but a sense of duty to ourselves, our country and our God, could have induced us, members of the masonick fraternity, to appear in this publick place and make this appeal. To this imperious call of duty, we unhesitatingly comply, being fully confident that a generous and enlightened community, who have been accustomed to listen to the mandates of justice and reason, will not refuse to hear the voice of truth, though uttered by proscribed and persecuted citizens. There is probably no principle in our civil code better established, than that which admits to a certain extent the claim which the publick have upon the talents and services of every individual, and on the contrary, that any popular and unjust commotion which deprives the publick of those talents or services is incompatible with the spirit and nature of those civil privileges, which were guaranteed to us by our forefathers, and purchased with their blood. Having therefore "obtained our freedom, our civil and religious rights at such a great price," we feel that it would be a dereliction from duty to remain any longer silent and hear ourselves, and many of the best of men, of this, and of former ages, denounced as "conspirators, murderers and assassins." To this determination, we have deliberately come, notwithstanding we are indeed truly sensible, that most generally, "calumny is a spark which if let alone will soon go out," yet we as firmly believe that it is equally true, that there may be periods in which silence becomes criminal. This is the case when crimes of the most flagrant nature are unjustly ascribed to individuals, and especially, if taciturnity of the accused be assumed as an acknowledgement of the truth of the accusation. Precisely under these latter circumstances now stands arraigned before the publick, the masonick institution.

Freemasonry, which has received the sanction and support of the patriot, the statesman, the philosopher, the philanthropist and the christian, for more than 1600 years, and tradition says, from time immemorial, has been assailed with all the opprobrious epithets which malice, spleen or jealousy can invent. The peace and harmony of society are disordered. The church of God, where peace and love should abound, is filled with commotion and divisions. The whole fraternity of masons have been proscribed as a banditti, undeserving the least trust. We had fondly cherished the hope that these scenes of disturbance, anarchy and confusion, would have ended in the section of country where they began; but we find to our regret that many "busy bodies and contentious persons" are engaged in sowing the seeds of discord and contention amongst us. We would not indeed be uncharitable, for we do really believe that some do sincerely think, as St. Paul did when he persecuted the christians, that "they are doing God's service." To remain inactive under these circumstances we cannot. To do so, would be a violation of our duties as freemen, as masons, and as christians.

Had we been told that masonry is an institution which has its defects, that many of its members are vicious and undeserving; that unworthy persons had been admitted, that in various places it had been prostituted from the high and lofty character it ought to sustain, we should peaceably have remained mute—for over these things we have often cast an eye of regret, and wept, long before the commencement of the present excitement.

But when we are tauntingly told that "the principles of the institution are at war with the bible, that its influence is a curse to society," that "as an institution, it is a liar and an impostor," that "it is a nursery of wickedness and the hot-bed from which has sprung every ruinous and malicious plot for ages past," we feel constrained to state our convictions of the falsity of these charges and some of the reasons from which our deductions are drawn.

The facts that a corrupt fountain will send forth impure water, and on the contrary, that a pure fountain will yield that of a good quality, are in accordance not only with the common belief of mankind, but are consonant with the divine revelation. An institution whose principles are corrupt, can not in the nature of things be supported by good men. Virtuous individuals give by their aid and support of an object or institution, a laudable character to that object or institution.

This is not sophism, but what we daily admit. A conclusion so obvious and so tenable, it is candidly believed, will hardly be objected to by rational and intelligent men. Indeed, so true is the position that pious, virtuous and patriotic men, can no more support a profane, vicious and ruinous society, that we should have considered an apology was demanded for our suspicions of the good sense and candour of the community on this point, had not the infatuation of the present excitement afforded instances of singular and erroneous views in this particular.

Till within a recent period it has most generally been admitted, even by our opposers, that the institution of freemasonry was in conformity with divine revelation and consistent with our free republican and religious rights. This character the institution had obtained by the general course and virtues of many of its members. It was found from long experience to exert an influence of a salutary nature upon society. It had been found too, that masonry flourished most in countries where freedom of conscience and liberty of action were most enjoyed—where christianity with all its benign influence exerted its greatest sway—where the bible was most circulated, and valued, and esteemed. These facts are too notorious and palpable to have passed unnoticed by the most careless and inattentive observer. With what aspect of truth now, comes the loathsome charge that freemasonry is opposed to the bible, a charge serious in its nature, before the tribunal of an impartial publick? Can any candid man be led to believe even by sophistical arguments, that principles and practices so discordant, could be co-existent in the same individuals, for their whole lives? That men who spent their lives in christian virtues should at the same time encourage and patronize a society whose principles aimed a death blow at that religion which they practiced, inculcated, and for which some have died? Did not he "who spake as never man spake," say, "a tree is known by its fruit?" And could he lie?

Till within a recent date too, masonry has generally been regarded, to say the least, as consistent with the rights of freemen. Never, till lately, has it, in this country, been suspected of being capable of corrupting the fountain of justice, nor in the least degree affecting the civil obligations of jurors and witnesses. The practical virtues and patriotism of many of its founders and patrons had been to an unheated publick a sufficient pledge of the purity of its principles. It had long been known that the principal leaders in the grand drama of the American revolution, in the adoption, formation and administration of our most excellent government, had been conspicuous members of the masonick fraternity.

We hardly need refer you, sir, to a Franklin, a Washington, a Hancock, a Green, a Warren, a Hamilton, a Jefferson, a Clinton and many others, well known to the American people; and in this vicinity, we had expected till recently that the worthy names of a Painter, a Miller, a Rich and a Matthews would have been sufficient to silence the cavils of infatuated partizans, and calm the fears of the timid. Ask the most bitter of our opponents whether these men were undeserving of trust, whether they were hostile to the rights of man, and the administration of publick justice, and they will tell you no. But they were masons, active, leading masons, and most of them to testify their belief in the beneficial tendency of freemasonry, with their dying breath requested that the last friendly act paid their memories should be in accordance with the rights and customs of the masonick institution. It cannot be pretended that these men were ignorant of the nature of their masonick obligations or of their influence upon society. Had the masonick institution been dangerous to the publick, would Washington have said as he did, in effect "that masonry is calculated to promote the happiness of mankind?" Or would Painter, one of the founders and patrons of our col-

lege, have sanctioned the institution by requesting to be buried in the masonick form? If the principles of freemasonry were dangerous and wicked, a rational man, it could not be suspected, would countenance them when just entering the confines of eternity. Such perversion and degradation of the human character, cannot be admitted by any reflecting man.

It may be said these men were not well informed in all the secrets of the craft, that only the charming exterior was exposed to them while the secret mischief was concealed within. To this sophistical evasion it is sufficient to reply, that our ablest statesmen have been masters of lodges, and besides, we ourselves will not be accused of arrogance, when we assert that many of us possess a knowledge of all the authorized degrees received in this country, and we know of nothing in them inconsistent with our civil duties, nor with the precepts inculcated in the Holy Bible. Indeed, so far from diminishing our ties as citizens, we feel ourselves more strongly bound to adhere, in the most scrupulous manner, to all the obligations enforced upon us by the government and laws of our common country. [See note A.]

We are sensible that it has abusively been said, that we "are sworn to protect a brother, right or wrong, murder and treason not excepted." Were this a true representation of the fact, we sincerely avow that we would unhesitatingly relinquish our masonick obligations. But we know that we have never been bound, nor will we ever be, by such unrighteous bonds; nor do we believe there is such a requirement in any regular established lodge in this country.

Again, we are further accused of being bound to violate our oaths as jurymen, witnesses, or as judges, when a brother's life is in jeopardy in consequence of his crimes. Hence, say the committee on the abduction of William Morgan, in the house of representatives of the state of New-York, that "those deluded men whose hands are probably stained with a brother's blood, though politically and morally wrong, were masonically right." The honourable committee were probably justified in their conclusions from the evidence, literally considered, that was presented them. But we have to remark, that it becomes all dispassionate men, more especially when clothed with authority, carefully to scrutinize every species of evidence offered for their consideration. Every person at all acquainted with legal concerns, must be sensible how difficult it is even for truth itself to satisfy the publick feeling when it is highly excited. Much allowance is to be made in consequence of prejudice and partiality which are unavoidable accompaniments of popular excitements. At least there is much doubt whether such strong evidence as has resulted from the Morgan affair, could have been elicited even from the same individuals in a less heated state of the passions. Under these circumstances, it was hardly to be expected, that testimony, though given with the most scrupulous regard to truth, if it happened to be against the popular prejudice, could receive the publick sanction—as in the opinion of that publick, the guilt of the accused had been pre-established and judgment had passed before the trials were had.

We would by no means justify the abduction of Capt. Wm. Morgan. In common with our fellow citizens, we have ever held in utter detestation and abhorrence, all violence which may have been used towards that individual. We have ever deemed it as equally inconsistent with masonry and christianity. Had he even been guilty of divulging the secrets of the order, we know of no obligation in freemasonry, which would require any violence whatever towards his person. Every masonick obligation of which we have any knowledge, has a tendency to promote brotherly love, peace on earth, and good will towards all mankind.

But we ask, if a mason has been even murdered by masons, whether it be right to proscribe the whole fraternity on that account? Have not individual masons before been guilty of the most gross crimes, without impugning the character of the institution?

Till since the abduction and alleged murder of Captain Morgan, who ever thought of denouncing masonry, or proscribing every mason for the misconduct of individuals? But, say our opponents, that masonick obligations can be so construed as to make it duty for one mason, to take the life

of another on his transgression. Let us for argument admit that it is so, which we have already disavowed. And does not the same objection rest against the Bible? The Bible, it will readily be admitted, has been so construed as to tolerate proscriptio and murder. Every christian country has experienced the effect of this sad delusion. In the year 803, St. Alban, the first christian martyr of England, commonly called the protomartyr of the English, suffered death, not however for masonry, although he is said to have been an active mason, but for his religion. The history of our own country also furnishes us with a time, when the infatuated bigots drew authority from the Bible to burn Quakers and hang witches. And who at this time, lays the least charge to our most holy religion, because fanatics and knaves have suffered themselves to be led into the most fatal delusions, in their views of divine revelation? Admit the fact that many masons have mistaken or violated their obligations and what does it prove? That the institution is corrupt? By no means. Who will the publick believe, those illustrious individuals who for ages past have been warm patrons of the institution? or a comparatively few, who in a paroxysm of infatuation in the present excitement, commit acts, at which, when time has been given for the feelings to cool, they will undoubtedly look back with shame and contrition? And further, is no weight given to the fact, that men under the governance of masonic obligations are now every where engaged in promoting the publick good? We need not go from our fire-sides to see masons, equally with other men, promoting the spread of the gospel, and by practical illustrations evincing to the church and to the world the benign influence of the christian religion. That all masons are not thus engaged is no more objection to our position, than that all who believe the Bible do not embrace religion. Is he a husband, a parent, a magistrate or a preacher of the word of God, his duties are as faithfully performed as are those of other men. It may then in all good conscience be asked, why all this uproar? If masonry be what it is pretended, why has it not corrupted more of its members? Cupidity, dominion and a love of domineering, are among the strongest of the natural passions. Artful politicians and designing demagogues may put in action the whole scene, and one half of the most useful members of society may be proscribed, like Aristides the just, to make room for others less virtuous and less deserving. What would have been our fate, if the present spirit of proscriptio had commenced with the declaration of our independence? Who would have led our armies or guided our council?

We may be permitted further to ask, in what case has justice been prevented and the publick injured by freemasonry? We are told that evils do exist and operate in various ways, but a candid man should be informed where, before he assents to the hollow assertions of the modern crusader. Were we told that most of our publick offices are filled by masons, and that masonic influence has been secretly exerted to accomplish that event, we have to reply, that a large proportion of our most able men are masons, and besides we would point to what has annually passed under our own observation, viz. that masons, on political subjects and at our elections, are known to be as much at variance with each other as other men. Of the correctness of this position every individual who will impartially call to mind past events, must be satisfied. To enlarge upon a subject so obviously correct, in Vermont, we forbear, being fully confident that upon due reflection it will be no longer made a question.

In the rage of infatuation, masonry has been accused of imposition in respect to its antiquity. Our opponents have boastingly said, that it had its origin within 150 years. If this were so, it would prove nothing against it. Has nothing good or useful been originated within the last 150 years? The novelty of a thing does not impair its quality. But those who assert this fact must be either ignorant, or guilty of gross falsehood. At present, we are willing to waive all traditional statements in relation to its having originated with Tubal Cain, or at the building of Solomon's Temple, and we readily admit, too, that originally, it was an association of mechanics. "Mr. W. Preston," says Rees' Cyclopaedia, "who published in 1792 a treatise on masonry, supposes its introduction into England to have been prior to the Roman invasion. Although masonry is said to have been encouraged by Caesar and by many Roman generals who were governors in Britain, we have no existing records of their conventions and lodges till the time of Carausius, (in the 3d Century) when Albanus, the Protomartyr of England, obtained a charter from him to hold a general council, of which he (St. Alban) was President, and in which many new members were admitted. In proof of this fact, Mr. Preston refers to some ancient manuscripts. By the departure of the Romans from Britain, the progress of masonry was checked, and it was afterwards wholly neglected. But it gradually revived again till 873, when it found a zealous protector in Alfred the great. The true re-establishment of masonry in England, is dated from the reign of King Athelstan; and there is still existing a lodge of masons at York, which traces its origin to this period. This lodge was founded in 926, under the patronage of Edwin the King's brother, who obtained a Charter from Athelstan, and was himself elected Grand Master. By virtue of this charter all the masons in the kingdom were assembled, and in their assembly, they established a general or grand Lodge for their future government. Under the patronage of this lodge, it is alleged, that the fraternity very considerably increased; and Kings, Princes and other eminent persons who had been initiated into the mysteries paid due allegiance to the assembly." [See Note B.] From this period till the present, time would fail us to recount the eminent individuals who have been patrons of the masonic institution. St. Austin, Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, Anthony Sayer, Nicholas Stone, Lord Paisley, and La Fayette, may be cited as a few of the distinguished European individuals who have been eminent as men and as masons. To this host of worthies we might add many on both sides of the Atlantic, who are now engaged in the active scenes of life; but delicacy bids us not proceed. To our history, and our lives, and our conduct we

refer; "by our fruits we wish to be known," and we can but believe that an impartial and honest publick, to whom we appeal for decision, will unhesitatingly decide, that the present unaccountable anti-masonic excitement, is unjust, unreasonnable, uncharitable, intolerant and scandalous, without the least foundation in truth, or honesty, and if not arrested in its progress, will do more mischief than freemasonry, in its most perverted form, in this country, ever has done or can do. Experience has never shown the dreaded evils of which there is so much complaint. While masons have been engaged in the administration of publick justice, right has been done and all parties have been satisfied. While masons have been members of our churches, leaders of our conferences, and preachers of the gospel, God has blessed their efforts by the pouring out of his holy spirit. If God be for us who can prevail against us? If masonry be what it is pretended by our accusers, let it alone, it must ere long crumble to ruins. If it be of men it will come to nought, if truth be found therein, it will stand. "For truth is great and powerful, and it will prevail."

We have the charity to believe, that many pious individuals, who have engaged in this uncommon warfare, have not duly considered the subject. If the object of good men be to win souls to Christ, it cannot rationally be expected in an excited state of the passions. God is not a God of confusion. By promoting distraction in our churches, will not the holy spirit be grieved therefrom? The influence of revivals, and the promotion of religion have often been interrupted by a spirit of contention and strife. To inculcate a principle of an opposite character from this, Christ has said, "Blessed are the peace makers for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

God has not expressed his abhorrence of freemasonry by withholding his blessing from the churches where there are freemasons; and shall man presume to exercise his powers where He who searches the heart, has bestowed his blessings? The ship which conveyed Jonah, could not proceed till he was cast into the deep; but the church of Christ has for ages been blest, while it contained those individuals by profession whom the present excitement seems determined to thrust out. Is the church more pure than at former times? or has Satan transformed himself and come to sow the seeds of dissension and disturbance among the churches? We believe it becomes the professed followers of our Lord Jesus, carefully and prayerfully to examine this subject, before they suffer themselves to be galled by such over-heated fanatics.

NOTES.

[A.] The following is an extract from the charge given at the initiation into the first degree of masonry, and it is the basis upon which all true freemasonry is founded.

"Brother,—There are three great duties, which, as a mason, you are charged to inculcate—to G. D., your neighbour, and yourself. To God, in never mentioning his name, but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his CREATOR—to implore his aid in all your laudable undertakings, and to esteem him as the chief good—to your neighbour, in acting upon the square, and doing unto him as you wish he should do unto you—and to yourself, in avoiding all irregularity and intemperance, which may impair your faculties, or debase the dignity of your profession. A zealous attachment to these duties will ensure publick and private esteem.

In the state, you are to be a quiet and peaceful subject, true to your government, and just to your country, you are not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal authority, and conform with cheerfulness to the government in which you live."

[B.] In our attempts to trace the rise and progress of freemasonry, it is nothing singular, that we should be involved in the inextricable labyrinth of uncertainty. The same inconvenience attends our researches in every other subject of great antiquity, except divine records. The absurd and jarring accounts which are given in the most modern books upon freemasonry, of its origin, are to be accounted for, only, from an enthusiasm, operating upon credulity, and a love of the marvellous. The fraternity have suffered more injuries from its inebriate friends, in this particular, than from its avowed enemies.

Although the origin of freemasonry is covered with darkness, and its history is, to a great extent, obscure, we can safely say, "that is the most ancient society in the world;" but what is more in point for us, at this time, is to show that our opponents are wholly in the wrong, in assigning our origin to modern times.

The *Knighthood* which is universally considered as modern masonry, and as being found-dupon ancient masonry, we have the most authentic records to show, took its origin in the eleventh century. "About A. D. 1048, some Neapolitan merchants founded a church," says Rees' Cyclopaedia, under Article Malta "after the late rite at Jerusalem, giving it the name of *Santa Muria della Latina*, or St. Mary of the Latins. They also founded a monastery of religious, after the order of St. Benet, for the reception of pilgrims; and afterwards an hospital near the monastery, to take care of the diseased, under the direction of the master or rector. Besides which, they also built a chapel, in honour of St. John Baptist." After the capture of Jerusalem in 1099, by Godfrey of Bulloign, they received the name "of Hospitaliers, or 'Brothers of St. John of Jerusalem.'" It appears from Rees that the principal object of their association, was to afford aid to poor pilgrims, and diseased persons. In 1308, they took from the Saracens the island of Rhodes, and settled there, and took the name of "Knights," and soon after, "Knights of Rhodes." They retained possession here till 1522, when they were attacked by Solyman II, with an army of 300,000 men, and the island was taken by him, after having been in the possession of the Knights, 213 years.

After this loss, the Grand Master and Knights retired first to the isle Candia, some time after pope Clement VII, gave them Viterbo. Lastly Charles V, in 1525, gave them the island of Malta, which grant was confirmed by the Pope, in 1530; and

hence they obtained the appellation of "Knights of Malta;" though their proper name is that of "Knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem." They retained possession and government of Malta, till 1798, when Bonaparte took possession of the island. "By the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the French republick, concluded at Amiens 27th March, 1802, it was stipulated that the island of Malta, Gozo, and Cumina, should be restored to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, to be held on the same conditions, on which it possessed them before the war."

This order of freemasonry, even our opponents have never pretended was composed of operative masons only; but was composed of men of worth and piety of all professions, who had received the degrees of *ancient masonry*, and in lieu of having originated within 150 years as stated by clamorous anti-masons, it is obvious, that the orders of Knighthood took their rise more than 780 years ago, that their members have been known by the name of "Knights," at least 517 years. We have only to remark, that this disposition to misrepresent and distort facts, we fear, is a predominant trait in the attempts of our opponents, to proscribe, stigmatize, and abuse the masonic fraternity.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

From the Boston Medical Intelligencer.

THE SIAMESE BROTHERS.

Our readers have been apprized, through the newspapers, of the arrival in this city, and publick exhibition, of the united boys from Siam. On first viewing them, the attention is arrested by their healthy and happy appearance. They are nearly of the ordinary stature, have heads uncommonly large, and foreheads higher, but less broad, than those of young men generally at their age. Their complexion, features, and countenance, are altogether Chinese, and accord with tolerable exactness. After seeing them often, however, the peculiarities of each become more evident, and they appear scarcely, if any, more resemblant than other twins have appeared when clad in like apparel.

By the plate below, which is that already before the publick, they would appear to be united by a cartilaginous substance of an hour glass shape, passing from the epigastric region of one, and attached to that of the other. This, however, is not the case. The skin is continuous from one boy to the other; and with the exception of a scar in the lower surface, evidently occasioned by the removal of the cord through which they were nourished in the fetal state, it presents no mark, blemish, or discoloration whatever. This scar bears but little resemblance to that usually left by the division of the umbilicus; a fact which may be explained in two ways. It may be owing to some manner of performing this operation among the Siamese, different from that in use among us; or the constant pulling on this connected mass, may have drawn it out, and occasioned the long and even surface which it presents.



On closer examination, the true nature of the union becomes evident. The ensiform cartilages of the sterna are bent outwards, and united by ligaments at their extremities, forming a kind of a joint which admits of motion in various directions. By the pulling of these ligaments, occasioned by almost every movement, the integuments below have been drawn out, as it were, so that the whole forms a band of union, horizontally about two inches broad, and in thickness, vertically, about four inches. Its length is about half that represented in the plate, and was doubtless originally very small. The whole mass is tough, and capable of being extended very considerably. When loose, that is, when the boys face each other and stand close together, if one hand be placed above this curvature and the other below it, and the latter be then pressed forcibly up, the hands approach each other so nearly, as to convey the impression (doubtless a correct one) that the intervening substance is little more than the ensiform cartilages united by ligaments, and surrounded by the integuments. The concave inner, but in this case under surface of these cartilages, is distinctly felt, but no pulsation whatever is distinguishable.

Although we can not say that the skin which envelopes

this projection was originally endowed with less sensibility than that which covers other parts of body, yet it is evident that such deficiency exist at present. We were obliged to press it forcibly between the fingers before any mark of pain was elicited, and we were informed by their attendant that he had often pinched it during their slumbers without disturbing them.

The precise effect of this physical union, on the intellectual faculties, the moral sentiments, and animal propensities of these boys,—its influence on the functions of the different organs, and how far it would communicate or modify the effects of the morbid or medicinal agents, are subjects on which we shall not enter. No opportunity has yet presented of observing the influence which disease or medicine in one, would exert on the other; but circumstances do not appear to justify the least suspicion of any mental individuality. Whispering in the ear of one, conveyed no sense of sound to the other. Volatile salts applied to the nostrils of one, produced in the other only a curiosity to try the same experiment on himself. Pinching the arm of one, was attended by no sensation in the other. Being desirous of ascertaining if there was *any* point where both felt, we made an impression with the point of a pin in the exact vertical centre of their connecting link; both said it hurt them. We then made other impressions, extending them very gradually further from this point: the result was, that within the distance of three-fourths of an inch from the centre toward each boy, sensation was communicated to both by a single prick; beyond this it was excited in one only, the other perceiving it in no degree whatever. This experiment was remarkably satisfactory, and we apprehend that farther than here exhibited, the two youths must be considered, whilst in a state of health, as free and independent agents, and the functions of all the other organs as unconnected as those of their brains.

Twins generally resemble each other in intellect and disposition, as well as in person, and this is particularly the case with the boys in question. When to this natural resemblance we add the habit they have contracted of acting simultaneously and in concert, we shall be less surprised than we might at first be; at the facility with which their various movements are performed, and the quickness with which one responds to the inclinations of the other.

In the course of their voyage, they would not only run, we are told, and leap with great agility and without interfering with each other, but climb to the mast-head as fast as any sailor on board the ship. They are seldom observed to converse with each other, and the concert with which they act seems to be almost instinctive. In playing the game of draughts, e. g., which they learnt with great ease, being a people naturally fond of games and gambling, they were observed to decide on their moves almost instantaneously, and to make them with a quickness and air of decision sufficiently characteristic of all their movements. In the course of the game, sometimes the one and sometimes the other would make the move; they appeared to have the same plans, and always acquiesced in the moves of each other. Yet they sometimes *play against each other*; but so strong is their habit of coacting, that such games go on with less freedom than when opposing a third person. Their alvine evacuations generally occur at the same time; their appetites and tastes are all very much alike; and they appear not only contented but happy, and extremely attached to each other. Capt. Coffin was informed by their mother, that she had borne seventeen children. Once she had three at a birth, and never less than two; though none of her other children were in any way deformed.

The question naturally arises in the mind of every observer, could not this connecting substance be divided without injury to the boys?—We do not pretend to solve this problem, which after all can only be decided by the experiment; but we hesitate not to say that, after several very accurate examinations, our impressions are that such a division would be a detriment only to the very respectable and obliging gentleman who offers them for exhibition. The anatomical structure of this bond of union is apparently simple, and we regard the fact that children so united should have been ushered into the world with safety to themselves and their mother, that they have escaped the ills and early fatality which usually attend such prodigies, that they should have grown up to the age of 18 years in the uniform exercise of mutual good will and a spirit of mutual accommodation, and that they should be so perfectly contented with their lot, and so happy in all the various unpleasant circumstances in which they are placed, as far more remarkable than that such a deformity should have existed. Instances of fetuses united much more closely than are these boys, are by no means rare in the books or cabinets of anatomists. The mode of union is very various, being sometimes at the hips, backs or sides; several cases are related by Parez and Tulpius, in which the connection was at the abdomen. In the Philosophical Transactions is an account of two children thus united, born near Manchester, Eng. in 1752. 1748 Dr. Parsons communicated to the Royal Society an account of a still birth not very unlike the boys now exhibited. The fetuses were united from the umbilicus to the upper part of the sternum, and the single chord by which they were nourished, entered the connecting medium at a central point on

its lower surface. Dr. Cotton Mather communicated to a learned friend in England, a similar case of which he was eye-witness, and which occurred in this city in 1713; and a double fetus, born in this country at a much later period, is now preserved, and deposited, if we mistake not, in the anatomical cabinet of a neighbouring medical institution.

Most monsters have been still-born, and of the few who have been living, a very small proportion have survived many days. The most remarkable and as far as our memory goes, the only case on record of such monsters acquiring the adult age, occurred in Hungary more than a century ago. Two females Judith and Helen, born in Szona in 1701, were united at the lower part of the back. They had but one urethra and one passage for the fecal evacuations. Their bodies, abating the deformed part alluded to, were well shaped, and their faces beautiful. They were intelligent, and like the boys of Siam, not only contented, but in the language of their father, "both brisk and merry." Like them, also, these girls "had not their feeling common anywhere but in the place of their conjunction." When one stooped she lifted the other on her back, and when one went forward the other was drawn backward. On would sometimes sleep whilst the other was awake, and though tenderly attached, their inclinations were not always the same. These Hungarian sisters were well educated and well bred; they could speak four different languages, and sing very prettily. They lived to the age of twenty-two years, during which time they were exhibited in different parts of Europe, and both died together in 1723.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE UNICORN.

On the Existence of the Unicorn as a distinct Animal of our own Times.

"His horns are like the horns of unicorns."—Deut. xxxiii. 17.

It may not be known, even to some of our naturalist readers, that the male camelopard or giraffe is not only furnished with two short horns above the ear and on each side of the upper part of his head, but with a third, rising from the centre of his forehead, and in this respect distinguishing him from every other species of ruminating creature of which the animal kingdom as yet affords us any example. When we combine with this circumstance the no less remarkable fact, that the three horns are distinct bones seated upon the sutures of the skull, it is impossible not to draw inferences of a deep importance towards establishing the veracity of the Scripture and of many ancient records, where they speak of the *re'em*, *raam*, *monokeros*, or unicorn, an animal which the sacred writings celebrate for its strength, noble bearing, and wildness; and Pliny for its ferocity; whilst Asian and Solinus relate that its feet are undivided and like the elephant's; but Vartomannus, on the contrary, that the two specimens he saw at Mecca were footed like a goat, and of the size of a colt. To the testimony of travellers who have reported the existence of this animal in the remote deserts of Africa, or steppick wastes of Asia, and to every attempt at proving that some other known animal was that which the ancients recognised as the unicorn,* the anatomist has always replied, it was inconsistent with any hitherto observable law of nature in her conformation of the horns of animals, that a single horn should rise from the centre or sagittal suture of their forehead. Recent observation, however, has demonstrated, in the instance of the male of the giraffe species, that such a frontal horn is quite within the pale of the laws by which the structure of animals is ordered, and has consequently removed every doubt as to the possible existence of the unicorn. The late discovery of the Addax, which was hitherto supposed to have existed only in the credulous imaginations of Strabo and Pliny, but the description of which they drew, it is now evident, from reports derived from Northern Africa, induces us to anticipate, with something like a confident expectation, that the time is not distant when the perseverance of some enterprising traveller will place the positive existence of the unicorn beyond the cavil of scepticism.

We have another and scarcely less tenable ground for indulging in this expectation. Ruppell, in a letter written during his sojourn in Kordofan, mentions that the unicorn is well known in that country, under the appellation of the *nillekma*.

* Some affirm it to have been the Indian ox or ass; and others the rhinoceros, oryx, or hippopotamus, which last has grown into a generally received opinion.

"The information which I have acquired," says, he, "in regard to this animal, from individuals of various classes, uniformly agrees in the following particulars: its skin is of a reddish hue; it is of the size of a small horse; its stature is slender as the gazelle's; and the male *nillekma* has a long, straight, narrow horn protruding from his forehead, which is not the case with the female. Some of my informants reported that it has split or cloven hoofs, others that the hoof is entire. It is an inhabitant of the steppes, which lie to the south of Kordofan, possesses great swiftness, and occasionally strays as far as the mountainous range of the Koldagi, which borders on Kordofan. I have conversed, at different times, with three Arabians, who have themselves seen this animal after it had been killed. One of my own slaves, on seeing the antelopes M. Hey had slain in the desert of Korti, of his own accord described the *nillekma* in terms which entirely coincided with the information I afterwards obtained: he had eaten of its flesh in his native country, and spoke of it as being a remarkably handsome animal. This slave came from Koldagi, and I have had repeated opportunities of ascertaining the veracity of his assertions; for we always found his previous descriptions of the animals we met with on a subsequent occasion to be extremely correct."

Ruppell had afterwards another opportunity, when in company with Arabians, of hearing mention made of the unicorn, as inhabiting the desert already alluded to. They called it the *Anase*; and he observes that "the description given by these Arabians, who had seen the unicorn whilst they were engaged on a southerly incursion along the banks of the Buhhar-Abbiad, corresponded with the accounts I had received in Kordofan, as well as from my slave. They asserted positively that its hoofs were cloven."

THE GATHERER.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A schoolmaster, while surrounded by his scholars at a night school, was one evening engaged writing a copy, listening at the same time to some young men, apprentices, reciting a lesson in the testament, and was favoured by one of them with the following reading of Matt. 23, 21:—"Ye blind guides which strain at a gale and swallow a saw mill." "What's that!" cried the astonished teacher, "how did you spell *gate*?" "G-u-a-t, sir." "Admirable! well now, sir, if you please, spell *saw-mill* for us." "C-a, saw, m-e-e-l, mill, saw-mill."

HANDEL.

Some folks eat two or three times as much as others—for instance, the incomparable and inspired composer, Handel, required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered "dinner for three;" and on receiving an answer to his question—"Is de tinner retty?"—"As soon as the company come." He said, *con strepilo*, "Den pring up te tinner *prestissimo*, I am de gompany."

COTTAGE GARDENS.

The comforts and benefits to be derived from a well cultivated garden, by a poor man's family, are almost beyond calculation. What a resource for hours after work, or when trade is dull, and regular work scarce! What a contrast and counteraction is the healthy, manly, employment which a cottage garden affords, to the close, impure, unwholesome air, the beastliness and obscenity, the waste of time, the destruction of morals, the loss of character, money, and health, which are the inmates of too many common ale-houses!

[Gardener's Mag.]

WINE AND WATER.

The same quantity of wine diluted intoxicates sooner than the same quantity drank in the same time without dilution; the wine being applied to a larger surface of the stomach, acts with proportionably greater quickness—though wine diluted sooner intoxicates, its effects are sooner over.

[Dr. Kitchiner.]

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

MADNESS.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

"Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier."

Hamlet.

The light of reason has elevated man immeasurably above the rest of God's creatures, and when enjoyed even to the extent allowable, it assumes the aspect of a godlike attribute, and the mind, no longer circumscribed by the narrow limits that imprison the body, threads the universe. It delves the earth to the centre, and the caverns of the ocean are searched. The sun, the moon, and the stars are traversed, and even the sacred vaults of heaven are approached by the mercurial spirit. The mind, framed to enjoy such research, bears within itself an exhaustless fountain of delight. It soars beyond this world, and the realities of life cannot wound it.

Though reason elevates man above the rest of the animal kingdom, yet, when deprived of it, he becomes more abject than the humblest of creatures. There is nothing so powerful calculated to shock our natures as the scene exhibited in a receptacle of maniacs. Death, the end of all things, is not to be compared with it, for that is natural; but to witness the annihilation of mind, while the body still retains its functions, is a sight that cannot be reconciled to our feelings. It is literally death in the midst of life, and death of the better part.

Some years ago I entered a receptacle of this description, to gratify my curiosity, but time has been unable to efface the impression which it made upon me, and the scene stands pictured in my memory as one of the few, fearfully impressive, which occur in the equable life of an ordinary man.

I entered the yard, common to such as were harmless in their aberrations. Each appeared to be absorbed with his own reflections, and the train of thought was indicated by the movements of the body. Here might be seen one whose steps were hurried, and his gesticulation wild; and there another, whose movements were regular and measured; his brows knit, and his head bent to his bosom, over which his arms were folded.

I moved through the crowd until my attention was arrested by a gray-haired man on his knees, making figures in the sand. He was intent in calculation. His visage was small and fox-like. His eyes were deep-set and twinkling; his nose pointed and thin; his chin projected, and his mouth receded. Every line of his countenance denoted avarice. He did not notice our approach until the keeper accosted him.

"Well, Jamieson, what are you about?"

"Casting up the amount of my property," he replied, without raising his head. "A moment and I have done. Ten and eight are eighteen and two are twenty. There it is as clear as daylight. Twenty thousand, every copper of it. And not a sixpence yields me less than twelve per cent. Ha! ha! ha! I may laugh at the world now, I think!"

"And at your heirs, too, Jamieson," said the keeper.

"Hang them for ungrateful hounds," exclaimed the miser, "they would have clapped me in a mad house for having dropped a dollar in the poor-box, after listening to a charity sermon. They pronounced me mad and unfit to take care of my wealth. They wished to become my stewards: the devil thank them. But the dogs had reason. A hard round dollar in the charity-box was a symptom, to be sure, but then look there, twenty thousand at twelve per cent! Could they have done better as the times go, mad as they pronounce me?"

He smiled and chuckled in a satisfied tone at the idea of his imaginary possessions, and as I left him, I voluntarily exclaimed, "Wherein does the happiness of this deluded wretch differ from that of the miser who worships a hoard of gold in secret. Their joys are equally imaginary, and he who dreams he is worth thousands, provided the dream be never broken, is in fact as wealthy as he who is possessed of thousands, and spends his life in dreaming over his possessions. How many maniacs of this description do we daily see, who are not only permitted to run at large, but who are pronounced

to be in the full possession of their mental faculties!"

My attention was now attracted by a young man reciting Homer in the original. The musical numbers flowed from his tongue with eloquence; his countenance was animated and his gesticulation impassioned. When he concluded the passage he exclaimed, "Well, that is poetry, and will remain so, let them say of my epick what they please."

"Your epick?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; they pronounced me mad for having written a poem that the critics had neither taste to relish nor sense to comprehend. If this is to be the fate of all authors who experience similar condemnation, let them convert the whole world at once into a bedlam,—your prison houses will be too small to hold us. And who is there to draw the line between insanity and reason. If my imagination be so vigorous as to soar beyond the reach of those who cannot dissolve the influence of this grovelling world, which draws them back with magnetick power, must I needs be mad! If their waxen wings fail them in their attempt to follow me through untraveller regions of light and glory, and while I keep on with steady wing and eagle eye, they, for their temerity, share the fate of Icarus—for this may they pronounce me mad! And yet it is so. But who is there to draw the line! Sophocles, in his age, was accused of being insane by his heartless sons, but when before his judges he produced his last tragedy, and asked if a madman could write such verses he was dismissed with fresh honours, and his sons were punished as madmen for making the accusation. Were I now to write an *Oedipus Coloneus*, such is the revolution that taste in literature has undergone, that the critics would pronounce it conclusive evidence of incurable insanity. The line between madness and reason changes with the age. I have lived a century before my time, and posterity will enjoy the epick that has consigned its author to bedlam." How many authors do we see at large labouring under similar delusion!

At a short distance from the poet was a painter, busily engaged in his art. We approached him, and the keeper inquired of him what he was about.

"Drawing a map of the moon," was the reply.

"And what do you mean by that palace upon which you have bestowed so much care?"

"The residence of the man in the moon to be sure."

"Is the drawing accurate?"

"Ay; even to the smoke that you see ascending from the chimney. Behold, I have laid down with precision, all the rivers, oceans, mountains, and wilderness; and I will stake my reputation that the picture is as faithful as many of the representations of the globe we inhabit! Not being prepared to dispute the point with the maniac, I passed on and he resumed his labour.

He worked with intense earnestness, but in the world we daily see hundreds as busily employed, and to as little purpose.

The next we came to was an astronomer, looking through a telescope. "What, Lawson, will you never have done with you astronomical researches?" said the keeper to him.

"Never, until death puts a period to them. Had I been created at the time that the wondrous fabric was first put in motion, when each sphere rung forth its faint note as it slowly moved on its axle; and had I studied daily until the present hour, still the knowledge I might have acquired, compared with that beyond the grasp of the human mind, would have been as the acorn compared with the towering oak of the forest."

"And what has been the result of your researches?"

"Inexplicable confusion. I perceive that space is illimitable, and that thought alone, is beyond the stretch of the human mind to reconcile with things that are bounded and circumscribed. There is nothing in nature that comes in comparison with this phenomenon. I have thought of it until my brain became as bewildered as that of the tenant of an hospital." The keeper smiled at the comparison, and the maniac proceeded—"I have been told that the planets maintain their position by gravity and attraction; that the atmosphere becomes lighter and more rarified as you recede from earth, and

that of consequence, the globes poised in this pure element, must be of lighter consistency than that we inhabit. One visionary tells me, that such an orb is composed of matter as light as water, another orb of weightier consistency, and that the animal kingdom every where is adapted to the planet on which it is created. So that where water prevails the tritons and the mermaids, which in this sphere exist only in the poet's brain, have there the functions of vitality. Other and the most remote of the heavenly bodies are nothing more than dense atmosphere, and these are inhabited by birds; that space is filled by fluctuating nebulae, which are drawn together by attraction, and thus the work of creation is incessantly going on, and will continue until time shall be no more. That the comets are orbs of bituminous matter, which, becoming ignited, burn on for ages, until extinguished for want of fuel; and, as their gravity and attraction undergo constant change, their course is erratic and uncontrolled by the surrounding atmosphere. I have read until I became like a ship in the midst of the ocean, without compass or polar star to guide it, and then the philosophers pronounced me mad, and expelled me from their fraternity. If they were to deal thus with all mad philosophers the number would soon be reduced to a chosen few.

I now directed my steps towards a maniac, who, from an elevation, was addressing about a dozen auditors, who appeared to listen to him with attention. His head was gray and bare, his countenance animated, his gesticulation wild, and he spoke with a degree of vehemence that imparted a corresponding excitement in the minds of his auditors.

"The world is mad. I look abroad, and whatever my eye falls upon goes to establish the truth of my position. Behold yon hoary headed father hoarding his wealth for his thankless child; depriving himself of proper sustenance to add another mite to the mountain that he has already accumulated. A little longer and we shall see tears of joy shed upon the old man's grave; the mountain of wealth levelled with the valley; the stream that formed drop by drop, rush out in torrents. And yet the world pronounces the dotard full of wisdom and prudence."

"The world is mad! the world is mad!" wildly shouted the crowd around him. The preacher continued. "Behold that pallid and emaciated being by the midnight lamp. The sun rises, sets, and rises again, and still we find him in the same position, consuming his life, even as the lamp is consumed that stands beside him. The main object of life is neglected, and the joys that the world presents are spurned as things unworthy of notice. His whole soul is absorbed with one idea, but one wish—that succeeding ages may know that he existed, and to accomplish this, he renders that existence a burthen, heavier than the fabled Atlas has to bear. The world will tell us he is a model of human wisdom; but if this be wisdom, why build walls to confine lunatics? Who is there so frantick among us as to sacrifice every enjoyment of life, with the vain hope of attaining that, which, when attained, he will be insensible to, and incapable of enjoying! The world is mad, since wisdom itself is madness."

"The world is mad, the world is mad!" shouted forth his auditors, and the exclamation was echoed from different parts of the yard.

"Behold that young mother, watching by the cradle that contains her infant child. It is midnight, and not a soul is near her. She bends over him, gazes on his dimpled cheeks, and kisses his ruby lips, while tears of anguish flow from her eyes, languid for want of sleep. It is midnight, and her head is not yet reposed upon her pillow. She has trimmed the lamp to guide the stray one to his home, but it is useless, for the morning sun will rise before he leaves the scene of his heartless debauchery. And yet she clings with the fervency of pure affection to him who has deserted her and her little babe, who has trodden on her heart, and leaves her to want, suffering and shame. It is written—"If thine eye offend thee pluck it out," and though he is dearer to her than her eyes, why tamper with a diseased member, that is incurable, and, if not lopped off, must bring her to an untimely

grave. The scene is changed. Behold her now. She is still alone in the chamber. Her face is bent down to her lap and buried in her hands. She is still weeping. What is it that lies stretched on the bed beside her? It is the bud of beauty that lately she sprinkled with her tears, now as pale as the lily of the valley, and as senseless as the clod of the valley too. Weep not, thou stricken one, for no refreshing shower will call the blossom forth again. It is dead, and she mourns her loss in the bitterness of the soul—but wherefore should she weep? The child has gone to bliss; it would have been reared in misery and shame; it has died unspotted and in innocence, and yet she mourns that it was not reserved for a life of pollution and a death of guilt. She is mad, for rather should her lips pour forth the song of rejoicing that the innocent has been removed, before it entered upon the guilty path of its father, or tasted of the bitter cup that its mother has quaffed to the very dregs. But say that fortune had strewed its path with flowers, its course had been as unruffled as the sunny stream, that seeks the waste of waters, and its death, the death of the righteous. What then? Is there any enjoyment in life to compensate for the misery even the most prosperous are doomed to endure; any knowledge that will repay for a knowledge of the human race? Blessed are ye who die in ignorance of your fellow mortals, since the good that flows from the purer sources of the human heart is but as a drop, compared with the streams poured forth by the corrupted fountains; and ye who are saved from this knowledge, are, as the husbandman who enjoys the harvest without having toiled in the sun. And yet, they who have escaped from a scene of selfishness and ingratitude; who are removed from a state of persecution and suffering, whose spirits return to His presence as pure and unspotted as when he formed them, are mourned as though they had lost instead of having gained a world. The world is mad, the world is mad! The preacher ceased, and his auditors shouted forth his last words. They were re-echoed from distant parts of the yard, and even in the cells, amid clanking of chains might be heard the exclamation, "The world is mad! The world is mad!" I hurried away, glad to escape from the wild scene to the bustle of society—a change from one scene of madness to another. I have since often reflected on the words of the maniac, and am more than half inclined to believe that I heard the plain truth spoken within the walls of bedlam.

MISCELLANY.

HINTS ON DRINKING.

Abridged from Mr. Richard's Treatise on Nervous Disorders.

Without any intention of advocating the doctrine, or of commending the reputed practice of the Pythagoreans, ancient or modern, I must be allowed to reprobate the abuse of fermented liquors. Although wine was invented, and its use allowed "to make glad the heart of man," and although a moderate and prudent indulgence in it can never excite reprobation, or cause mischief, still the sin of drunkenness is an extensive and a filthy evil. Not only does it demoralize, debase, and finally destroy its unhappy victim, but it renders him incapable of performing the ordinary duties of his station; constituting him an object of disgust to others, and pitiable misery to himself. It is well to talk of the Bacchanalian orgies of talented men, and to call them hilarity and glee. The flashes of wit "that were wont to set the table in a roar," the brilliancy of genius, that casts a charm even over folly and vice; the rank and fame of the individual, no doubt, increased the fascination of his failings; but however bright and wonderful may be the coruscations of his talent, while under the influence of wine, his frame is debilitated, tottering, and imbecile, when the stimulus of the potation has subsided.

But I do not proscribe indiscriminately all stimulus. Those whose occupations are laborious, and who are much exposed to our variable climate, require an absolute stimulus, over and above what they eat. Dr. Franklin advocated a contrary doctrine, and inculcated the fact, that a twopenny loaf

was much better for a man than a quart of beer; and he adduces the horse and other beasts of burden as examples of inefficacy of the use of fermented liquors. But all this is founded upon decidedly erroneous premises. To enable a hard-working horse to go through his toil with spirit, he must have corn, or some other article subject to fermentation. Now, the horse, as well as many other animals, have stomachs very capacious, and probably adapted to the production of this fermentation. So that corn is, in fact, a powerful fermented stimulus to the beast.

Let us then assume, that stimulus in a certain degree is necessary to sustain the strength and invigorate the frame of the toiling man; and the best proof of its good effect is the comfort and energy which it imparts to its consumer; but if this necessary stimulus be exceeded, then it is abused, and every mouthful in addition becomes ultimately poisonous. The first effect which is produced is upon the internal coat of the stomach, as we may learn from the warmth which we feel. The repetition increases the circulation of the blood, which seems, as it were, to dance through the veins; the pulse becomes quick and full, the eyes sparkle, and the imagination is quickened; in short the whole frame is excited, as is evinced by every word, look, and action. If the affair end here, well and good; but we will suppose that the potation goes on, and very speedily a new effect is produced. The brain, oppressed by the load of blood thrown up into it, and irritated through its quick sympathy with the stomach; oppressed, also, by the powerful pulsation of the larger arteries about the head, becomes, in a degree, paralyzed. The tongue moves with difficulty, and loses the power of distinct articulation; the limbs become enfeebled and unsteady; the mind is deranged, being either worked up into fury, or reduced to ridiculous puerility, and if the stimulus be pushed farther than this, absolute insensibility ensues. Such is a brief view of the physical progress of a debauch; and it is needless to point out the effect of all this mischief upon the frame which is subjected to it.

Although we have thus seen that fermented liquors, if taken to excess, become pernicious in their effect, we must not condemn their use, because their abuse is bad. Why should we act and feel as if this bountiful world, brilliant in beauty and overflowing with blessings, was a collection of steel traps and spring guns, set to catch the body and shoot the soul? Is it not much better and wiser to avail ourselves of the many blessings which Providence has placed before us, than to set ourselves to work to detect poison in our drink and God knows what in our meat? It savours of learning, doubtless, to do all this; but *cui bono?* where is the real utility which it produces? Our grandfathers and their progenitors were well convinced that a good cup of "sherris-sack" comforted the heart, and aided digestion; and why the same opinion should not govern us, I must leave to the dieticians to decide.

The moderate use of wine and of malt liquors is exceedingly grateful to our feelings, and abundantly beneficial to our constitution; but ardent spirits are found to be so pernicious to most constitutions, and especially to those of the inhabitants of crowded towns and cities, that, excepting under peculiar circumstances, it is better to discard them altogether. A glass or two of good wine can never do any harm; neither can a cup of good, genuine, "humming ale." The chemists tell us that the London ale is a horrid and narcotick compound, and so, in truth, by far the largest portion of it is. But there are two or three honest men in the metropolis, who sell genuine Kenner, Nottingham, and Scotch ales, from whom it is very easy to procure it quite pure. If, however, malt liquor does not agree with the stomach, or what is the same thing, is supposed not to agree, it is a very easy matter to substitute wine for it.

From Voyage Pittoresque et Romantique de l'Ancienne France.

THE CHATEAU D'OLIFERNE.

A tradition of the department of the Jura, in France.

On the ridge of a long chain of mountains, which bounds the horizon towards the west, is the celebrated Chateau d'Oliferne; less renowned for the

sieges which it underwent in the sixteenth century, than for the fables which the sight of its mouldering walls revives. The approach to it is almost inaccessible; the rocks on which it stands overhang a deep valley; and, looking from its battlements towards the east, the waters of the Ain glitter like a blue girdle fallen into the plain. In the wars of the Conquest, the French, irritated by its long resistance, put to death all the inhabitants, and dismantled the old ramparts,—not leaving a single bastion to be a memorial of the glory of its defenders.

Among the extraordinary incidents in the fabulous chronicles of this place, is one which might advantageously occupy the pen of the romance writer. One day,—and who can describe the dreadful jealousies of which the crime was the result!—three young ladies, rivals in grace and beauty, were doomed by the tyrants of Oliferne to the punishment of Regulus. In a cask lined with sharp nails, they were rolled, from the summit of the rock, into the waters of the Ain; so beautiful, so pure, so like the heaven which they reflected. For a long time the horrible machine floated on the river,—such groans proceeding from it as had never before disturbed the peaceful banks, and which were redoubled whenever the eddies drove it upon the shoals. At length it sunk, and soon after, dashed to pieces by the furious waters, a passage was opened from it for bleeding spectres; who, stopping at the rocks opposite the chateau, seated themselves, and there established their eternal abode. These rocks are *Les Aiguilles des trois Dames*, which the traveller may still distinguish in the midst of the rude channel. Every night the spectres quit the rock to go and visit their ancient dwelling. Sustained by the air, they gently descend on the banks of the river, lightly bathe their long white robes, mount to the ruins of the old palace, which they rapidly traverse, and then, at sunrise, regain, borne on the morning mists, their silent rocks.

The cruel baron did not remain unpunished. Since his death he has been constantly hunting in the neighbouring mountains. At break of day, when the three ladies retire to rest on their rocks, the lord of Oliferne issues from the great gate of the castle, which his courtiers and his household, followed by a led horse, bloodhounds, greyhounds, pages, and huntsmen; and the echoes resound afar with the bugles of the dreadful band. The bears and the wild-boars are vehemently pursued by this intrepid hunter; and there is not a peasant in the mountain who does not declare that he has witnessed all the prodigies, and who does not retire from the chase when he fancies he hears the howls and barking from the Lord of Oliferne's pack. It is the Freyschutz of the Jura. These old traditions have probably given some repose to the bears of these rocks, and have enabled them to continue their race until the present day; for the mountain of Oliferne is the only mountain of the Jura on which they yet occasionally appear.

From the Asiatick Journal.

ELEPHANT HUNT.

A medical officer, in a recent letter from Ham-bantotti says, I have just returned from beholding a sight, which, even in this country, is of rare occurrence, viz. an elephant hunt, conducted under the orders of government. A minute description (though well worth perusal) would be far too long for a letter; I shall therefore only give you what is usually called a faint idea.

Imagine 2,000 or 3,000 men surrounding a tract of country six or eight miles in circumference, each one armed with different combustibles and moving fires; in the midst suppose 300 elephants, being driven towards the centre by the gradual and regular approach of these fires, till at last they are confined within a circle of about two miles; they are then driven by the same means into a space made by the erection of immense logs of ebony and other strong wood, bound together by cane, and of the shape (in miniature) of the longitudinal section of a funnel, towards which they rush with the greatest fury, amidst the most horrid yells on the approach of fire, of which they stand in the greatest dread. When enclosed they become outrageous,

and charge on all sides with great fury, but with out any effect on the strong barricado; they at last gain the narrow path of the enclosure, the extreme end of which is just large enough to admit one elephant, which is immediately prevented breaking out by strong bars laid across. To express their passion, their desperation, when thus confined, is impossible; and still more so, to imagine the facility and admirable contrivance by which they are removed and tamed. Thus it is:—A tame elephant is placed on each side, to whom the wild one is fastened by ropes; he is then allowed to pass out, and immediately on his making the least resistance, the tame ones give him a most tremendous squeeze between their sides, and beat him with their trunks until he submits; they then lead him to a place ready prepared, to which he is strongly fastened, and return to perform the same civility to the next one.

In this way seventy wild elephants were captured for the purpose of government labour. The tame elephants daily take each wild one singly to water and to feed, until they become quite tame and docile. The remaining elephants were shot by the people.

I took possession of a young one, and have got him now tied up near my door; he is quite reconciled, and eats with the greatest confidence out of my hand; he is, however, too expensive to keep long, and I fear I must eventually shoot him. Some idea of the expense may be supposed, when I tell you that in one article alone, milk, his allowance is two gallons per day.

I was at this scene with thirty other officers and their ladies, and we remained in temporary huts for nearly ten days.

From Mr. John Murray's Tour.

GENEVA

Has very little, as a city, to recommend it. It is characterized by much active industry within doors, the *savans* and *mechaniciens* being pent up in their closets and ateliers, and very little gaiety pervades the promenades. Some parts of the town are sufficiently picturesque; the overhanging roofs, for which it is remarkable, are, however, too lofty to screen the pedestrian from the rain, especially if accompanied by a high wind, and form no shade from the sun. The pavement of the streets is bad, and their irregularity is a considerable drawback from the internal appearance. The pavement of the inclined plane in the Hotel de Ville, by which we gain the arduous ascent that conducts to the Pass-port office, is a curiosity of its kind, and perhaps unique. The city is tolerably well fenced in with walls within walls, draw and suspension bridges, and gates; while stakes and chains secure from surprise on the part of the lake. The small canton of Geneva, though in the vicinity of the Great Alpine chain and the mountains of the Jura, includes no mountains. The name of the city and canton has been traced by the etymologists to a Celtick origin; *Gen*, a sally-port or exit, and *av*, a river, probably because the Rhone here leaves the Leman lake. The eagle on the escutcheon of the city arms indicates its having been an *imperial* city; and it is believed the key was an adjunct of Pope Martin V., in the year 1418. The motto on the scroll, "*Ex tenebris lux*," appears to have existed anterior to the light of the Reformation. The number of inhabitants may now be estimated at about 22,000; but it appears, by a census in 1789, to have been 26,148. In this *moral* city, it is computed that every twelfth birth is illegitimate. The number of people engaged in clock and watch-making and jewellery, may be safely rated at 3,000. In years favourable to these staple manufactures 75,000 ounces of gold are employed, which is almost equally divided between watches and jewellery. The daily supply of silver is about 134 ounces. Pearls form an article of considerable value in the jewellery, and have been rated at no less a sum than 1,200 francs daily. 70,000 watches are annually made, only one-twelfth of which are in silver. More than fifty distinct branches are comprised in the various departments, and each workman, on the average, earns about three shillings a day.

CHARACTER.

CHARACTER OF DR. CHANNING.

We copy the following tribute to the intellectual character of our townsman from the Edinburgh Scotsman, of July 6th. It is encouraging to find, among the sneers and slanders with which allusions in the British journals to our country or any of its distinguished men are generally accompanied, an occasional generous testimonial to the merits of an individual whose genius we have been accustomed to regard with the warmest admiration, and whose worth we are confident, can not be too highly prized.

[Boston Galaxy.]

Dr. Channing is a man whom we venerate "on this side of idolatry." We admire his stupendous intellect, and rejoice to see that it is associated with a purity and loftiness of sentiment, a genuine philanthropy, and a fearless love of truth, which insure its application to wise and noble ends. On all questions connected with the moral nature of man, his destiny and station in the universe, we regard the mind of Dr. Channing as by far the greatest in the world. He is a bold thinker, a severe reasoner, profound in his views, and elevated in his sentiments. His style, which is all nerve, is too condensed for the general reader, but admirably fitted by its austerity and force to be the vehicle of his ideas. We love him for the cheering views he gives us of human nature, and for those consoling anticipations of a brighter and better age, of which his own gifted mind may, we trust, be considered as the precursor. We regard it as a fortunate circumstance that his lot has been cast in a country where the absence of a national establishment removes all inducements to warp his views in the pursuit of religious truth. In England, if his conscience be not stronger than his ambition, he would have run the course of Watson, Horsley, Paley, and Warburton. Instead of taking the Bible and the light of nature for his guides, he would have been tempted by the hope of a mitre to become a grinder of sophisms in defence of an old system, warring in many points with reason—an apologist for dogmas formed in ignorant ages, and which, perhaps, he partly or wholly disbelieved. We do not say that Dr. Channing's views are in all respects sound; but we say that he is travelling in the track that leads to truth, and employing his fine powers as God meant that the human intellect should be employed. Neither do we think that religion is now what it ought to be in America, but we predict that it will ultimately appear there in its highest lustre and purity; and for this simple reason, that she has not an establishment holding out bribes to ambitious men to take a set of opinions to trust themselves, and to argue or clamour down those who call them in question, or seek truth in an honest spirit. We confess that the position of a teacher of theology under an old wealthy Church, if he has any capacity for original thinking, always excites our risibility. He is to "Search the Scriptures," but in the search he must take special care, as he values his emoluments not to discover one single idea which does not exactly square with the notions established as canons of faith, by persons comparatively unenlightened some centuries ago! A Professor of Gymnastics teaching his pupils, with his legs and arms tied, is a perfect image of such an instructor! When we think of Horsley and Warburton, men whose mental vigour was only matched by their arrogance, playing the part of bullies and blusterers in defence of a creed extremely different, to say the least of it, from what they would themselves have framed, we turn with fresh delight to Doctor Channing, who is equally great in intellect, superiour in moral temperament, and seeks truth with as much zeal as they sought wealth and power. But mental independence is a grand source of mental strength. There are conceptions in the extracts below which could have emanated, we think, from no other mind in existence but Dr. Channing's, and which would either never have been generated there, or at least never given to the world, had he been fast chained to some old establishment by ambition or avarice. We have little doubt that this gifted man, out of whom, if intellect were divisible, you might cut a whole Bench of Bishops,

twice over, is ministering to some congregation for four or five hundred pounds a year. And yet we are told princely revenues are necessary to draw men of talent into the Christian ministry! The Americans may well be proud of producing such a writer; but we doubt if their knowledge is sufficiently advanced to appreciate his merits. In the extracts given, we have greatly exceeded the space we usually devote to such a purpose. This proceeds from no desire to recommend Dr. Channing's Theological opinions; but from our admiration of the discourse as a splendid Essay on Human Nature, and from our belief that very few copies of it are likely to reach Scotland.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

A GREAT AFFAIR. All the anti-masons in the city and county of Albany, and "parts adjacent," yesterday "girded up their loins" and walked forth to terrify the multitude! It was the eleventh of September—the "glorious" *eleventh*—and the third anniversary of the abduction of Morgan and the redemption of hundreds from moral and political damnation. It was a "mighty" occasion, and the mightiest efforts of the antis was necessary to despatch it into eternity with eclat. Thurlow Weed's "central committee" long ago gave orders to have the day observed throughout the anti-masonick dominions; and the deputy managers of particular districts have for months been drumming up their forces for a display on this occasion. Of the success of their vast labours in other places we have heard nothing; of their "interesting" proceedings in this city we shall proceed to tell the reader, who, we have no doubt, is standing upon tip-toe, half devoured by a "whole-hog" sort of curiosity.

The National Observer appeared in the morning, with column rules inverted, and in such a topsy-turvy condition generally, as convinced the wondering world that there was something in embryo, not dreamt of in every one's philosophy. The "committee of arrangements" notified the reader that a procession would be formed at the Connecticut Coffee House, from whence they would march to the United Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Chapel and Fox streets, where Wm. Mayell would read the "declaration" of the Le Roy masons, and Samuel M. Hopkins would deliver an "appropriate" address; after which they would proceed to Daniel Shield's Tavern and eat dinner; all which was to be done "in commemoration of the abduction of Morgan." This was the *theory*; and notwithstanding the editorial flourish of the would be governor about the "bloody anniversary," the *practice* proved a little more difficult. After waiting in vain a considerable time in front of the Coffee House, for reinforcements, the "committee of arrangements" and a few hangers-on altogether amounting to twenty-four, "moved" for the church.

"Four and twenty" antis
"All in a row."

And "all in a row" they paraded the streets till they came to the church, as "powerful" and as "dignified" as the same number of boys equipped with wooden swords. On their arrival at the church the doors were locked and a number of the trustees who were there, denied them admittance and informed them that it was not the will of the trustees that the house should be perverted from a christian church into a political forum. But the pious orator and peace-loving "committee of arrangements" did not intend to cut short their ceremonies at this point, and accordingly, in the true spirit of anti-masonick "law and decency," a fellow was despatched into one of the windows, to open a side door which was fastened upon the inside; this being accomplished, in marched 'Squire Hopkins and his *posse comitatus*, laughing in their sleeves, while the trustees stood at the main door, denying them the use of the church. Having in this truly anti-masonick manner gained possession of the pulpit and pews, the Le Roy "declaration" was read, and the orator commenced his "appropriate" address. He was,

however, almost immediately interrupted by a number of the trustees, who walked into the church and demanded of him the authority by which he entered the house; at the same time requesting him and his followers to retire. But the orator was a genuine anti, and was disposed to "go the whole hog;" he therefore told his hearers that he hoped they would not be "disturbed," and the trustees, having done what they conceived, under the circumstances, to be their duty, withdrew from the church, and left the matter, probably, for future adjustment.

Commentary upon such scenes would be useless. It is sufficient to say that none of the trustees are masons, and it can not be supposed that they were influenced by sectarian or unworthy feelings. Leave to use the church had been formally denied by the trustees, and this was known to Mr. Hopkins and the "committee of arrangements." Setting aside their pretensions to christianity their proceedings have been discreditable to them as citizens. Such however is anti-masonry in its best condition. The citizens of Albany have had enough of it. At the last election Sotomon Southwick received about one hundred votes for governor, in this city; now there are left barely the *twenty-four* "mild" "peace-loving" and "orderly" gentlemen, who were guilty of the acts above alluded to!

Daniel Shields cooked dinner for two hundred and had but twenty-five guests! He sadly mistook the strength of the antis.

A great flourish has recently been made of a great number of names attached to anti-masonick political address in Madison county. Among others was the name of Isaac Shepard, a revolutionary patriot, which last fact was triumphantly attached to his signature to the address. Mr. Shepard has since requested the leaders of anti-masonry in Madison county to strike his name from the list of signers to the address, and in a letter to the editor of an anti-masonick paper in which the address was first published, says "I feel it a duty to myself and the publick, to state how it came there. I was called upon by a stranger, who wished my name as a soldier of the revolution, to which I consented. I did not read the address, nor did I hear it all read at that time. I have since read it, and I cannot consent to lend my name to further the views and the objects of that address. I can never *proscribe* masons who were brother patriots in the cause of the revolution. By doing this I should disturb the ashes of the immortal Washington, Warren, Montgomery, and many other officers of the revolution who were masons." Mr. Shepard has since signed an address in company with upwards of *three hundred* electors of the town of Eaton, in Madison county, requesting a meeting of electors, to express their sentiments upon the dangerous principles which are attempted to be established by *political and religious anti-masonry*.

An extra to the Buffalo Republican, received this morning, says the governor of upper Canada has granted to Mr. William Forsyth permission "to blast off that portion of the Table Rock, which for several years past has threatened destruction to the many visitors who have been daring enough to pass under or upon it," and that "two gentlemen of this town have determined to add something to the effect, by holding out an inducement to the celebrated Sam. Patch, who has several times jumped off the Passiack Falls in New Jersey, and subsequently leapt from the mast-head of a schooner on the Hudson opposite New-York, to give a specimen of his unique skill and daring, at the proposed blasting-off fete at the Falls on the 6th of October next." "The place in contemplation, for Mr. Patch to leap from; is over the eddy, between the two Falls, and can be raised or lowered at the option of the jumping Mr. Patch. The water into which he will fall, is from 50 to 70 feet deep, without an under-tow or local current." Patch is to examine the premises, and if, after having done so, he does not chuse to jump, a staunch schooner is to be sent over the falls on the same day. Should Patch determine to jump we shall not shed many tears for his life if it forsake him in the operation.

THE GRAVE OF ASHMUN. The American Colonization Society at their last annual meeting, ordered a monu-

ment to be erected over the grave of Ashmun. This monument has just been finished by Messrs Ritter and son, of New-Haven Connecticut, and bears the following inscription:

On the South side,
ASHMUN,
First Colonial Agent
AT
LIBERIA, AFRICA.

On the opposite side,
ASHMUN,
Born at Champlain, N. Y. Ap. 21, 1794,
Landed in Africa, Aug. 8, 1822.
Died at N. H. Aug. 25, 1828.

On the West end,
ERECTED
By the Am. Colon. Soc.
1829.

☞ We are indebted to the politeness of the Argus office for the cut representing the "Siamese Brothers."

VARIETIES

THE SPANISH INVADING EXPEDITION. Capt. Crothers, of the schooner Spatan, at Baltimore, from Havana, informs the editor of the Gazette, that a few days before he sailed, all the transports which had been engaged in conveying the Spanish troops to the Mexican Coast, with the exception of the Bingham, which had been driven into New-Orleans, had returned. Capt. C. conversed with the Captain of the transports, many of whom were Americans, who informed him that the troops had all safely disembarked on the Mexican Coast—one half of the number within the Bar of Tampico, and the rest about six miles below the city, amounting in the whole to 3,300 men. Immediately after the landing of the troops, a body of Mexican Cavalry, to the number of 400, marched down to the shore with the colours of the Republic flying; but upon approaching the encampment, they hoisted the Spanish flag, and joined the invading forces. The Spanish Commander then presented to each soldier a doubloon, and paid the amount of arrears due them by the Mexican Government. Capt. C. also reports that the schooner Hound, formerly of Baltimore, had been chartered by the Spanish authorities, and was to be dispatched to New-Orleans, to transport to Tampico, the crew of the vessel which has put in there. The transports now at Havana had been re-engaged to convey a further supply of troops to the Coast of Mexico.

Weavers' Wages in England. A Carlisle (Eng.) paper estimates that a weaver can earn at the present rate of wages at the utmost five shillings per week, which is less than the necessary expenditure of his family, consisting say of a wife and four children, at the lowest rate which is estimated as follows:—

3 lbs. of bread per day is 21 lbs. at 1½d. per lb.	2	7½
½ stone of oatmeal, at 2s. 6d.	1	3
4 measures of potatoes, at 2½d.	1	2
1 pint of milk per day, 7 pints at 1d.	0	7
½ ounce of tea per day, 1½ ounces, at 4d.	0	7
½ lbs. of sugar,	0	6
Soap per week, 6d. Beer and treacle, 3d.	0	9
Coals and candles, per week,	0	8
Salt, vegetables, water, &c.	0	6
	8	7½

Here is no butcher's meat, no liquors, no butter, nothing for clothing, nothing for incidentals, and not one article of luxury! Here is no more, in fact, than is absolutely necessary to support life; and yet this exceeds the ordinary wages of a weaver, with a wife and four children, by five shillings a week! He is not enabled to procure for himself and family more than half the amount of this very scanty allowance! Less than many a *bon vivant* consumes in wine, after dinner every day. How true it is that one half the world knows not how the other half lives."

Miss Fanny Wright. It is reported that this oratrix has left in this city her earnings here, amounting to three thousand dollars, to found a school for the propagation of her doctrines. We have not heard who the trustees of her selection are; but though the amount appropriated is probably much exaggerated, we believe there is no doubt that something of the sort is to be done—or at least attempted. We should hardly think, however, that it could come to much. If the trustees or agents are not exactly of her mind the institution will bear a character not altogether consonant with her views;—and if on the contrary, they have received without qualification the doctrine she inculcates,—we take the probability to be, that they will spend the money quietly and say no more about it. [Bost. Galaxy.

Insanity. Dr. Esquirol, the first authority in France upon the subject of insanity, states that in no country is it so frequent as in England, which he attributes to the irregular habits of life; the excesses attending an advanced

state of civilization; marriages contracted solely from motives of ambition or interest; anxieties attending speculation; the idleness of riches, and abuse of spirituous liquors. The changes of manners in France within the last year, he says, have been more productive of insanity than all the political turmoils.

DIED,

In Middlebury, Vermont, on the 28th ult. colonel JOHN CHIPMAN, aged 85 years. Colonel Chipman was the first settler in Middlebury—the man who marked the approach of civilization by first felling a tree, in 1767, near the spot where he has spent the greater part of his life. In the revolutionary contest, Mr. Chipman was a lieutenant in the regiment commanded by colonel Seth Warner was engaged in the battles of Hubbardton and Bennington—and subsequently commanded Fort George, which he was compelled to surrender to a superior force of Tories, Indians and British. During his long life, colonel Chipman has been an active and prominent member in the community—discharging with ability important public trusts which were repeatedly confided to him, and executing with fidelity the varied and no less important duties of citizen, neighbour and friend. His funeral was attended with masonick honours.

At Schoharie, on the 23d ult. Mr. LEMUEL CUTHBERT, editor of the Schoharie Republican, aged 27 years, after a lingering illness of nearly one year.

In Craftsbury, Vermont, on the 25th ult. Mrs. EUNICE CRAFTS, wife of Hon. Samuel C. Crafts, the present governor of the state of Vermont.

In Shoreham, Vermont, on the 23d ult. Mrs. POLLY DOOLITTLE, aged 48 years, wife of colonel Joel Doolittle, the Jackson candidate for governor of the state of Vermont.

BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED, for sale by W. C. Little, 67 State Street.

Gebel Tier, by Edward Everett.
Irving's Life of Columbus, abridged by himself.
Dwight's Travels in Germany.
Sketches of Naval Life and Manners.
Finn's History and Geography of the Western States.
Botta's History of Italy, during Napoleon.
The Conquest of Granada, by Irving.
Payne's Elements of Mental and Moral Science.
Memoir of John Mason Good, by Dr. Gregory.
Heber's Travels in India.
Captain Hall's Travels in the United States.
Memoirs of General Bolivar.
Posthumous Works of Junius.
Memoir of De Witt Clinton, by Dr. Hosack.
Letters from the Aegæan Sea.
Literary Remains of Henry Neele.
Doveraux, by the author of Pelham and The Disowned.
Anne of Geirstein, by the author of Waverley.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION, Knickerbocker Hall, is open every evening. (Sundays excepted,) for the purpose of exhibiting Maelzel's celebrated Automaton Base Fiddler, Speaking Figures, and Black Rope Dancers. To conclude with the EVACUATION AND CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

Performances commence at 1-4 past 8 precisely. Admittance 50 cents, children half price. Tickets to be had at the American Hotel, Eagle Tavern, State-street House, City Hotel, Crutenden's Hotel, Bement's Rooms, Mrs. Rockwell's Mansion House; and at the bookstores of Messrs. W. C. Little, and O. Steele. August 15.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE—Part 2d of this interesting work is just received. Also, No's. 50 and 51 Library of Useful Knowledge.

These works are published in London by a Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which Henry Brougham is Chairman. The former in monthly No's. 4 6, and the latter semi-monthly 1-3 or \$3.50 per annum. W. C. LITTLE, Agent.

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

☞ An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume Sept. 6. 3m3

PRINTING TYPES, PRESSES, &c.—WM. HAGAR & CO. offer for sale at their Type and Stereotype Foundry, No. 20 Gold street, New York, a complete assortment of Printing Types, from 14 lines Pica to Diamond, at the following prices, six months credit, or five per cent. discount for cash.

They cast their best fonts from English to Diamond, on a metal which they will warrant superior to any other used in this country.

Six Lines Pica, and all larger, per lb.	70cts.
Double Pica to Five Lines,	32
Great Primer,	34
English,	36
Pica,	36
Small Pica,	33
Long Primer,	40
Bonaparte,	45
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpareil,	90

And all other in proportion. Old metal received in exchange, at 8 cents per lb.

W. HAGAR & Co. are agents for the sale of the Washington Press, invented by Samuel Rust, which they offer for sale on accommodating terms.

Proprietors of papers who will publish this advertisement three times, will be allowed two dollars in settlement of their accounts, or in articles from the Foundry. Sept. 5, 31.

POETRY.

FAME: AN APOLOGUE.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

"The sands of those deserts which lie to the westward of Egypt are encroaching on and narrowing, by a constant and irresistible inroad, the valley of the Nile of Egypt. We see the pyramids gradually diminishing in height, particularly on their western sides; and we read of towns and villages which have been buried in the desert, but which once stood in fertile soils, some of whose minarets were still visible a few years ago, attesting the powers of the invading sand. Advancing, I repeat, to the annihilation of Egypt and all her glories, with the silence, but with the certainty too, of all-devouring time! We have a broad and inextinguishable flood of light breaking in on this death-like gloom."

[Sir Rufane Denkin's *Courses*, &c. of the Niger.

They dwelt in a valley of sunshine, those Brothers;
Green were the palm-trees that shadowed their dwelling;
Sweet, like low music, the sound of the fountains
That fell from the rocks round their beautiful home;
There the pomegranate blushed like the cheek of the maiden

When she hears in the distance the step of her lover,
And blushes to know it before her young friends.
They dwelt in the valley—their mine was the corn-field
Heavy with gold, and in autumn they gathered
The grapes that hung clustering together like rubies;
Summer was prodigal there of her roses,
And the ringdoves filled every grove with their song.

But those Brothers were weary; for hope like a glory
Lived in each bosom—that hope of the future
Which turns where it kindles the heart to an altar,
And urges to honour and noble achievement:
To this fine spirit our earth owes her greatest;
For the future is purchased by scorning the present,
And life is redeemed from its clay soil by fame.
They leant in the shades of the palm-trees at evening,
When a crimson haze swept down the side of the mountain:
Glorious in power and terrible beauty,
The Spirit that dwelt in the star of their birth
Parted the clouds and stood radiant before them;—
Each felt his destiny hung on that moment;
Each from his hand took futurity's symbol—
One took a sceptre, and one took a sword;
But a little lute fell to the share of the youngest,
And his Brothers turned from him and laughed him to scorn.

And the King said, "The earth shall be filled with my glory:"

And he built him a temple—each porphyry column
Was the work of a life; and he built him a city—
A hundred gates opened the way to his palace
(Too few for the crowds that there knelt as his slaves,)
And the highest tower saw not the extent of the walls.
The banks of the river were covered with gardens,
And even when sunset was pale in the ocean,
The turrets were shining with taper and lamp,
Which, filled the night-wind, as it passed them with odours.
The angel of death came and summoned the monarch;
But he looked on his city, the fair and the mighty,
And said, "Ye proud temples, I leave ye my fame,"

The Conquerer went forth, like the storm over ocean,
His chariot-wheels red with the blood of the vanquished;
Nations grew pale at the sound of his trumpet,
Thousands rose up at the wave of his banners,
And the valleys were white with the bones of the slain.
He stood on a mountain, no foe-man was near him,
Heavy and crimson his banner was waving
O'er the plain where his victories were written in blood,
And he welcomed the wound whence his life's tide was flowing;

For death is the seal to the conquerer's fame.

But the youngest went forth with his lute—and the valleys
Were filled with the sweetness that sighed from its strings;
Maidens, whose dark eyes but opened on palaces,
Wept as at twilight they murmured his words.
He sang to the exile the songs of his country,
Till he dreamed for a moment of hope and of home;
He sang to the victor, who loosened his captives;
While the tears of his childhood sprang into his eyes.
He died—and his lute was bequeathed to the cypress,
And his tones to the hearts that loved music and song.

Long ages past, from the dim world of shadows
These Brothers returned to revisit the earth;
They came to revisit the place of their glory,
To hear and rejoice in the sound of their fame.
They looked for the palace—the temple of marble—
The rose-haunted gardens—a desert was there;
The sand, like the sea in its wrath, had swept o'er them,*

* "See in the West, what clouds of sand arise,
Parching the earth, and darkening all the skies!
"The lie—the giant of the desert's there—
Death on his foot, and in his look despair!
At each fell step see panting Nature die,
And all deformed beneath the whirlwind lie."

And tradition had even forgotten their names.
The Conqueror stood on the place of his battles,
And his triumph had passed away like a vapour,
And the green grass was waving its growth of wild flowers,
And they, not his banner, gave name to the place.
They past a king's garden, and there sat his daughter,
Singing a sweet song remembered of old,
And the song was caught up, and sent back like an echo,
From a young voice that came from a cottage beside.
Then smiled the Minstrel, "You hear it, my Brothers,
My songs yet are sweet on the lute and the lip."
King, not a vestige remains of your palaces;
Conqueror, forgotten the fame of your battles:
But the Poet yet lives in the sweetness of music—
He appealed to the heart, and that never forgets.

From the Essex Gazette.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"It hath been, as it were especially rendered unto mee and made plaine and legible, to my understanding, that a great worshipp is going on among the thyngs of God." *Grail.*

The Ocean looketh up to Heaven,
As 'twere a living thing—
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.
They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,—
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea!
They pour the glittering treasures out,
Which in the deep have birth;
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of Earth.

The green earth sends it incense up
From every mountain-hill,
From every flower and dewy tuft
That greeteth the sunshine.
The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer,
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.
The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
Even as repentant love;
Ere to the blessed break unfurled
They fade in light above.
The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers of prayer.
The gentle moon—the kindling sun—
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn Earth's incense on—
The altar fire of Heaven!

From the Token for 1830.

TO A BRIDE.

BY JOHN W. STEBBINS.

Farewell! that seal is set,
In life unbroken;
Thou hast with the heartless stranger met—
With the quivering lip, and eyelid wet,
And blessing spoken—
In the holy scene that haunts me yet.

Farewell! for thou art now
Enshrined forever;
With the bridal chaplet round thy brow,
And thy spirit holier for the vow,
That breaks not ever,
To which thy soul must hopeless bow.

For thee my lonely heart
With passion's sorrow
Will wither as thy guileless steps depart.
And oft the heavy tear will start,
When on the morrow
Thou'rt gone, my life-star as thou art!

Yet is thine image one
That long will linger
In memory's temple, like a melting tone
Of music from a spring bird gone,
Till death's dark finger
Hath written that my hour is run.

My love will to thee cling,
Like thought to morning
Around a vision that hath taken wing
From sleep, or as to flowers of spring,
The bower adorning,
That hath been ta'en away while blossoming.

Farewell! I keep my sight
When thou art fleeting,
And with a feeling of sad delight,
While darkens around me despair's deep night,
View thee retreating
As if an angel was there in flight.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

THE DEAD MAN'S MOAN.

I thocht the grave was a sweeter part,
Where ane wud rest in a sounder sleep;
I thocht that upon the tender heart
The cauldness wad na lie sae deep.
I used to think when I wout to lie
By the dike side on the mossy brae,
Wi' my een turned on the bonny blue sky,
Where the wee wreathe clouds sae peacefully lay,
When I felt the summer's breath warm on my face,
And o'er me was coming a slumber deep—
That the grave was sic another place,
Where ane wud lie in as sweet a sleep.

But I see nae mair the heaven's gladsome licht,
And nae mair I feel the sweet breath o' the sky;
And nae heav'n on my sight
The calm dead air of my dungeon lie;
I forever look on the grave's lonely wa',
Where creeps each earthly and loathsome beast,
And frae which the big drops o' the dead dew fa',
And heavily sink through my wasting breast:
There's nae warm friendly voice to cheer
The darkness and silence sae dismal and drear;
There's nae saft word that comes to speer,
How it is in the lanely house wi' me.
Hark! how aboon my dreary grave,
Weightily splashes the fast fa'ing rain;
Hark! now the sweeping night winds rave,
When stayed in their speed by the big grave stane.
I wish I were up, to straight my banes,
And drive frae my face the cauld dead air;
I wish I were up, that the friendly rains
Micht wash the dark mould frae my tangled hair;
I wish I were up, ane more to drink
The fresh breath o' heaven frae the healthy plain.
An' see the wee stars as they blithsomenly blink,
And hear the sweet voice o' a friend again!

From Bayley's Ballads.

THE NURSERY TALE.

Oh! did you not hear in your nursery,
The tale that the gossips tell,
Of the two young girls that came to drink
At a certain Fairy well?
The words of the Youngest were as sweet
As the smile of her ruby lip,
But the tongue of the Eldest seemed to move
As if venom were on its tip!

At the well a Beggar accosted them,
(A sprite in a mean disguise;)
The Eldest spoke with a scornful brow,
The Youngest with tearful eyes:
Cried the Fairy "Whenever you speak, sweet girl,
Pure gems from your lips shall fall;
"But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl."

And have you not met with these sisters oft,
In the haunts of the old and young?
The first with her pure and unsullied lip?
The last with her serpent tongue?
Yes—the first is GOOD NATURE—diamonds bright
On the darkest theme she throws;
And the last is SLANDER—leaving the slime
Of the snake wherever she goes!

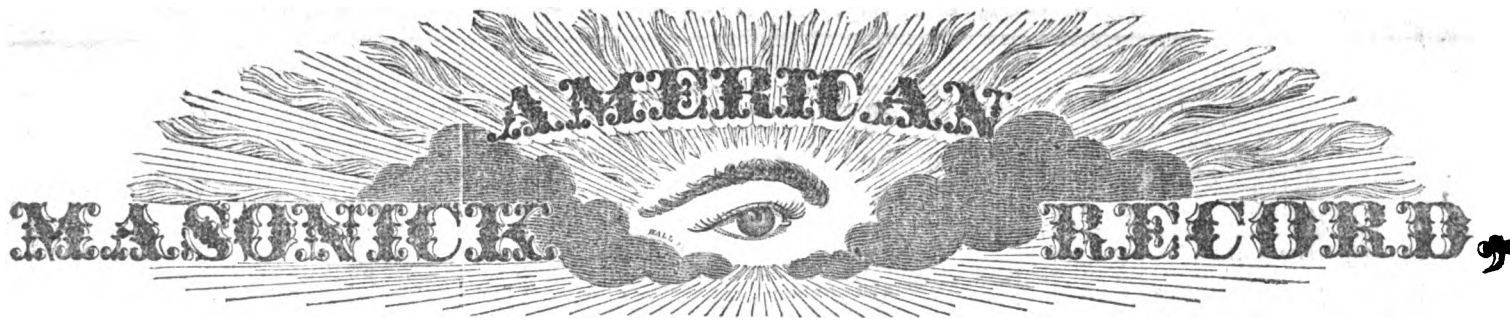
FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 48 N. Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.
Shears, scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.
Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.
Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired.
N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.
Albany, Feb. 14, 1839.

THIS PAPER

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AT NO. 3, BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1829.

11.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN APPEAL.

We refer our readers (especially the anti-masonick part) to a communication below, signed by forty-two Masons, all but two residing in Eaton. At least ten of the number are Royal Arch Masons—eleven are professors of religion, in good standing. We venture to say that forty men in the town can not be found of better standing in community. Now we would ask—are these men to be believed? or Giddins, Stephen Chapman, & Co.? So far as we know any thing of Masonry, we concur fully with this communication.

[Madison Observer.]

We, the undersigned, have for many years been members of the Masonick Institution, and have witnessed with much regret the many false and slanderous publications which have appeared in the public journals against the Institution. Masons have remained so long silent, that their silence has been construed into an admission of the charges against them. We do not appear before the public to defend the principles of the Institution of Masonry; as to us it is of but little consequence whether the Institution is popular or not so. We come before the public in the defence of our own reputation and characters, as men whose civil and religious rights are in common with the rest of our fellow-citizens. We ask no exclusive privileges, and we wish not to be deprived of those rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution.

Masons are charged with taking upon themselves oaths "to assist a brother whenever they see him in any difficulty, *whether he be right or wrong*": to "vote for a brother Mason in preference to any other person": to "keep the secrets of a brother Mason, *murder and treason* not excepted."

We most solemnly affirm, and appeal to *Almighty God* for the truth of our declaration, that we know of no such obligations in the Institution of Masonry; that the principles of Free Masonry require no duties of its members incompatible with the laws of the land, or contrary to our moral or religious duty to man, our country, or our *God*.

Masonry has nothing to do with political affairs; we have differed as much in our politics as we have in our religion. In the abduction and probable murder of Wm. Morgan, we had no knowledge, until it was announced in the public papers.

DAVID HITCHCOCK,
WINSOR COMAN,
EPHRAIM GRAY,
DAVID DARROW,
ELLIS MORSE,
RICHARD WARD,
JAMES MCCONNELL,
HARRY C. GARDINER,
RUFUS ELDRED,
LYMAN G. HATCH,
JOSEPH ENOS,
WM. D. ABBOTT,
JAMES ANDERSON,
JOSEPH MORSE,
MATTHEW PRATT,
JOHN PRATT,
A. MCSTAY,
ALFRED CORNELL,
AMARIAH WILLIAMS,
PARDON BARNARD,
DENISON HERRICK,
DAVID GASTON,

ORVILLE ELDRED,
JEREMIAH WILBER,
DARIUS MORRIS,
JAMES PETERSON,
MICAJAH CLOYES,
EZRA CLOYES,
JOHN G. CURTIS,
WM. T. CURTIS,
SAMUEL COMAN,
B. L. CHOATE,
STEPHEN COMAN,
PERLY MUNGER,
JOHN C. DUNHAM,
J. F. CHAMBERLAIN,
HEBER TEMPLE,
S. BUMPUS,
ABIATHAR GATES,
CHAD BROWN,
AMARIAH PRESTON,
OLIVER LUCAS,
A. KNAPP,
JAMES MCINTOSH.

Eaton, 27th August, 1829.

INTEMPERANCE.

We have seldom seen a more powerful appeal to the understanding and feelings, than is contained in the following extract from an address delivered by the Hon. John Holmes, before the members of Saco (Me.) Lodge.

[Boston Galaxy.]

Temperance is a masonick virtue; and let it be held in everlasting remembrance, that *intemperance* is a most fatal and destructive vice. The temptations and delusions of this adversary of our peace, the treacherous arts by which it flatters us from the paths of rectitude, and the syren song

by which it lures us to its foul embrace, surpass the powers of description. The cursed, fascinating, fatal charm by which it binds the faculties, captivates the heart, and paralyzes the understanding, is matter of the profoundest astonishment. Before the danger is discovered, escape is hopeless, and the willing victim irreparably lost. Floating gently down a smooth and delightful current, towards the brink of tremendous cataracts, he sees no necessity of resisting its force, perceives not its increase, nor reflects that he is approaching the danger. Every moment the power and inclination to resist diminish while the danger is increased. He approaches, perceives the dashing, hears the roaring, and feels the trembling. The current is accelerated, it becomes irresistible, he is swallowed in the vortex and lost forever! Is the charm irresistible? Does the malady admit no cure? Is the calamity inevitable? Can nothing be done by masons to prevent it? Yes. Let them beware that they never countenance or indulge an intemperate brother. Let them administer correction with the hand of friendship. Let the admonition be honest, faithful and seasonable. To provide against possible danger, let them often try the experiment upon themselves, to discover the first symptoms of the contagion.

They will pardon my zeal, for it is in the cause of humanity. I am pleading for the disconsolate mother, the hapless orphan, and the broken-hearted and distracted wife. I come with the tear of disappointed love and the anguish of the wounded heart. I plead in the name and behalf of suffering virtue, neglected and abandoned for revel and riot. I imagine I hear a voice from the dark and dismal mansions of the dead, saying, "O ye sons of dissipation and excess! ye prodigals, who riot and wanton with the gifts of a bounteous Providence! come and behold the companions of your revels, the victims of your folly. See the father's pride and mother's joy, snatched from their embrace and hurried headlong to an untimely tomb. See the flower of youth and beauty shedding its fragrance and displaying its glory; but ere the morning dew has escaped on the breeze, it sickens, withers, dies. Here the object of virtuous affection; there the promise of connubial bliss; this the hope of his country, and the encouragement and consolation of religion—all poisoned by intemperance, all doomed to a premature and disgraceful death. Look at these and be admonished."

From the Buffalo Journal.

OPINIONS ABROAD.

It will be recollected that a shout ran through the camp of political anti-masonry, a few months since upon the supposed addition to their force of the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald. That paper of Thursday last, contains some remarks upon the subject which really surprise us, for they furnish a far more correct portrait of political anti-masonry, in this state, than we supposed could be sketched by one not upon the spot. The following is extracted from the article in question, and the cut it contains at the hirelings we are certain is too just to be received by them without a frown:

"It was our attention to have reduced the progress of the excitement and its vibrations for the last three or four months, to a sort of summary: but on examining our files, find it impossible from the fact that in Batavia, the place of its birth, in Rochester, the cradle of its infancy, and in Buffalo, Canadaigua, Lewiston and Lockport, the scenes of its first gambols, this promising child has dwindled into a worse than abortion. The original is lost sight of in attempts of the leaders at personal aggrandisement, and its form is hid in the filthy rags of rank invectives, low spleen and calumnious personalities. Things have come to a most detestable pass—the press, which ought and is expected to disseminate truth, can no longer be believed; the opinions of the people are prejudiced by falsehood for mercenary purposes."

"We have looked in vain for articles which might give our readers containing arguments which might enlighten them, or facts which might tend to convince those who doubted. We say in vain, for those papers which call themselves 'anti-masonick' are filled with the abuse of individuals, without any bearing upon the merits of the Order. This is the essence of the excitement in the state of New-York; and it is easily accounted for. A great majority of the anti-masonick presses are established under the influence of men aspiring to office, to attain which they pursue

the course which will lead soonest to their object, and having pitched upon anti-masonry they fan it with the darkest surmises and deepest innuendoes to raise a flame sufficient to light the path to office."

We shall probably hear no more anti-masonick paens in honour of the Cleveland Herald, for although it still avows its opposition freemasonry, it will doubtless be speedily denounced as "recreant," for the above portrait, and as no longer issuing from a "free press."

ANTI-ISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

From the Village Record

With several other communications on various subjects—we have received the following from our old friend Samuel Baldwin, Esq.:

"Please send your demands against me for your Paper up to No. 618, and I will ansr. it. Strike my name from your Subscription List. I do not wish to pay for Spurious Paper."

SAMUEL BALDWIN.

Downington, 6th-Mo: 22d, 1829.

To A. & C. MINER."

The old gentleman has been in a state of excitement for several months, as evinced in his first visit to the Record Office, previous to a call of the Anti-Masonick meetings. He wished to know if we would publish extracts from the Anti-Masonick Herald? On being answered that it would depend on the circumstance, whether they were calculated to benefit the public, and must first be examined, before we could determine; he replied, "Asher, or Friend Miner—I have been at the other Office, and have told Simeon, that if he declines publishing for us, I shall *discontinue his paper*." He wished an extract published from a New-York paper which he drew from his pocket, announcing the surrender of the charters (I think) of certain Masonick Lodges of that State, which was put in type while he remained in town. He also wished to know, whether we would publish the calls of Anti-Masonick Meetings, in Chester County, and was answered in the affirmative; the call and proceedings were offered, and promptly published; not because we took part against Masonry; but because our paper is the *Record of the people's will*; and no public proceedings of any meeting on that subject, have been offered, which have not received a ready publication. This statement is here made, because a bitter spirit of persecution is abroad, and because statements have been made, that the Chester County Press has been closed against the Anti-Masons. With respect to this Press, the charge is false, come from what quarter it may.

The writer of this article is neither a Free Mason, nor an Anti-Mason; but he is a *FREE MAN*; and while he respects the rights of his fellow-men, he will not be made an instrument in the hands of the designing, to denounce a portion of his fellow-citizens—to deprive them of the privileges which he himself enjoys—until they are proved to be *unworthy*. Nor does he perceive the necessity, in the peaceful and intelligent County of Chester, for an excitement, which shall interfere with social intercourse, and array citizen against citizen—to subserve the interests of men having sinister views. Who has a right in *tolerant Pennsylvania*, to establish a test, and decree, that all who do not renounce their profession, shall not have the common privileges of other citizens? Those who propose this, take upon themselves *great responsibilities*.

Will the public believe, that the resolution offered at the Anti-Masonick meeting at West-Chester, recommending to all Anti-Masons, to *withdraw their support from the Village Record and Ind't Journal*, was drawn up by the visiting Editor of the Anti-Masonick Herald, and put into the hands of the gentleman who presented it—(which however the good sense of the meeting frowned down.) I say, will the public believe, that any decent Editor, would have the consummate impudence, to go into a neighbouring county, and propose such a resolution, having no other possible motive, but to rise on the ruins of his competitors? And what interests have those editors in Pennsylvania, that should make them so zealous in the cause? Have they suffered by any outrages committed? Are the rights of any infringed? Let the *GUILTY* suffer the just punishment for their crimes, and all the good citizens of Pennsylvania will say *AMEN*:

But let not the designing scatter abroad "firebrands, arrows and death," saying "am I not in sport?"

While A. MINER is interested in the Record Establishment, it will pursue an UPRIGHT, INDEPENDENT COURSE; yielding to the rights and interests of his fellow-citizens, and protecting his own. When this course fails to meet with public approbation, and it is withdrawn, his attention will be devoted to other objects. But the threatening to withdraw a name, when we refuse to submit to the dictation of an individual, never has, and we trust never will, influence our conduct.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE DARDANELLES

Are the four strong castles built on the European and Asiatic coasts of the Hellespont, opposite to each other and commanding that strait, which is about twelve leagues long and called from them the strait of the Dardanelles, so that they are looked upon as the key of Constantinople. Their name is probably derived from their old city of Darbanum. The entrance to the Hellespont is defended by two castles, which are called the *new* castles, because they were built, (subsequently to the two others called the *old* castles) in the middle of the 17th century, under Mohammed the 4th, to afford protection to the Turkish fleets against the Venetians. The distance of one from the other is about two miles and a quarter. Four hours sail further to the north lie the *old* castles, built by Mohammed the 2d, immediately after the conquest of Constantinople, which are now more than 1500 yards apart. Farther on still the channel becomes narrower, and at an hour and a half's sail from the *old* castles, two promontories appear suddenly about 750 yards distant one from the other, and form that strait rendered famous by Leander's nightly visit to Hero, by Xerxes' bridge and by Solymán's passage upon a bare raft. This is provided with no fortifications. It leads into the sea of Marmora, at the north-eastern end of which lies Constantinople the capitol of the Ottoman Empire, upon another channel, which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora. The late English poet, Lord Byron, in March, 1810, swam from the castle of Sestos, in Europe, to the fort of Abydos, in Asia, in company with Lieut. Ekenhead, an English naval officer, who mentions the feat once or twice in his works with evident satisfaction. The same feat has been repeatedly performed in modern times. The negligent Turks confiding in the celebrity of the castles of the Dardanelles, have taken so little care to keep them in a state of defence, that in 1770 they were completely in ruins, and upon the Asiatic side there was but a single battery standing, and that half filled with rubbish. On the 20th of July of that year, when the squadron of the Russian admiral Elphinstone, consisting of three ships of the line and four frigates, in pursuit of two Turkish ships of the line appeared before the first castles, the Turkish batteries from want of ammunition were obliged to cease firing after one general discharge of their ordnance, and Elphinstone sailed by without receiving more than a single shot. But the other ships not following him, he contented himself with continuing his course, not minding the Turkish batteries and cast anchor in the channel. From hence he returned to his fleet notwithstanding a contrary wind, with drums and trumpets sounding, as much to conceal his own fear, as to deride the weakness of the Ottomans. Warned by this unexpected circumstance, the Port accepted the offer of Baron de Tott, (q. v.) to restore the castles to their former condition, and he rendered them in a short time impregnable. But the Turks were too indolent to preserve them long in this condition, for in 1798, Elton, an Englishman, who was for a considerable time resident in Turkey, in a description of this empire decided that, at that time, a fleet might easily pass the Dardanelles. "These castles (he says) may be beaten down by batteries, erected on shore, or by sea, from situations where the great artillery cannot bear on ships. There are on each side of the water fourteen great guns, which fire granite balls; these guns are of brass, with chambers like mortars, twenty-two English feet long, and twenty-eight inches diameter of the bore. A gentleman who has measured them since I did, says they are only twenty-three inches in diameter; one of us

must have made a mistake; they are very near the level of the surface of the water in arched port holes or embrasures with iron doors, which are opened only when they are to be fired; the balls cross the water from side to side as they are a little elevated.

These monstrous cannon are not mounted but lie on the paved floor, with their breech against a wall; they cannot be pointed, and the gunner must wait till the vessel he intends to fire at is opposite the mouth, and they are at least half an hour in loading one of these guns." That this account is accurate there is no doubt, for it is confirmed by Admiral Duckworth, an Englishman, who, on the 19th of February, 1807, with 8 ships of the line and four frigates, with fire ships and gun boats, effected a passage through the Dardanelles without loss, and appeared on the next day before Constantinople, which till then had never seen an enemy's fleet. Their presence was intended to influence the negotiations then in progress, but was of little avail, for the Turks during the course of the discussions, under the direction of the French Ambassador Sebastiani, were zealously employed in fortifying Constantinople, and repairing the castles of the Dardanelles, so that Duckworth, on the 2d of March, could not return without loss, &c. according to his own confession; if he had removed eight days later, his return would have been altogether impossible.

The new castles are much less strong than the old ones, which are generally understood, when the Dardanelles simply are spoken of. The latter are called *Chana Kalissi* (said to mean *pottery castles*, from a pottery near them,) or more elegantly *Sultanei Kalissi*. The new castle on the Asiatic side is called *Koum Kale*, or *castle on the sand*, from the character of the shore in that place. In the immediate vicinity of Koum Kale, the ruins of the Troad are, by the common opinion of travellers at the present day, supposed to be found. The castle, on the Asiatic side, is the residence of the Government of the four castles, and at this place there is an ill built but considerable Turkish city called *Chana Kalissi*. The environs of this town are beautiful, particularly a fine promenade of planetrees, on the banks of the Rhodius, supposed to be one of the nine Homeric rivers which descends from Mount Ida. The old castle on the Asiatic side is poorly defended on the land quarter, and might easily be surprised by a small force disembarked above or below. Large quantities of marble balls, made from the ruins of the city of the Troad, are piled up for use in the courts of the fortress. A ponderous shot of this kind, which struck one of the masts of Admiral Duckworth's ship, was brought home by that officer, and made the pedestal of a table. So firmly persuaded are the Turks that these castles are impregnable, that they believed the Governor was bribed by Admiral Duckworth, and beheaded him accordingly. Commodore Bainbridge, in the American frigate George Washington, passed the Dardanelles under cover of the smoke of a salute in February, 1801. This is the only American ship of war that ever passed this Strait!

From the Boston Gazette.

SELF-TAUGHT MEN.

There is not a more common or vulgar error in New-England, than that which is going about concerning the productions of what are called "self-taught, uneducated men." One would be led to imagine from the ridiculous trumpeting of certain newspapers, that those men had lived half their days in caverns and hovels, far from all human intercourse as well as from books, and that they were compelled to dig their way to paths of light and knowledge, as if learning could not be acquired as well in a *ten-footer*, as in a college; and as if the pomp and circumstance of one, conferred more honour on the professor, than the rough simplicity of the other. If we would examine into the position, we shall find that the phrase "self-taught," is a complete misnomer. Knowledge is not of necessity driven into a man's head; let him alone, and if he be ambitious, he will find it. The old maxim that, "one may lead a horse to the water, but twenty can not make him drink," is as correctly applied to man as animals. In New-England,

where our town schools are open to all, the poor as well as the rich, it must be the fault of the pupil alone if he attain not the first rudiments of learning. Our private schools, and academies, also are prolific sources of knowledge. We have teachers to visit our houses, and we have libraries and atheneums and reading rooms every where attracting our eyes. We have no need of reading "sermons in stones;" we may go to church twice at least in a week and breathe the drowsy influence of a dull essay, and mayhap the eloquent inspiration of some popular preacher.

It was a just remark of one of the best physicians that ever lived in New-England, "that it was of no consequence whether knowledge were acquired in a college or a stable, so long as it were in the mind." What matter if it be there how it came there? If it come at all, it must come unforced, and when attained, can never, until reason loses her seat, be eradicated. We have self-taught orators, self-taught poets, self-taught prose writers, self-taught mechanicks, and as the saying is, self-taught *geniuses*. They are doubtless all wonderful men, apt scholars, smart fellows, who some time or other may produce an earthquake in the world of letters, in which educated men may be sunk in oblivion, leaving nothing to posterity but their wigs. Your self-taught orator will write an oration in an hour; your poet scribble verses as fast as the evolutions of a spinning wheel, your prose writer, stop the clamour for 'copy' in five minutes, by filling a quire with characters that few can read or fewer understand; your mechanick, build a house out of a single block of wood; and your *genius* invent a perpetual motion, that will make an eight day clock ashamed to be looked at in the face.

But, *cui bono?* as the learned say. Are these people entitled to more consideration than the boys at college, who have been whipped into Latin and Greek, cut capers with their tutors, spent half their time in lounging, dissipation, driving gigs, and eating whips and drinking champagne in the metropolis; who indulge a night of wassail, indifferent if they be early enough at college for morning prayers? No, not a whit. They are in no danger of suspension or expulsion. They may read and think for themselves. If they have merit and ambition, they will rise to honour—and no "A. B." or "A. M." can add a laurel to their brows. Hogg, the shepherd, is an example; one day, we find him writing a novel or giving life and verdure to the pages of Blackwood; the next, fattening his flocks. Allan Cunningham is another; he once carried a hod to a stone mason, and afterwards became the head labourer at Chantry's the sculptor; yet the productions of these men have suffered no diminution in raciness, imagination, and beauty. The truth is, that the occupations and pursuits of persons, with reasonable intervals of leisure, have little to do with their writings. Genius is not hereditary. The Colossus of critics, Jeffrey, is by paternal origin a barber; and it is said the old gentlemen used to take his patrons by the nose, at Edinburgh, in a shop not very remote from the garret where the son has been since employed in *shaving* and *puffing* authors.

The boy when he first receives a medal at a public school, realizes doubtless the happiest moment of his life. He is flattered by the particular notice of his instructors and guardians, and is perhaps invited to a festival given in honour of the day by the municipal fathers. The man of genius, who for years has been engaged in a counting house or a bank, and who, in the midst of his cares and labours, receives an appointment to deliver a poem before an eminent literary institution, may well be proud of the distinction. Inspired by the task, he will strive hard to ascend the rugged steep of fame—

"For emulation has a thousand sons
Where one but walks abreast."

The bright glow of beauty be mingled from myriads of human faces—and sparkling from innumerable eyes—will encourage him; and the attentive ears of the learned and the wise will accompany him; thousands of hands are raised as he proceeds, and thousands of hearts attend him in his progress. If he do not reach the goal, it must be because he can not; but with the son of genius

there is no fear for the event. He rises higher and higher, like an eagle soaring from rock to rock, till at length he gains the summit, and breathes the odour of the everlasting hills. The whole air is balm; and he can not move without treading on flowers. It is a perfect elysium, whereon one would dwell forever.

THE GATHERER.

APHORISMS.

From the new novel of "Deveraux."

It is the excess, and not the nature, of our passions, that is perishable. Like the trees which grew by the tomb of Protesilaus, the passions flourish till they reach a certain height; but, no sooner is that height attained, than they wither away.

The littlest feeling of all is a delight in contemplating the littleness of other people. Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt.

Reason is a lamp that sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and in gloom.

We are always clever, with those who imagine we think as they do.

Whenever you cause a laugh, and are praised for your humour, you may be sure that you have said something egregiously silly, or, at best, superlatively ill-natured!

'Tis a pleasure to the littleness of human nature to see great things abused by mimicry:—kings moved by bobkins, and the pomps of the earth personated by Punch.

Emotion, whether of ridicule, anger, or sorrow, is the grandest of levellers. The man who would be always superior, should be always apathetic.

The heart is the most credulous of all fanatics, and its ruling passion the most enduring of all superstitions.

The deadliest foe to love is, not change, nor misfortune, nor jealousy, nor wrath, nor any thing that flows from passion, or emanates from fortune;—the deadliest foe to love is custom.

No man defends another without loving him the better for it.

We never judge of our near kindred with that certainty with which *la science du monde* enables us to judge of others.

Never tell me of the pang of falsehood to the slandered:—nothing is so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity as the application of a rough truth.

There is nothing in human passion like a good brotherly hatred.

If ever the consciousness of strength is pleasant, it is when we are most weak.

What a prodigy would wisdom be, if it were but blessed with a memory as keen and constant as interest!

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

He whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement, possesses, as it were, an extra sense.

Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Odeur: the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity, than they are transformed into birds and fly away.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

A nobleman, in the early part of the reign of Louis XV., having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride,—several of them having been thrown, and one killed,—asked leave of his majesty to have him turned loose into the menagerie, against one of the largest lions. The king readily consented, and the animal, on a certain day was conducted thither. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when, seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately startled and fell back, his ears were erected, his name was raised, his eyes sparkled, and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame. After the first

emotions of fear had subsided, the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie, where, having directed his heels towards the lion, and having reared his head over his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted the den, sidled about for more than a minute, when, having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse, which defended itself by striking his adversary a most violent blow on the chest. The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest, when, recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned to the charge with unabated violence. The mode of preparation for this second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other, for a considerable time, seeking a favourable opportunity to seize his prey; during which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erect and turned over his shoulder. The lion at length gave a second spring, with all the strength and velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoofs on the under jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second and more severe repulse than the former, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning all the way in a most lamentable manner. The horse was soon obliged to be shot, as no one ever dared to approach the ground where he was kept.

[Illustrations of Natural History.

KISSING A WHISKER.

A mistake of rather an awkward description occurred a few evenings since to a couple of youthful lovers, residing not far from Ingatstone. The unfortunate swain, it appears, had incurred the displeasure of his misress's father, who forbade him to enter his house, and laid a strict injunction on his daughter not to "pass the threshold" without leave; this she obeyed to the very letter, but hit upon an expedient to gratify her lover also, by breaking a square of glass in the pantry window, through which many

"A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love," had been given. Three times had the square been replaced, and four times had it been broken, when Miss attributing it to the *cats*, her father concealed himself in the place, in order to watch. About ten o'clock the lover approached, with a "slow and cautious step;" which the master hearing, put his face to the aperture, to ascertain who was coming at that "unhallowed hour," and the swain mistaking it for his "soul's softest treasure," saluted him with the "heart's token." The whiskered face made him start; "by Heavens (thought he) it is not you—it is somebody else; and soon the direful truth flashed upon him, in the shape of the sturdy farmer and an old musket. A parley now ensued; and the mistaken swain agreeing to pay the *Glazier's bill*, he was allowed to depart.

[Chelmsford Chronicle.

CRITICISM.

Purity of language, a polished style, or exact criticism in foreign languages—thus I think Greek and Latin may be called, as well as French or Italian—and to spend much time in these, may perhaps serve to set one off in the world, and to give one the reputation of a scholar. But if that be all, methinks it is labouring for an outside; it is at best but a handsome dress of truth or falsehood that one busies one's self about, and makes most of those who lay out their time this way rather as fashionable gentlemen than as wise or useful men. There are so many advantages of speaking one's own language well, and being a master in it, that let a man's calling be what it may, it cannot but be worth our taking some pains in it: but it is by no means to have the first place in our studies; but he that makes good language subservient to a good life and an instrument of virtue, is doubly enabled to do good to others. When I speak against the laying out time and study on criticisms, I mean such as may serve to make us great masters in Pindar and Perseus, Herodotus and Tacitus; and I must always be understood to except all study of languages and critical learning that may aid us in

understanding the Scriptures; for they being an eternal foundation of truth, as coming immediately from the fountain of truth, whatever doth help us to understand their true sense, doth well deserve our pains and study.—Locke.

AN IRISH BARGAIN.

The children of Paddy's-land are not less remarkably felicitous than ever for the union of blundering and ingenuity in their intercourse with each other and the rest of the world. A recent and novel incident at Leighlinbridge gives a new testimony to the fact. A maiden resident in that parish—gay and hearty was she, but weary of single blessedness—had the rumour circulated that the lad of her choice could have 10*l.* with her hand. She was comely in person and agreeable in temper—a fortune in herself—as all the country said. A "neighbour's son" was moved with the rumour; he knew Nanny; *cottened* to her; made his bow and proposals together, and was accepted as her darling. But the lass was, with other good qualities, candid—and hinted, before the Priest was put in requisition, that her fortune had become by 4*l.* the "worse for wear." "Awkward enough," says Pat, "what's to be done?" "Ah"—sighed Nan, laying her dimpled cheek so loving on her swain's—" 'tis a long lane that has no turn; I'll give you my note, love, for the deficiency." "Cushlamachree, that's the cut," replied Pat; and, imprinting a *buss* upon his Nanny's lips, got the knot fastened that evening.

[Dublin paper.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

Start, I beseech you, with a conviction firmly fixed in your mind, that you have no right to live in this world; that, being of a hale body and sound mind, you have *no right* to any earthly existence without doing *work* of some sort or other, unless you have ample fortune whereon to live clear of debt; and that, even in that case, you have no right to breed children to be kept by others, or to be exposed to the chance of being so kept. Start with this conviction thoroughly implanted in your mind. To wish to live on the labour of others is, besides the folly of it, to contemplate a *fraud* at the least, and, under certain circumstances, to meditate oppression and robbery. I suppose you in the middle rank of life. Happiness ought to be your great object, and it is to be found only in *independence*.—Turn your back on Whitehall and Somerset House; leave the Customs and Excise to the feeble and low-minded; look not for success to favour, to partiality, to friendship, or to what is called *interest*; write on your heart that you will depend solely on your own merit and your own exertions.—Cobbett.

LATE INSTRUCTION.

Socrates, in his old age, learned to play upon a musical instrument. Cato, aged 80, began to learn Greek; and Plutarch, in his old age, acquired Latin. John Gelida, of Valentia, in Spain, did not begin the study of *belles-lettres* until he was forty years old. Henry Spelman, having in his youth neglected the sciences, resumed them at the age of fifty, with extraordinary success. Fairfax, after having been the general of the parliamentary army in England, went to Oxford, and took his degrees as Doctor of Laws. Colbert, when minister, and almost 60 years of age, returned to his Latin and his Law, in a situation where the neglect of one, if not both, might have thought excusable; and Mons. Le Tellier, chancellor of France, reverted to the learning of logic, that he might dispute with his grandchildren. Sir John Davies, at the age of 25, produced a poem on "The Immortality of the Soul," and in his 62d year, as Mr. Thomas Campbell facetiously observes, when a judge and a statesman, another on *Dancing*.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Of the total population of New South Wales, which, in round numbers, may be taken at 40,000, the Free Emigrants amount only to about 7,000

Native Children	5,000
Emancipated Convicts	8,000
Convicts in Servitude	20,000
	40,000

turb this state of corporeal equilibrium, if I may so speak, is calculated to prove injurious to the development of intellect. A boy, therefore, who is fed luxuriously, and whose appetite is pampered, is ill calculated for study; for, independent of the seductive invitations which the pleasures of the table hold out to allure youth from the severity and dryness of elementary studies, the injurious effects of these indulgences on health deprive him of the power of application, and surely we cannot wonder that the inexperience of boyhood, when thus exposed to temptation, should hazard even the blessings of health for the enjoyment of an hour. Such is the result of the gratification of the palate, the most contemptible of human pleasures, on the development of intellect. But it is not luxurious refinement in the quality of the food only which is to be dreaded; much mischief results from over indulgence in respect to quantity; and it has always been a common remark that boys who are gluttons are generally stupid, and to employ a vulgar phrase, remarkably "thick headed."

"Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."

It is remarkable to see parents indulging this detestible propensity in their children, and supplying the means of gratifying it to excess, in their visits at home from school, as if boys were to be fattened for a Smithfield show. It would indeed be a high exultation to the writer of this essay, if his remarks could induce even a tithe of his readers to impress on the rising generation a contempt for the sensual pleasure of eating—to instil into youth a conviction that the only use of food is to supply the waste of the body and contribute to the support of its strength—and to teach them that nothing is truly desirable which is not calculated to advance intellectual happiness. That such a state of society, however, should ever exist is rather to be desired than expected; for whatever other changes may have taken place within the last century, men in this respect have remained stationary, and the following sentence, written fifty years ago, is applicable to the present moment:—"All assemblies of jollity, and places of publick entertainment, exhibit examples of strength wasted in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity; nor is it easy to enter a house in which a part of the family is not groaning in repentance of past intemperance, and a part admitting disease by negligence, or soliciting it by luxury."

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE OF THE WISE AND GOOD.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labours. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruits of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections, and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth.

Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living

worth. The stamp has not yet been upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this benefit; if he leave a character dark with vices in sight of God, but dazzling qualities in the view of men; it may be all his other services had better have been foreborn, and he had passed inactive and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true christian *liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself*: and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.—Norton.

From the Winchester Republican.

IMPUDENCE.

In our intercourse with the world we find two qualities which rival each other in elevating men to fortune and power. One of these is intellect, the other is impudence. By impudence we do not mean that kind of reckless courage which induces a man to continue and deride the customs of society, the laws of God, and the courtesies of men; but we allude to the confidence in one's self, which leads men to attempt the highest paths of honour and eminence, when they know it will require every combination of perseverance to sustain the character at which they aim. The way the world goes, a proper degree of confidence is indispensable to an ambitious man; especially a literary character or politician. Yet we are never more disposed to do a man a service, or to speak well of a writer, than when we know his modesty is equal to his merit. There are so many "loud mouthed" pretenders who either have or would if they could push themselves into notoriety by daring effrontery and vain egotism, that it is now quite a treat to meet a man of genius who appears to be totally ignorant of its possession. It always gratifies us to speak well of a modest man—one whose unpretending character throws a veil over his intellect, which, like that over the features of a woman, adds a zest to, rather than decreases our admiration. However insignificant a man may be, he often wishes to bring himself before the public as one of some importance. Among third rate limbs of the law, (and now-a-days we have some fourth rate,) impudence is better than wisdom; because their sphere of practice is in that meridian where wisdom is not often understood, but frequently counterfeited by impudence.

Although we believe that kind of impudence we have been speaking of is often practised by young lawyers; yet we believe that others, who do not practice the law as a profession, frequently arrogate to themselves more superior knowledge than even lawyers often do. Some men seem to think that to affect knowledge on any subject, is enough to cause great deference to be paid to what they say. Many men who would have us to believe they know a little of every thing, frequently have not intelligence enough to discriminate between knowledge and talent, or between impudence and real genius. Impudence, or an arrogant affectation to knowledge, is not confined to lawyers, physicians, or politicians; but it is discoverable even in others in society, to whom diffidence and modesty would be far more becoming.

These remarks are short, and hastily written; yet they may go to show that there is a difference (whether men see it or not) between impudence and talent; or between real acquired knowledge and an arrogant affectation of it

THE TRAVELLER.

BRAZILIAN SLAVE TRADE.

From the Memoirs of General Miller, Second Edition.

In Brazil the slave trade is seen in some of its most revolting aspects; for there the general treatment of negro slaves is barbarous in the extreme. About thirty thousand are annually imported into Rio Janeiro alone, and perhaps an equal number in the other parts of the empire. One of the many

abhorrent circumstances attending this nefarious traffick is, that, upon a vessel's arriving near the port, such slaves, as appear to be in an irrecoverable state of disease, are frequently thrown into the sea! This is done merely to evade the payment of the custom-house duty, which is levied upon every slave brought into port. Instances have occurred of their being picked up alive by coasting vessels!

Fourteen or fifteen slave ships, with full cargoes, arrived at Rio Janeiro during the six weeks that Miller remained there. One morning that he happened to breakfast on board a Brazilian frigate, the commander, Captain Sheppard, kindly lent him a boat to visit a slaver of 320 tons, which had come into port the preceding night. The master, supposing him to be in the imperial service, was extremely attentive, and very rapidly answered every inquiry. He said the homeward-bound passage had been tolerably fortunate, only seventy-two deaths having occurred in the cargo; and that, although thirty of the sick were then in an unsaleable plight, the owners might calculate upon sending into the market four hundred sound and well-grown Africans; a number that would yield a handsome profit.

After some further conversation, Miller requested permission to see the 'tween decks, upon which the master accompanied him below, and pointed out the manner of securing his cargo, which was by shackling each negro by one leg to an iron bar running a midships from stem to stern, so as to form a double row, lying feet to feet. The air was so oppressively nauseating, that Miller could not remain below for more than two minutes. There was hardly a slave in the whole number who was free from festering sores, produced by constant friction from lying on the hard and unwashed decks. Some of them were bruised so dreadfully, that it was wonderful that they continued to exist. Their emaciated appearances might have led to the supposition that they had been nearly starved during the passage, did not the varied miseries to which they were subjected, sufficiently account for their desolating forms. A great number of them were now upon deck, and clad in long woollen shirts, in order to be sent to the warehouse on shore. Miller, heartily sick of this disgusting scene, took leave of the master; but, unable to control the indignation he felt, he inveighed with great bitterness against all wretches concerned in so iniquitous a traffick, letting him know at the same time that he was not in the service of the emperor. The master, though at first taken aback by the violence of the general's invectives, soon recovered himself, and retorted in the most insolent terms of defiance, abusing the English for meddling in what he styled the legitimate commerce of Brazil. The state of the vessel was such as cannot be described, and the fetid effluvia, arising from it, offended the senses on approaching her within fifty yards. Although Miller took a warm bath immediately upon getting on shore, the stench of the slave ship haunted his nostrils for many days.

There is a long narrow street in Rio Janeiro exclusively appropriated to the negro stores. It is, in fact, the slave-bazaar. The fronts of the shops are open, and the objects for sale are seated on benches, where, strange to say, they often pass their time in singing. People wishing to become purchasers lounge up and down until they see a subject likely to suit their purpose. Miller one day put on a broad-brimmed straw hat, and walked into several of the stores, as if with a view of making a purchase. The slave venders came forward with eagerness to show off their stock, making their bipeds move about in every way best calculated to display their good points, and in much the same manner that a jockey does in showing off a horse. Those who appeared to be drowsy were made to bite a piece of ginger, or take a pinch of snuff. If these excitements did not prove sufficient to give them an air of briskness, they were wakened up by a pull of the ear, or a slap on the face, which made them look about them. Miller was so inquisitive, and his observations were so unlike those of a *bond fide* purchaser, that the dealers soon began to suspect he did not intend to be a customer. One of them being in consequence rather pert in his replies, Miller once more allowed his indig-

nation to get the better of his judgment, and he abused the fellow in terms more violent, if possible, than those he had addressed to the master of the slave ship. He had some difficulty to avoid getting into a very serious squabble, as many of the other dealers came out and joined in the yell now raised against him. As he passed along the street, it was like running the gauntlet; for he was saluted by vituperations on all sides, and it was perhaps only by preserving a menacing attitude in his retreat that he prevented something more than a mere war of words. They dwelt with marked emphasis on the officious English, who, instead of attending to their own affairs, would not, they said, allow other people to gain an honest livelihood.

SOUTH AMERICAN MANNERS.

Whether it be the romantick novelty of many places in South America, the salubrity of the climate, the free unrestrained intercourse of the more polished classes, or whether there be some undefinable charm in that state of society which has not passed beyond a certain point of civilization, certain it is that few foreigners have resided for any length of time in Chili, Peru, or in the principal towns of the Pampas, without feeling an ardent desire to revisit them. In this number might be named several European naval officers who have served in the Pacific, and who have expressed these sentiments, although they move in the very highest circles of England and France. Countries which have not reached the utmost pitch of refinement, have their peculiar attractions, as well as the most highly polished nations; but, to the casual resident, the former offers many advantages unattainable in Europe. The virtue of hospitality, exiled by luxury and refinement, exhibits itself in the New World under such noble and endearing forms as would almost tempt the philosopher, as well as the weary traveller, to dread the approach of the factitious civilization that would banish it.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

The triennial session of the *General Grand Encampment of the United States*, commenced in the city of New-York on Monday the 14th inst. On Tuesday the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing three years:—

M. E. and Rev. Sir Jonathan Nye, of New-Hampshire, G. G. Master.

M. E. Sir Ezra S. Cozier, of New-York, D. G. G. Master.

M. E. Sir Joseph Whittaker, of Rhode Island, G. G. Generalissimo.

M. E. Sir James Eyland, of South Carolina, G. G. Captain General.

M. E. and Rev. Sir Ezekiel L. Bascom, of Massachusetts, G. G. Prelate.

M. E. Sir Thomas Hubbard, of Connecticut, G. G. Senior Warden.

M. E. Sir Isaac W. Hubbard, of Vermont, G. G. Junior Warden.

M. E. Sir Peter Grinnell, of Rhode Island, G. G. Treasurer.

M. E. Sir James Herring, of New-York, G. G. Recorder.
M. E. Sir G. W. Haller, of District of Columbia, G. G. Warder.

M. E. Sir Alexander C. M'Connell, of Louisiana, G. G. Standard Bearer.

M. E. Sir Ezra Griswold, of Ohio, G. G. Sword Bearer.

The triennial session of the *General Grand Chapter of the United States*, commenced in the city of New-York on the 10th inst. and closed on the 15th. The following are the officers elected:—

M. E. and Hon. Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, G. G. High Priest.

M. E. and Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina, D. G. G. High Priest.

M. E. and Rev. Paul Dean, of Massachusetts, G. G. King.

M. E. Joseph K. Stapleton, of Maryland, G. G. Scribe.

M. E. Lebbeus Chapman, of New-York, G. G. Secretary.

M. E. Peter Grinnell, of Rhode Island, G. G. Treasurer.

M. E. and Rev. Jonathan Nye, of New-Hampshire, G. G. Chaplain.

M. E. Amos Nourse, of Maine, G. G. Marshall.

A convention of delegates from several masonick bodies in the counties of Madison, Chenango, and Cortland, was held in the village of De Ruyter, on the 7th inst. "for the purpose of taking into consideration the unhappy excitement which now exists against masonry, and to adopt such measures as were deemed most expedient to allay the excitement, and again restore peace and harmony to society." The editor of the Morrisville (Madison) Observer, who is not a mason, attended the convention, and says it was composed of the most respectable citizens, of all political parties, and all denominations of Christians. The convention resolved that "it would be inexpedient to take measures for the surrender of masonick charters, and that we recommend to all masonick bodies the propriety of retaining their charters, with a strict and regular attention on all masonick communications, as the strongest testimonials of their integrity as citizens, and attachment to their inestimable civil and religious privileges."

An address to the people was adopted and signed by all the delegates present, amounting to *one hundred and nine*. We shall take an early opportunity to lay the whole proceedings before our readers.

Elisha Putnam, as agent for the "managers," has published something which he calls "a statement of facts," intended as an apology for the anti-masonick row, which took place on the 11th inst. He pretends to be unprejudiced, and then puts forth some contemptible stuff about the "miniens of masonry," by way of proof. It is very well known to Mr. Putnam, and to every one else in this city, that masonry had nothing to do with the scenes of the 11th; and that the anti party, notwithstanding it has his consequential personage connected with it, is entirely too impotent to create any fear or jealousy on the part of the masonick fraternity.

The Palmyra Freeman, speaking of the wonderful doings at that place on the 11th, says "Every anti-mason who attended got well paid for his trouble." For "got" read "expects to be," and you will hit the truth. There is an office, or a sugar plum, or something else of the *pay kind*, continually tickling the imagination of the "patriotick" antis.

The same paper, speaking of the "happiness" of the same class of bipeds on the same "interesting" occasion, says—"nor could they do otherwise than to hail, with *unmingled joy*, the anniversary of the event," [the abduction of Morgan]. Tolerably candid, by the way, and a little like "letting the cat out of the bag." If there were not a little political consequence in the prospect, to make them "joyful," the antis would care no more for the "abduction of Morgan," than his celestial majesty, the brother of the sun and moon.

Myron Holley, who deserves to be remembered, on the score of certain old matters, preached at Palmyra. Having served an apprenticeship upon the ears of the members of the legislature, he is probably very well qualified to tug those of the multitude. There can be but one opinion respecting his honesty entertained by those who know the history of his "canal policy."

We have received a number of new periodicals, within a week or two; to which we have little more time to devote at present, than will suffice to tell their names.

The *Parterre*, published at Hartford, Conn. a literary monthly, devoted to original miscellany, of a would-be, and sometimes really, humorous character. It is small and cheap.

The *Journal of Health*, published semi-monthly at Phil-

adelphia, and conducted by an association of physicians. We recommend it to the publick patronage. The price is one dollar and twenty-five cents a year in advance.

The publication of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* has been resumed, at Baltimore, and William L. Garrison, Esq. a spinted writer, associated with Mr. Lundy, in the editorial department. The paper has also been enlarged, and the literary department placed under the superintendence of a lady of education and taste. The terms are three dollars, in advance.

The *Pleiades*, published weekly, at Charleston, S. C. and devoted to light and miscellaneous literature. The contents are wholly original and well written; but we think the writers are young.

The *New-England Galaxy* has passed into the hands of Frederick S. Hill, Esq. and been associated with the *Boston Mercury*, edited by Mr. Kittel.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

Saratoga Springs, Sept. 11, 1829.

We have had a rare exhibition here this day. It was an anti-masonick jubilee; and all the antis, and especially the anti-water-drinkers, came flocking in like sheep without a shepherd—but they soon found shepherds—for here was Southwick, the bell weather, and old Caleb Green, the parson, and that other parson, who, though he may have a *strong arm*, has a *weak head*. These were the shepherds of this motley flock. They crowded into the brick church, all eager to hear the great oracle—but daddy Green first got up, and made a genuine anti prayer, as long as an ordinary sermon. He made the sheep believe that orator Southwick had been raised up by God for the divine work of putting down freemasonry; that is, he thanked God very fervently, and they all seemed to ejaculate after him, that he had specially raised up Southwick as the great champion of their cause; as if heaven would smile upon such an unhallowed clan, and such champions as this parson and Southwick, and the Northampton apostate, who, after preaching masonry for years, suddenly deserted it. Green, to give the devil his due, never was a mason, and has always been opposed to us, but for such apostates as Armstrong, and such daring political adventurers as Southwick, no honest man can have any charity. After Greene had made a fool of himself by announcing Southwick as the chosen of God, and had retired into the back seat, there came forward a smooth faced young man, by the name of Johnson, a printer, who read the Anti-masonick Declaration of Independence, with an air of much modesty, and no little self-complacency. Next came the *thunderer*, as the antis call him. He began with quoting the scripture, as the devil would on a similar occasion, and then went on with a wild flourish of defiance to his enemies, and the enemies of "the glorious cause." He spoke, I must confess, in *thundering style*; splashing up and down like a mad bull in a mud-bog, and making the welkin ring with his denunciations, not forgetting the ghost of Morgan, and his dear friend Miller, who seems to be ever uppermost in his thoughts. Mrs. Morgan and her babies were also brought to view, to the great edification, no doubt, of the simpleton herd. In short, if any thing would excite surprise, in these times, it would be the fact, that a *thousand* human, and ought to be *rational* beings, could listen three hours to the ravings of this "thundering" dotard. But so it is. Alas, poor human nature! "O flesh, how art thou fishy!" The apostate Armstrong, closed by a hypocritical prayer, and the duped multitude dispersed, wondering at the piety of Greene, and the apostate exulting in the wisdom of Solomon, their crazy leader.

Samuel Miles Hopkins, Esquire, is the very emblem of *consistency*! With what a smooth face and canting tongue he can inveigh against the secrecy of *masonry*, while his delicate conscience hops over that of the *Phi Beta Kappa* without even so much as shuddering at its "*wickedness*!" We entertain the most profound esteem for the P. B. K. Society, and would not say ought that could be construed into disrespect for its exalted character; but it has secrets, ceremonies, and obligations, as well as masonry; and we confess it puzzles us, to see men crying out against the latter, while they support the former. Those who do this cannot be hen-

est men; they are mere players with fortune, and not deserving of the respect of the community.

We do not "hope" with our correspondent below, that masons will go to the polls, as masons, upon party grounds. Masonry is not, and will not be, made a party question. Whatever may be the political predilections of one man towards another, they never can be founded upon masonick feelings. The question which now agitates the public mind, is one between virtue and vice; and the friends of the former, whether they be or be not masons, will oppose anti-masonry, as a matter of course.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

Mr. CHILD—I have not taken an active part in the present violent contest between masons and anti-masons. I have stood aloof from the strife, and have considered it as a contest between individuals only. But I find that I have been mistaken. I find that it is a strife between parties, and that it is a contest which every man of principle should oppose, as ruinous to his country and his freedom.

While anti-masonry was managed by such persons as the would-if-he-could-be-governor, SOLOMON SOUTHWICK, I knew, (at least I believed) that every man having common sense, would know that the cause was only a means by which he was to ride into office. But when many men who had been considered talented, but who had hung on the skirts of every party, and had alternately reviled and praised every man—when such men (I say) were joined to it, for a time I feared it might be the means of deceiving many. Their warmth in the cause might be thought to proceed from their love of uprightness, their belief in anti-masonry, and their great desire to have the cause prosper. Ay, it was a desire to see the cause prosper, but so far only as it would promote their own interest. Does any one suppose that the *honourable* candidate for lieutenant governor, the *distinguished* Senator, or our *worthy Doctor of Laws* (who delivered the speech on the 11th inst.) were partisans of anti-masonry because they saw any thing wrong in masonry? No. It was only because they saw "a new way to pay old debts." They thought they saw a new path by which they could attain those offices which it had been their sole aim to reach.

In consideration of this subject, I will ask a few questions which I request any anti-mason to answer.

They say that the institution is a corrupt one, that it has a demoralizing tendency. And this they prove by the confessions of seceders from the masonick lodges.

Why is it that these persons who have been masons till they have become grey, have not till this late day discovered that masonry is a corrupt institution? Did they need the lure of a good office before they could see its corruption?

Again they say that the polls are the only place where the institution can be put down. Can any anti-mason prove that the masons ever voted for a man to fill any office solely on the ground, that he was a mason? If they are determined to go to the polls and put down a harmless institution, masons should come and show that there are more of the latter than the former.

Again—They have the cry of "secret societies"! Hold here, friend Samuel. Are you not a member of a secret society; and not only yourself but many other leaders of the anti-masonick party?—I mean by secret society, the P. B. K.; and where is there a more secret society than that? The anti-masons complain that they fear a dissolution of government, because every thing in masonick societies is done in secrecy. Let Solomon speak of the society P. B. K. which, besides being secret, has none but men of talent. So that, if there is any danger, the greatest will be from the best society. But there is none from that, or any from the former. I hope that if it is necessary masons will come forward and attend the polls; but, I hope it will not be necessary; the excitement will, it must go down. People will see the folly of it, they will see that it is only a hobby, for some ambitious persons to ride into office. *Neither Mason nor Anti.*

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

Ms. RECORD—At a time like the present, when the absurd custom of tight lacing is carried to such an extent, it becomes the duty of every one, who would wish to see the ladies satisfied with their waists and not attempting to

rectify Nature's mistakes, to make publick for the general good, all accidents which may have occurred from this deleterious practice. Therefore, as one of those friends of reform, I take the liberty of offering you an extract from a letter, received from a gentleman, who witnessed what might have been a serious affair. It took place at a Camp Meeting, in the state of Maryland. Yours, &c. MENTOR.

"One young lady was so zealous as to exhale her whole stock of breath in a violent screech; forgetting, poor soul, that in her worldly vanity, she had that morning laced her corsets till the whalebones met. Now the corsets, like a skillful general, immediately took the advantage; the ground yielded to them, and nothing in the way of struggling could induce them to give it up. So that mademoiselle's, vital spark was on the verge of extinction for want of air; but one of the ministers rendered timely assistance by ripping up the fair penitent's corsets with a carving-knife. They opened with a report like that of a pistol. If the anti-marrying-tightlacing-ladies-society has extended its beneficial influence into your state, it might be advancing the good cause to make some of its members acquainted with the above fact."

Governor Solomon Southwick says the "oration" delivered by him at Saratoga "was written expressly for the occasion!" Wonderful! And being written "expressly for the occasion," the anti-masons have hired him to mount the stump at Westerlo, and "thunder" it over again! As to the great attention which the orator brags of, the Sentinel says, "long before the close, a very considerable part of the audience had cleared out, sick enough of Southwick and political anti-masonry."

The following account of "the great anti-masonick meeting" lately held at Boston, shows how much the matter is worth at home. The anti-masons carry on a "rough and tumble" business in every quarter.

From the New England Galaxy and Boston Mercury.

THE SECOND ANTI-MASONICK MEETING.

Curiosity induced us to attend the meeting at Faneuil Hall on Tuesday evening last, that we might hear with our own ears the arguments produced in favour of getting up an excitement in this commonwealth on the subject of masonry—and truly the entertainment was as good as a play. When we entered the hall, Mr. Dexter of Michigan was addressing the audience, or at least that part of it who were in the immediate neighbourhood of the platform at the upper end of the apartment. The people lower down, as well as those in the gallery, seemed to be of the locomotive order, and too much given to unrestrained outpouring of their cogitations, to derive great information from the orator. Pressing forward, we with much difficulty came within ear-shot of him, and were amused with his ludicrous description of certain proceedings in inducting a candidate into the Royal Arch Chapter,—though some wag on the floor did maliciously shout out that it was an old story, and somewhat impatiently called for something new. As for Hiram Abiff and Hiram king of Tyre, and Solomon the wise, Mr. D. said that they were generally pretty shabbily represented in the lodges,—whereat the multitude gave vent to echinnations long and loud,—and then with patriotic appeals to the audience, he sat down amidst very much such a noise as we should imagine might have been heard when it was grog-time among the builders of Babel after the confusion of tongues. Here the moderator,—Dr. Thompson, of Charlestown,—begged us to remember that we were Bostonians,—that Mr. D. was a stranger among us and entitled to our courtesy,—and that in order to maintain the reputation we had hitherto sustained, we must demean ourselves with that degree of order and decency for which our city had always been noted. This appeal was followed by thunders of applause, intermingled with coarse peals of laughter, and with several rather rude specimens of eloquence from the gallery, such as—"Go it Jerry!" and divers others, the meaning of which we were troubled in spirit to comprehend. A voice now came from the densest part of the crowd, calling upon "Mr. Moderator, Mr. Moderator," who thinking this outcry a device of the enemy, stated that the Rev. Mr. Reid, a seceding mason, had the floor. The voice however persisted in being heard, and gave the name of Loring, as that of the individual who wished to say a few words. The Reverend gentleman attempted to proceed, but it would not do, and the chairman was presently obliged to declare that Col. Loring should be attended to. He began emphatically proclaiming himself a mason, and was proceeding with a violent philippick in opposition to those who had already spoken, when the thread of his discourse was cut short by hootings that baffled all description.

Silence having been obtained for a minute, the chairman informed us that Mr. Greene from Batavia, N. York state, (whence Morgan was kidnapped) wished to address us. The old confusion was renewed, and "amid the peltings of the pitiless storm," for there were but few intermissions of its fury, Mr. G. went on to inform us about Morgan's murder,—but the populace, by the mouth of a fellow with a voice like thunder, swore that on this head they had already been sufficiently enlightened, and that all they cared about knowing in the pre-

misses was, whether Morgan was *actually* seen going over the falls of Niagara in a potash-kettle. Mr. Greene sat down,—and Mr. Reid took his place. "Mr. Reid is a seceding mason," said the moderator—"Pitch him to the d—l then," shrieked one; "It's a foul bird that bewrays his own nest," exclaimed another; "Fair play and no gouging," cried a third; "Your conduct is a disgrace to the city," said a fourth; and so they had it pell-mell, for twenty minutes. Presently an adjournment sine die was called for and seconded. This was the unkindest cut of all,—but the chairman was under the necessity of putting the question, so obsequious was the outcry. It was negatived, and Mr. Reid attempted to proceed. But no—people had made up their minds not to hear him, and hear him they would not,—so Mr. Reid sat down.

After a brief interval, Mr. Dexter read several resolutions,—which implied that the masonick institution was dangerous to the existence of our republic,—that the legislature should be petitioned to pass an act prohibiting the administering of oaths in secret societies,—and that a grand anti-masonic convention should be held at the State House in Boston, some time in December next. It was on the question whether these resolutions should be accepted or not that Mr. Lovell addressed the assembly. He said he was neither a mason or an anti-mason, and was suffered to utter his thoughts unmolested, and listened to by a great portion of the meeting with apparent satisfaction. He said that he doubted whether an association with which such men as George Washington had been willing to unite, could be dangerous to the existence of a free government, and that it might as well be said that religious societies were to be feared for the same reason. The movements of anti-masons, he feared, had too much to do with the proceedings of political demagogues, &c. &c. He concluded his remarks with great approbation, having been the only person permitted to be heard while we were in the hall. Mr. Dexter endeavored to reply to some of the arguments which Mr. Lovell had made use of, but the audience seemed disposed to think that the matter stood well enough as it was, and so after half a dozen fruitless endeavors to lift his voice above the clamorings of the multitude, he stepped down in despair, or disgust. The call for the question was resumed, and the resolutions were passed with a sort of cheerfulness and unanimity which indicated a general delight that the business was drawing to a happy conclusion.

The chairman declared the meeting adjourned, and so the farce ended.

DIED.

Recently, in New Orleans, of the prevailing fever, Mr. BURRAGE SMITH, late of Rochester, in this State.

LADIES' MAGAZINE conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41 Washington-st. Boston at Three Dollars a year

Contents of No. 9, Vol. II., for September, 1829.—*Original Miscellany*: Eminent Female Writers, Havana, A Visit to the Shakers, Robert Owen's Book, German Literature, Recollections, No. V., Donald McOllister. *Original Poetry*: Bianca, a Gondolier's Tale, The Mad Maiden's Song, A Visit to the grave of a Child, Death of the young Volunteer. *Literary Notices*: Captain Hall's Travels in North America, Religion at Home, Natural History of Quadrupeds, Juvenile Miscellany, Works in Press—Autobiography.

W. C. LITTLE, Agent, Albany.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW is published in Cincinnati Ohio, at the close of every month. Each number will contain 56 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages.

Contents of No. 3, Vol. III., for September, 1829.—Attack of Bryant's Station, Hamiltonian System, Review of Owen's concluding Speech, Italy, by Carlo Botta, Conversations on Political Economy, Principles of Elocution.

Gentlemen disposed to patronize this work are requested to enclose Three Dollars to the Publisher, when the numbers will be regularly forwarded according to the directions given.

FRENCH, SPANISH, LATIN AND GREEK CLASSICS just received by W. C. LITTLE, embracing the following authors with many others.

Ceuvres Rousseau, 2 vols.
Xenophon Cyropedia & Anabasis;
Virgilius, Vitiellus, Tacitus;
Thucydides, Theocritus, Suetonius;
Strabonius, Salustius, Sophocles;
Quintilianus, Polibius, Plinius;
Plautus, Pindarus, Phaedrus;
Pausanias, Ovidii, Orphica;
Martialis, Lysias, Luciani;
Livii, Theophrastus, Justinus;
Isocrates, Horatius, Isaeus;
Homeri Odyssea and Iliad, Hesiodus;
Herodotus, Herodianus, Geomica;
Florus, Eutropius, Euripides, Erasmus;
Diodorus, Dionysius, Dio Cassius;
Demosthenes, Curtius, Cornelius Nepos, Catullus;
Ariani, Aristophanes, Appiani, Apollonius;
Aeliani, Tasso, Voltaire's Henriade;
Charles XII, Pierre le Grand and Louis XIV;
Romans, Racine, Pascal Provinciale;
Moliere, Massillon, Bossuet, Boileau,
Lettres de Sevigne, Rhetorique Francaise,
Dictionnaire du Poche Francais Anglais,
Gardner's Manual prepared for the use of American Schools.

Sept. 19.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION, Knickerbacker Hall, is open every evening, (Sundays excepted,) for the purpose of exhibiting Maelzel's celebrated Automaton Bass Fiddler, Speaking Figures, and Snake Rope Dancers. To conclude with the EVACUATION AND COLLAPSE OF MOSCOW.

Performances commence at 1-4 past 8 precisely. Admittance 50 cents, children half price. Tickets to be had at the American Hotel, Eagle Tavern, State-street House, City Hotel, Crutten's Hotel, Bement's Recess, Mrs. Rockwell's Mansion House; and at the bookstores of Messrs. W. C. Little, and O. Steele.

August 15.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

TO A BIRD.

SEEN IN AUTUMN.

Even as the flowers thou shalt droop—
 Qu' ver to earth as faded leaves—
 For thee there is no star of hope—
 No song but that which sorrow weaves.
 Alas! sweet bird even now proclaim
 The sullen winds how short thy stay;
 The wintry blast will chill thy frame,
 And tear thy glorious plumes away.
 Thou poured'st in Spring a lovely song,
 Sweet warbler!—now thy song is done;
 Thou wast the gayest of the throng
 Which into life the spring had won;
 But now thy beauty is despoiled,
 Borne on the autumn's blast away—
 Gone the fresh verdure that beguiled,
 And all that knew thee bright and gay.
 The Summer came—and thou wast still
 A thing of melody and life—
 A thing too fair for time to kill,
 Of song and sweet existence rife;
 But they are gone, and Autumn's breath
 Hath froze the voice in thee impoured,
 And Winter soon will come with death
 And wrap thee with Oblivion's hoard.
 So man in spring-time promise hath
 Of a sweet summer's prime to come;
 But ah! the roses o'er his path
 Lead to a dark and flowerless tomb.
 Autumn comes on—disease and pain;
 And brows are pale and marked with care,
 And Winter comes with death, and men
 Know not the lost ones ever were. VARRO.

From the New England Weekly Review.

TO S. E. M.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The morning is a blessed one—the distant trees are skaking
 Their tall plumes up against the sky, like warriors awa-
 king;
 The clouds are slowly stealing off—the vapourfolds are
 And a path is opening beautiful, for the sun to journey in.
 And gloriously he cometh up—the streams have caught his
 eye,
 They have given all their robes of mist to the breeze that
 passeth by,
 They are hurrying from their forest-gaths, where the shade
 is long and cold,
 To dance before his pleasant beam, and flout their robes of
 gold.
 Dost thou watch this opening glory? Do thy fairy footsteps
 pass
 Like the wing of some elastick breeze among the stirring
 grass?
 Does the light wind freshen up thy cheek, and toss the rich,
 dark curl
 With a playful hand around thy brow—thou loyed and lov-
 ing girl?
 I have stood beside thee oftentimes, at such an hour as this,
 When nature seemed to unage back thy passing loveliness;
 And have knelt in that idolatry, by hearts of passion given
 To woman's shrine of priceless love—the purest out of Hea-
 ven!
 Thou hast answered that idolatry with a lip and with an eye
 Uplighted with a love as wild, as passionately high.
 Thou hast given me thy confidene—thou hast given me thy
 vow,
 And their memory is as sunlight on my spirit's darkness now.
 Thou art far away, fair creature!—do thy tho'ts come back
 to me,
 Like the sunny waves that wander from a very distant sea?
 Does the spirit of the dreamy past bend sweetly o'er thy pil-
 low,
 To shape its sleeping visions, as the night-wind shapes the
 billow?
 God keep thy sun unclouded—thou art very dear to me,
 Even as a green spot "islanded" in a dull and shoreless sea.
 In the spirit's high communion, I greet thee from afar,
 As Nature's untaught worshippers would hail a distant star.

From the Charleston Courier.

TIME.

He should know
 That time must conquer; that the loudest blast
 That ever filled renown's obstreperous trumpet,
 Fades in the lapse of ages and expires. H. K. White.
 Oh! it is strange how man will dream
 Of coming years, of joy and fame;
 And speak of glory's distant beam
 Encircling with its light his name:
 Or tell of pleasures yet to be,
 Hid in a dim futurity!
 Will while his pleasant hours away
 In useless indolence and ease,
 Still whispering to himself—"A day
 Of brighter joys and hopes than these,
 Upon my life will yet arise,
 And yield what now stern fate denies."
 'Tis wonderful, how oft is shown
 Hope's faithless light's futility;
 The warning record still is thrown
 To darkened eyes, that will not see!
 To ears where adder-deafness dwells,
 In vain's the note Time solemn knells!
 'Tis sad—'tis fearful thus to see
 Age loitering through life's little span,
 And mark the imbecility
 Of God's most perfect creature, man!
 In heedless youth his brightest powers
 Wasting away like summer flowers!
 'Tis worse than sad—for he should know
 Time's fleetest pinion e'er is spread—
 And that the pride, the hope, the woe,
 The joy, which have their influence shed
 Upon his life, and checked its stream,
 Are borne along its course—a dream.
 Ah, he should know, for all things teach
 The moral, startling truth
 The ruined dome—pale floweret—each
 Proclaim departed youth!
 And man should learn from their decay,
 How his own life sands drop away—
 Yes—he should take the lesson home
 By all Creation taught—
 Nor let the daily warning come
 Unmarked by act and thought—
 A little while—how long—alas!
 He knows not—and his time will pass.

From the Boston Statesman.

"THE WHIP-POOR-WILL."

Above this still and sleeping world
 Of ours, the meditative Night
 Her stary pinions has unfurled,
 And in a wide and shadowed flight,
 From her dark, jewelled throne on high,
 Has flung her star gems to the air;
 And in the deep blue rolling sky,
 Spread out her glorious beauties there.
 The breeze has folded up its wing—
 The weary winds have gone to rest—
 And weeping the willows fling
 Their tresses on the river's breast.
 The songsters of the air have flown,
 To dream the hours of night away,
 And one far voice is heard alone
 To sing a requiem for the day.
 And list—'tis from yon mountain's brow,
 The ever pensive whip-poor-will—
 Her midnight song in music now
 Comes floating o'er the waters still:
 Hushed are the low tones of the flute,
 That erst in sweetness flowed along,
 And all the listening earth is mute,
 As swells that night-bird's lonely song.
 Through all the glaring day, the bird
 Sits musing in the greenwood shades,
 And its clear voice is only heard,
 When twilight in the azure fades:
 'T is then beside the placid stream,
 That gently winds around a hill,
 I love to sit, and dream,
 And listen to the whip-poor-will.
 How gladly light winged fancy flies,
 To revel in its youthful sky,
 And what dear recollections rise,
 As thus I muse on days gone by;
 I may forget my childhood's friends,
 I may forget my native hill,—
 But not while heaven above me bends,
 The musick of the whip-poor-will.

I hear it in the twilight hours.

I hear it in my midnight dreams,
 And when I yield to memory's power,
 An echoed strain of music seems,
 To float around my wandering brain,
 And links together scenes of joy,
 Which, in my musings, once again
 Makes me a happy dreaming boy!

From the Atlantick Souvenir, for 1820.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
 Fly o'er the seas away,
 Where laughing isles in sunshines lie,
 And summer breezes play:
 And thus the friends that flutter near
 While fortune's sun is warm,
 Are startled if a cloud appear,
 And fly before the storm.
 But when from winter's howling plains
 Each other warbler's past,
 The little snow-bird still remains,
 And cheeps midst the blast.
 Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
 With fortune's sun depart,
 Still lingers with its cheerful song,
 And nestless on the heart.

THE LONDON PERIODICALS. The subscriber has made ar-
 rangements to receive the Foreign Periodicals direct to this city,
 and will receive subscriptions for them, as follows:—

QUARTERLY.

Brand's Journal of Science,	Foreign Review,
Brewster's Philosophical Journal,	London Jurist,
Classical Journal,	London Review,
Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,	Retrospective Review,
do. Medical Journal,	Westminster Review,
do. Journal of Med. Science,	Musical Review,
do. Journal of Agriculture,	Phrenological Review.
Foreign Quarterly Review,	

MONTHLY.

Blackwood's Magazine,	Spotting Magazine,
New Monthly Magazine,	Repository of Arts,
La Belle Assemblee,	Gentlemen's Magazine,
Ackerman's Repository,	Athenaeum and Literary Chronicle,
Library of Entertaining Knowledge,	London Literary Gazette,
Eclectic Review,	Court Journal,
London Magazine,	London Weekly Review.

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 of this interesting work is just received. Also, No's. 20 and 21
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These works are published in London by a Society for the diffusion
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STEAM ENGINE FOR SALE. A steam engine of one horse
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 Albany, August 1, 1829. 2710.

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829.

N 5

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before Constellation Lodge, and the associate Lodges, assembled at Dedham, Massachusetts, to celebrate the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1829.

BY NAHUM CAPEN.

Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent shapes
Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breast, with them they join
In dangerous parley; listening oft, and oft,
Gazing with reckless passion, while its garb
The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repents, with some new circumstance to suit,
That early uncture of the hearer's soul

Alcornoque.

Sensible of the responsibility of the station in which I am placed, I cannot but feel a great degree of diffidence in supplying the place which was assigned to my very worthy friend and brother.* His experience, as a man, his knowledge as a mason, and the vigorous and active mind with which he is blessed—all pre-eminently qualify him for a more able and interesting performance of this duty, than you can reasonably expect in one who is young and unaccustomed to the sphere of a public speaker.

It might perhaps be considered presumption in me, and justly so, to attempt any further amplification on the subject before us, so far as the character of the institution, one of whose festivals we this day honour, is involved; since it has already been the province of one, far better qualified, to illustrate the principles, and legitimate objects of the order of freemasonry. But the hallowed office which it is the happy destiny of my revered and eloquent brother to occupy and adorn, has naturally led him to avoid the discussion of some congenial topics, more immediately connected with the secular history of our own times, and with the political or local events which are daily developing themselves around us.

In the fulfilment, therefore, of the peculiar duty assigned to me, the remarks now offered will chiefly relate to those considerations which affect the existing prejudices against freemasons and their influence upon the future prosperity of the community. When selfish and ambitious motives actuated the sovereign rulers of our mother country; when laws were enacted with special reference to the advantage and advancement of privileged nobility and to the wicked oppression of the people; when the consciences of men were chained and denied the influence, properly belonging to their admonitions—our pious forefathers bade an everlasting farewell to their native soil and connexions, and sought a land where they could freely pursue a life of unmolested duty and devotion, agreeably to the dictates of their own sense of their relation to God and to man.

Heaven directed them to the shores of America, and the rock of Plymouth first felt the footsteps of the oppressed pilgrims. They passed through dangers and troubles—multiplied and flourished. The wild savage haunt yielded to the sharpened axe, and the rude wigwams, to neat and domestic villages. Where roved the hunters game, sprang up fruitful vegetation; and where the Indian war whoop was sung and danced, arose school houses and academies. Religion was promulgated, education and free principles advanced, and the happiness of all equally considered and contended for.

But the spirit which drove them from their homes, followed them to their retreat. Assuming an authority to which it could have, in justice, no claim, it prescribed laws, highly destructive to the interest of those on whom they were designed to operate. With christian patience and perseverance, the suffering subjects of the crown, distant from the power which curbed them, remonstrated, and, by every persuasion that either reason or piety could suggest, exhibited the miseries to which they were subjected and the causes that had produced them. But the rights of men were not then to be sustained by justice, much less by argument. What was said by the government, must be enforced by its powers, just or unjust.

* Samuel H. Jente, Esq. was first appointed to deliver the address, but was prevented by business out of the state.

Still retaining those principles, for which they had sacrificed so much, the patriots of the new world awoke from their state of depression, and wading through blood, struck and paralyzed the potent arm of the foe, and procured an acknowledged independence of all foreign power or aid. Then commenced the happy era of this country. Full of wise and virtuous determination; blessed with men whose minds were lowly great, and whose whole aim was the prosperity of their country; the people commenced anew their national career under the most favourable auspices.

Investing power where abuse of its privileges could not pass with impunity, and providing laws that would correct the evils incident to human nature, and secure the equal distribution of justice—the people of the country had flattering evidences that they would realize every reasonable and patriotic hope. Emulated by private considerations of individual competency, domestic enjoyment, and national pride, habits of industry and prudence were cultivated and established; social intercourse promoted, and public good sought out and maintained.

Religion, freed from the shackles of bigotry and superstition, compulsory power and persecution, was left free to exercise its salutary influences for the advancement of virtue and the suppression of vice. Education, divested of its encumbrances and made, of right, the privilege of all, liberalized and expanded the soul and fitted the mind for the intelligent and noble station, which the God of nature originally designed it should fill. Favoured and sustained by such principles and springs of action as these, the country grew and flourished. Cities sprang up and attained a growth with a rapidity hardly credible, and successfully engaged in the great concerns of commerce. States increased and towns multiplied. The ennobling science of agriculture was pursued by the happy yeomanry of the land, and the sublime and rural scenes of nature received the refining aid of art. Where forests frowned in wild barrenness, and the desolate wolf cry was only heard, verdant and flowery fields appeared, loaded with all the fruits and luxuries of nature, brought forward by the industry of man. Here the husband and father, pursuing the business to which he had voluntarily dedicated himself, looked to heaven with a cheerful confidence for its smiles upon his exertions, that he might be able, fully to provide for those dependant upon him. There, “ran to and fro” in playful mood to school, the children of his love, directed by maternal prudence and filling the scene with sounds of innocent prattle, mirth and sport. The songs of the grove, and the bleating of the shepherd's flocks, spoke an universal confidence in the peace and prosperity of the country, and every scene wore an aspect of intelligence, improvement, and content.

Institutions of charity and benevolence, which before had existed under circumstances, restraining in their nature and less favourable to the avowed objects of their humane design, now found a soil, congenial to their character and calculated to give them deep root and rapid growth. The increase of means for doing good to our fellow men, strengthens our disposition to employ them; and where we find most honesty, religion, and morality, we find most happiness and the wisest provisions against the intrusion of evil and its consequences.

Where free inquiry is fully tolerated, and goodness of heart alone is a recommendatory passport in society, institutions, teaching the sacred duties of man, as inculcated in the holy scriptures, will flourish and prosper. It is impossible, in the natural constitution of things, that it should be otherwise. The mind, operated upon by motives of charity and benevolence, naturally seeks to soothe and console the afflicted, and administer to the wants of the destitute.

In such times as those, my brethren, what was wanting to advance the institution of which we are proud to acknowledge our membership? What state or what country, has ever seen or experienced a season so propitious for the good man to do the deeds of charity and spread the kind principles of philanthropy? Where no one looks with an evil eye to the happiness of his neighbour, but studies the means whereby he may best render him service. Where sin is branded with its proper infamy, and where virtue is protected and encouraged. History confirms the truth of the assertion, that in no country has the success of our institu-

tion been so eminently realized as in this, and that it makes advancement in every nation, in the same proportion, as they advance in religion and the freedom of opinion.

Happy then are we to be able to boast of advantages like these; advantages so nearly concerning the moral and domestic peace of society, the political interests and religious rights of our country. But hark!—what discordant strains are those borne upon the southern breeze, and echoed from the north, east, and west? What means that dismal cry, disturbing this general harmony of the nation, state, and village? In tones, from howling rage, to whining pity; from the screaming yells of superstition, to the base growl of bigotry, we hear the wo-be-gone name of *Morgan*—*Morgan*—*Morgan*! uttered and re-uttered, echoed and re-echoed through the land. And who is *Morgan*? Alas! what words can the ingenuity of man seek out, meaning what this name conveys? Meaning not exactly what we would call a man, but a being, that once was, or perhaps is—“a needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch; a living dead man, and with no face, as 'twere, out-facing us!” A being, the texture of whose character breaks at every touch, and stands in eminent need of the mercy of God, and the charity of man.

“But he was murdered! murdered by the masons!” This is a serious charge: a charge made against an institution, dedicated to the care of the All seeing eye of heaven! and moved by the spirit of man, by the love of a brother and the precepts of christianity, it becomes my duty here to consider the charge with candour and plainness of speech.

The very extraordinary circumstances which have, within a few years, disturbed a large portion of a neighbouring state, and are even menacing the peace of our own, as well as other commonwealths, will afford matter of astonishment to succeeding generations, as they do of grief and horror to the enlightened and humane of the present age. The history of the pretensions and sudden disappearance of the individual under consideration, has been too busily and widely circulated to make a recital of its particulars in this place, either desirable or necessary.

As might be expected, the incidents connected with his disappearance, gave rise to suspicions of various and contrary tendencies. Opinions were formed, at war with each other, and continually diverging from points of fact as disputation increased, until at length the advocates of one side of the question, converting surmises into certainties, and drawing from unwarrantable premises the most dangerous deductions, have entered upon a systematic crusade against the masonick institution itself, with the bitterest determination to destroy it, root and branch, from the face of the earth. This is the origin of what is called “the Morgan excitement,” and this the avowed design of those who have transformed a supposed regard for justice into an unhallowed spirit of exterminating vengeance.

That a man, named William Morgan, a member of some masonick society, may have been kidnapped, maltreated, and even murdered, by his associates, is all possible. That he may have voluntarily submitted to be removed into a temporary place of concealment, for purposes connected only with his own private affairs, or plans, is also not only possible, but more than probable; that he is still living and enjoying the fruits of one of the most extensive and deep laid impositions ever practiced upon an intelligent community, is what I cannot undertake to affirm, although, to me, in the gradual unfolding of future events, it would not afford matter of extraordinary astonishment. If the absentee however, has been put to death by masons, as is alleged, and with a view to prevent an exposition of the secrets of the craft, why is not the odium of the deed confined to its fanatical perpetrators, who must have been actuated by an unaccountably diabolical thirst for blood, and misled by motives wholly unauthorized by any principle or doctrine of masonry, and at the same time so grossly ignorant, both of facts and consequences, as to require in those who believe in such murder, the utmost stretch of credulity and unrestrained influence of prejudice and passion! For it is notorious to the world, that the book professedly put forth by Morgan, is but a newly-vamped republication of an old English pamphlet, printed in the infancy of our forefathers, purporting to be a complete exposition of the whole masonick system, both as regarded theory and practice. Of the

existence of such a work, and of the analogy between that and the proposed treatise of Morgan, the assassins, if any there were, it cannot be imagined were at all uninformed, however stupid we may suppose them in other respects.

What then in this view of the case, could sufficiently prompt them to the commission of an act so atrocious in itself, so perilous to themselves, and so likely to prove disastrous to any cause to which they felt an attachment.

Men, governed by that ardent love for an institution which, it would fain be made to appear, inspired the slayers of Morgan, do not ordinarily take such methods to manifest their affection. The footpad, in his own estimation, has an incitement in depriving his victim of life. The duellist, who seeks the destruction of an adversary, conceives himself to have suffered a sufficient provocation. The warrior, who marches to the field of battle, to deal wounds and death on the foe, fortifies his conscience with the persuasion that it is for his country, his children, the conservation of his altar and his hearth. The bigot, as he piles high the fagot for the sacrifice, or wrenches asunder the writhing limbs of the agonized and expiring heretic, justifies himself with the consoling reflection that he is conferring obligations upon heaven itself: but can we conceive for a moment, in this enlightened era, that such a degree of fanaticism should arise in the mind, not only of one human being, but in that of several at once, as to induce them for an object so comparatively trifling, to violate their own vows, to set at defiance the laws of the land, to incur the hazard of becoming vagabonds in the earth, of expiating their guilt upon the scaffold, of abandoning all that is valuable in life, fortune, liberty, and reputation, and of entailing upon their families, unspeakable wretchedness, shame, and disgrace!

That the abduction of the person in question, is an occurrence profoundly to be deplored, no freemason surely will deny; that it was attended by circumstances infamous in themselves, whether proceeding from the collusion of Morgan, or from the villainy of his kidnappers, we are also ready to grant. And should he have fallen a sacrifice to the misguided vengeance of a few fanatics, no body of citizens would more zealously aid in bringing the culprits to justice, than the society of freemasons.

To follow the progress of this excitement in detail, through the last two or three years, would be a task requiring scarcely a less period of time. At first it was regarded generally, with how much justice is best known to those who gathered its fruits, as a mere device, for operating upon the credulity of those dupes, who chose to purchase, at the most extravagant and unheard of rates, pamphlets and other petty publications not actually worth a groat. A host of desperate and unprincipled adventurers had conspired, it was fully believed, to retrieve their pecuniary embarrassments by the most iniquitous means. Curiosity, which is never in too deep a slumber, was awakened into the fiercest activity. The alarm, sounded in the western region of New-York, was borne on the cold vapours of the lakes to the cities on the sea-side; from the river to the ends of the earth; and was feebly echoed by a few discontented spirits, in various quarters.

The excitement was resolved on. Morgan's abduction and supposed murder furnished admirable groundwork upon which the grand battering rams against the fabric of masonry were to be planted. Presses were put in requisition, which discharged their volleys of newspapers, handbills, and circulars, with wonderful rapidity and adroitness, and the coffers which whilom were exceedingly hungry, began to be filled with marvellous replenishment. Town, county, and state conventions were got up in rapid succession, and disappointed office seekers, and starving politicians rode upon the whirlwind, directing the baleful contagion. Time-serving parasites and canting hypocrites, hitherto sunk in hopeless obscurity, crawling forth from their concealment, flocked to the standard of anarchy and joined in the general uproar, which has since been echoed from the dungeon walls of the holy inquisition in Portugal and Spain, proclaiming "Death to Freemasonry!"

The family fireside was invaded, wives were incited to protest against their husbands, children to disobey their fathers, and maids to discard the objects of their love. Respect for character was prostrated, social intercourse suspended or destroyed, and disruptions occasioned, that time itself may never heal. The halls of legislation were beset; petitions and memorials, containing the foulest misrepresentations, expressed in menacing and inflammatory language, were poured in upon the astonished lawgivers, incessantly. The temples of justice were marked out for attack, and in several instances, one even having occurred lately in our vicinity, the jury boxes have been subjected to the fiery ordeal of anti-masonry, and the name of every man discarded therefrom, who chanced to be tainted with the original sin of freemasonry, being denounced as no longer entitled to the common rights and privileges which the constitution of our country guarantees to all men, living under its protection.

Not content, however, with disturbing and dividing the family circle—not satisfied with incurring the business of legislation with the distracting poison of misrule—not even disposed to stay their sweeping career, after having confounded the objects of justice, and perverted the regular proceedings of judicial tribunals, the altar is finally assailed! Pastors, whose flocks had followed them for years with confidence and affection, are threatened expulsion unless they renounce the principles of, and all connexion with masonry! Some, even, with the sword of these miscreants hanging over their heads, have been driven to comply! they have looked with tearful eye upon their helpless progeny, and, rather than see them starve, consented to the infamous alternative! Ay, I repeat it, an infamous alternative! Thanks to the eternal God! whose cause these sacred teachers pretend to espouse, their number is but small.

More fully impressed with their duty to God and man, more fixed in principle, and more just to themselves, there are those with whom these menaces avail nothing. They resist the torrent, and spurn the presumptuous foam, which dashes with unavailing fury against the rock that towers above it. Though

at the expense of home, the means of subsistence, and the comforts of life; the tears of a bosom companion, the suffering cries of infants; their determination, faithfully to serve their Lord and Master, is unbending, unmoved.

Influenced by the example of their pastors, and by the bitterest recantations from abroad, others have, from an imaginary impulse of principle, violated their vows, and turned traitors to the institution they once joined, loved, and aided to sustain. Still smarting under the reproving lash of expulsion another class, old in sin, and strangers to morality and religion, tally disregarding the laws of conscience and of heaven, rushes forward with the ghastly smiles of malicious intent, at the prospect of destruction and revenge. Though denounced as unworthy of any participation in a more righteous cause, they are hailed and received into the ranks of anarchy, with a convulsive laugh of joyful madness. Being steered against the stings of conscience, and defying the power of heaven to stay their course, they lead the unrighteous band to action.

With such leaders, what diabolical expedient will they not resort to! With such leaders, under the frown of heaven, what can they effect!

(Conclusion next week.)

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From Encyclopedia Americana, vol. 1, just published.

AERONAUTICKS.

The idea of inventing a machine, which should enable us to rise in the air, appears to have occupied the human mind even in ancient times, but was never realized till the last century. Henry Cavendish, having discovered, about 1766, the great levity of inflammable air or hydrogen gas, Dr Black, of Edinburgh, was led to the idea that a thin bladder, filled with this gas, must ascend into the air. Cavallo made the experiments in 1782, and found that a bladder to be heavy, and paper not air tight. Soap bubbles, on the contrary, which he filled with inflammable air, rose to the ceiling of the room, where they burst. In the same year, the brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier constructed a machine which ascended by its own power. In Nov. 1782 the elder Montgolfier succeeded, at Avignon, in causing a large bag of fine silk, in the shape of a parallelopiped, and containing 40 cubick feet, to mount rapidly upwards to the ceiling of a chamber, and afterwards, in a garden, to the height of 36 feet, by heating it in the inside with burning paper. The two brothers soon afterwards repeated the experiment at Annonay, where the parallelopiped ascended in the open air 70 feet. A larger machine, containing 650 cubick feet, rose with equal success. They now resolved to make the experiment on a large scale, and prepared a machine of linen, lined with paper, which was 117 feet in circumference, weighed 430 pounds, and carried more than 400 pounds of ballast. This they sent up, June 5, 1783, at Annonay. It rose in ten minutes to a height of 6000 feet, and fell 7668 feet from the place of ascension. The method used to cause it to ascend was, to kindle a straw fire under the aperture of the machine, in which they threw, from time to time, chopped wool. But, though the desired effect was produced, they had no clear nor correct idea of the cause. They did not attribute the ascension of the vessel to the rarefaction of the air enclosed in it by the operation of the heat, but to a peculiar gas, which they supposed to be developed by the burning of the straw and wool. The error of this opinion was not discovered till a later period. These experiments roused the attention of all the philosophers of Paris. It occurred to some of them, that the same effect might be produced by inflammable air. M. Charles, professor of natural philosophy, filled a ball of lute-string, 12 feet in diameter, and coated with a varnish of gum-elastic, with such gas. It weighed 25 pounds, rose 3123 feet in two minutes, disappeared in the clouds, and descended to the earth, after three quarters of an hour, at the village of Gonesse, about 15 miles from Paris. Thus we see two original kinds of balloons; those filled with heated air, and those filled with inflammable air. Meantime, Montgolfier had gone to Paris, and found an assistant in Pilatre de Rozier, the superintendent of the royal museum. They completed, together, in Oct. 1783, a new machine, 74 feet in height and 48 in breadth, in which Rozier ventured for the first time to ascend, though only 50 feet. The balloon was from caution fastened by cords, and soon drawn down. Eventually, the

machine, being suffered to move freely, took an oblique course, and at length sunk down gradually about 100 feet from its starting place. By this the world was convinced that a balloon might, with proper management, carry a man through the air; and the first aerial expedition was determined on. Nov. 21, 1783, Pilatre de Rozier and the marquis d'Arlandes ascended from the castle la Muette, in the presence of an innumerable multitude, with a machine containing 6000 cubick feet. The balloon, after having attained a considerable height, came down, in 25 minutes, about 9000 yards from la Muette. But the daring aeronauts had been exposed to considerable danger. The balloon was agitated very violently several times; the fire had burnt holes in it; the place on which they stood was injured, and some cords broken. They perceived that it was necessary to descend without delay; but when they were on the surface of the earth, new difficulties presented themselves. The weak coal fire no longer supported the linen balloon, the whole of which fell into the flame. Rozier, who had not yet succeeded in descending, just escaped being burnt. M. Charles, who had joined with M. Robert, soon after informed the public that they would ascend in a balloon filled with inflammable air. To defray the necessary expense of 10,000 livres, he opened a subscription. The balloon was spherical, 26 feet in diameter, and consisted of silk coated with a varnish of gum-elastic. The car for the aeronauts was attached to several cords, which were fastened to a net, drawn over the upper part of the balloon. A valve was constructed above, which could be opened from the car, by means of cords, and shut by a spring. This served to afford an outlet to the inflammable air, if they wished to descend, or found it necessary to diminish it. The filling lasted several days; and, Dec. 1, the voyage was commenced from the gardens of the Tuileries. The balloon quickly rose to a height of 1800 feet, and disappeared from the eyes of the spectators. The aeronauts diligently observed the barometer, which never stood at less than 26°, threw out gradually the ballast they had taken in to keep the balloon steady, and descended safely at Nesle. But as soon as Robert stepped out, and it was thus lightened of 130 pounds, it rose again with great rapidity about 9000 feet. It expanded itself with such force, that it must have been torn to pieces, had not Charles, with much presence of mind, opened the valve to accommodate the quantity of gas to the rarity of the surrounding atmosphere. After the lapse of half an hour, the balloon sunk down on a plain, about three miles from the place of its second ascent. These successful aerial voyages were soon followed by others. Blanchard had already ascended several times, when he determined to cross the channel between England and France, which is about 23 miles wide, in a balloon filled with inflammable air. He succeeded in this bold attempt, Jan. 7, 1785, accompanied by an American gentleman, Dr. Jeffries. About one o'clock, they left the English coast, and at half past two, were on the French. Pilatre de Rozier, mentioned before as the first aeronaut, attempted, June 14, 1785, in company with Mr. Romain, to pass from the French to the English side; but the attempt was unsuccessful, and the adventurers lost their lives. M. de Rozier had on this occasion united the two kinds of balloons; under one, filled with inflammable air, which did not alone possess sufficient elevating power, was a second, filled by means of a coal fire under it. Rozier had chosen this combination, hoping to unite the advantages of both kinds. By means of the lower balloon, he intended to rise and sink at pleasure, which is not possible with inflammable air; for a balloon filled with this, when once sunk to the earth, can not rise again with the same weight, without being filled anew; while, on the contrary, by increasing or diminishing the fire under a balloon filled with heated air, it can be made to rise and fall alternately. But this experiment caused the death of the projectors. Probably the coals, which were only in a glowing state near the surface of the ground, were suddenly kindled to a light flame as the balloon rose, and set it on fire. The whole machine was soon in flames, and the two aeronauts were precipitated from on high. The condition of

their mangled bodies confirms the conjecture that they were killed by the explosion of the gas. This unhappy accident did not deter others; on the contrary, the experiments were by degrees repeated in others countries. However important this invention may be, it has as yet led to no considerable results. Its use has hitherto been confined to observations in the upper regions of the atmosphere. But should we ever learn to guide the balloon at will, it might, perhaps, be employed for purposes of which we now have hardly an idea; possibly the plan of professor Robertson might be accomplished by the construction of a gigantic balloon, which would enable us to perform an aerial circumnavigation of the earth. During the French revolution, an aerostatic institution was founded at Meudon, not far from Paris, for the education of a corps of aeronauts, with the view of introducing balloons into armies as a means of reconnoitring the enemy. But this use of balloons was soon laid aside, for, like every other, it must be attended with great uncertainty, as long as the machine has to obey the wind. Among the French, Blanchard and Garnerin have undertaken the greatest number of aerial voyages; among the Germans, professor Jungius, in Berlin, in 1805 and 1806, made the first. Since that time, professor Reichard and his wife have become known by their aerial excursions. Even in Constantinople, such a voyage was performed, at the wish and expense of the sultan, by two Englishmen, Barly and Devigne. Blanchard has rendered an essential service to aeronauts by the invention of the parachute, which they can use, in case of necessity, to let themselves down without danger. Many attempts have been made to regulate the balloons, by means of oars, wings, &c., but hitherto with little success.

THE REPOSITORY.

From Willious' Life of Alexander, published in the Family Library.

NUPTIALS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

At Susa, Alexander collected all the nobles of the empire, and celebrated the most magnificent nuptials recorded in history. He married Barcine, or Stateira, the daughter of the late king, and thus, in the eyes of his Persian subjects, confirmed his title to the throne. His father, Phillip, was a polygamist in practice, although it would be very difficult to prove that the Macedonians in general were allowed a plurality of wives; but Alexander was now the King of Kings, and is more likely to have been guided by Persian than Greek opinions upon the subject. Eighty of his principal officers followed his example, and were united to the daughters of the chief nobility of Persia.

The marriages, in compliment to the brides, were celebrated after the Persian fashion, and during the vernal equinox. For at no other period, by the ancient laws of Persia, could nuptials be legally celebrated. Such an institution is redolent of the poetry and freshness of the new world, and of an attention to the voice of nature, and the analogies of physical life. The young couple would marry in time to sow their field, to reap the harvest, and gather their stores, before the season of cold and scarcity overtook them. It is difficult to say how far this custom prevailed among primitive nations, but it can scarcely be doubted that we still retain lingering traces of it in the harmless amusements of St. Valentine's day.

On the wedding-day Alexander feasted the eighty bridegrooms in a magnificent hall prepared for the purpose. Eighty separate couches were placed for the guests, and on each a magnificent wedding-robe for every individual. At the conclusion of the banquet, and while the wine and the dessert were on the table, and eighty brides were introduced; Alexander first rose, received the princess, took her by the hand, kissed her, and placed her on the couch close to himself. This example was followed by all, till every lady was seated by her betrothed. This formed the whole of the Persian ceremony—the salute being regarded as the seal of approbation. The Macedonian form was still more simple and symbolical. The bridegroom, dividing a small loaf with his sword, presented

one-half to his bride, wine was then poured as a libation on both portions, and the contracting parties tasted of the bread. Cake and wine, as nuptial refreshment, may thus claim a venerable antiquity. In due time the bridegrooms conducted their respective brides to chambers prepared for them within the precincts of the royal palace.

The festivities continued for five days, and all the amusements of the age were put in requisition for the entertainment of the company. Athenæus has quoted from Charas, a list of the chief performers, which I transcribe more for the sake of the performances and of the states where these lighter arts were brought to the greatest perfection, than of the names, which are now unmeaning sounds. Scymnes from Tarentum, Philistides from Syracuse, and Heracleitus from Mytilene, were the greatest jugglers, or as the Greek word intimates, the wonder workers of the day. After this, Alexis, the Tarentine, displayed his excellence as a rhapsodist, or repeater, to appropriate music, of the soul-stirring poetry of Homer. Cratinus the Methymnean, Aristonymus the Athenian, Athenodorus the Teian, played on the harp—without being accompanied by the voice. On the contrary, Heracleitus the Tarentine, and Aristocrates the Theban, accompanied their harps with lyric songs. The performers on wind instruments were divided on a similar, although it could not be on the same principle. Dionysius from Heracleia, and Hyperbolus from Cyzicum, sang to the flute, or some such instrument; while Timotheus, Phrynichus, Scaphisius, Diophantus, and Evius, the Chalcidian, first performed the Pythian overture, and then, accompanied by chorusses, displayed the full power of wind instruments in masterly hands. There was also a peculiar class called eulogists of Bacchus; these acquitted themselves so well on this occasion, applying to Alexander those praises which in their extemporaneous effusions had hitherto been confined to the god, that they acquired the name of Eulogists of Alexander. Nor did their reward fail them. The stage, of course, was not without its representatives:—Thessalus, Athenodorus, Aristocritus, in tragedy—Lycan, Phormion, and Ariston, in comedy—exerted their utmost skill, and contended for the prize of superior excellence. Phasimelus, the dancer was also present.

It is yet undecided whether the Persians admitted their matrons to their public banquets and private parties;—but if we can believe the positive testimony of Herodotus, such was the case; and the summons of Vashti to the annual festival, and the admission of Haman to the queen's table, are facts which support the affirmation of that historian. The doubts upon the subject appear to have arisen from confounding the manners of Assyrians, Medes, and Parthians, with those of the more Scythian tribes of Persia. We read in Xenophon that the Persian women were so well made and beautiful, that their attractions might easily have seduced the affections of the Ten Thousand, and have caused them, like the lotus-eating companions of Ulysses, to forget their native land. Some little hints as to the mode in which their beauty was enhanced and their persons decorated, may be expected in the Life of Alexander, who, victorious over their fathers and brothers, yet submitted to their charms.

The Persian ladies wore the tiara or turban richly adorned with jewels. They wore their hair long, and both plaited and curled it; nor, if the natural failed, did they scruple to use false locks. They pencilled the eyebrows, and tinged the eyelid, with a dye that was supposed to add peculiar brilliancy to the eyes. They were fond of perfumes, and their delightful ottar was the principal favourite. Their tunick and drawers were of fine linen, the robe or gown of silk—the train of this was long, and on state occasions required a supporter. Round the waist they wore a broad zone or cincture, founced on both edges, and embroidered and jewelled in the centre. They also wore stocking and gloves, but history has not recorded their materials. They used no sandals; a light and ornamented shoe was worn in the house; and for walking they had a kind of coarse half boot. They used shawls and wrappers for the person, and veils for the head; the veil was large and

square, and when thrown over the head descended low on all sides. They were fond of glowing colours, especially of purple, scarlet, and light-blue dresses. Their favourite ornaments were pearls; they wreathed these in their hair, wore them as necklaces, ear-drops, armlets, bracelets, anklets, and worked them into conspicuous parts of their dresses. Of the precious stones they preferred emeralds, rubies, and turquoises, which were set in gold and worn like the pearls.

Alexander did not limit his liberality to the wedding festivities, but presented every bride with a handsome marriage portion. He also ordered the names of all the soldiers who had married Asiatick wives to be registered; their number exceeded 10,000; and each received a handsome present, under the name of marriage gift.

THREE ANIMALS NOT IN THE ARK!

The citizens of Florence having expelled the Medici in 1529, and manifested in intention of re-establishing their ancient republican constitution, were attacked and besieged with great vigour by the troops of Charles V., under the orders of the Prince of Orange. An extraordinary degree of political fanaticism animated the spirits of the besieged, and the party who were in favour of the old constitution successfully practised a variety of devices, for the purpose of inducing the multitude to submit patiently to the hardships of a strict and harassing blockade. One of their instruments was Brother Benedict, a monk of Tojano, who mixed up so inveterate a hatred of the house of Medici with his religious enthusiasm, that he not only disgraced his pulpit by the most extravagant displays, but on several occasions actually drove his audience into fits of laughter. Amongst other expedients, he descanted for several successive days on Noah's ark, and each day enclosed certain animals within it. When his menagerie was completed, he courteously bade his hearers attend him again the next morning, as it was then his intention to close the ark. On the appointed morrow, therefore, the church was crammed every nook and corner. Brother Benedict had taken care to make the sacristan his friend, and began his operations by addressing a sermon to the animals confined in the ark. This being concluded, he commanded the servitor to make the minutest search, and report whether any animals were wanting? The search was speedily performed, and the sacristan returned with intelligence that *three* were deficient, and waiting at the gates; the one being of huge, and the other two of diminutive dimensions. His description of these animals was so bitterly natural and apposite, that the dullest person present could not fail of applying the portrait he had drawn to Clement VII., Cardinal Hyppolitus, and Alessandro de Medici. The sacristan then called out to Brother Benedict, that the three beasts insisted upon being admitted into the ark; whereupon the monk roared out to him, in a voice of thunder, "For Heaven's sake, be quick and bolt the door, for the Lord wills that no *mules* should set foot within the ark." Roars of laughter followed upon this exclamation, and such a scene of confusion ensued, that the monk was obliged to decamp without finishing his discourse. The gist of the sarcasm consisted in its reference to the illegitimate origin of those three scions of Medicean profligacy; and though its direct effect was to inflame the hostility of the Florentines, its ulterior result was to bring down bitter retribution on the preacher's head. For, upon the capitulation of the Tuscan capital, which was consequently obliged to admit Alexander as its unconditional master, Clement did not forget the public contumely which Brother Benedict had put upon himself and his relatives. He ordered him to be brought away by main force from the monastery of St. Maria Novella, and carried to Rome; where he was thrown into a loathsome dungeon under the Castle of St. Angelo, and a diminution being daily made in the quantity of his victuals, he perished under the horrors of lingering starvation!

Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—Unescapable presence! lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow!

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in a land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which once bound me to existence have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride, even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts pure as angelic communion; and linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being, whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet she was not proud of her high gift. With the bright capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanour. It was the condescension of a seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eye of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was Deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately as the young heart can love, when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes; soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion—it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship—my sympathy; but she besought me—ay, with tears besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned, at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasp her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart. "Henry," she said, and I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her sweet

voice—"I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I—deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard, in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovings known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being; in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,
Watching the loved and frail of Earth."

THE DINNER OF THE MONTHS.

BY HENRY NEAL.

Once upon a time, the Months determined to dine together. They were a long time deciding who should have the honour of being the Host on so solemn an occasion; but the lot at length fell on December; for although this old gentleman's manners were found to be rather cold upon first acquaintance, yet it was well known that when once you got under his roof, there was not a merrier, or more hospitable person in existence—The messenger too, Christmas Day, whom he sent round with his cards of invitation, won the hearts of all, although he played several mad pranks, and received many a box in return. February begged to be excused coming to the dinner, as she was in very bad spirits on account of the loss of her youngest child, the twenty ninth, who had lately left her, and was not expected to return for four years. Her objection, however, was overruled; and being seated at table between the smiling May, and that merry old fellow October, she appeared to enjoy the evening's entertainment as much as any of the company.

The dinner was a superb one; all the company having contributed to furnish out the table. January thought for the thirteenth time what he should give, and then determined to send a calf's head. February not being a very productive month, was also a little puzzled, but at length resolved to contribute an enormous cake, which she managed to manufacture in fine style, with the assistance of her servant Valentine, who was an excellent fellow at this sort of ware, but especially at bride cake. March and April agreed to furnish all the fish. May to decorate the dishes with flowers; June to supply plenty of excellent cider; July and August to provide the desert; September a magnificent course of all sorts of game, except pheasants; which exception was supplied by October, as well as a couple of hampers of fine home-brewed ale, and November engaged that there should be plenty of ice. The rest of the eatables, and all the wine were provided by the worthy host himself.

Just before sitting down to table, a slight squabble arose about precedence; some of the company insisted that the first in rank was January, and some that it was March. The host, however, decided in favour of January, whom he placed in the seat of honour, at his right hand. November, a prime, blue-nosed old maid, sat at his left, and June, a pleasant, good tempered fellow, although occasionally rather too warm, sat opposite him at the end of the table.

The dinner was admirably served. Christmas day was the principal waiter; but the host had been obliged to borrow the attendance of some of his high guest's servants, and accordingly Twelfth-night, Shrove Tuesday, and Michaelmas-day officiated in various departments, though Shrove Tuesday was speedily turned out, for making rather too free with a prim, demure servant maid, called Good Friday, while she was toasting some hot-cross buns for the tea table.

A short, squab little fellow, called St. Thomas's-day, stood behind December's chair, and officiated as toast master; and much merriment was excited between the diminutive appearance of this man and the longest day, who stood behind June, at the other end of the table. Master Thomas, however, was a very useful fellow; and beside performing the high official duty, which we have mentioned, he drew the curtains, stirred the fire, lighted and snuffed the candles, and, like all other little men, seemed to think himself of more importance than any body else.

The pretty blushing May was the general toast of the company; and many compliments were passed upon the elegant manner in which she had decorated the dishes. Old January tried to be very sweet upon her, but she received him coldly; as he was known not to be a loyal subject, and to have once stolen a crown and sceptre, and hidden them in a grave; and May, who was loyal to the back-bone, had much trouble in finding out, and restoring them. January at length ceased to persecute her with his attentions, and transferred them to November, who was of the same politicks as himself, although she had not been quite as successful in supporting them. Poor May had scarcely got rid of her venerable lover, before that sentimental swain April, began to tell her that he was absolutely dying for her. This youth was one moment all sunshine and smiles, and rapture; and the next he dissolved in tears, clouds gathered upon his brow, and he looked a fitter suitor for November than for May; who having at last hinted as much to him, he left her in a huff, and entered into close conversation with September, who although much his senior, resembled him in many particulars.

July, who was of a desperately hot temper was every now and then a good deal irritated by March, a dry old fellow, as cool as a cucumber, who was continually passing his jokes upon him. At one time July went so far as to threaten him with prosecution for something he had said; but March, knowing what he was about, always managed to keep on the windy side of the law, and to throw dust into the eyes of his accusers. July, however, contrived to have his revenge; for, being called upon for a song, he gave "The dashing White Sergeant" in great style, and laid a peculiar emphasis upon the words. "March! March! away!" at the same time motioning to his antagonist to leave the room.

April having announced that it was raining hard, January was much perplexed as to how he should get home, as he had not brought his carriage. At one time, when he was looking very anxiously out of the window to discover if there were any stars visible, October, at the suggestion of May, asked him if he thought of borrowing Charles's wain to carry him, as he had done so great a kindness to its proprietor? This put the old fellow into such a passion, that he hastily seized his head-gear, a red cap, sallied out through the rain and would most likely have broken his neck in the dark, had not February sent her footman Candlemas-day, after him, with a lantern, by whom he was guided in safety to his lodgings in Fog alley.

On the retirement of the Ladies—February, May, August, and November—the host proposed their healths, which were drunk with the usual honours; when April, being a soft spoken youth, and ambitious of distinction as an orator, began to return thanks for them in a very flowery speech; but was soon coughed down by December and March; and March, by the by, at length got into such high favour with his old enemy July, that the latter was heard to give him an invitation, saying, that if ever he came over to this side of the Zodiac, he should be most happy to see him. October told the host that, with his leave, he would

drink no more wine, but that he should be glad of some good home-brewed, and a pipe. To this December acceded, and said he should be happy to join him, and he thought his friend March would do the same. March having nodded assent, they set to, and a pretty puffing and blowing they made among them. April, however continued to drink Madeira, while June, July and September, stuck, with exemplary constancy, to the Burgundy.

After repeated summons to the drawing-room, they joined the Ladies at the tea-table. November drew herself up, and affected to be quite overpowered by the smell of smoke, which March, October, and December had brought in with them; although it is well known that the old lady herself could blow a cloud as well as any of them. October seated himself by May, and said he hoped that his pipe would not have the same effect upon her, as upon her Aunt; and after having gracefully assured him that she was not at all annoyed by it, he told her, that he would make her exercise her own sweet pipe before the evening was much older; which, instead of annoying, would delight every body. August, a grave stately matron of extraordinary beauty, although perhaps *un peu pousse*, officiated as tea-maker. Good Friday, who by this time had recovered the fright into which Shrove-Tuesday had thrown her, handed about the toasted buns, and Swithin, a servant of July, was employed to keep the tea-pot supplied with water, which he too often did to overflowing.

Tea being over, the old folks went to cards; and the young ones, including October, who managed to hide his years very successfully, to the Piano-forte. May was the *Prima Donna*, and delighted every one, especially poor April, who was alternately all smiles and tears, during the whole of her performance. October gave them a hunting song, which caused even the card table to be deserted, and August sang a sweet melancholy Ganzonet which was rapturously encored. April both sang and played most unmercifully; but the company had an ugly trick of yawning over his comick songs, and were ready to expire with laughter at his patheticks.

At length, Candle-mas having returned from seeing old January home, his mistress February took leave of the company. April, who was a little the worse for the wine he had drank, insisted on escorting November; although she had several servants in waiting, and her road was in an opposite direction to his own. May went away in her own carriage, and undertook to set June down, who lived very near her. The road was hilly and steep, but her coachman, Ascension-day, got the horses very well to the top; and July and August both walked home, preceded by a dog-day, with a lighted torch. September and October, who were next door neighbours, went way in the same hackney-coach; and March departed as he came, on the back of a rough Shetland pony.

MISCELLANY.

From Mrs. Hule's Ladies' Magazine for September.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

Christopher Martin Wieland was born 1733, at Biberach, in Suabia; he died in the year 1813.

THE EMIR.

* * * * * The Emir in his whole life, had never been so dissatisfied with himself, as on this night. The comparison, which he instituted between himself, a hoary old man of two and thirty, and this silver-locked youth of eighty, was more than sufficient to bring him to despair. He bit his lips together, beat himself on his forehead, and cursed in the bitterness of his heart, his *Harem*, his private physician, his cooks, and the young fools, who had encouraged him, through example and precepts, to dissipate his life so speedily. Exhausted by impotent rage, and stupified by a crowd of tormenting thoughts, that made the sense of his existence a torture to him, he finally fell into a slumber; and when, after some hours, he awaked again, it wanted a little, that he had not held all that had occurred to him since his last sleep, for a mere dream. At least, he applied all his powers

to suppress the recollection of the most unpleasant part of his circumstances;—and in the hope, that new impressions would be the most conducive to that purpose, he opened a window, out of which, he beheld the gardens lie before him, which extended themselves round about the house from the eastern side. A pure air, cooled with a thousand refreshing odours, dispersed the gloomy clouds which still hung around his brain; he felt himself strengthened; this feeling rekindled a spark of hope in his bosom; and with the hope the love of life returned. Whilst he was contemplating these gardens, and in spite of his perverted taste for the magnificent and artificial, could not resist finding them beautiful, with all their useful simplicity and seeming wildness, he perceived the old man; who, half concealed by the shrubbery, was busying himself with a little work in the garden, whereof the Emir had not thought it worthy to acquire to himself an idea. The desire to have explained to him, every surprising and wonderful thing which he had seen in this house, induced him to descend into the gardens, in order to enter into a conversation with the old man. After he had thanked him for his kind reception, he began to show him his astonishment thereupon,—that a hoary old man of his years could yet be so erect, so active, so lively and so capable of taking a part in the pleasure of life. If thy silver hairs and thy grey beard did not give evidence of a high age, continued he, one must hold thee for a man of forty. I beg thee, solve me this riddle. What possessest thou as a secret, that can work such miracles?

"I can tell thee my secret in three words," returned the old man, smiling: "*Labour, Pleasure and Rest, each in small, just proportion, mixed to equal parts, and alternated according to the hints of nature; work this miracle, as thou art pleased to call it, on the intelligible way of the world.* Ah, by no means; disagreeable weakness is the hint, which nature gives us, to interrupt a labour with amusements; and a similar hint reminds us to rest from both. The labour sustains the taste for the pleasures of nature, and the ability to enjoy them;—and he only, for whom *their pure*, blameless delights have lost all charm, is unhappy enough to seek by artificial ones a satisfaction, which they will not impart to him. Learn of me, worthy stranger, how happy the obedience to nature renders one. She recompenses us for it, with the enjoyment of her best gifts. My whole life has been a long, seldom interrupted chain of agreeable moments; for, the labour itself, a labour adapted to our powers and accompanied by no embittering circumstances, is connected with a kind of gentle delight; the beneficent influences of which, spread themselves over our whole being. But, in order to be happy through nature, one must have preserved uncorrupted, the greatest of her benefits, which is the instrument of all the rest, the feeling; and to feel right, an indispensable condition is to think right."

Could it have been possible, to make you capable of pleasure, without your being also capable of pain, so—would it have been done. But as far as it was possible, she has locked up the avenue to you of pain. As long as you follow her laws, it will seldom interrupt your joys; nay, more, it will sharpen your sensibility for every pleasure, and thereby be a benefit; it will be in your life, what the shadow is in a fine sun-lit landscape; what the dissonance is in a symphony; what the salt is to your food.

All good resolves itself into pleasure, all evil into pain. But the highest pain is the sense of having made one's self unhappy,—(here the Emir fetched a deep sigh) and the highest delight, the serene retrospection upon a well-spent life, stained by no repentance.

Moderation and a voluntary forbearance is the surest preservative against weariness and disgust. Moderation is wisdom; and only to the wise is it granted, to empty, by sipping to the last drop, the cup of pure delight, which nature offers full, to every mortal. The wise man denies himself, sometimes a present pleasure, not because he is an enemy to joy, or out of a foolish fear of any hostile demon, who is angry on that account if men enjoy themselves; but, in order by forbearance, to reserve himself for a so much the more perfect enjoyment of pleasure for the future.

Hear me, ye children of nature! Hear ye the immutable law! Without labour no health of the soul and the life, without this, no felicity is possible. Nature wills, that ye should draw out of her lap the means for the support and sweetening of your existence as fruits of a moderate labour. Nothing but a labour adapted, according to the degree of your powers, will preserve to you the necessary condition of all pleasure, health.

From the Journal of Health.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FOOD.

It is amusing to hear a nervous female, whose daily exercise consists in going up and down stairs two or three times a day and shopping once a week, complain that she cannot preserve her strength unless she eats freely of some kind of meat and takes her twice daily potations of strong coffee, to say nothing of porter, or wine sangaree. The same opinion prevails among all classes of our community—A child (in the arms) cannot, it is thought, thrive unless it have a leg of a chicken, or piece of bacon in its fist to suck: a boy or girl going to school must be gorged with the most substantial aliment at dinner and perhaps little less at breakfast and supper. The child is crying and screaming every hour in the day—has, after a while, convulsions,—or obstinate diseases of the skin, or dropsy of the brain. The little personage going to school complains of headach, is fretful and unhappy and becomes pale and feeble. The poor books are now blamed for the fault of the dishes, and school is given up. The doctor is next consulted on the best means of restoring strength to the dear creature, that has lost its appetite, and can eat nothing but a little cake, or custard, or at most some fat froth. Should he tell the fond mother the unpalatable truth; and desire her to suspend the system of stuffing, and allow her child, for sole food, a little bread and milk diluted with water, and daily exercise in the open air, she will be heard exclaiming in a tone of mingled astonishment and reproach, why doctor, would you starve my child!

For the information of all such misguided persons, we would beg leave to state that the large majority of mankind do not eat any animal food, or so sparingly, and at such long intervals that it can not be said to form their nourishment. Millions in Asia are sustained by rice alone, with perhaps a little vegetable oil, for seasoning. In Italy, and southern Europe generally, bread made of the flour of wheat or Indian corn, with lettuce and the like mixed with oil, constitutes the food of the most robust part of its population. The Lazzaroni of Naples, with forms so active and finely proportioned cannot even calculate on this much; coarse bread and potatoes are their chief reliance;—their drink of luxury is a glass of iced water slightly acidulated. Hundreds of thousands, we might say millions, of Irish do not see flesh meat or fish from one week's end to the other. Potatoes and oat meal are their articles of food—if milk can be added it is thought a luxury: yet where shall we find a more healthy and robust population, or one more enduring of bodily fatigue, and exhibiting more mental vivacity? What a contrast between these people and the inhabitants of the extreme north, the timid Laplanders, Esquimaux, Samoideans, whose food is almost entirely animal!

From the same.

INTEMPERANCE—INSANITY.

The bloated face, and trembling hand—indigestion and dropsy—diseased liver and kidneys,—are common and acknowledged effects of intemperance. By this word intemperance, we do not mean merely drunkenness, but the practice of daily stimulating beyond their healthy and regular beats, the heart and blood vessels, by potations of vinous, malt, or distilled liquors. It is not, perhaps, so generally known that the man of intemperate habits is prone to madness, and of course liable to become the inmate of a hospital, or lunatick asylum. The instances of temporary madness in drunkards are very common. After some days they may recover by suitable medical treatment, but if they return to their evil habits, they are exposed to

fresh attacks, which finally prove fatal. A wound or a fractured limb which, in common healthy constitutions, would soon heal, will often excite to frenzy the habitual drunkard, and be the immediate cause of his death. The chances of recovery from any disease whatever, are infinitely less for the drunkard than the sober man. When the small pox prevailed so extensively in this city, in 1823-4, we never knew of a drunkard who recovered from an attack of the natural disease, that is, where neither vaccination nor inoculation had been practised. He for the most part died delirious.

But, independent of these instances of temporary and accidental madness, there is a formidable list of the permanent and incurable kind, caused by drunkenness. In a table of 1370 lunatics admitted into the asylum at Cork, Dr. Hallaran says that 160, nearly an eighth of the whole number, were insane from this unhappy indulgence. Though the French are comparatively a sober people, it appears that out of 2507 lunatics admitted into their hospitals, 185 were insane from the same cause. Men are often driven to self destruction by a habit of drunkenness. Out of 218 cases of suicide, published by Professor Casper of Berlin, (in a list of 500) the causes of which were known, 54 were the effects of drunkenness and dissipation.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A REAL MIRACLE.

The fable of Dr. Southey's *Pilgrim of Compostella*, is as follows:—

A family set forth from Aquitaine to visit the shrine of St. James, at Compostella, whither, according to the Catholic faith, the decapitated body of the saint was conveyed from Palestine, (miraculously of course,) in a ship of marble. At a certain small town by the way, their son Pierre is tempted by the innkeeper's daughter. Like a second Joseph, he resists the immodest damsel; like Potiphar's wife, she converts her love to hate, and accuses the virtuous youth of a capital crime. Her false oath prevail, and he is condemned to the gallows. Rejoicing in his martyred innocence, he exhorts his parents to pursue their pilgrimage, and pray for the peace of his soul. Sorrowing, they proceed, and returning, find their son hanging by the neck alive, and singing psalms—in no actual pain—but naturally desirous to be freed from his extraordinary state of suspended animation. They repair to the chief magistrate of the town, by whose authority the youth was executed—and find his worship at dinner—relate the wonderful preservation of their son—and request that he may be restored. The magistrate is incredulous, and declares that he would sooner believe that the fowls on which he was dining would rise again in full feather. The miracle is performed. The cock and hen spring from the ocean of their own gravity, clacking and crowing, with all appurtenances of spur, comb, and feather. Pierre, of course, is liberated, and declared innocent. The cock and hen become objects of veneration—live in a state of chastity—and are finally translated—leaving just two eggs, from which arise another immaculate cock and hen. The breed is perhaps still in existence, and time hath been, that a lucrative trade was carried on in their feathers!!!

ANTIQUITY OF ORGANS.

The organ was in use among the Anglo-Saxons. Cassiodorus and Fortunatus mention the word organ as a musical instrument, but it has been thought to have been a collection of tubes blown into by the human breath. Muratori has contended that the art of making organs like ours was known in the eighth century only to the Greeks; that the first organ in Europe was the one sent to Pepin from Greece in 756, and that it was in 826 that a Venetian priest, who had discovered the secret, brought it to France.

A passage in Aldhelm's poem, *De Laude Virginum*, entirely overthrows these theories; for he, who died in 709, and who never went to Greece, describes them in a manner which shows that he was acquainted with great organs made on the same principles as our own:—

"Listening to the greatest organs with a thou-

sand blasts, the ear is soothed by the windy bellows, while the rest shines in the gilt chests."

Another evidence of the antiquity of organs among the Anglo-Saxons occurs in the works of Bede, contemporary and survivor of Aldhelm. The passage is express, and also shows how they were made:—

"An organum is a kind of tower made with various pipes, from which, by the blowing of bellows, a most copious sound is issued; and that a becoming modulation may accompany this, it is furnished with certain wooden tongues from the interior part, which, the master's fingers skilfully repressing, produce a grand and a most sweet melody."

TOPOGRAPHY.

From the Nashville Republican and Gazette, of August 18.

THE PROVINCE OF TEXAS.

The following interesting communication in relation to the Province of Texas, is from the pen of a gentleman whose knowledge of that country has been acquired by a residence in it. His description of the soil, climate, water courses, general aspect, &c. of the country may, therefore, with safety be relied on.

That delightful portion of the world, known by the name of Texas, varies in width from three to four hundred miles. Its length from the Gulf of Mexico to its Northern limits, is not ascertained. Its most Southern latitude (at the mouth of the Rio Grande) is in twenty-six degrees, and its most Northern, in about thirty-three. Within fifty or sixty miles of the Gulf, the country presents the appearance of a plain, after that it is gently undulating, until, about two hundred miles from the Gulf, we approach hills of moderate magnitude. The general face of the country presents three varieties: 1st, the alluvial lands on the water-courses; 2d, prairies; 3d, the timbered uplands.

The first description of lands is thickly timbered with the different varieties of oak, ash, elm, cedar, box elder, dog-wood, walnut, cotton-wood, and pecan. The soil is equal to any in the world. The prairies are carpeted with a great variety of the most luxuriant grasses. Some of the prairies are literally cane brakes. Many of an inferior quality have been cultivated, and found to produce astonishingly. The third description of lands is also covered with grass, and timbered with post oak, a wood which furnishes the most durable fencing.

This province is adapted to three or four different pursuits, namely, the Southern parts to the growing of cotton, sugar, indigo, &c.; the Northern parts to the growing of wheat, corn, and the different kinds of provisions; and the whole country to grazing and the cultivation of the grape. From the latitude, the character of the soil, and the spontaneous grape, this country will doubtless one day vie with the south of France, and supply the United States with wine.

Let us for a moment run a parallel between this country and Louisiana. The plantations on the Mississippi, and most other parts of Louisiana vary from half a mile to a mile in depth; after that, the country recedes into interminable swamps—the prolific sources of the depopulating diseases of that region. In Texas, the lands, instead of declining, gradually ascend from the banks of the rivers; and instead of falling into swamps, are backed by beautifully rolling prairies and post oak hills, affording in many places plantations varying in depth from three to six miles. There is, properly speaking, no such thing as a swamp in Texas. The prairie nature of the country affording to the sea-breeze an unimpeded circulation, and the absence of swamps, must render it infinitely more healthy than Louisiana. There are no uplands in Louisiana fit for cultivation, with the exception of a portion of the parish of East Feliciana, rendered of little value on account of its hilly situation. In Texas, in addition to the superiour depth of the plantations on the water courses, there are millions upon millions of acres of upland, capable of producing more cotton to the acre, and that of a longer staple and finer texture, than our best land in Tennessee. In the same area, then, we would

have a ten times greater amount of fertile land in Texas than in Louisiana.

In relation to navigation, Texas is washed on one side along its whole extent by the Gulf of Mexico, while its interior is diversified by the Sabine, the Natchez, the Trinity, the Brasos, the Bernard, the Colorado, the Rio Grande, and other streams of minor importance. Some of these streams will admit of flat and steam boat navigation for three or four hundred miles, and all of them moderate sized vessels as high as tide water. Salt water and iron ore are abundant. Some mines of the precious metals are already known, and when the country is more fully explored many more will doubtless be discovered. There are any quantities of game here, such as wild horses, mules, and cattle, buffalo, bears, wolves, deer, and turkeys. The water courses abound in fish.

In regard to population, there are from twelve to fifteen hundred Mexicans in Texas, (including the garrisons) nineteen-twentieths of whom are settled in the two villages of St. Antonio and Nacogdoches. The emigrants from the U. States amount to five or six thousand souls, more than half of these are situated in Austin's grant. The remainder principally occupy ungranted lands. From this it will be seen that the losses sustained by Government, in consequence of the numerous squatters who seated themselves upon land to which it was entitled in Louisiana, are not to be apprehended to any extent here. There is a number of Indian tribes in this country, most of which, having removed from other parts of America, within a few years past, make no claim to the soil. The idea that rains are too infrequent here to mature a crop, is entirely unfounded. An experience of seven or eight years has resulted in the production of crops comparable with those of the most highly favoured portions of the globe.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

Our correspondent below takes matters more seriously than we think he has reason to. That Southwick may possess the power to addle the pates of a few old grannies and silly individuals, of both sexes, we do not, and never did doubt; but more than this he cannot do. He is a sort of Jemima Wilkinson in breeches—equally shallow, frothy, and fallacious—still more blasphemous—and quite as much despised by every one who has a thimble full of common sense. We should indeed be surprised to learn that a single sober-minded man had become his proselyte, from hearing his angry and windy declamations—we should as soon think that an Indian war-whoop could convert a civilized man into a savage, as that the noisy invectives and fury of Solomon Southwick could make an intelligent man his disciple. That he has and will have followers, we do not doubt; but they have or will become so, for some more winning reasons than any thing set forth in his "thundering" speeches. The hope of political advancement has induced men of better character than himself to make him an instrument for keeping alive the prejudices and evil passions of the community; and to give him a little importance with the gullible multitude, they pretend to listen to his rantings themselves. and by the promise of especial favour in the event of power, induce others to do the same. Secretly, they condemn Southwick as much as the opponents of their cause, and we know their connexion with him is regretted by some of them as a vile necessity, which reflects the greatest discredit upon them personally, but which can not be remedied, unless they relinquish all hope of moulding the passions of the people according to the rule of their own interests. The influence of Southwick is probably as rationally appreciated in this city as in any other place; and at such a low ebb is it, that it would puzzle any one to find half a dozen human beings, men, women, or children, who do not treat it as a mere jest. Even those who a year ago got up the meeting which nominated Southwick for Governor, are so ashamed of that transaction that many of them affect to deny their agency in it, and are so thoroughly disgusted with anti-ma-

sonry that they will not even patronize the National Observer! It appears to us, then, that our correspondent's "fears" rest upon slight grounds. A man who is so easily sifted, and so soon neglected and despised as Southwick, is not calculated to exert any great or permanent influence.

As to the number that attended as spectators on this occasion, we have a right to judge, from similar instances heretofore, that a great portion were influenced by a desire to see "the thunderer," without caring a copper for what he might say; and that with the remainder, politicks exercised a liberal influence. The "grannies" were probably all Southwickians.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

Westerlo, Sept. 23, 1829.

MR. CHILD—You will not be surprised, in these times, to hear that, on Saturday last, the Baptist meeting house in this village was prostituted to the vile use of an anti-masonick *pow-wow*. The Albany "thunderer," old Southwick, made his appearance in the pulpit—and at this I should not have been surprised, considering his wild enthusiasm; but that such clergymen as Mr. Fort and Mr. Burnitt should have condescended to play a second fiddle to this American *Anacharsis Cloots*, by praying before and after his oration, is calculated to inspire alarm for the future peace and welfare of the state. It seems to me that the times are indeed really out of joint; for here were no less than six or seven hundred people, and many of them respectable, of both sexes, who, when the "thunderer" told them that his lungs were nearly exhausted, and requested them to retire for awhile, till our modern *Jupiter* could get a little breath, did all, like so many sheep at the rod of their shepherd, go out quietly as lambs, and after a while all came in again and listen with apparent delight to his fallacious and wicked charges against a venerable and useful institution. What effect his speech had, I cannot say—but I fear it deluded some honest men, although in reality made up of froth. There is, however, something in the old fellow's manner rather imposing. This appearance is somewhat in his favour. He is indeed pretty well calculated "to lead captive silly women," as St. Paul says,—some of the elder grannies declaring that he would make a "handsome" preacher. It is a part of Southwick's vile cunning to make the women believe there is something very wicked and indecent in freemasonry, or they would be admitted as members; whereas every man knows that the reason why they are not admitted is a good one, and such as sensible women themselves would approve of, if it could be fairly explained to them. But fair dealing is not to be expected from Southwick or any of his coadjutors. To pull down masonry, right or wrong, is their principle. But let us rejoice that the vipers "bite a file." Like Benedict Arnold, they will only disgrace themselves.

NOTICE. The publick are respectfully requested to suspend their judgment on the statements in the newspapers of this city, respecting the anti-masonick meeting in the Fox Street church; especially the statement made by Elisha Putnam and others, (which contains several material inaccuracies,) as there will be a legal investigation, when the truth of the facts will appear.

JAMES BRIDEWOOD, } Trustees of Ass'te Church.
WM. KENNEDY, }

Ed in the Watertown Freeman.

MORGAN CELEBRATION. The anniversary of the abduction of William Morgan, or rather the anniversary of the day which brought into notice a few political demagogues, was celebrated in this village on the 12th inst. From the noise and bustling of the antis, we were prepared to expect an immense concourse of people on this occasion, all panting with patriotic ardour, and fired with virtuous indignation at the event they had assembled to commemorate. The day, however, arrived; and judge of our disappointment, when, after all the exertions of the leaders, urging their followers, in the most patriotic manner, to attend, we saw a thin and meagre body, consisting of precisely sixty-nine persons, wending its way to the Universalist church, led on by that immaculate patriot and worthy citizen, *Deacon* Joshua Bacon, of *sheep* memory. Of the exercises in the church we are unable to speak distinctly, not having had the pleasure of witnessing them. We understand, however, that the anti-masonick declaration of independence was read, and an oration delivered by Jeduthun Steele, esq. of Sackett's Harbour, which, like every thing else from the

same source, was "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The vast assemblage then returned to the tavern, and, to the number of about fifty, sat down to a dinner prepared for five hundred, and drowned their sorrow for the fate of Morgan in their devotions to the jolly god. Thus ended this ever memorable day in the annals of political anti-masonry, much to the chagrin of leaders, and the disappointment of our worthy host under the hill. In short it was a complete failure. Every attempt which has thus far been made by the antis, to rally their scattered forces, has only tended to expose their weakness, and excite the ridicule of the honest and intelligent portion of the community. Should they continue to hold their meetings every week until the election arrives, they would hardly be able muster a corporal's guard.

VARIETIES.

The incorrect impression of the effect of the first landing of the Spanish army at Tampico, derived from the first imperfect accounts, have been corrected by later advices. The ragamuffin invaders, consisting of negroes, mulattoes, and Spanish desperadoes, got possession of Tampico, after a brave but unavailing defence by a feeble garrison. All parties have united to destroy the common enemy of Mexico, and preparations are actively making which cannot fail to ensure so desirable a result.

The desertion from the Mexican army was greatly exaggerated, not more than a few hundred having gone over. The inhabitants of Vera Cruz and the neighbourhood exhibit great enthusiasm and the most patriotic devotion to the good cause of freedom. The people of wealth contributed their money, and the healthy their personal service to the defence of their country. A Mexican countess has offered the government all the horses which they may want; another lady gave up government securities to the amount of \$2000, and her husband, a retired Colonel, marched to the field as a common soldier. Lander and Santa Anna have under their command about 10,000 men, so that the Spaniards, about 3000 in number, have but a poor chance of escape.

A vein of pure oil, bituminous probably, was lately struck in boring for salt water, in Cumberland county, Kentucky. The oil welled out at intervals of from two to five minutes, pouring out at each flow barrels of oil, perfectly pure, and of a strong, penetrating, disagreeable odour, perceptible at the distance of five or six miles. The well was opened on the bank of a small rill, down which the oil flowed into the Cumberland river, distant from a quarter to half a mile. A boy communicated fire to the oil on the river about two miles below the spot where it first reached it—the spectacle was splendid beyond description—the flame shooting up for miles along the river in one immense wall of flame, reaching from the water to the clouds, and shining over the whole country by night like the conflagration of a great city, starting the whole country as if the flame had burst up from the bottomless abyss.

EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH SEA. This famous expedition, which was sent to the bottom last session, by the U. S. Senate, is about to be attempted under the auspices of private enterprise. We learn, from the New-Bedford Mercury, that S. N. Reynolds, esq. and Capt. Palmer were in that place last week, "preparing one of the finest vessels ever built in that or any other port, for the expedition." Captain Palmer has already shipped a part of the crew and made other preparations. The brig will sail in a few days for New-York, where she will receive on board the remainder of her outfit, previous to her departure for the South Seas. Capt. Palmer, says the Mercury, is spoken of as one of our most intelligent, enterprising, and successful South Sea navigators, and possessing much practical knowledge of those seas. The New-Bedford merchants have lent their aid to the enterprise.

[Bost. Palladium.]

QUEER ADVENTURE. The Pawtucket Chronicle states that a comical fellow, who is in the habit of ranging the country, recently entered a Magistrate's office in that village, in the absence of the rightful occupant, and began to examine the documents upon the table, among which were a dozen or more writs against persons whom he knew by sight, but who did not know him. He pocketed the instruments, and in about half an hour afterwards was seen coming up the street followed by three or four sorry-looking fellows whom he had arrested, and carrying under each arm a journeyman tailor, who had been inclined to show fight rather than be taken at such short notice. He conveyed them to the place from whence he took the official papers, and, finding the justice still absent, made use of the lock and key to confine them there, as he said, "that they might take their trial at the next sitting of the court."

A singular duel took place recently in a village near Grenoble. Two officers having gone to a house to breakfast, seated themselves near a table where a priest was making a "dejeune maigre," it being Friday. With a view to annoy him, one of them invited him to take a slice of a leg of mutton, which he declined. The officer then held to the priest's nose a slice upon his fork, and urged him to eat it. Upon a second refusal the officer struck the priest a blow on the

head, which the latter returned as hastily. A proposition was then made to settle the quarrel with pistols; but the priest chose swords. A duel was fought, and the officer receiving a wound was conveyed to the hospital. The other offering to revenge his comrade, a second duel was fought, in which the priest killed his adversary. He then went and related the whole affair to the Bishop of Grenoble, who ordered him to retire to the seminary.

EFFECTS OF POPULAR FOLLY. A late London paper states that "so intemperate have females in the United States become, that they are obliged to form societies to keep each other sober." This judgment of foreigners is a very natural consequence of the absurdities that have been practiced among us in the so christened "cause of temperance." The females of our country are not surpassed in moral character by any portion of the human race, and yet female temperance societies are kept up among us to burlesque the cause of good morals, and bring ridicule and undeserved disgrace upon the country. Heaven grant our people a speedy return to their senses.

[Bost. Gal. & Mer.]

NEW AND VALUABLE STYPTICK, which will stop bleeding even of the largest vessels. Take of brandy or common spirits two ounces, Castile soap two drachms, pearl ash one drachm; scrape the soap fine and dissolve it in brandy, then add the pearl ash; mix it well together and keep it close in a phial; when you apply it let it be warm, and dip pledgets of lint in it, and the blood will immediately congeal. It operates by coagulating the blood a considerable way within the vessel; a few applications may be necessary where the wound is deep, or a limb cut off.

RESTORING THE HAIR. A singular case is mentioned in the last volume of the Medical Journal, of the complete restoration of the hair of the head, in a person who had become quite bald, by the use of a solution of sulphate of copper in French brandy. As the application, when used only once a day, cannot be injurious, it is worth a trial in cases of baldness.

VIVES, governor general of Cuba, is said to have tendered his resignation, in consequence of his disapprobation of the appointment of Barradas to command the expedition against Mexico. It is reported he had been sent to Europe several times by V. as a dangerous man, and always returned with new honours.

SHOOTING A DOVE FOR A PIGEON. A duel was lately fought at Dijon, in France, between an officer of the army and a citizen. They fought with pistols. The citizen fired first and missed his adversary. The officer then discharged his pistol in the air, and shot—not the citizen, but the citizen's wife, who was witnessing the rencontre from a window at some distance.

It is now customary at dinner parties in Paris, where ladies are present, to hand round, just before sitting down to table, a pincushion, that the fair guests may pin up their sleeves, which would otherwise entirely preclude the operations of the table!

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA—THIS DAY RECEIVED, by W. C. LITTLE, who is agent for the work—Vol. 1st of the "Encyclopedia Americana," a popular dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, Politics and Biography, brought down to the present time, including a copious collection of original articles in the American Biography; on the basis of the seventh edition of the "German Conversations Lexicon." Edited by Francis Lieber and E. Wiglesworth. To be completed in 12 vols. quarterly. Each volume will contain about 600 pages. Published in Philadelphia, by Carey, Lea & Carey. sep 18 4

NEW BOOKS. Lately received at W. C. LITTLE'S, 67 State street.

Curiosity. A Poem delivered at Cambridge before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, August 27, by Charles Sprague.

A Discourse delivered by Judge Story, at his Inauguration, as Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University.

Fugitive Poetry, by N. P. Willis.

The American Monthly Magazine, for September.

The Museum of Foreign Literature & Sciences, for September.

The Athenaeum or Spirit of English Magazines, for September.

Sketches of Naval Life, with Notices of Men, Manners and Scenery on the Shores of the Mediterranean, in a Series of Letters from the Brandywine, and Constitution Frigates. 2 Vols. G. George Jones.

The Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette, for September.

Mrs. Hale's Ladies' Magazine, for September.

CONTENTS OF THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW No. LXXXI.—Southey's Colloquy on the progress and prospects of Society. Crawford's Embassy to Ava. Progresses and Court of King James I. Chinese Drama, Poetry and Romance. Ancient History of Scotland. Goethe on Insanity. Political and Moral State of Portugal. The Course and termination of the Niger. Abolition of Slavery and the Condition of the English Peasantry. New Publications, &c.—Terms, One Dollar Twenty-five Cents per No.

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Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

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POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

THE VILLAGE.

'Tis summer, and o'er Avon's lofty mount
 Refreshing zephyrs sport, and borne along
 On sightless pinions, fill the balmy air,
 With incense wafted from a thousand flowers.
 What though the sun with scorching eye, looks forth,
 And gleams majestic in the mid-day sky;
 What though his fervid beams with glow intense,
 Pour on the distant vale unmitigated?
 Here half his power is lost—the wandering breeze,
 Forever flying and yet never flown,
 Sweeps o'er the fields and through the shady grove,
 Visits the flowing garden, and the bower
 Where beauty loves to dwell, and drives away
 The noxious exhalations from the air.

At morning's early dawn, Aurora fair
 Looks from the chambers of the glowing east,
 With smiling face, diffusing gentle light
 O'er Nature's works, and throws a majick dye
 On hill-side, vale, and cottage low: 'Tis then
 That cheerful Industry, and glowing health,
 Invite to rouse from sleep, and welcome in
 The new born day. Then every nerve's new strung,
 And every sense refreshed: the mental powers
 Seem from the cumbrous clogs of sense half freed.
 Calm Contemplation, with her train of thoughts,
 Soothes every passion, and dispels all grief;
 And Reason, too, oft driven from her throne,
 Resumes her lawful empire o'er the mind,
 Corrects each folly, and reproves each fault.

And evening mild, in this sequestered ville,
 Far from the strife and bustle of the world,
 Displays peculiar charms. The glowing sun,
 His daily course now finished, sinks behind
 The western mountains, while his parting beams,
 As loath to quit so beautiful a scene,
 Struggle a moment through the trees that crown
 Their lofty summits, lingering on each hill,
 And stately tree, and lofty spire.
 Then dusky twilight throws on all the scene
 Her majick mantle, in its increasing shade,
 And casts an air of romance wildly round.

New through the quiet streets in silence hushed,
 The evening stroll of beau and belle is made;
 And many an ardent vow, or burning sigh
 Is thrown and wafted on the idle breeze.

But see! with silver orb the moon pours forth,
 And flings her mellow light on all around;
 She comes to fill with inspiration rapt
 The poet's soul; to light up Fancy's torch,
 Casting its fairy hues on every scene,
 To give retiring pensive Melancholy
 A calmer holier shade, and kindle up
 In every breast, a something sanctified.

What, in the city's pomp, Matilda? what,
 Amid the state and pride that swell the great,
 Or in the splendour that surrounds the rich,
 Can yield the quiet happiness here found?
 Does the lofty dome magnificent contain
 Abodes, more fit receptacles of joy,
 Than the more humble edifice, that's found,
 Amid the loveliness of nature? No.
 Whate'er the proud may say, this truth is clear—
 That not the pomp and gaudy show of wealth,
 Nor Luxury's downy couch, and groaning beard,
 Nor station prominent to the publick eye,
 Yield half the enjoyment to the guileless breast,
 That rural beauty and repose bestow.

From the Atlantick Souvenir, for 1839.

THE DELUGE.

BY FREDERICK S. ECKARD.

One last strong effort and he gained
 A refuge on the steep,

The lingering rock which yet remained
 Uplifted from the deep;
 He had invoked Despair,—she gave
 A strength to stem the torrent's wave,
 And whirlwind's iron sweep,
 And now were won, that contest o'er,
 A few dark hours of anguish more.

There was no hope! a frowning sky
 Had veiled the sun in gloom,
 And fearful sounds were rushing by,
 Like wailings for the doom;
 He looked around—the waters lay
 Wild and remorseless o'er their prey,
 An universal tomb;
 Yet from his glance they could not hide
 The frightful secrets of their tide.

There was no hope! and now he stood
 Upon that towering hill,
 Erect and stern and unsubdued,
 And calm 'midst utter ill.
 So long had storm and madness been,
 And vengeance ruled the tortured scene,
 To desolate and kill,
 That with the lightning's lurid glow,
 His thoughts flashed wildly o'er his woe:

"Earth! earth! the doom may be withdrawn,
 The raging wave subside,
 And God's pure day once more may dawn
 In brightness far and wide;
 But yet, though surge and cloud disperse,
 A consciousness of this strange curse,
 By which thy children died,
 Shall, though all future ages, be
 Like a dim terror laid on thee!"

"Fierce and unnatural is thy crime,
 Darkly thy fate is cast;
 Waning from nature's earlier prime,
 Thy strength for aye has past:
 Thousands of giant mind and form,
 Struggling like angels with the storm,
 Yet overwhelmed at last;
 And all we cherished swept away,
 As things too worthless for the day."

The voice was hushed—a sudden bound,
 A foaming on the wave,
 And the vexed waters closed around
 Their last unquiet grave;
 The same Almighty Power which bade
 Ruin and woe his works invade,
 Relented now to save;
 And slowly, at the strong command,
 Appeared the desolated land.

THE MISER.

The following extract is from the poem, entitled "Curiosity," of
Charles Saragusa, Esq. Delivered August 27, 1822, before the Phi Beta
 Kappa Society, at Cambridge.

The churl, who holds it heresy to think,
 Who loves no music but the dollar's clink,
 Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,
 And deems the first of poets first of fools,
 Who never found what good from science grew,
 Save the grand truth, that one and one are two,
 And marvels Bowditch o'er a book should pore,
 Unless to make those two turn into four.
 Who, placed where Catskill's forehead greets the sky,
 Grieves that such quarries all unhewn should lie;
 Or, gazing where Niagara's torrents thrill,
 Exclaims, "A monstrous stream—to turn a mill;"
 Who loves to feel the blessed winds of heaven,
 But as his freighted barks are portward driven;
 Even he, across whose brain scarce dares to creep
 Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep;
 Who never learned life's real bliss to know—
 With Curiosity even he can glow.

Go seek him out on yon dear Gotham's walk,
 Where traffick's venturers meet to trade and talk;
 Where mammon's votaries bend, of each degree,
 The hard-eyed lender, and the pale lendee;
 Where rogues insolvent strut in whitewashed pride,
 And shove the dupes who trusted them aside.
 How through the buzzing crowd he wends his way,
 To catch the flying rumours of the day;
 To learn of changing stocks, of bargains crossed,
 Of breaking merchants, and of cargoes lost:
 The thousand ills that traffick's walks invade,
 And give the heart ache to the sons of trade.
 How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,
 Nods his wise head, and cries—"I told you so;
 The thriftless fellow lived beyond his means,
 He must buy brants—I make my folks eat beans;"
 What cares he for the knave, the knave's sad wife,
 The blighted prospects of an anxious life;
 The kindly throbs that other men controul,

Ne'er melt the iron of the miser's soul;
 Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
 An incarnation of fat dividends;
 But when to death he sinks, ungrieved, unsung,
 Buoyed by the blessing of no mortal tongue;
 No worth rewarded and no want redressed,
 To scatter fragrance round his place of rest,
 What shall that hallowed epitaph supply—
 The universal woe when good men die?
 Cold Curiosity shall linger there,
 To guess the wealth he leaves his tearless heir:
 Perchance to wonder what must be his doom,
 In the far land that lies beyond the tomb;
 Alas! for him, if in its awful plan,
 Heaven deal with him as he hath dealt with man.

HYMN OF THE CALABRIAN SHEPHERDS
TO THE VIRGIN.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

A peasant group, whose lips are full of prayer
 And hearts of home affections, such as flow
 So naturally in piety.

Darker and darker fall around
 The shadows from the pine,
 It is the hour with hymn and prayer
 To gather round thy shrine.

Hear us, sweet Mother! thou hast known
 Our earthly toils and fears,
 The bitterness of mortal toil,
 The tenderness of tears.

We pray thee first for absent ones,
 Those who knelt with us here—
 The father, brother, and the son,
 The distant and the dear.

We pray thee for the little bark
 Upon the stormy sea;
 Affection's anxiousness of love,
 Is it not known to thee?

The soldier, he who only sleeps
 His head upon a brand,
 Who only in a dream can see
 His own beloved land.

The wandering minstrel, he who gave
 Thy hymns his earliest tone,
 Who strives to teach a foreign tongue,
 The music of his own.

Kind Mother! let them see again
 Their own Italian shore;
 Back to the home which, wanting them,
 Seems like a home no more.

Madonna, keep the cold north wind
 Amid his native seas,
 So that no withering blight come down
 Upon our olive trees.

And bid the sunshine glad our hills,
 The dew rejoice our vines,
 And bid the healthful sea breeze sweep
 In music through the pines.

Pray for us, that our hearts and homes
 Be kept in fear and love;
 Love for all things around our path,
 And fear for those above.

Thy soft blue eyes are filled with tears,
 Oh! let them wash away
 The soil of our unworthiness,—
 Pray for us, mother, pray!

We know how vain the fleeting flowers,
 Around thine altar hung;
 We know how humble is thy hymn
 Before thine image hung.

But wilt thou not accept the wreath
 And sanctify the lay;
 We trust to thee our hopes and fears,—
 Pray for us, Mother, pray!

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1829.

NO. 36.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before Constellation Lodge, and the associate Lodges, assembled at Dedham, Massachusetts, to celebrate the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1829.

BY NAHUM CAPEN.

Concluded.

To be convinced of the weakness and malicious spirit of the anti-masonick party, we have only to look into their publications. There, men professing an entire want, even of the alphabetical knowledge of masonry, learnedly decant upon the nature of its language, and the bad tendency of its secrets. Sage opinions are advanced by persons of no acknowledged merit, or judgement; and base insinuations are indulged in by others as destitute of moral principle.

Language of the most abusive and reviling character is by them esteemed of the highest value; once put in type, it travels through the land and is forced into the remotest recesses of society. Whether it be true or false, just or unjust, is a question of no concern with them. Is it against the interest of the masonick institution? if so, their conscientious scruples are quieted; it is sanctioned, passed and published.

That their cause is desperate, and blessed with but a single imperfect gleam of hope, may be inferred from the eagerness with which they devour, and the industry with which they circulate a letter, recently from the pen of a gentleman of respectable standing in New-York.

That there should be a difference of opinion, upon the policy of any institution, is not strange, nor by any means a proper subject of wonder; indeed, our best experience teaches us to expect it. But because there happens to be one found, who, some fifteen or twenty years ago, was active in masonry, although imbibing none of its true spirit, who, from natural frame of mind, is opposed to its forms and ceremonies, and even advised his son not to enter its ranks, and is of opinion, "that a man who would eschew all evil, should not be a freemason," are hundreds, nay, thousands, of men as high in character as he is, even higher; the wisest and the best of the earth, to bow in faint submission to the cold principles of constitutional indifference, and denounce the cultivation of the mild and softening principles of charity and benevolence! Reason would weep at the demand, and judgment, in mercy to the maddened brain of man, would stay the sentence, the presumptuous sin deserved.

The writer, unable to make any charges against the institution, but what had been retailed and returned, and dealt out again, adopts a very singular mode of reasoning, to answer his ends, by ifs and suppositions. Thus:

"If masonry separates the members of the craft from their fellow citizens; if masons are led to believe that their duty toward each other is different from what it is to the members of the community not connected with them; if a mason is bound to shield another from the general operation of the laws, or if he be subjected to any penalties beyond those denounced by the legislature; if even a feeble minded man is made to believe that by becoming a mason, he enlists in an isolated corps, the members of which may claim privileges through their brethren, and must perform duties which do not belong to other citizens; if masonry is arrogant and impious in her pretensions, and delusive in her promises; if she claims to be coeval with the world, and to be of divine origin, when in truth it is but of yesterday; if lodges may be converted into secret political clubs"—and if, why did he not say, at once, the masonick institution is a wicked one—"it cannot be a fit institution in our country, where no man, in the discharge of his duties to the community, should act from fear, favour, or affection."

To avoid a monotony truly tedious, and being heartily ashamed of the frequent sound of *if*, he comes to suppositions.

"That we may be in no danger," he continues, "of violating the secrets of masonry, or having our judgement,

biased by the antiquity it claims, or by respect for the many great and good men whose names are on the lists of its votaries, let us for a moment put it out of view, and suppose that it were now proposed to establish a society, which, with awful solemnities, and dreadful denunciations, should impose secrecy on its members; that they should separate themselves from the rest of mankind, and establish an intelligence by which they could, under any circumstances, make themselves known to each other; that the duties of the members, in regard to themselves, should be incompatible with the general order of society; that when a member of the association should make himself known to another, he might look to that other for special favour, whether it was to be dispensed at the polls of an election, from the jury box, or from the bench. Suppose that the members of this association were bound to screen each other, as far as in their power, from all evil by concealment or by more active exertions, to relieve them from all dangers and difficulties, however they might arise from demerit; suppose that all these obligations were to be imposed with awful religious ceremonies, and with sanguinary and horrible penalties, of which each member should consider himself pledged to be the executor; suppose this institution to have many grades, and that, at every advance, there are new ceremonies, new oaths, and new penalties, the highest differing from the lowest only in grossness of absurdity, and impiety of imprecation; and suppose, that the members of this new institution, decorated themselves with the trappings of royalty, and bestowed on each, sacerdotal, aristocratic, and even royal titles; who would hesitate to say that it would be profane and inconsistent with our religious, moral, and political institutions."

This ungenerous and cowardly mode of accusation, slandering by the aid of ifs and suppositions what he cannot and dare not directly attack, is unworthy the reputation of the author. *I would rather be a traitor, and lie boldly, in a manner becoming treason, than to affect the christian and act the knave.*

What he would fain imply by this language of indirect import, and what others, not belonging to the institution, would naturally infer, injurious to its character, I pronounce, and I pronounce it before heaven! to be false and unwarranted.

The obligations of masonry do not interfere with any existing duty either to God, our country, or to man. So far from exercising an influence, incompatible with our best interests as citizens and christians, they demand the strictest observance of the laws of our country, and a constant adherence to the principles of divine revelation.

If you would have the testimony of another, upon this important truth, hear the words of one who is known to be eminent for his christian virtue and piety, and who has been engaged for many years in the sacred cause of religion. I mean the Rev. Amos Dewey of West Rutland, Vermont.

"I am willing," says Mr. Dewey, "to say openly and publicly that I do esteem the principles of masonry as worthy the attention of any man; and there is nothing in the obligations of the institution, nor in the ceremonies, which is inconsistent with the christian and ministerial character. And while I have for years absented myself almost wholly from the communications of the fraternity, on purpose to ease the feelings of those whose minds were prejudiced against it, I do still feel myself bound to assert, that I regard the anti-masonick excitement which is now agitating many portions of the civil and christian community, as one of the greatest curses which ever visited our land!"

I have yet to notice another portion of this letter, which is no less remarkable for its absurdity than for its impudence.

"I have known many persons," he writes, "whose brains have been turned by their elevation from humble occupations to royal titles and imaginary thrones. Indeed, I have never known a very great mason who was not a very great fool. I beg to be understood, I do not mean by very great masons, those who have stood highest in the estimation of the craft, and who have attained the highest masonick honours. I do not forget the names of Washington, Warren, Lafayette, Franklin, Robert R. Livingston, Jackson and Marshall, are justly the boast of the fraternity; no is it possible that I should ever forget that I have seen many

venerated clergymen, sanctifying by their presence and their prayers, the labours, as well as the refreshments of a lodge. But I mean by great masons, those who are proud of their pompous titles; who are fond of decorations; who persuade themselves that the affairs of the world turn upon masonry; that without it, society could hardly exist, or if it did, would be deprived of its fairest ornament, and most beneficial arrangement."

Amounting to just this,—that if a fool happens to be made a mason, he necessarily makes a very great one. And the greatest fool he denominates the most distinguished member, saying, at the same time, he did not mean what he said, for remembering (blessed memory) the names of WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, and others, and being admonished by the fact, that our greatest men had been our greatest masons, he simply intended to say, that he never knew a very "great fool," who was a mason, who was not in masonry, as in every thing else, a very great fool. He is guilty, either of this profound logic, or of calling Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette, "very great fools."

But why was it necessary to pervert the meaning of words in order to convey to the world his opinion of the members of the institution, unless it were to bring his character into disrepute, by excepting men whom he dare not call fools, to gain the apparent privilege of employing the sweeping expression "that a very great mason is a very great fool."

Anti-masonick writers pretend to remember with feelings of respect and veneration, the distinguished members of our institution. They "do not forget that Washington was of our order," they do not forget that Franklin, Warren, Lafayette, Gridley, and Clinton were of our order—good heaven! what evidence is there that they "do not forget?" Do they not revile what Washington considered was designed "to promote the happiness of the human race?" and encouraged, by establishing lodges in the tented field? Do they not ridicule that institution in which our illustrious Franklin was actively engaged, and according to the records of the Grand Lodge, was the most constant and punctual member ever known in this country? Do they not cry "murder" and "treason" against that institution of which Lafayette said "from its harmony and respectability throughout this country, it might well be regarded as affording an important pillar of support and union to its free institutions, and happy form of government?"

Having these examples, and many others of the same character and weight constantly before them, of what avail are these exceptions? Is he less a murderer, who speaks with a smile, before he stabs? If they honour so much these men, whose names they utter with such profound respect, heaven grant they may also soon be brought to honour their principles.

Claiming that candour which is due from one man to another, and the exercise of that reason which is naturally dictated by self respect, I appeal to those who are not of our order.

Do you object to the principles of masonry? they are the principles contained in the book of God. Do you object to masonick obligations? they are but vows to heaven, that we will faithfully answer the requirements of justice, charity, and benevolence. Do you dislike our forms and ceremonies? we are bound to preserve them unchanged, for the security of our privileges as masons, and against the intrusion of impostors. Do you object to our badges and jewels? they are but the keys to our treasures, and masonick emblems of duty. Do you object to the elegance of our halls, or the richness of our dresses? operating upon the associating principle of the mind, they have a tendency to give a pleasing character to the exercise of the christian virtues. Do you object against the secrets of the institution? first, know the secrets and their use, and then you would see the importance of preserving them. Do you object to its charity being confined to its members? Would you have us, by engaging to do too much, be able to do nothing? Is it not sufficient to silence this objection forever, that there is not on the face of the habitable globe, an institution (save that of christianity) dispensing one hundredth part so much for the relief and happiness of man? And aside from this, are not your masonick neighbours as liberal to the contribution box as you are? Shame, shame on this unfortunate disposition to envy! And, "though

* Perhaps I should incur the charge of injustice, were I to impute any political motive to Mr. C. for his singular conduct?

last, not least," do our fairer friends complain that they are debarred the privileges? the duties, peculiar to every station to which you are liable to be called, render it inexpedient for yourselves and the institution. Be assured, however, could you but know the masonick provision for your protection, reputation, and happiness, your characteristic perseverance would induce your fathers, brothers, husbands, and friends to entitle themselves to the knowledge of masonry, to study its principles, and practice them.

In the language of another, "I would ask you, my auditors, for I address those capable of judging, whether it is not in your opinion more probable that these enemies of masonry who are now so furious, in this moment of excitement, are wrong, absolutely wrong, in their conjectures, suspicions and denunciations, than that so many great and good men, patriots, christians, philosophers, statesmen, and scholars, should have attempted to deceive the world through so many ages and nations, and that too, without any possible object? Could saints and cardinals, kings, bishops, philosophers, republicans, philanthropists, and men of good, strong common sense in every walk of life, from the humblest to the most elevated, be wrong, be wicked, traitorous, and murderous, and the sagacious never yet have found it out, until within two years past. And then the discovery be made by those who never were known for having discovered any thing else?"

That the tyrant should condemn masonry, for its equalizing power; that the bigot should decry it heresy and treason, for its liberal influence; that the bad should revile it for its moral corrections and restraints; that the superstitious should fear it, from a perverted construction of its mysteries, is not strange, as they are all actuated by motives of selfishness, and governed by prejudice and passion. But, that honest and good men, men who before have been respected for their charitable and benevolent designs and deeds, men who have been justly esteemed candid and reasonable in their opinions and judgements, should declare hostility to an institution, whose grand object is the best good and happiness of the human race, is to me, truly strange and unaccountable.

That they should renounce all connexion with a neighbour, a friend, a brother, or a father, with whom they have passed their days of infancy, shared their sports and privileges, and entered upon the labours and cares of manhood, because he is a member of the oldest and one of the most respectable institutions in the world! To be willing to slander and detract from its merits; to persecute and stigmatize its members, because a few individuals of malicious character, and self-condemned perjurers, have set the example!

Could you but see the good mason treading his round of duty, "dispensing charity, protecting chastity, and facing the proud in defence of the humble; kindly sustaining the feeble, guiding the blind; feeding the hungry and clothing the naked; raising up the trodden down, and being a father to the orphan; refreshing and informing the stranger, guarding the altar, protecting the government, encouraging wisdom, loving man, and adoring God!"—your sad delusion would be seen, and the tongue, that now gives utterance to malice and reproach, would speak in tones of admiring approbation.

Brethren and companions, now that the enemies of our order are in motion against us, the eye of the world is turned upon our conduct. Be firm and steadfast; act in accordance with the masonick principles of charity and forbearance, and remember the worthy example of the venerable Molay, who, before he would turn traitor against an innocent institution of which he was a distinguished member, submitted to death with all its horrors by fire.

If the son of God, holy, pure, and free from all reproach, found traitors to his cause, is it strange that we, full of imperfections and errors, should find men untrue!

What though the storms of passion and the poisoned breath of slander assail us, we remain unmoved; storms and darkness may for a while obscure the face of day, but,

"The sun brighter bursts from the cloud,
When the tempest is swept from the sky."

Be true to yourselves, be faithful to your institution, and you will sustain the principles of justice, and fulfil the commandments of heaven.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

VERMONT.

The annual communication of the *Grand Encampment of the State of Vermont*, was holden at Mason's Hall, Rutland, on the 15th ult. The following officers were elected:—

Silas Brown, G. Master; Daniel L. Potter, D. G. Master; John Purdy, G. Generalissimo; J. W. Copeland, G. Capt. General; Rev. Alex. Lovell, G. Prelate; Benj. Smith, G. S. Warden; Dr. — Butler, G. J. Warden; J. M. Weeks, G. Treasurer; Charles Bowen, G. Recorder.

RHODE ISLAND.

Officers of the *Grand Lodge of the State of Rhode Island*, elected June 24, 1829:—

Barney Merry, G. Master; Sylvester Luther, D. G. Master; Joseph S. Cooke, G. S. Warden; Stephen A. Robinson, G. J. Warden; Thomas Whitaker, G. Treasurer; Edward R. Young, G. Secretary; William C. Barker, G. S. Deacon; Samuel E. Gardiner, Jr. G. J. Deacon; Dwight Ingraham, G. Marshal; David Pickering, G. Chaplain; Oliver Harris, G. Sword Bearer; W. P. R. Benson, G. Tyler.

EXPULSION.

To the Masters and Wardens of Lodges, and the Masonick Fraternity at large, throughout the state of Alabama—At a regular communication of Marengo Lodge, No. 27, held at Whitehall, in the county of Marengo, on the 16th day of May last, Benjamin Glover, a Master Mason and formerly a member of said lodge, was arraigned before it on charges of ungentlemanly and gross immoral and unmasonick conduct; and the charges against him being fully established, he was expelled from all the rights, benefits and privileges of ancient freemasonry for ever. You will take notice thereof, &c. JOHN G. AIKIN, G. Sec'y G. L. A. Tuscaloosa, Aug. 14, 1829.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the Charleston Courier.

RICE.

The Northern Editors who have noticed the remarks upon cooking Rice, will do still more good by extending the important information, that for the actual uses of life, the low priced Rice is equally as good as that which is termed prime. In fancy articles, appearances go a great way—but it is strange, that in an article of food, so great a mistake should still prevail. Prices depend very much upon the wholeness of the grains of Rice; a matter wholly indifferent for all useful purposes. It is almost ludicrous to see a Merchant squinting at a barrel of Rice, and shaking his head, with the remark—"it looks very well, but it is too much broken"—when the European consumer will put it into a mortar and reduce it to flour, before he makes his pudding. In Europe, Rice is generally pounded before it is cooked; and even where it is plain boiled, the breaking does not in the least deteriorate, either its appearance or taste. In fact if every broken particle were separated, those of us who know Rice by the eating, would prefer the broken. The small Rice, if properly cooked, is the sweetest—and for hospitals, for gruel, &c. is better than the Whole Rice—being, in truth, the eye of the kernel. The way to judge of Rice is this—select a parcel which is of a pearl colour, and partially transparent, you then can not err. A little more or less of flour, or breakage, is of slight consequence. The flour washes off in cleaning. Avoid yellow grain, green and coloured. The yellow is mow-burned, or heated in the stack—the green and black grains are but partially ripened, or bird sucked. But all pearly Rice is equally good for use. The great variety in prices, arises from the ignorance of the consumers; to suit their prejudices, Merchants will give twenty to fifty cents more, by the hundred, for whole grains, when not a jot of difference exists in its taste, nutriment, or any thing else. If the cook bought the Rice, no such difference would exist. The flour ought, in the first instance, to be cleaned off tolerably well, to avoid heating. But Rice stored in Charleston two years, during the last war, was skreened over, and was sold in Europe at the highest prices. It is the peculiar excellence of Rice, if insects eat it, they destroy only the softer parts—and the rest when washed and cooked, is as good as ever. If our own local Institutions used small and broken Rice, and they were more generally consumed at the Infirmarys at the North, it would help the consumption. Let the large manufacturing companies send on Cloth and exchange it for Rice at a fair price, and they would do more to introduce the consumption of their goods, than in any other way; and their work people would rejoice in the introduction of an excellent vegetable. Both the rules for cooking Rice, require a little explanation. The Rice, it is true, need not actually boil, but it should be at about boiling heat, and then "soaked," which means any thing but soaking; it is a drying process, by which the Rice is equally softened, by permitting the water to pass through it in the form of steam. The real difference in Rice, lies in the cooking. All pearly Rice, well cooked, is white—the grains swollen and separate, yet perfectly done. We shall be glad to see the North and South shake hands upon this subject.

WACCAMAW.

* The cleaning, or scouring previous to putting it in the pot, is all important, it cleanses it, and prepares it for boiling.

RICE READ.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce recommends the mixture of rice flour with wheat flour in making bread. It greatly improves the quality. "My family" he says, "reside in the country, and I took an early opportunity to send a quarter of rice to mill to be ground, in the same manner as corn, without bolting. We made an experiment with a pound of wheat flour and a pound of rice flour in the first place; the rice flour having been swollen, or scalded before it was mixed, by placing it in a clean vessel, with water, wet in the usual way, with milk in the evening. It was found in the morning, so soft, that it was necessary to stir into it four pounds more wheat flour, to give it the consistency of bread. With this addition the loaves were made, and the result gave us ten pounds of the finest bread I ever saw. It was of showy whiteness—tender and delicious to the taste, and remained fresh much longer than bread prepared from flour alone. Subsequent trials have satisfied us that one quarter part of rice flour may be profitably used in making bread; that the weight is greatly increased, and the quality improved beyond calculation. If the publication of this fact shall tend to unite the interests of the south, to the north, by an additional link, I shall be happy to see it circulated from one end of our land to the other. The trial of it is easy. The result can not fail to be satisfactory to all who make it."

THE COSMOPOLITE.

DIET OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

To the artist, the amateur, the traveller, and man of taste in general, the following gleanings respecting the diet of various nations, are cordially inscribed. The breakfast of the *Icelanders* consists of *skyr*, a kind of sour, coagulated milk, sometimes mixed with fresh milk or cream, and flavoured with the juice of certain berries; their usual dinner is dried fish, *skyr*, and rancid butter; and *skyr*, cheese, or porridge, made of Iceland moss, forms their supper; bread is rarely tasted by many of the *Icelanders*, but appears as a dainty at their rural feasts with mutton, and milk-porridge. They commonly drink a kind of whey mixed with water. As the cattle of this people are frequently, during winter, reduced to the miserable necessity of subsisting on dried fish, we can scarcely conceive their fresh meat to be so great a luxury as it is there esteemed. The poor of *Sweden* live on hard bread, salted or dried fish, water-gruel, and beer. The *Norwegian* nobility and merchants fare sumptuously, but the lower classes chiefly subsist on the following articles:—oatmeal-bread, made in thin cakes (strongly resembling the haver-bread of Scotland) and baked only twice a-year. The oatmeal for this bread is, in times of scarcity, which in Norway frequently occur, mixed with the bark of elm or fir tree, ground, after boiling and drying, into a sort of flour; sometimes in the vicinity of fisheries, the roes of cod kneaded with the meal of oats or barley, are made into a kind of hasty-pudding, and soup, which is enriched with a pickled herring or mackerel. The flesh of the shark, and thin slices of meat salted and dried in the wind, are much esteemed. Fresh fish are plentiful on the coasts, but for lack of conveyances, unknown in the interior; the deficiency, however, is there amply supplied by an abundance of game. The flesh of cattle pickled, smoked, or dry-salted, is laid by for winter store; and after making cheese, the sour whey is converted into a liquor called *syre*, which, mixed with water, constitutes the ordinary beverage of the *Norwegians*; but for festive occasions they brew strong beer, and with it intoxicate themselves, as also with brandy, when procurable. The maritime *Laplanners* feed on fish of every description, even to that of sea-dog, fish-livers, and train-oil, and of these obtaining but a scanty provision; they are even aspiring to the rank of the interior inhabitants, whose nutriment is of a more delicate description, being the flesh of all kinds of wild animals, herbaceous and carnivorous, and birds of prey; but bear's flesh is their greatest dainty. Rein-deer flesh is commonly boiled in a large iron

kettle, and when done, torn to pieces by the fingers of the *major domo*, and by him portioned out to his family and friends; the broth remaining in the kettle is boiled into soup with rye or oat-meal, and sometimes seasoned with salt. Rein-deer blood is also a viand with these people, and being boiled, either by itself or mixed with wild berries, in the stomach of the animal from whence it was taken, forms a kind of black-pudding. The beverage of the Laplanders is milk and water, broths, and fish-soups; brandy, of which they are extremely fond, is a great rarity, and a glass of it will warm their hearts towards the weary sojourner, who, but for the precious gift, might ask hospitality at their huts in vain. The diet of the *Samoides*, resembles that of the Laplanders, save that they devour raw the flesh of fish and rein-deer. For this people, all animals taken in the chase, and even those found dead, afford food, with the exception of dogs, cats, ermines, and squirrels. They have no regular time for meals, but the members of a family help themselves when they please from the boiler which always hangs over the fire. It is scarcely possible to name the variety of diet to be found among the *Russian* tribes; but even in cities, and at the tables of the opulent and civilized, late accounts mention the appearance of several strange and disgusting dishes, compounded of pastry, grain, pulse, vinegar, honey, fish, flesh, fruits, &c., not at all creditable to Russian gastronomick science. The diet of the *Polish* peasantry is meagre in the extreme; they seldom taste animal food, and both sexes swallow a prodigious quantity of *schnaps*, an ardent spirit resembling whiskey. The *Dutch* of all ranks are fond of butter, and seldom is a journey taken without a butter-box in the pocket. The boors feed on roots, pulse, herbs, sour milk, and water-souchie, a kind of fish-broth. In *England*, the edible produce of the world appears at the table of the nobility, gentry, and opulent commercial classes; and upon comparison with that of other nations, it will be seen that the diet of English artisans, peasantry, and even paupers, is far superior in variety and nourishment; bread, (white and brown) vegetables, meat, broth, soup, fish, fruit, roots, herbs, cheese, milk, butter, and, not rarely, sugar and tea, with fermented liquors and ardent spirits, are all, or most of them, procured as articles of daily subsistence by the English inferior classes. In *Scotland*, the higher ranks, live abstemiously, save on festive occasions; but animal food and wheaten bread is seldom tasted by the lower orders, who chiefly subsist on rye, barley, and oatmeal, prepared in bread, thin cakes, and porridge; this last termed *stirabout*, is simply oatmeal mixed with water and boiled (being stirred about with a wooden skether or spoon when on the fire) to the consistency of flour-paste, not very stiff; this, eaten with milk, forms the chief diet of the Scottish artisans and peasantry, and, indeed, many of superior stations prefer it for breakfast to bread of the finest flour which can be procured. Both high and low are partial to the following national dishes. The *haggis*, a kind of pudding, made of the offals or interior of a sheep, and boiled in the integument of its stomach; this dish, both in odour and flavour, is usually excessively offensive to the stranger; the singed sheep's head, water-souchie, Scotch soup, (an *olla podrida* of meats and vegetables,) chicken broth and sowens. *Laver*, a sauce made from a peculiar kind of sea-weed, and *caviar*, introduced from Russia, appear at the tables of the opulent, and by many are much esteemed. The diet of the higher ranks of *Irish* varies but little from that of the same classes in *England* and *Scotland*. Amongst national dishes appear the *staggering bob*, a calf only two days old, delicately dressed; hodge-podge, a soup answering to that of *Scotland*; colcannon, a mixture of potatoes and greens, seasoned with onions, salt, and pepper, finely braided together after boiling; and a seaweed sauce, either *laver* or some other, the name of which we do not happen to remember. Potatoes, fish, (fresh and salted) eggs, milk, and butter-milk, form the principal support of the inferior class, of *Irish*; and whiskey the national ardent spirit of *Ireland* and *Scotland*, is but too often, as is gin in *England*, the sole support of a host of besotted beings, who drop into untimely graves, from the habit of intoxication.

To be continued.

THE GATHERER.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

In an article on American song-birds, in the "Magazine of Natural History," is an interesting account of the mocking-bird, which seems to be the prince of all song-birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the clear mellow notes of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals, while in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally expressed with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour or an hour at a time. While singing he expands his wings and his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own musick, and the buoyant gaily of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He often deceives the sportsman, and even the birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. His imitations of the brown thrush are often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight; both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their night excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they begin to hear his delightful solo. His natural notes partake of a character similar to those of the brown thrush, but they are more sweet, more expressive, more varied, and uttered with greater rapidity. [Monthly Mag.]

THE "GOOD BOY" LOVER.

"When I was a lad," said a facetious gentleman to the recorder of the anecdote, "I was, or rather fancied myself to be, desperately in love with a very charming young lady. Dining at her parent's house one day, I was unfortunately helped to the gizzard of a chicken, attached to one of the wings. Aware, like most 'good boys' that it was extremely ungenteel to leave any thing upon my plate, and being over anxious to act with etiquette and circumspection in this interesting circle, I, as a 'good boy' wished strictly to conform myself to the rules of good breeding. But the gizzard of a fowl! Alas! it was impossible! how unfortunate! I abhorred it! No, I could not either for love or money have swallowed such a thing! So, after blushing, played with the annoyance, and casting many a side-long glance to see if I was observed, I contrived at length to roll it from my plate into my *mouchoir*, which I had placed on my knees purposely for its reception; the next minute all was safely lodged in my pocket. Conversing with the object of my affections, during the evening, in a state of nervous forgetfulness, I drew forth my handkerchief, and in a superb flourish, out flew the GIZZARD! Good heavens! my fair one stared, coloured, laughed; I was petrified; away flew my ecstatic dreams; and out of the house I flung myself without one 'au revoir,' but with a consciousness of the truth of that delectable ballad which proclaims, that 'Love has EYES!' I thought no more of love in that quarter, believe me!"

THE CHAMELEON.

"I had a chameleon which lived for three months, another for two months, and several which I gave away after keeping ten days or a fortnight. Of all the irascible little animals in the world, there are none so choleric as the chameleon: I trained two large ones to fight, and could, at any time, by knocking the tails against one another, ensure a combat, during which their change of colour was most conspicuous: this is only affected by paroxysm of rage, when the dark gall of the ani-

mal is transmitted into the blood, and is visible enough under its pelucid skin. The gall, as it enters and leaves the circulation, afford the three various shades of green which are observable in its colours—the story of the chameleon assuming whatever colour is near it, is, like that of its living upon air, a fable. It is extremely voracious. I had one so tame that I could place it on a stick opposite to a window, and in the course of ten minutes I have seen it devour half a dozen flies; its mode of catching them is very singular; the tongue is a thin cartilaginous dart, anchor shaped; this is thrust forth with great velocity, and never fails to catch his prey. The mechanisms of the eyes of the chameleon is extremely curious; it has the power of projecting the eye a considerable distance from the socket, and can make it revolve in all directions. One of them, which I kept for some months, deposited thirteen eggs in a corner of the room; each was about the size of a large coriander seed; the animal never sat on them. I took them away to try the effects of the sun; but from that period she declined daily in vivacity, and soon after died." [Madden's Travels.]

TROPICAL COUNTRIES.

Nature has, in tropical countries been prodigal of her favours. Man luxuriates in the profusion of her gifts, and roves through an Elysian paradise. They were intended as the residence of simplicity and innocence, and not as the abodes of profligacy and vice. In *Jamacia*, Nature has scattered her beauties in a manner wild, but harmonious—irregular, but delightful. She has opened her bosom to the nourishment of man, and desired him to live without toil if he would live without ambition. Is he hungry? He has but to extend his arm and the luxurious banana or exquisite plantain is ready to be received. Is he thirsty? The babbling brook or murmuring cascades rolls before him. Is he exhausted by heat? The spacious and outspreading fig tree extends its impenetrable branches to afford him shelter and protection.

"—not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between." *Milten.*

Is he luxurious? the milk and butter of the coconut will gratify his appetite. Yet this country, so favoured by nature, man has converted into a market-house. This country, in which the simplicity of the golden age might have existed forever, civilized man has deluged with the blood of innocence and filled with the groans of suffering humanity. [Washington Chronicle.]

In former days there was a professor in one of our New-England colleges, who was remarkable for moderation in all that he said or did. One of the quizzical students, in order to caricature this characteristic, so far as words can caricature, told the following story. The professor walked one day very deliberately from his house to the president's, a distance of some thirty rods. He there knocked, as was customary, at the president's study door, was bidden to come in; went in, shutting the door after him. The usual salutations passed alternately between the president and professor, such as, "how do you do, sir, how does your family, sir?" with the usual replies, "pretty well, I thank you; much as usual, I thank you," &c. Then, says the President, "please to take a chair, Mr. Professor." "I thank you sir, I cannot conveniently stay to be seated; I called to inform you that my house is on fire, and it is expected you will let me have the key, which opens the door which leads to the water engine for extinguishing the fire."

A young female *help*, so called in these days of refinement, in former days denominated a maid servant, was fond of using sonorous words, though her articulation was not very distinct. Hearing one remark on a pleasant day, that the weather was *salubrious*; she remarked on the next pleasant day that occurred that the weather was quite *slobberous*.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Western Monthly Review, for September.

ATTACK OF BRYANT'S STATION.

I know of no place nearer than the sources of the Mississippi, or the Rocky Mountains, where the refuge of a "Station" is now necessary. The last one in the west will soon have mouldered; and history and the lexicon will be the only depositories of the knowledge, what the term imports. Of the million readers in the United States, it is, probably, a large allowance, that five thousand of the first settlers of the west, or as we call them, the "old residents," have a distinct idea in their minds of the aspect and intent of the establishment. I have been in a number, that were erected on our north-western and southern frontiers, during the late war with Great Britain. I will endeavour to transfer to my readers the distinct picture, which was thus impressed upon my own mind.

The first immigrants, that fixed themselves in the fair valleys of Kentucky and Tennessee, came in companies and societies. A hundred neighbours, friends, connexions, old and young, mother and daughter, sire and infant, the house dog and the domestick animals, all set forth on the patriarchal wilderness trooping, as on a frolick. No disruption of the tender natal and moral ties, no revulsions of the reciprocities of kindness, friendship and love took place. The cement and the panoply of reciprocal affection and good will was in their hearts, and on their breasts, as they came over the mountains to the wide domain of the red men, and the wild howlers of the desert. Like the gregarious tribes, and the vernal emigrations of the sea-fowl to the interior lakes, they brought all their charities, their true home with them. Their state of isolation concentrated these kindly feelings. It has been found, that the current of human affections flows more full and strong, in proportion, as it is less divided, and diverted into numerous channels. This community, coming to survey new aspects of a nature, measured only by the imagination, new dangers, a new world, and in some sense a new existence, were bound to each other by a sacrament, as old as the human heart. I have a hundred times heard the remains of this race of the golden age deplore the distance and coldness of the measured, jealous and proud intercourse of the present generation, in comparison of the simple kindness, the frank and domestick relations of those primeval days, reminding me of the affecting accounts of the mutual love of Christians in the early periods of the church.

Another circumstance of the picture ought to be redeemed from oblivion. I suspect, that the general impression of fine ladies and gentlemen of the present day is, that the puritans of Plymouth, the episcopalians of Jamestown and the back-woodsmen of Kentucky and Tennessee were persons of an aspect, garb, beard, address, and *toute ensemble*, very little tending to tempt unregulated movements of the heart; in other words, precise, ugly, and natural dampers of love. Truth is, they were just the reverse of all this. Only mark, how careful the ruling elders and godly men of New England were, that the women should veil and conceal their charms. It is notorious, that a woman was churched there, for cutting off the ends of the fingers of her gloves, and exposing the tips of her dainty and delicate fingers to the manifest annoyance and disruption of the spiritual chain of thoughts in the bosom of the worshipping beholders. What other fact in all history bears, I had almost said, such sublime testimony to the charms of the charmers of that day? It stands, in fact, in the history of the triumphs of beauty, like the famed text quoted by Longinus in relation to sublimity. What fine fellows the Virginians must have been, to have melted down the stern hearts of the red women at the first glance, as in the case of Pocahontas!

However it may have been with the Atlantick progenitors, I have no doubt that the first settlers of Kentucky and Tennessee were a race of a beauty as rare, as their courage and virtues. I have conversed with some hundreds of these people; and they are the finest looking ancients, male and female, that I have seen, noble square forms, open chests, bright, clear and truth telling eyes. The

ladies, I admit, had a little more of the amazonian, than comports with our modern notions of a pretty, square-rigged insect, made pale by strong tea, late hours, dissipation, brag, vinegar and chalk. But I can easily believe, what these venerable patriarchs affirm, that these people were, for the most part, perfect Apollos and Venuses. I have seen their sons and daughters; and I believe, that children are apt to inherit the physical and mental likeness of their parents; and it is my clear conviction, that there is, no where on our globe, a finer looking race of young men and women, than in these states. Nevertheless, love has softened down, even there, to a malady of slight fevers and chills, compared with the continued and ardent fever, which rioted in the veins of their fathers and mothers.

As I said, these emigrant societies brought all their charities with them. These feelings received even an accession of energy and intenseness from those peculiar circumstances, which render a similar sojourn in an Indian wilderness the strongest cement of neighbourly affections. The air, before the forests were levelled, was generally remarkable for its salubrity. The chase yielded the most salutary viands, and immeasurable appetite and digestion corresponding. To these denizens of the flowering wilderness life was the sensation of high health, Herculean vigour and redundant joy. It was invigorating to hear the exhalatory interjection, the safety-valve respiration, as they struck their well tempered axe into the enormous trunk of the tree, they were about to fall. These were the men, who were parents of the pionies and roses, that now bloom there; and of the men of square form, unblenching cheek, and sure rifle shot; the players with thunder-bolts, the swimmers of the Mississippi, and the challengers of a battle with a whole menagerie of panthers and wild-cats, with a supernumerary zebra to kick withal.

When the social band had planted their feet on the virgin soil, the first object was, to fix on a spot central to one of the most extensive upland alluvions of gentle swell and declivity, where paw-paw, cane and wild clover marked exuberant fertility; and where the woods were so open, that the hunter could ride in any direction at half speed. The curse of party feuds, and political asperity had not yet smitten the soil with sterility; and it yielded, almost without other cultivation, than planting, from eighty to a hundred bushels of maize to the acre; and all other desirable products in proportion. Game was so abundant, that two hunters would often kill enough in two days, to last a station of a hundred souls a month; and these robust young swains and damsels were not of your rice cake and wafer eaters neither. They walked, played, danced, hunted and loved in strength and gladness; and their consumption of tender venison was in proportion.

The next thing, after finding the central point of this hunter's paradise, was to build a "Station," which now remains to be described. It was desirable that it should be near a flush limestone spring; and if a salt lick and prodigious sugar maple orchard were close at hand, so much the better. The next preliminary step was, to clear a considerable area, so as that nothing should be left to screen an enemy from view and a shot. If a spring could be enclosed, or a good well dug in the enclosure, they were considered important elements; but as an Indian siege seldom extended beyond one or two days, and as water enough to last through the emergency, could always be stored in a reservoir; it was deemed still more important, that the position should be on a rising ground, as much as possible overlooking the adjoining forest. The form was a perfect parallelogram, including from a half to a full acre. A trench was then dug, four or five feet deep, and contiguous pickets planted in it, so as to form a compact wall ten or twelve feet above the ground. The pickets were of hard and durable timber, nearly a foot in diameter; and formed a rampart beyond the power of man either to leap, or overthrow, by the exercise of individual and unaided physical power. At the angles were small projecting squares, of still stronger material and planting, technically called flankers, with oblique port holes; so that the sentinel within could rake the external front of the station without

being exposed to a shot without. Two folding gates, in the front and rear, swinging on prodigious wooden hinges, gave ingress and egress to the men and teams in time of security. At other times, a trusty sentinel on the roof of an interior building, was stationed so as to be able to decry at a distance every suspicious object. The gates were always firmly barred by night; and sentinels through its silent watches relieved each other in turn. Nothing can be imagined more effectual for its purposes, than this simple contrivance in the line of fortification. True these walls would not have stood against the battering ram of Josephus, or the balls of a six pounder. But they were proof against Indian strength and patience and rifle shot. The only expedient was, to undermine them; or destroy them with fire; and this could not be easily done, without exposing them to the rifle of the flankers. Of course there are a few recorded instances, where they were taken, when skilfully and resolutely defended. Their regular forms, in the central wilderness, their aspect of security, their social city show rendered them delightful objects to an immigrant, who had come two hundred leagues, without seeing a human habitation. Around the interior of these walls, the buildings of the little community arose, with a central clean esplanade for dancing and wrestling, and the other primeval amusements of the olden days. It is questionable, if heartier and happier eating and sleeping, wrestling and dancing, loving and marrying fall to the lot of their descendants, who ride in coaches, and dwell in spacious mansions. Venison and wild turkeys, sweet potatoes and pies smoked on the table; and persimon and maple beer quaffed as well, at least for health, as Madeira or nectar. The community spent their merry evenings together; and while their fires blazed bright within the little and secure square, the far howl of wolves, or even the solitary war-whoop of an Indian sounded in the ear of the happy and reckless indwellers, like the driving storm, pouring on the sheltering roof, above the head of the traveller, safely nested in his clean and quiet bed; that is, brought the contrast of comfort and security in more home felt emphasis to the bosom.

Such a Station was Bryant's in 1782. It was the nucleus of the settlements of that delightful and rich country, of which Lexington is the present centre. There were at this time but two others north of the Kentucky river. It was more open to attack than any other in the country. The Miami on the north, and the Licking on the south of the Ohio, were long canals, which led from the northern hive of the savages between the lakes and the Ohio directly to it. In the summer of this year, a grand assemblage convened at Chillicothe. The Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Pottowattomies, and most of the tribes bordering on the lakes were represented in it. Besides their chiefs, and some Canadians, they were aided by the counsels of the two Girtys and M'Kee, renegade whites. I have made diligent enquiry, touching the biography of these men, particularly Simon Girty, a wretch whose name is of more notoriety in the instigation of the wars and massacres of these Indians, than any other in our records. No tortured captive escaped from them in those times, who could not tell the share which Simon Girty had in his sufferings; no burnings and murders, in which he assisted not either with his presence or his counsels. I have gained no specific information, except that they were supposed to be refugees from Pennsylvania. They added the calculating and combining powers of the whites to the instinctive cunning and ferocity of the savages. They had their warlike propensities, without their magnanimity; and their appetite for blood without their active or passive courage. They had the bad properties of the whites and Indians, unmixed with the good of either. The cruelty of the Indians had some show of palliating circumstances. But theirs was gratuitous, cold-blooded, and without visible motive. Yet Simon Girty, like the people, among whom he dwelt, sometimes took the freak of kindness, no reason could be assigned wherefore; and once or twice saved an unhappy victim from being roasted alive. This renegade lived in plenty; and smoked his pipe, and drank off his whiskey in his log palace, consulted by the Indians, as an oracle.

He was seen clad in a ruffled shirt, a soldier's coat, pantaloons and garters, belted with pistols and dirks; and wore a watch with an enormous length of chain and tassel of ornaments; all, probably, the spoils of murder; and as he had a strong affectation of wisdom, there is no doubt, but in these days he would have worn green spectacles. So habited, he swelled in the view of the unhappy Indian captives, like the peacock spreading his morning plumage. There is little doubt, that those saved by his interposition, were spared, that he might have white admirers, and display to them his grandeur and the extent of his influence among the Indians.

The great assemblage to which I have referred, gathered round the shrine of Simon Girty for counsel, touching the point, which it was expedient to assail. He painted to them the delights of the land of cane, clover, deer, and buffaloes; and the fair vallies of the Kentuckee, for which so much blood had been shed. He described the gradual encroachments of the whites; and the necessity of a determined effort, if they would ever regain possession of their rich and rightful domain. He warned them, if the present order of things continued, that the whites would soon leave them no hunting grounds worth retaining; and no means of procuring rum, with which to warm and cheer their desolate hearts, or blankets to clothe their naked backs. They were advised to descend the Miami, cross the Ohio, ascend the Licking and paddle their canoes to the very contiguity of Bryant's Station. The speech was received with yells of enthusiastic applause.

Away marched this cohort of biped wolves, howling through the forest to their canoes on the Miami. Girty, in his ruffled shirt and soldier coat, stalked at their head, silently feeding upon his own grandeur. The Station, against which they were destined, enclosed forty cabins. They arrived before it, August 15, 1782, in the night. In the morning the inhabitants were warned of their presence, by being fired upon, as they opened their doors. The time of their arrival was providential. In two hours most of the efficient males of the Station were to have marched to the two other Stations, which were reported to have been attacked. The place would thus have been left completely defenceless. The garrison found means to dispatch one of their number to Lexington, to announce the assault, and crave aid. Sixteen mounted men and thirty one on foot were immediately marched off to their aid.

Conclusion next week.

MISCELLANY.

From the Journal of Health.

HEALTH.

Health was personified, in the mythology of the ancients, by the goddess Hygeia. With equal nature and poetry, they indicated as her favourite abodes, spots most remarkable for sylvan beauty—the mountain side with its shady grove, or the undulations of hill and dale with the clear meandering stream, while over the whole expanse blew the light western and southern breeze. She received no sacrifices of blood or oriental perfumes: her altar was strewn with flowers; her festivals were kept with the music of the shepherd's pipe, and the dance of the rustick maidens. Temples were erected to her in the cities; but she was most appropriately invoked in the sports of the gymnasium and palestra. Here the youth were trained to endurance of fatigue, and acquired that strength of body and contempt of danger, which made them the terror of their enemies. As at once relaxation from the severer exercises, and a means of renovating their vigour, they had frequent recourse to bathing. At Rome, the combatants in racing and wrestling, pitching the quoit and throwing the javelin—while yet warm and panting, would plunge into the Tiber. To this the poet of the Seasons alludes, when he says—

"Hence the limbs
Kneel into force; and the same Roman arm
That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth,
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave."

Hygeia is ever the companion of true liberty, not less than of orderly habits and pure morals. The periods of the greatest degradation of the hu-

man species, from misrule and vice, have been also those of the most destructive pestilence; and hence it has been truly said, that general health is inconsistent with extreme servitude. The fourteenth century, in which the night of ignorance and barbarism was darkest in Europe, was also the age of the most numerous and almost universal plagues. With freedom and equal rights are associated diligence and success in the culture of the soil, and consequently greater purity of the air; dwellings are raised with a view not merely to temporary convenience, but permanent comfort; food is abundant and nutritious; and the free man is not afraid of tempting the cupidity of tyrannical superiors by a display of attire, either called for by his wants, or dictated by his taste.

Greece, with the loss of her liberty and the ruin of her cities, has an altered climate; and the country surrounding Rome, which could in ancient times boast of its hundred cities, is now a waste, tenanted by a scattered peasantry, who wear on their countenances the hue of disease and the imprint of slavery. Contrasted with this picture is the reverse change brought about by the free and frugal Hollanders, who converted dreary swamps into green and fertile fields, and built numerous and flourishing cities, on spots where the foot of man could not once have trodden with safety.

In every code of laws framed with an eye to the general good, there have been incorporated in it precepts for the preservation of health, and prevention of disease. Climate has been productive of the most remarkable differences in this branch of legislation. Without bearing this in mind, we should consider as absurd many of the injunctions of Moses and Mahomet, which were rendered of imperative necessity by the peculiar situation of the inhabitants of warm latitudes. In legislation like our own, which fluctuates with the wants and wishes of the people, it is very evident that a knowledge of rational precepts for the preservation of health, or, as they are technically called, the laws of Hygeine, must be of paramount value to guide to the enactment of good laws. This is a question of high interest to every citizen, whether he regard his individual welfare, or the flourishing condition of the body politick.

DECLINE OF EMPIRES.

From Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The rise and decline of empires is a subject equally fitted to strike the fancy of the poet, to employ the labour of the historian, and to occupy the thought of the philosopher. Some of the most affecting and sublime passages of human eloquence have been called forth by a theme, which, on the one side, presents us with all that man has performed most glorious and most ennobling; while, on the other, it gives us a melancholy picture of the vanity of his greatest works. Cities and towers fall to the ground; a dominion which forms the pride of one generation excites the pity of another. But ours is a more sober task. Generally speaking, a state or country is seen to flourish when its members are moved by passions which require a common effort, and are directed to the common benefit. Freedom, commerce, conquest, love of glory, dominion of the seas, planting of colonies,—such are the most usual objects of rising and prosperous states. Each has one or more of these objects peculiar to itself, which form, as it were, its principle of life. Thus the spirit of Rome was formed of love of freedom and love of conquest; the spirit of Holland, of love of freedom and of commerce. So long as this spirit continues unabated, and has room to gratify itself, the state flourishes. It may exist in an absolute monarchy, as well as in a free state, but seldom endures; because the law of hereditary succession may change the spirit of the nation, at any moment, from activity to indolence, from conquest to pusillanimity. The decline of a state takes place in a similar manner when a passion tending to a common purpose, is exchanged for others aiming solely at the enjoyment of the individual, to be advanced by individual and selfish means. Thus when, owing to the corruption of their manners and institutions, the Romans grew to love their villas and their

feasts better than war, their luxury (revenging the conquered world,) prepared the fall of the empire. Other causes of decline may be found in laws or institutions which check national energy; for instance, the Inquisition of Spain. Or, lastly a state may be outgrown by its neighbours. We often see, in a plantation, that a quick-growing tree for a time overtops and shades its fellows; but when it has reached its maturity, a plant of loftier nature equals, surpasses, and at length carries away from it sun and moisture. Like to this is the figure which we see made in history by countries which owe to the early maturity of their laws a superiority they can not finally preserve. Sparta and Athens commanded the civilized world, till Philip united his Macedonians under a compact and orderly government. In modern times, the states of Italy once maintained larger regular armies, and had more copious treasures, than England or France; but when the government of these kingdoms became settled, the small Italian republics fell into insignificance. In the course of the seventeenth century, all the nations of Europe, except Italy and Spain, made great progress in the arts of government and civil life; consequently new states sprung up, and the balance of power was altered by the decline of some countries and the rise and progress of others.

From the Camden Journal.

"UNWRITTEN" COUNTENANCES.

How little does he know of humanity, who looks to the countenance as an index of the "inner man," and how slight and shallow is that man's acquaintance with the workings of human feeling, who believes every one happy that wears a smile upon his lip! "Flavius is a happy fellow, for you never meet him but you find that comical countenance of his, lit up in the sunshine of its own whimsicality; and he never opens his mouth but to utter one of his own peculiar queerities. He lives upon his humour, and it is not possible that aught save fun, and wit and fancy ever occupies his mind. He is living a life of unembittered mirth, and travelling over the rugged pathway of humanity with griefless tread;—threading the sinuosities of life with light mind and untroubled footstep." This is a language that we have but too often heard used, and used too, to a being, himself the victim of the most intense sensibility, and who while he was listening to the convivial merriment around him—perhaps contributing his full quota to it, was at the same moment writhing under the agonies of mental distress. Depend upon it, there is no judging of any man's feelings, by his looks, or by his language. He may be setting a table into a full roar of laughter, or he may be making you forget every thing but hilarity and the philosophy of old Democritus, in reading his pages, while his bosom is throbbing under the visitations of its own misery! We have known more than one such man. We have seen him imparting the liveliest feelings to those about him; we have seen every ear prepared to hear something witty from his lips, and every countenance holding itself in readiness to "stretch forth" to its utmost elongation of laughter, at what he should utter; and we never knew him to disappoint the expected luxury. But while we have witnessed this, we have known full well that he who ministered to the mirth of others, knew nought but sorrow himself! Apparent cheerfulness very often covers concealed woe, and a bright countenance is but too frequently the false flag which the desperate unfurl, when they would commit piracy upon human discernment!

CAMEL FIGHTS.

At particular seasons of the year, camel fights are common at Smyrna and at Aleppo. Such exhibitions are the disgrace of the vulgar (be they the high or low vulgar) of all countries; and the lion fights of the savage Romans, the bull fights of Spain, the bull and badger baitings and cock fights of England, and the camel fights of Asia Minor, are equally indications of a barbarian spirit, which can only be eradicated by knowledge and true religion. Of these, however, the camel fights appear the least objectionable. The camels of Smyrna are led out to a large plain, filled with eager crowds. They are muzzled, to prevent their

being seriously injured, for their bite is tremendous, always bringing the piece out. A couple being let loose, they run at each other with great fury. Mr. Mac Farlane thus describes to us this curious scene: "One of the favourite holiday amusements of the Turks of Asia Minor is furnished by the camel combats. An inclosure is made, and two camels, previously muzzled so that they can not hurt each other much, are driven in, and incited to fight with each other. Their mode of combat is curious: they knock their heads together (laterally,) twist their long necks, wrestle with their fore legs, almost like bipeds, and seem to direct their principal attention to the throwing down of the adversary. During this combat, the Turks, deeply interested, will back, some one camel, and some the other; and they will clap their hands and cry out the names of their respective favourites, just as our amateurs do with their dogs, or as the Spaniards, at their more splendid and more bloody bull fights, will echo the name of the hardy bull or the gallant *matador*. The Pasha of Smyrna used frequently to regale the people with these spectacles in an inclosed square before his palace; and I saw them besides, once, at a Turkish wedding, at the village of Bournabah, near Smyrna, and another time on some other festive occasion, at Magnesia. I once, however, chanced to see a less innocent contest, which I have noticed in my volume of travels. This was on the plain between Mounts Sipylus and Tartalec and the town of Smyrna. It was a fight in downright earnest. Two huge rivals broke away from the string, and set to in spite of their drivers. They bit each other furiously, and it was with great difficulty the devidgis succeeded in separating these (at other times) affectionate and docile animals." [Menagaries.

From Meredith's Memorials.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

At a period when the operations of Russia attract the whole attention of the political world, it may be instructing—it certainly is curious, to recall the strides towards mighty empire which that power has been making during the last three hundred years. In the year 1476, Ivan the third, the last Grand Duke of Moscow, succeeded to patrimonial estates of—

	Geog. sq. miles.	Population.
In 1505, he died bequeathing	18,208	with 6,000,000
1535, died the 1st Czar, Vassili IV.	24,238	10,000,000
1584, died Ivan IV.	144,040	12,000,000
1598, died Feodor I.	150,414	
1645, died Michael Romanof	237,933	12,000,000
1676, died Alexis	267,116	
1689, succeeded Peter I.	271,371	15,000,000
1725, died Peter the Great	280,379	20,000,000
1740, died the Empress Anne	325,567	
1762, succeeded Catherine II.	325,609	25,000,000
1725, died Catherine	335,646	26,000,000

1825, died Alexander, bequeathing to his successor, Nicholas I. a territory of 5,879,900 superficial square miles, and a population of 58,000,000 of souls! constituting an addition to the latter (in a short career of conquest, begun and ended within little more than one quarter of a century,) of *twenty-two millions!* We may throw in another two millions at least for the natural increase of the Russian population, conjointly with the forced increase of subjects pilfered from the Persian crown, during the three years of modest pretensions preferred by the present autocrat.

To this plain statement we may add Balbi's recent estimate of the Muscovite empire:—

Superfices in square miles	5,912,900
Population	60,000,000
Revenue	16,000,000
National Debt	52,000,000
Army and Navy	1,039,000
Ships of war	130

Though it may not altogether comport with the subject mooted in the foregoing details, it is at least germane to the popular excitement of the present hour, that we should show how very different is the relation in which Turkey now stands to Russia, to that in which she stood when the Muscovite first sought the honour of her acquaintance. *Tempora mutatur cum illis!* Anno 1490. The year

in which Columbus discovered America was the year during which a species of distant acquaintance began between the Russian and Ottoman. At this time Ivan the Third employed Girai, to make the first overtures to Sultan Bajazet, by whom they were met with this laconic remark,—"If the prince of Moscow be thy brother, of course he is mine also!" A short time after came an autograph from Ivan to the Sultan, vindicating his friend, Girai, from certain calumnies. Anno 1514. The Czar Vassili sent Alexejew, one of his officers, with assurance of amity to Selim the First; and commanded him to say, "Our fathers lived on terms of brotherly unity, what reason is there that we, their sons, should not do likewise?" He was also directed not to throw himself upon the floor, but to keep his hands crossed upon his breast, to deliver the presents entrusted to him, and to ask after the Sultan's health; but not unless the latter should have previously made a similar inquiry as to that of the grand duke. This was the Selim, in whose time it grew into a common term of male-diction. "Heaven grant you may be sultan Selim's grand vizier!" Because, says Aali, his historian, Selim's viziers were oftentimes limited to month's sway, and then delivered over to the executioner; for which reason it was customary for all the viziers appointed during his reign to carry their last will in their bosoms; and they deemed themselves new horn creatures, whenever they brought their heads upon their shoulders after they had had an audience!" It may be interesting to our readers to know, that the census of 1821 states the population of St. Petersburg at 422,166; of which 297,445 were males, and 124,721 females.

From the National Egie.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT MADE TOLERABLE,

OR PRISON DISCIPLINE IMPROVED.

To be able to accommodate ourselves to the circumstances of place, is one of the happiest qualities of our nature. We are indebted more largely to this composition in the mind for our enjoyment than almost any other. It prepares us for the changes and vicissitudes of life and however difficult it may seem at first to become familiar with new faces, new things, and new habits, examples are not wanting to satisfy us that they can be approached and conformed to without any very great diminution of our happiness. Cardinal de Retz once said that the happiest man he ever saw was a fellow shut up in one of the prisons in Holland. He did nothing but laugh at his fellow prisoners and occasionally looked through the grates of his cell and ridiculed those who were looking at him as a curiosity. He spent his whole time in laughing at the ridiculous things he saw, and finally, to satisfy the world that he was as well contented in one place as another, he gravely set about writing the life of his gaoler. Here was a philosopher whose submission to the shafts of misfortune and the ills of life is worthy of talking about. All he wanted to make him happy was to be in sight of man, he being, in his opinion, the most laughable object in creation.

But the best story we have seen connected with prison comforts, is one told in a Natchez paper. It seems that in the course of justice, two persons were brought before the court, both strangers to each other, the one a beautiful young lady of the age of nineteen, and the other a young man of twenty two. They had been arrested on separate charges, and had never seen each other until they were placed in the bar together, to plead to the indictments found against them. Both were convicted and each sentenced to one week's solitary confinement. But while their trials were going on, the rogue cocked a side long look at the fair prisoner and actually made love to her; and no sooner had the Court pronounced the sentence than he moved for permission to call with the lady on his return to prison at the office of a Justice of the Peace and be married, saying that they had agreed upon matrimony as probably the best way to mitigate the "miseries of confinement." The Court having considered of the matter, readily consented to the request of the prisoner, and they went off with light hearts and sunny smiles to receive exe-

cution of the sentence in the same cell; making true what the facetious Butler long ago said;

Quoth Hudibras, 'This thing call'd Pain,
Is (as the learned Stoick's maintain)
Not bad simpliciter, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

A FRAGMENT.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are led from this fountain; how powerless a conscience would become without the belief of a God, how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence, to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with a fearful crash, sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superiour intelligence concerns itself in human affairs; that all the improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the poor no avenger; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow? We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of the day? And what is he more, if Atheism be true? Erase all thoughts and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, and principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of Atheism declares him to be—a companion of brutes.

[Collett's Relicks of Literature.

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Seventy-five years ago, Gen. (then Major) Washington, made an excursion into the Western wilderness, and descending the Monongahela river in a canoe to its confluence with the Alleghany, wrote to Gov. Dinwiddie, that he considered "the land in the fork" (the present site of Pittsburg) as "extremely suited for a fort, as it had the absolute command of both rivers." The "land in the fork," which Washington examined with a soldier's eye, and on which he recommended the erection of a little military post to overawe the marauding savages of the neighbourhood, is now the largest inland town in the United States, containing about 20,000 inhabitants, the depot of a populous country, and possessing a manufacturing capital, of many million of dollars. The amount of merchandise which passed yearly through the warehouses of the city so long ago as 1815, was estimated at \$20,000,000.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NEAPOLITAN SUPERSTITION.

The Neapolitan sailors never go to sea without a box of small images or puppets, some of which are patron saints, inherited from their progenitors, while others are more modern, but of tried efficacy in the hour of peril. When a storm overtakes the vessel, the sailors leave her to her fate, and bring upon deck the box of saints, one of which is held up, and loudly prayed to for assistance. The storm, however, increases, and the obstinate or

powerless saint is vehemently abused, and thrown upon the deck. Others are held up, prayed to, abused, and thrown in succession, until the heavens become more propitious. The storm abates, all dangers disappears, the saint last prayed to acquires the reputation of miraculous efficacy, and, after their return to Naples, is honoured with prayers.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

The Rochester anties and the famous "central committee" are beginning to reap the rewards of their *honesty* and *patriotism*. It will doubtless be recollected by our readers that before the election last fall, a handbill was issued, signed by a number of the anti-masonick managers in Rochester, charging certain individuals who supported general Jackson, with having negotiated a note for \$1500, for the purpose of corrupting the electors of Monroe county. A suit was brought against a number of those who signed this libellous handbill, so as to enable them if possible to give it a little better support than their own words. This the *honest gentlemen* have declined, and in order to obtain a discontinuance of the prosecution, have published a card confessing that their accusation was *false*, and have paid the costs of prosecution, amounting to between *five and six hundred dollars*! The names of the "order and decency" men who have thus "suffered for their country's good," are *Harvey Ely, E. M. Parsons, James W. Smith, John Merchant, and S. G. Andrews*. We doubt not their *patriotism* is cooled a little now, and we would not wonder if it should take a Rip Van Winkle nap.

At a late term of the circuit court, at Rochester, *Fredrick Whittlesey*, the anti-masonick District Attorney of Monroe county, delegate to the famous anti-masonick convention of this state, Secretary to the "Morgan committee", and missionary from the same to the Harrisburgh convention, &c. &c., was fined *one hundred dollars* for an *assault and battery* committed upon a brother lawyer, while *drinking with him in a bar-room*. This gentleman and the libellers have given a very good illustration of anti-masonick respect for "truth" and "the law;" they would not however be alone in their sufferings if all who are equally deserving were treated in a similar manner.

The lodges of the province of New Brunswick contemplate forming themselves into a Grand Lodge, "independent of that of England or any other place." We have received from Saint John, a copy of a circular, setting forth the reasons for desiring the adoption of this measure; and upon a perusal of it, we think that, under the circumstances, the proposed Grand Lodge would materially benefit the interests of the fraternity, and contribute to the advancement of its benevolent purposes.

"We are credibly informed that several anti-masons were so disgusted with Southwick's performance here on the 11th, that they have openly abandoned the party."

The above is from the *Saratoga Sentinel*, and the *disgust* that it mentions may be taken as a fair specimen of the effect of Southwick's orations. His impudence, impiety, vanity, and insane zeal, carry death to the hopes of his party, wherever he goes. For this reason we regret that he has been, the present week, prevented by one of his creditors from making a display in Montgomery county.

We copy the following literary morsel from the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. If the editors are under the necessity of driving logic into the heads and feeling into the hearts of such fellows, they will need to realize the Spanish blessing and "live a thousand years." Some of the anti-masons in this state are fair matches for Mr. Rouse—all their intelligence and feeling is in their purses and hides.

March of Mind. The following advertisement was seen on a store door, not long since, in one of the eastern coun-

ties of North Carolina, and was copied verbatim by a traveller:—

fifty dollars reward for my Negro man Ned he is runaway from the subscriber Joshua Rouse on the 12 day of Instant and had the in Shorance to Comin in My hous and Take My Gun out of the hous and Cary of with him any persons who has any Minde To Spend Times In Looking him and Comes acrast him and they have a Gun well Charged Stop him If they Can for he is a dam Ras kull you shant be hurt by my hands Nor Lawde any person will fetch him to Me I will Give them fifty Dollars June the 18 day 1827

Joshua Rouse

From the *Saratoga Sentinel*.

The virtuous anti-masonick convention on the 11th inst. at this place, resolved to disconnect themselves entirely with the two old political parties. The *chastity* of the honourable chairman, and of the leading delegate from Waterford, and the *incorruption* of their orator, who immortalized himself on the Bank of America question, make it very natural for them to shrink from all contact with two parties *old enough* to understand them. They could have done this without a formal resolution. The same meeting, by Mr. *John Metcalf*, and others of their committee, denounced the masonick and *Tummany* societies. These *sensitive plants* (the anti-masons) become more and more susceptible as the season advances; and it is to be hoped that by another meeting Mr. Metcalf will be prepared to *shrink* from the *Washington Benevolent Society*, of which he was so conspicuous a member during the late war. If he will develop the hidden political mysteries of that institution, the mock and religious cant which he has transfused into his address, and resolutions may pass off with a better grace. This, I suppose, though, was done in compliment to the "*man of sin*," who made the political prayer for the day. Such a *chaste* combination must lead to something extraordinary. Who would be surprised if our friends of the *feminine gender* should hold meetings, and resolve, with some of their sisters at the west, to marry no man except he is an anti-mason? PORCUPINE.

FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN THE MEXICANS AND THE SPANIARDS. By an arrival at Baltimore, intelligence has been received in that city from Tampico to the 1st of Sept. inclusive. The town was still in possession of the invaders. Their number was variously stated from 3000 to 5000 troops. Gen. Santa Anna, with the Mexican army, was encamped near the place. A short time before the sailing of the vessel that brings the intelligence, gen. Barradas marched 20 miles into the interior, leaving 250 men in Tampico. During his absence, the Mexicans, numbering about 1700, attacked the latter, but were repulsed, with a loss of 60 or 70 killed and wounded. During the engagement Barradas re-entered the town. The Mexican troops were throwing up fortifications, and had given notice to the foreigners, that they intended to bombard the place on the 30th Aug. In consequence, the foreign merchants left their houses, and went on board of the American sloop of war *Hornet*, lying outside the bar. The bombardment did not take place, probably owing to the works not being finished. The Spanish troops conducted with great propriety towards the inhabitants, and no outrages had been committed. About 600 were sick. So confident were they of ultimate success, that there was not a single Spanish ship of war or transport on the coast. "They intended to make further efforts to induce the desertion of the Mexican soldiers, *not one of whom had as yet joined the invaders*. The arrival of the troops who were driven into New Orleans in the ship *Bingham*, and of fresh troops from Havana, was daily expected. American vessels and property were much respected. The officers of the *Hornet* had gone on shore and visited the Mexican commander, and returned through the Spanish forces without hindrance or molestation." The above particulars are principally abridged from the account given by the *Baltimore American*. The *Baltimore Gazette*, from the office of which paper we have also been favoured with a slip, contains a letter from a correspondent, in which it is stated that the attack of the Mexicans would have been completely successful, but for the speedy and unexpected return of Barradas, who had gone to Altamira to surprise gen. La Garza expecting to capture the old general and all under his command without loss on his part. "At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 22d ult. the fight commenced in the streets and from the tops of the houses and continued until 10 o'clock, when the Spaniards called a parley and agreed to surrender to Santa Anna; but gen. Barradas who was glad to get back from his visit to Altamira, arriving at the time with his forces, changed the fortune of the day. Santa Anna re-surrendered the town and retired with his troops unmolested to his former position at the old town of Tampico, where he now remains augmenting his forces, which he does with great facility, every Mexican in that neighbourhood from the age of 16 to 80 joining him." [N. Y. Eve. Post.

FROM BUENOS AYRES. Intelligence has been received at Baltimore from Buenos Ayres, by the arrival at that place of the Schooner *Virginia*, which sailed on the 14th August. General Lavalle continued at the head of the government, and affairs remained in pretty much the same posture as

they were at the sailing of the *Two Marys*, which brought the last previous accounts. The perturbation of the public mind, however, seemed in a great measure allayed; and the papers state that the recurrence of a civil war is no longer dreaded. A proclamation of governor Lavalle, dated August 12, contains assurances to the same effect. An extract of a letter in a slip of the *Baltimore American* says—"public confidence is much restored, business is gradually improving, and we expect to see it shortly resume its former activity."

General Lavalle had provided himself with a new ministry, whose appointments he officially announced on the 7th of August, as follows: Manuel J. Garcia, to be secretary of the treasury; Thomas Guido, to be secretary of state and foreign relations; Manuel Escalada, to be secretary of war and marine; J. A. Gelli, to be minister of police.

[N. Y. Evening Post.

An aboriginal burying ground was recently discovered in Salem, Mass., while levelling a piece of ground. The bodies, mostly adults, were interred in groups of three and four, lying parallel to each other. The bodies, or bones rather, lay on the right side, the faces towards the rising sun. The bones of animals, deposited probably for provision, were found in the several graves. It is supposed from the manner of interment that this burial ground was used at the time of the sweeping plague of 1617. [Conn. Jour.

Mexico. The Mexican general St. Anna has been repulsed in his first attack on the Spanish invaders at Tampico. But petty victories are almost as fatal to an invading force as defeats. Such force is wasted away, and finally annihilated, by a protracted war against the whole population of a country. [Bost. Palladium.

The three legislatures of Mexico petitioned the General Congress for the expulsion of Mr. Poinsett, the U. S. ambassador, which was negatived—years 19, says 23. Mr. P. has published an answer to the petition. The treatment which Mr. P. has received is another proof of the folly of revolutionary jealousy. [Ib.

Dr. Pascalis of New-York, has written an account of the Siamese Boys—"Homo Duplex"—to the Medical Society of Paris. One hundred and twenty-eight years ago (he says) there were two double human beings who lived to the age of twenty-one. He recommends that accoucheurs be authorized by law to correct defects in formations, within three months after birth. [Ib.

A brick manufactory is established in the city of New-York, which makes 25,000 bricks a day. The clay is taken from the bank, thrown into a hopper, broken and pressed into moulds by a machine, and immediately placed in the kiln for burning; the bricks are said to be good, and to sell from five to eight dollars per thousand. [Ib.

We are told that there is but one Anti-Mason in Dover, N. H. The only objection he professes to have against Freemasonry is, that "*It is too much like the Christian Religion!*" [Boston Palladium.

Antimasons in this county, are about as useful to society, and about as well calculated to preserve harmony and peace among neighbours, as weasels are useful and peaceable among poultry. [Troy Budget.

A letter from Manchester, August 5, gives a most gloomy account of the diminution of business. It is not, says the writer, owing to a temporary cause, but seems a gradual declining of affairs, that leaves no promise for the future.

The British government has granted lands in Canada to such of the officers of its army as will actually settle there. To a colonel 1200 acres, and so on.

Peace has been again concluded between Colombia and Peru.

MARRIED,

At Bainbridge, Chenango county, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. N. H. Adams, of Unadilla, Mr. WILLIAM S. SAYRE, to Miss LEVY BUSH, both of Bainbridge.

In Cambridge, Washington county, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Saratoga Springs, LUTHER J. HOW, esq. attorney at law, to Miss CORNELIA M. PARMLEY, both of Cambridge.

In Hohart, Delaware county, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Hewett R. Peters, Mr. RODERICK C. STEELE, of Woodbury, Connecticut, to Miss JULIA S. daughter of Charles B. Peters, esq. of the former place.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ludlow, Doctor HAZEL KANE to Miss MARY, daughter of John Humprey, esq. all of this city.

In Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hickok, Mr. HENRY PHELPS, merchant, of the firm of Phelps and Buel, of this city, to Miss LOUISA C. daughter of Luke Lewis, esq.

DIED,

In this city, on Friday morning, 25th ult. CATHERINE, daughter of Daniel S. Kittle, aged 2 years.

In this city, on Friday morning, BENJAMIN THAYER, in the 36th year of his age.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

TO ———.

You remember the days of the olden time,
When the summer of youth was in its prime;
When the light heart leaped in the bosom gay,
And the eye was illumed with the smiles of May;
When the bounding breast rose high with joy,
And pleasures seemed blooming that ne'er would cloy.

Oh! those were the moments of joy and ruth,
And that was the season of open truth;
The thoughts that sprung from the guileless breast
Were bright as the hill where the sunbeams rest,
And the sorrows that shaded the lovely scene
Passed off like the sun-kissed dews of e'en.

And true were the friends of that early day,
And sure was the faith that would truest repay,
And the heart that opened its portals too,
Met with confidence equally frank and true:
Like the sky unstained by a summer cloud,
Not a shade of doubt did that faith enshroud.

And don't you remember the evening stroll
In the witching twilight, when Fancies roll
Like flitting spirits across the mind,
And the rising soul from its clogs unbind,
And send it away through the mellow air
To the orbs that are shining in splendour there?

At such rapt moments, the wandering breeze,
That stirred not, rustled the quiet trees,
Was an emblem meet of the soul's mild calm,
When feeling nought but affection's balm:
Oh, those hours had pleasures too high and pure,
To much like heaven to long endure.

And alas, the friends of those days are gone,
And those loved resorts are now still and lone,
Or profaned by the stranger's careless tread;
And if through those scenes you again are led,
'Twill be in the rapt and silent hour,
When Fancy puts forth her magick power.
'Twill be when memory, with seeking eye,
And glance retrospective, looks back to sigh
As she catches the forms of the kind and true,
Who shared the bright joys of youth's morn with you:
Then will you revisit those scenes, and then
Act over in Fancy those joys again.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

"Here is his peaceful bed,—
Beneath this humble mound
He sleeps,"—the mourners said,
Then bent upon the ground.

Beside them knelt a sweet,
A lovely cherub,—he
Had come with gentle feet
To bend his little knee
Upon his brother's bed,
Where slept the precious dead.

No sighs were heard,—a deep
And mournful feeling spake
Within,—'twas sad to weep
And feel the past awake.

To feel that beauteous head,
Again upon the breast,
And kiss that cheek of red
While in its living rest.—

To gaze upon that brow
Of snow; those calm, blue eyes,—
Yet know that dear one now,
Deep in the cold earth lies!

A Sabbath hush there lay,
Around the mourning pair,
It seemed as grief that day
Breathed in the still, calm air.

But Christians may not mourn
In hopeless agony.—
O God! to thee we turn—
Vite first—child—he lives with thee.
Tempora m. N. H.

J. N. M.

From the Token, for 1830.

NAPOLEON.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

"Napoleon, when in St. Helena, beheld a bust of his son, and wept."

Long on the Parian bust he gazed,
And his pallid lips moved not;
But when his deep cold eye he raised,
His glory was forgot;
And the heated tears came down like rain,
As the buried years swept back again—
He wept aloud!

He who had tearless rode the storm
Of human agony,
And with ambition wild and warm,
Sailed on a bloody sea,
He bent before the infant head,
And wept—as a mother weeps her dead!
The pale and proud!

The roar of the world had passed—
On a sounding rock alone,
An exile, to the earth he cast
His gathered glories down!
Yet dreamt he of his victor race,
Till, turning to that marble face,
His heart gave way,

And nature saw her time of power—
A conqueror in tears!
The mighty bowed before a flower,
In the chastisement of years!
What can this mystery control!
The father comes, as man's high soul
And hopes decay.

Alone before that chiselled brow,
His proudest victories
Flit by, like hated phantoms now,
And holier visions rise—
The empire of the heart unveils,
And lo! that crownless creature wails
His days of power.

The golden days whose suns went down,
As at the icy pole,
Lighting with dim but cold renown
The kingdom of the soul!
When all life's charities were dead,
And each affection failed or fled
That withering hour!

Oh! had the monarch to the wind
His hope of conquest flung,
And to the victory of the mind
Had his warrior footsteps rung,
What then were desert rocks and seas,
To one whom destiny decrees
Such fadeless fame!

Oh! had the tyrant cast his crown
And jewels all away—
What though the pomp of life had flown,
And left a lowering day!
Then had thy speaking bust, brave boy,
Awake with memories of joy
Thy fated name!

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

PARODY OF "OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER."

Oh! no, I never drink a drop;
A bottle's never seen;
My lips are now forbid to taste
What all my joy has been.

They think the gout that harrows me
Has banished my regret;
And if I smile, they vainly think
That I my grog forgot.

They bid me, in exchange for grog,
Seek charms in drinking tea;
But all the tea in Christendom
Would work no change on me.

Alas! I now behold no more
The crouy whom I meet;
I visit not the publick house—
But how can I forget?

They tell me he lives sober now,
Once rummest of the rum;
They hint he's to be married now—
I know it's all a hum.

Like me he grumbles loud, that we
Can't meet as we have met;
And if he drank as I did drink,
He never can forget.

From Songs of the Passions.

JOY.

Joy!—Joy!—Joy!—
Comes bounding o'er the plain,
A rosy, laughter-loving boy,
'Mid pleasure's sportive train!
Around his brows a viny wreath
With the blushing rose is twined,
And his scented locks rich odours breathe
To ev'ry passing wind!

Joy!—Joy!—Joy!—
His smile is like the morn,
As he roams a jolly hunter boy
'Mid the sound of hound and horn!
While echo bears on ev'ry breeze
His spirit stirring voice,
And his care-dispelling melodies
Make the leafy woods rejoice!

Joy!—Joy!—Joy!—
He decks the festal shrine,
And the bright eyes of the laughing boy
O'er the wine-cup gaily shine!
He leads the revel and the dance,
He chaunts the bridal song,
And sports in beauty's sunny glance
Life's glowing scenes among!

FRENCH, SPANISH, LATIN AND GREEK CLASSICS
just received by W. C. LITTLE, embracing the following authors
with many others.

Cæsar, Rousseau, 2 vols.
Xenophon Cyropædia & Anabasis;
Virgil, Virgil, Tacitus;
Thucydides, Theophrastus, Suetonius;
Strabonius, Sallustius, Sophocles;
Quintilianus, Polibius, Plinius;
Plautus, Pindarus, Phædrus;
Pausanias, Ovidius, Orphica;
Martialis, Lysias, Luciani;
Livii, Theophrastus, Justinus;
Isocrates, Horatius, Isæus;
Homeris Odysseæ and Ilias, Hesiodus;
Herodotus, Herodianus, Gnomica;
Florus, Eutropius, Euripides, Erasmus;
Diodorus, Dionysius, De Cæsaribus;
Demosthenes, Curtius, Cornelius Nepos, Catullus;
Arrian, Aristophanes, Appiani, Apollonius;
Aelian, Tasso, Voltaire's Henriade;
Charles XI, Pierre le Grand and Louis XIV;
Romans, Racine, Pascal Provinciales;
Moliere, Massillon, Boileau, Boileau;
Lettres de Sèverine, Rhétorique Française,
Dictionnaire de Poésie Française Anglaise,
Gardner's Manual prepared for the use of American Schools.

Sept. 19.

FINE CUTLERY. &c.—JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgeon's*
Instrument Maker, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 66 North
Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instru-
ments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch,
and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the
United States.

Shears, scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an
improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or
elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior ar-
ticle.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most
reasonable terms. Locks repaired,
N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

31

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and
North Market streets, Albany. **WILLIAM SEYMOUR**, carries
on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super
extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements
for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most re-
asonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonic*
Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather
backs and corners, at 63 1/2 cents a volume. Sept. 6.

323

STOVES, FRANKLINS, &c.—**HEERMANS, RATHBONE**
& Co. No. 47, State-street, Albany, offer at wholesale or retail the
most perfect and extensive assortment of STOVES ever before offered in
this city; comprising the latest and most approved patterns of *Cooking*
Stoves, Franklin's, Box, Oven, and Hall Stoves, together with *Russ*,
English and Philadelphia Sheet Iron, Brass Andirons, Shovel and Tongs,
Tin Plate, Stove Pipe, Clay Furnaces, &c. &c.; all of which they will
sell on the most reasonable terms.

Albany May, 1829.

18m2

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently
occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, of-
fers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of
GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every
other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms
as can be furnished in the city.

Albany, May 23, 1829.

17 3m.

ROLAND ADAMS.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND RANDBOX MANUFACTORY—**NORRIS TARBELL**, No. 453 South Market-street, op-
posite the Connecticut Coffee-House, keeps constantly on hand and
for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to
purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid
or clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10. 1829.

7.

MASONICK RECORD.

MASONICK CONVENTION,

Of the Counties of Madison, Chenango and Cortland.

At a convention of delegates from several Masonick bodies in the counties of Madison, Chenango, and Cortland, held at the village of De Ruyter, on Wednesday, the 2d day of September, 1829, for the purpose of taking into consideration the unhappy excitement which now exists against Masonry, and to adopt such measures as are deemed most expedient to allay the excitement, and again restore peace and harmony to society—

The Hon. ERASTUS CLEVELAND was called to the chair, and *Russel Case* and *William Berry*, Esquires, appointed secretaries.

Resolved, that should there be any persons present wishing to hear the deliberations of this convention, that they be invited to take a seat therein.

The object of the meeting having been stated from the chair—whereupon

Ellis Morse, William J. Hough, Perry G. Childs, Abel Chandler, Paul Rice, J. Fowler, Jairus French, Sylvester Beecher, John Lucas, Bennet Bicknell, G. Chittenden, B. Butterfield, Benjamin Enos, Nathan B. Wilber, A. B. Smith, Robert Riddle, S. Campbell, and Marvel Underwood, were appointed a committee to draft resolutions and an address expressive of the sense of the convention.

The committee, after deliberating upon the subject matter by themselves, reported the following preamble, resolutions and address, which were unanimously adopted by the convention:—

Whereas, several Masonick bodies in the western part of this State have, we believe from a sincere desire to allay the excitement unhappily existing against them, surrendered a portion of their constitutional rights, by returning their charters and absenting themselves from all Masonick communications, to the result of which we have long looked with intense anxiety, sincerely hoping that the concession would be met with a like conciliatory spirit on the part of our opposers, and peace again be restored to a distracted community. Instead of which, with sorrow we have seen that the leaders of the anti-masonick party have seized upon it for sinister purposes, and in the tumult of passion endeavoured to awaken a credulous and blind spirit of hostility against us in the minds of our worthy and honest fellow-citizens.

Yet as good and peaceable citizens, we consider it our duty at all times to use our best endeavours to promote the peace and harmony of society, and especially at this time to allay if possible the unhappy excitement against masons, and therefore feel willing to make any honourable sacrifice to appease the feelings of that part of community who from honest motives are acting under mistaken ideas relative to our institution.

But believing from what has transpired, that the returning of our charters and withdrawing ourselves from all masonick communications would not have the effect, and that publick opinion therefore does not demand this sacrifice to be made, which would be conceding to ambitious aspirants a step towards anarchy and intolerance—therefore

Resolved, that in the opinion of this convention, it would be inexpedient to take measures for the surrender of masonick charters, and that we recommend to all masonick bodies the propriety of retaining their charters, with a strict and regular attention on all masonick communications, as the strongest testimonials of their integrity as citizens, and attachment to their inestimable civil and religious privileges.

Resolved, that as the principles of masonry are opposed to party feuds and political combinations, we will not as masons unite our influence with any political party whatever.

Resolved, that as the principles of masonry teach us to submit to whatever form of government we may chance to fall under, and as we feel and enjoy in common with our fellow-citizens the blessings which flow from a republican government, that we deem it our indispensable duty as good

citizens to oppose all attempts of factious demagogues to overthrow our republican union, or in the least to abridge the civil or religious rights of any class of our fellow-citizens.

Resolved, that we deeply deplore and sincerely lament that the common respect and deference due to our late revered Grand Master and fellow-citizen DE WITT CLINTON, should have been so far disregarded by any American citizen as has been evinced in recent publications by some of the profligate organs of the anti-masonick party, which every friend to his country must view with indignation as a foul and detestable calumny upon the venerated dead. And

Whereas, masons are charged with binding themselves by solemn oaths "to assist a brother whenever they see him in any difficulty, *whether he be right or wrong*: to vote for a brother mason in preference to any other person: to keep the secrets of a brother mason, *murder and treason not excepted*"—therefore

Resolved, that we know of no such obligations in the masonick institution: masonry requires not of its members the performance of any act in contravention of the laws and usages of our country, or contrary to our moral or religious duty to man, our country or our god.

Resolved, that the following address be signed by the delegates present, and that the proceedings of this convention be published.

ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens—believing that the time has arrived when an honest exposition of our feelings and opinions in regard to masonry, and the agitation of the publick mind towards us as masons, will receive a more candid and impartial consideration than at any former period of the present excitement, has induced us to appeal to your sober and dispassionate consideration; and in this address to give you our united views of this subject, and frankly to avow our firm and decided purpose of strictly adhering to the fundamental principles of the institution. Facts and observations plainly declare that the publick feeling is becoming more charitably inclined towards us; and we cherish the hope that the causes which have arrayed publick indignation against us will soon cease to exist, and when that period arrives, we are anxious to be found worthy of the respect of our fellow citizens and of our own. We wish for peace, but wish for it on honourable terms—on terms which will not sully our integrity, and on such terms only will we accept of it. If the olive branch of peace is to be proffered on no other terms than that we turn apostates and traitors, and openly renounce through the publick journals that which we honestly and sincerely believe, thus adding *hypocrisy to crime*—we most solemnly affirm that we will not accede to it. No; we never can so far sacrifice our feelings, our veracity, and that sense of character which honour and virtue teaches us to venerate. Truth is a divine attribute, the foundation of virtue, and by its dictates we are taught to regulate our conduct. We have pledged ourselves by the most sacred obligations to practice morality and virtue, and by it to maintain the strictest integrity, and to keep the principles of our order inviolate; and should we from base and corrupt motives stain our garments with treachery, defamation and falsehood, we should feel that the ignominy of reproach, the infamy of depravity, and the scorn of mankind would justly pursue us to the end of our existence.

From these and many other considerations, we are determined to maintain our integrity and strictly adhere to the fundamental principles of masonry, and leave our motives to the dispassionate judgement of a candid world.

Neither do we wish to shrink from investigation. We do not object to decent and rational discussion. We have no wish to abridge the rights of others, to whatever sect or class of community they may belong, or in the least to restrain any one in the full enjoyment of his privileges and immunities. No: discussion and opinion in a government like ours, ought to be free as air; and we have not the least desire to stifle a free inquiry into the merits of the institution, or to prevent a cool and dispassionate discussion of its principles; but our object in this address is not to sustain the edifice of masonry, but to vindicate our personal characters as citizens, and if possible to put an end to that dis-

tracted state of feeling which has well nigh closed every avenue to social intercourse in this section of the state.

We deeply deplore that an event should have taken place which has enlisted the angry feelings of so many of our worthy and honest fellow citizens against us; and out of deference to their standing in community, we wish not to accuse them of dishonesty of purpose, but ascribe their motives to an honest but mistaken zeal for the wholesome administration of justice. And when time and circumstances shall have convinced them that the principles of masonry shrink from the blaze of faction and the sanguinary conflict of political intriguers, that no plots or conspiracies can be fostered in its bosom; that in most ages of the world, statesmen and divines, distinguished for patriotism, talents and piety, and all the most estimable and charitable virtues, have enrolled themselves on its tablistures, and acknowledged its moral and benevolent influence upon the human heart, and its well directed philanthropy and universal benevolence towards all mankind—that then they will grant us that respect and confidence which alone is due to the strictest integrity and unabused fidelity. And we would respectfully ask of them, whether an association of men differing so much in rank, age, education, political views and religious sentiments, would be in the least degree favourable for the organization of factious conspiracies. But to those who have arrayed themselves against us from sinister or political motives, the same deference is not due, nor can their conduct be ascribed to the same honourable motives; and we do not expect to satisfy the persecuting spirit of the profligate politician and the *treacherous hypocrite*, who have volunteered in this warfare of indiscriminate extermination for self aggrandizement, or to gratify the spirit of disorder and political intrigue. They combine a discordant association; "there, among the most active, may be seen an individual scoffing at all religion, and openly avowing his disbelief in the existence of a Supreme Being: here, another whose profligate life has made him the object of publick notoriety; and there again, in close communion with these, another appears, who with "shameless and "blasphemous impudence" declares that "*anti-masonry emanated from the throne of God*". "From such a combination the publick must turn with disgust." And when reason and judgement shall have resumed their empire, and the tumult of passionate excitement is over, their "disappointed expectations, blasted hopes, and waning popularity" can afford them but a melancholy reproof, that it was a restive and ungovernable spirit of sordid ambition bursting through all the bonds of social nature. Yet of these classes of our opponents, we would ask to view us as men whose interest, happiness and welfare are deeply interwoven with theirs, and for a moment to reflect, that violent and inflammatory language, and strong appeals to the passions of men in a state of excited feelings are never permanent or lasting, and if reason and sober reflection cannot overthrow the edifice of masonry, the battery of persecution will be used upon us in vain; and that all attempts in cases of violent excitement to infuse the poison of despotick principles into the minds of the weak and unwary, are but so many steps towards anarchy and intolerance. Commencing at the destruction of all the sympathies of domestic life and kindred blood, bursting asunder all the moral ligatures of friendship, of neighbourhood, and of country, and ending only in the destruction of "the adamant rock of human rights," "the sacred bond of our social union," for the support of which our fathers mutually pledged to each other, their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour." And with the strictest fidelity to their sacred trust, a Washington, a Warren, a Lafayette, and a long line of departed worthies stood forth its fearless defenders. Oceans of human blood were spilt, and the spirits of many of our dearest kindred left the field of battle to plead the cause of liberty before the court of heaven. And these again bear witness of the peaceful character and purity of the principles of masonry, which at that eventful period so often sustained "sinking nature, struggling against" the pestilence of war and a "world's vicissitudes," and that its principles and precepts are all in strict accordance "with that unerring word which we all profess to believe should be the standard of human actions," and aimed only at the amelioration of human sufferings. These are testimonials which can not be controverted, and although

we do not expect they will satisfy that class of our opponents who are determined to persevere in their crusade of proscription, right or wrong. Yet such are not the moral feelings of community. They wish only to be convinced—to be satisfied; and to their candid judgement we address ourselves, and will endeavour in the soberness of truth to answer more specifically the leading charges preferred against us as Masons.

"Much has been exhibited to the world purporting to be disclosures of the secrets" and obligations "of Masonry, which is shocking to the feelings of the Christian and philanthropist, and which if true would have driven from its pale long ere this every member possessing the least moral principle or refinement." A specific answer to all these would far exceed the bounds and limits of an address, and in this way can not reasonably be required of us; "but to all those which have been thus directly brought against us, we give an absolute denial," and in the soberness of truth we affirm that we know of no obligations in Masonry which require us to conceal the commission of crime, or to interfere with or in the least to obstruct the speedy and wholesome administration of justice; but on the contrary, the principles of the Order imperiously require us to be obedient citizens to the laws of whatever government we may chance to live under, and in obedience to these requirements we have always considered it our duty to use our best endeavours to detect and bring to condign punishment every species of crime known to be committed against the constituted authorities.

We sincerely regret the high-handed offence committed by some of the members of the Fraternity upon the liberty and perhaps the life of a fellow being. And we join with you, fellow-citizens, in the expression of horror and detestation against the perpetrators of so high handed an offence against the majesty of our laws. And to us, as well as to you, a cloud of mystery yet hangs over the scene, and we will at all times unite with our fellow citizens in any proper measures for the discovery and punishment of every individual concerned in a conspiracy of so detestable a character. Yet we do most solemnly protest against the charge, that because some bad men are found within the pale of the Fraternity, that therefore the whole are guilty. "It is a fundamental rule of justice, that every man shall be held responsible for his own acts, and those only." And shall this rule, so firmly engraven on the human heart, be reversed in its application to us? Let offended justice call over the catalogue of all human societies, religious as well as moral, and if any shall be found whose members have not offended, then indeed we will acknowledge the justice of the charge. Of the violence committed upon William Morgan, we have the same sources of information with the rest of community, and no other. We are members of different bodies and degrees of Masonry, and before and at the time of the offence, many of us were members of the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of the State, and we trust we shall be credited in saying, that we knew nothing of the transaction until after it transpired, and then only through the same sources with yourselves. And we most solemnly affirm, that within our knowledge no such measure was ever devised, aided, or in any wise sanctioned by any Masonick bodies known to the Institution, and that no rules or regulations of the Order authorize the infliction of corporeal punishment upon any of its members. The highest punishment known to the Institution, is expulsion of the offenders: and the high-handed offence, whatever it may have been, was altogether unauthorized by any principles of masonry; and we sincerely mourn the corruption of human nature as evinced in the commission of so base a deed.

We are charged with being aristocratic in principle—of inculcating precepts repugnant to the spirit of liberty, and a republican form of government; with having an undue and countenancing influence in politics; and of holding principles contrary to religion and virtue. All these in the sincerity of our hearts we deny, and challenge the proof in a single instance.

The Society of freemasonry "is a widely extended moral and benevolent institution." Uniting men of all nations and degrees, of different "religious sects and political opinions, in the bonds of social intercourse": and we have never seen or known in a single instance its prostitution to political or sectarian purposes; and we do solemnly affirm, that its principles prohibit even a discussion of those subjects within the walls of our lodges. No body of masons has ever been known to act in concert in political controversies, upon any occasion whatever. We appeal to your own observation on this subject, and the late presidential contest is a sufficient illustration of the fact.

The principles of the institution strictly enjoin upon every member a cheerful and ready obedience to the laws of his country, and we unhesitatingly declare that we know of no rules or edicts of masonry which countenance the commission of crime, or shield the guilty from punishment. Convince us that masonry has, or now does, influence the decisions of the judge upon the bench, or that it interferes with the sacred right of trial by jury, and we will concede this charge to be just.

With any particular religious creeds masonry does not interfere. It learns each of its members to settle his own belief between his conscience and his God. The countenance and support given it by many of the most eminent divines in all ages of the world is a sufficient proof that we hold no doctrines incompatible to christianity, or that its principles inculcate any new, immoral, or irreligious sentiments. The principles of the institution inculcate pure morality and virtue—peace on earth and good will towards man—devotion to God and fervent charity—a charity which teaches us not to execute vengeance or defame friends or enemies—not to countenance intolerance or persecution, but to "exercise forbearance" and universal benevolence towards all mankind. It inculcates only the principles which the wise and good in all ages have cherished; which a WARREN taught, a FRANKLIN countenanced, and a WASHINGTON loved. "From this, would it appear to any unprejudiced mind, that masonry is opposed to the rights and liberties of man? or that it is at war with

religion, or any of the social and moral virtues of the heart?" Reflect, fellow citizens, and we presume you will pronounce these charges unfounded and unjust. And shall it be said in this enlightened age, in this boasted land of liberty, that we must turn apostates and renounce that we firmly believe—that which the most eminent divines, the most exalted statesmen, and venerated patriots in all ages of the world have loved and cherished—to gratify the spirit of intolerance and political intrigue, or the disordered caprice of bigoted fanaticism? No: we are fathers, we are husbands, we are sons, and we are likewise members of the same community; subject to the same passions and sympathies, and susceptible of the same feelings with yourselves; and we never can be so lost to that respect due to ourselves, our families and our country, we never can so far sacrifice our veracity and that sense of honour due to ourselves and our posterity, as to consent to a measure "so base, to an act so degrading."

We have now spoken. We have addressed you, that we may be heard. We put ourselves upon the judgement of a candid community, and by that judgement we are willing to stand or fall.

HAMILTON LODGE.

Rufus Eldred, Windsor Coman,
Bennet Bicknel, Ephraim Gray,
Curtis Porter, Joseph Morse.

BAZALEEL LODGE.

E. Woodworth, Paul Rice,
L. Hutchinson, Anson Woodworth,
H. Van Vleet, C. Avery.

CAZENOVIA CHAPTER.

Enos Cushing, Jesse Kilborn,
Eben'r Sweetland, David Hutchinson,
Lemuel White, Wm. J. Hough,
John Needham, C. Stowell.
Oren E. Baker,

CAZENOVIA LODGE, NO. 76.

T. G. Chidsey, J. Holmes,
Perry G. Childs, Elihu S. Williams,
Othneil Clark, Seba Brown,
S. C. Hitchcock, Ezra Brown.

MADISON LODGE, NO. 398.

John Lucas, James Coolidge,
Levi Love, Samuel Curtis,
Levi Wilds, Erastus Cleveland.
Ralph Tanner,

DELPHI CHAPTER, NO. 44.

Benj. Enos, James Nye,
Benajah Allen, Jonathan Shed,
Samuel Thomson, Stephen G. Sears,
Calvin B. Stowel, Reuben Doan,
E. D. Jenks, Samuel Camberlain,
S. Carlow, Charles Vincent.
E. Benjamin,

MORIAH LODGE.

George Colver, Marvel Underwood,
Willard Abbott, Samuel Jones,
Jonathan Brainerd, E. P. Benjamin,
Timothy Miner, John Y. Gilbert,
David Smith, D. Carr.
E. Hart,

SULLIVAN LODGE.

Robert Riddle, George Grant,
Jarius French, Rufus Willard, jr.

LENOX CHAPTER.

Sylvester Beecher, Henry Skinner,
Adnah Howe, Stephen W. Palmer.
Silas Sayles,

LENOX LODGE, NO. 281.

Thomas Spencer.

CYRUS CHAPTER, NO. 50.

Wm. Kinney, E. Morse,
D. Barker, J. Enos,
T. Greenly, J. McConnel.
T. Wylie,

WASHINGTON CHAPTER.

Joseph Crofoot, William Andrews,
Alanson Coats, Giles Chittenden.
Jabez B. Phelps,

HOMER LODGE.

Luther Nichols, Oran Stimson,
David Coy, Philander Peek,
N. B. Butterfield, Harley Curtis.

CORTLAND LODGE.

N. B. Wilber, Nathan Gillet.

ESPER LODGE.

John Fowler, James McNeil,
Martin Phelps, Isaac Crofoot.
Martin J. Phelps.

TRUXTON LODGE.

Abijah T. Pierce, Ambrose Houghton,

Arnold Hecock, F. Howe,
A. B. Smith, Berry Carter.
SHERBURNE LODGE, NO. 135.
Russel Case, John Parsons,
Asa Foot, J. S. Sherburne.
OTSELIC LODGE, NO. 171.
Jonathan Chandler, Hemendrick Crow.
Abel Chandler,
PHOEBUS LODGE.
Samuel Campbell.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

THE TEETH.

An Article is going the rounds of the papers, giving instructions in regard to the teeth, which, if followed, will be sure greatly to injure if not to destroy them. It states that some French chemist has ascertained that the tartar can be removed from the teeth by the use of vinegar, which is the only acid, as is asserted, that does not injure the enamel. A medical writer in the National Gazette, exposes the falsity of this assertion. He says:

"Thus we find that the enamel of the teeth and the tartar are nearly the same in their composition, as we have before said, any acid which will dissolve the one will dissolve the other. Had this writer taken the trouble to examine the researches of others on this subject he would have learned that nearly all the weaker acids exert a pernicious influence upon the teeth. Mr. Pepys remarks, that the great solubility of the phosphate of lime, in even the weakest acids is very extraordinary. The celebrated Doctor Black, of Edinburgh, asserts, positively, that he has seen the enamel entirely removed by the use of cream of tartar, which is so often made an ingredient in dentifrices. Mr. Woffendale, many years since an eminent dentist of London, ascertained by direct and repeated experiments, that common vinegar would dissolve the enamel of the teeth, and that in a very short time.

There is one fact mentioned by this writer which, in a vast many cases is most deplorably true:—it is, that the dentists very freely use the most potent acids to facilitate the removal of the tartar in the operation termed scaling. Whenever acids are used to cleanse the teeth, they do it at the expense of the teeth themselves. Two or three applications of an acid are sufficient to ruin the finest set of teeth. They are white at first, but soon become permanently dark. No person should ever apply any acid, however weak, to his teeth, or allow it to be done by others. They should never use an acid tooth powder, or in fact any substance that sets the teeth on edge. The teeth are far better cleansed by the use of instruments and some dentrifice having in its composition a little fine chalk, or something of that kind, applied with a brush, a piece of soft leather, or even a piece of linen cloth, the use of which, whilst it does the teeth no injury whatever, will render them white and beautiful."

THE COSMOPOLITE.

FOOD OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

Concluded.

The diet of the Frenchman, is chiefly vegetable. and his frogs are rarities reserved for the delectation of the opulent, and answering, in some degree, to the brains and tongues of singing-birds amongst ancient epicures; since, after being subjected to a peculiar process of fattening and purifying, only the legs of these animals are eaten. Light wines, beer, sugar and water, strong coffee, and a variety of delicious liqueurs, are drunk by the French, but they have shown themselves capable of conforming to the English taste in a relish for stronger potations. Spaniards of all ranks, use fruit, vegetables, fish, and olives, for their principal diet, and oil and garlic used plentifully in their culinary operations; chocolate is their chief beverage, but at dinner ladies drink nothing but water, and gentlemen a little wine. The fare of the Portuguese peasantry is meagre in the extreme, al-

though, they are, in fact, surrounded with the abundant luxuries of nature; a piece of black bread and a pickled pilchard, or head of garlick, is their usual subsistence, but a salted cod is a feast. In *Italy*, ice-water and lemonade are luxuries essential to the existence of all classes, and the inferior ones, who never inebriate themselves with spirituous liquors, can procure them at a cheap rate; macaroni and fruit are chief articles of food, but the *Italians* are great gourmands, and delight in dishes swimming in oil, which, to an English ear, sounds very disgustingly; however, it must be remembered, that oil in *Italy* is so pure and fresh, that it answers every purpose of our newest butter. A gentleman who had resided some time in this country, informs us, that by the *Italians*, puppy-broth was reckoned a sovereign remedy in some slight indispositions, and that he has constantly seen in the markets young dogs skinned for sale. Of the *Turks*, the ordinary food is rice, sometimes boiled with gravy, and sometimes made into *pilan*; a kind of curry composed of mutton and fowl stewed to rags, and highly seasoned gravy. This is eaten with their fingers, since they have neither knives nor forks, and the *Koran* prohibits the use of gold and silver spoons. Coffee and sherbert are their ordinary beverages, and by higher classes of "the faithful," wine is drunk in private, but an intoxication of a singular and destructive description, is produced by opium, which the *Turks* chew in immoderate quantities. The food of the *Circassians* consists of a little meat, millet-paste, and a kind of beer fermented from millet. The *Tartars* are not fond of beef and veal, but admire horse-flesh; they prefer to drink, before any thing else, mare's milk, and produce from it, by keeping it in sour skins, a strong spirit termed *koumiss*. The *Jakutians* (a Tarter tribe) esteem horse-flesh as the greatest possible dainty; they eat raw the fat of horses and oxen, and drink melted butter with avidity; but bread is rare. The favourite food of the *Kalmuck Tartars* is horse-flesh, eaten raw sometimes, but commonly dried in the sun; dogs, cats, rats, marmots, and other small animals and vermin are also eaten by them; but neither vegetables, bread nor fruits; and they drink *koumiss*; than which, scarcely any thing can be more disgusting, except, perhaps, that beverage of the South Sea islanders, prepared by means of leaves being masticated by a large company, and spit into a large bowl of water. The diet of the *Kamtschadales*, is chiefly fish, variously prepared; *huigal*, which is neither more nor less than fish laid in a pit until putrid, is a luxury with this people! They are fond of caviar, made of roes of fish, and scarcely less disgusting than *huigal*. A pound of dry caviar will last a *Kamtschadale* on a journey for a considerable time, since he finds bread to eat with it in the bark of every birch and elder he meets with. These people boil the fat of the whale and walrus with roots of *setage*. A principal dish at their feasts, consists of various roots and berries, pounded with caviar, and mixed with the melted fat of whale and seal. They are fond of spirits, but commonly drink water. For the *Arabs*, lizards and locusts, afford food, but with better articles. The *Persians* live like the *Turks*, or nearly so, but for the want of spoons, knives and forks, their feasts, if the provisions are good in themselves, are disgusting; besides which, the *sofera*, or cloth on which the dinner is spread, is, from a superstitious notion that changing is unlucky, so intolerable dirty and offensive in odour, that the stranger can scarcely endure to sit beside it. With the *Chinese*, rice is the "staff of life," but all kinds of animal food are eagerly devoured; and pedlars offering for sale cats, rats, and dogs, may be seen in the streets of Chinese towns. It is uncertain whether a depraved taste or lack of superior animal food, induces a really civilized people to devour such flesh. Weak tea, without sugar or milk, is the common beverage of the *Chinese*; and in the use of ardent spirits they are moderate. The *Peguese*, worshipping crocodiles, will drink no water but from the ditches wherein those creatures abound, and consequently are frequently devoured by them. The *Siamese*, besides a variety of superior food, eat rats, lizards, and some kinds of insects. The *Battas* of Sumatra, prefer human flesh to all other, and speak with rapture of the soles of

the feet and palms of the hands. Warm water is the usual beverage of the *Manilla* islanders. The *Japanese*, amongst other things, drink a kind of beer distilled from rice, and called *sacki*; it is kept constantly warm, and drunk after every morsel they eat. Cocoa-nut milk and water, is the common beverage of the natives of the *New Hebrides*. In *New Caledonia* so great is the scarcity of food, that the natives make constant war for the sake of eating their prisoners, and sometimes, to assuage the cravings of hunger, they bind ligatures tightly round their bodies and swallow oleaginous earth. The *New Zealanders* are cannibals sometimes in a dearth, and to gratify a spirit of vengeance against their enemies. The *New Hollanders*, near the sea, subsist on fish eaten raw, or nearly so; should a whale be cast ashore, it is never abandoned until its bones are picked; their substitute for bread, and that which forms their chief subsistence, is a species of fern roasted, pounded between stones, and mixed with fish. The general beverage of the negro tribes is palm-wine. No disgust is evinced by the *Bojesman Hottentots* at the most nauseous food, and having shot an animal with a poisoned arrow, their only precaution, previous to tearing it in pieces and devouring it raw, is to cut out the envenomed part. Half a dozen *Bojesmans*, will eat a fat sheep in an hour; they use no salt, and seldom drink any thing, probably from the occult nature of their food. The *Caffres* live chiefly on milk; they have no poultry, nor do they eat eggs. When flesh is boiled, each member of a family helps himself from the kettle with a pointed stick, and eats it in his hand. Their substitute for bread, which is made of *Caffre-corn*, a sort of mille, is the pith of a palm, indigenous to the country.

The *Lattakoos* eat, with equal zest, the flesh of elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, giraffes, quaggas, &c.; and sometimes, under an idea that it confers valour, human flesh, of which they have otherwise great abhorrence. They are very disgusting in their manner of preparing food. The *Abyssinians* usually eat the flesh of cattle raw, and sometimes, although we believe the fact has been much controverted, immediately as it is cut from the living animals. The *Bisharye*, a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, eat raw flesh, drink raw sheep's blood, and esteem the raw marrow of camels their greatest dainty.

The *Patagonians* eat raw flesh with no regard to cleanliness. The *Greenlanders* subsist on fish, seals, and sea-fowls, prepared and devoured in manners truly disgusting; train-oil is their sauce, and the blood of seals, their favourite beverage! Some of the *North American Indians* diet on the flesh of the sea-dog, parts of the whale and its fat, and an oil made of the blubber of both of these animals. Whilst, singular is the contrast, some of the *South American* tribes, are able to digest monkeys, blackened in, and dried by fire, to such a degree of wood-like hardness, as to be rendered capable of keeping, we dare not say how long.

Chacun a son gout, says one proverb, but we trust that the readers of this paper will, whenever they feel themselves inclined to quarrel with *English* fare, pause, and remember, another, viz.:—"A man may go further and fare worse."

THE GATHERER.

From The Parterre.

AUTUMN MORNING.

Reader, are you an early riser? If not—be one immediately, or you will lose all the glorious sights of an Autumn morning, for this year, at least. Come, get up and walk out with me into the fading fields. There. Now look to the east—

Far away,
In the blue portals of the rising day,

see the first herald of morning. That large dark cloud just over the hill top, with its edges all on fire, is the morning's harbinger. How beautiful! See the rich contrast between the gold and azure! And see that ray of light just flashing up from the unseen sun—it has set the whole cloud on fire, and broke it, till it looks like a shattered mass of gold. Another, and a long train of bright pearls, touched with yellow, stream up the vaulted sky. See

there! That pale, regular cloud, away off in the blue, as it were an angel's mirror hung out upon the sky. See how gloriously the sun strikes it. Now look; it seems like a plane of polished pearl gleaming in the sunshine. Look farther to the north—see you that scattering train of black clouds, that seem as palls for the departed night? Wait a moment and see the sun shine upon them. There. They are all melted gold flowing in ten thousand streams over the blue heavens. Did you ever see any thing more beautiful?

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life, will make their exit long ere ninety years shall roll away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told!" a dream; an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age; like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade, and disappear; all the pride and passion, the love, hope, and joy pass away, in ninety years, and be forgotten? "Ninety years!" (says Death,) "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to-day, and to-morrow, and every one, is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust, and be remembered not."

A GREAT MAN'S MEANNESS.

"I know of nothing more melancholy than the discovery of a meanness in a great man. There is so little to redeem the dry mass of follies and errors from which the materials of this life are composed, that any thing to love or to reverence becomes as it were the sabbath for the mind. It is bitter to feel, as we grow older, how the respite is abridged, and how the few objects left to our admiration are abused. What a foe not only to life, but to all that dignifies and ennobles it, is Time! Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Odeur—the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity, than they are transformed into birds and fly away." [Devereux.]

MARRIAGE.

Look at the great mass of marriages which takes place over the whole world;—what poor, contemptible, common place affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling about on each other's arm, looking at waterfalls, or making morning calls, and guzzling wine and cake; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine. The wife sits on one side of the hearth, the husband at the other, and little quarrels, little pleasures, little cares, and little children, gradually gather round them. This is what ninety-nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony.

As Cooke, the solicitor-general, was beginning to open the pleadings at the trial of Charles I, the king gently tapped him on the shoulder with his cane, crying "Hold, hold!" At the same moment the silver head of the cane fell off, and rolled on the floor.

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy, and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

It is adverse to talent, to be consorted, and trained up with inferior minds, or inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer, neither finds out his speed, nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar, and the yoke.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From *Flint's Western Monthly Review*

ATTACK OF BRYANT'S STATION.

Concluded.

The number of assailants amounted to at least six hundred. In conformity to the common modes of Indian warfare, they attempted to gain the place by stratagem. The great body concealed themselves among high weeds upon the opposite side of the Station, within pistol shot of the spring, from which it was supplied with water. With a detachment of a hundred, they commenced a false attack upon the southeast angle, with a view to draw the attention of the garrison to that point. This stratagem was predicated on the belief, that the inhabitants would all crowd to the point of assault, and leave the opposite one defenceless. But here they reckoned without their host. The people instantly penetrated their purpose; and instead of returning their fire, commenced, what ought to have been completed before, repairing the palisades, and putting the Station in a condition of defence. The high and luxuriant Jamestown weeds near the spring instructed these experienced backwoodsmen, that a host of the foe lurked beneath their sheltering foliage, there to await the coming forth of the men, to draw water for the supply of the garrison. Let modern wives, who hesitate to follow their husbands to this place, because it is deemed unhealthy; or to that, because it will remove them from the scene of their accustomed pleasures, hear and prehend! These noble wives, mothers, daughters and sweet hearts, I dare affirm, handsomer, than ever either Juno or Venus or Minerva, or any of the graces, and the nymphs to boot, appeared on Mount Olympus, informed the men, that there was little probability, that the Indians would fire upon them, as their game undoubtedly was the men; and that even if they did shoot down a few of them, it would in no way diminish the resources of the garrison. The illustrious heroines armed themselves with buckets, and marched down to the spring, espying here and there a painted face, and an Indian body crouching under the thick foliage. Whether the Indians were fascinated with their beauty or courage does not appear. But so it was, that they fired not, and these fair and generous ones came and went, until the reservoir was sufficiently supplied with water. I depend upon traditionary rather than written documents for the fact, that a round number of kisses were exchanged with these heroick ladies, who had so nobly jeopardized themselves, and proved that the disinterested darning of affection, is not a mere poet's fiction.

After such an example, it was no ways difficult to procure young volunteers, ready to try the Indians in the same way. As they deemed, they had scarcely advanced from the station, before a hundred Indians fired upon them. They retreated within the palisade; and the whole Indian force rose, yelling, and rushed upon the enclosure. They howled with mere disappointment and rage, when they found every thing prepared for their reception. A well directed fire, drove them to a more cautious distance. Some of the more desperate of their number, however, ventured on the least exposed point so near, as to be able to discharge burning arrows upon the roofs of the houses. Some of them were fired, and burnt. But an easterly wind providentially arose at the moment, and secured the mass of the buildings from the spreading of the flames; and the remnant they could not reach with their arrows.

The enemy lurked back to their covert in the weeds; waiting, panther-like, for safer game. They had been informed, or they had divined it, that aid was expected from Lexington; and they arranged an ambuscade, to intercept it, on its approach to the garrison. When the reinforcement, consisting of forty-six persons, came in sight, the firing had ceased. The enemy were all invisible; and they came on in reckless confidence, under the impression, that they had marched on a false alarm. A lane opened an avenue to the station, through a thick corn field. This lane was ambuscaded on either side by the Indians, for a hundred yards. Fortunately, as it was dry and mid sum-

mer, the horsemen raised such a cloud of dust, that they sustained the close fire of the Indians, without losing a man, or even a horse. The footmen were less fortunate. They dispersed in the corn field, in hopes to reach the garrison unobserved. But masses of savages, constantly increasing between them and the station, intercepted them. Hard fighting ensued, and two of them were killed, and four wounded. Soon after the detachment had joined their friends, and the Indians were lying close in their covert again, the numerous flocks and herds of the station came in quietly, ruminating, as they made their way towards their night pens. Upon these harmless animals the Indians had unmolested sport; and they made a complete destruction of them.

A little after sunset, the famous Girty covertly approached the garrison, mounted a stump, whence he could be heard by the people within; and demanded a parley, and the surrender of the place. He managed his proposals with no small degree of art, assigning, in imitation of the commanders of numerous armies, that they were dictated by his humanity; that he wished to spare the effusion of human blood; that, in case of a surrender, he could answer for the security of the prisoners; but that, in the event of taking the garrison by storm, he could not; that cannon were approaching with a reinforcement, in which case they must be aware, that the palisades could no longer avail, to secure them from the numerous and incensed foe. His imposing manner had the more effect, in producing consternation, as the garrison knew, that the same foes had used cannon in the attack of Ruddle's and Martin's stations. Some faces blanched. Two had been already slain, and the four wounded were groaning among them. Some of the more considerate, apprised of the folly of allowing such a negotiator in such a way, to intimidate the garrison, called out to shoot the rascal, adding to his name the customary Kentucky epithet. Girty insisted upon his promised security, as a flag of truce, while this negotiation lasted; and demanded with great assumed dignity, if they knew, who it was, who thus addressed them. A spirited young man, of whom the most honourable mention is made in the subsequent annals of Indian warfare, was deputed to answer the renegade negotiator. His object was to do away the depression of the garrison; and perhaps to gain a reputation for waggery, as he already had for hard fighting. "Yes," replied Reynolds, "we know you well. You are one of those cowardly villains, who love to murder women and children; especially those of your own people. Know Simon Girty! Yes; his father was a panther, and his dam a wolf. I have a worthless dog, that kills lambs. Instead of shooting him, I have called him Simon Girty. You expect reinforcements and cannon, do you? We expect reinforcements, too; and in numbers to give short reckoning to your cowardly wretches. Cannon! you would not dare touch them off, if you had them. Even if you could batter down our pickets, I for one, hold your people in too much contempt to honour them by discharging fire arms upon them. Should you take the trouble to enter our fort, I have been roasting a great number of hickory switches, with which we mean to whip your naked rascals out of the country."

"Now you be—d," says, Simon, apparently no ways edified, or flattered by the reply. Affecting to deplore the obstinacy and infatuation of the garrison, the man of ruffled shirt, and soldier coat returned; and the firing commenced again. The besieged gave a good account of every one, who came near enough to take a fair shot. But before morning, the main body marched away to the lower Blue Licks, where they obtained a signally fatal and bloody triumph. The Indians and Canadians are said to have exceeded six hundred; and the besieged numbered forty-two rifle-men, before their reinforcement.

The following appendix to the above real history, we frankly confess, seems rather apochryphal, and is not unlikely to have been foisted into the Kentucky annals by some wag. Though there are not wanting commentators, who discover intrinsic evidence of its fidelity in the narrative. We leave the reader to settle the question for himself.

We give, as we have received. It seems to us to be a spirited sketch of the energetick and somewhat wild manners of the brave and free spirits of the former generation in that state.

The Kentuckians of those days, carrying their lives in their hand, were faithful in obedience to the precept, to "take no thought for the morrow." While gloom was retiring from their forehead, joy shone again on their cheeks. As soon as they were aware, that the merciless prowlers had left the vicinity for good they paid due honours to the dead, who had fallen, while coming to their aid. The wounded were nursed with the tenderest assiduity. These duties of humanity duly performed, the subsequent afternoon and evening were devoted to the joy and hilarity of a kind of triumphal jubilee. The tables groaned with good cheer; and, as there were then no temperance societies, a reasonable proportion of "Old Monongahela rye whiskey," which even in those early days was deemed a drink of most salutary beatification, was added to the persimon and maple beer. All, not excepting even those, who had been most zealous for treating with Simon Girty, overwelmed Reynolds with well-earned compliments, and admiration of his spirit and oratory. The gentlemen were scarcely more hearty in expressions of this sort, than the ladies; among whom, being handsome, and of a brave and free spirit, he had been a favourite before. There was something particular in the wistfulness, with which Sarah McCracken contemplated him this evening. Sarah was Irish, six feet and an inch; her limbs admirably turned, and her frame as square and proportioned, as an Indian statuary would desire for a model. Her hair was fair, and inclining to yellow; and in her face piony red was sprinkled on a ground of lily white; and withal she carried a hook nose, an abundant vocabulary of Kentucky repartee, and a termagant spirit curiously compounded of frolick and mischief. Sarah had been wooed to no purpose by every young man of any pretensions in the vicinity. It was clearly understood, that no lover would be favoured, until he should be able publicly to give her a fall fall, and noose her, as they were in the habit of managing a wild, or, as the phrase was, a "severe" colt. More than one had struggled for the prize. But they fared like the Philistine upon Sampson; or as Tabitha Grumbo managed with her tiny suitor, young Mr. Thumb. Reynolds had sighed among the rest; and had surveyed the premises with feelings, not unlike those, with which a hostile man of war regards the rock of Gibraltar. When questioned by the young men, why he had not attempted to noose this pretty and "severe" colt, he discussed the value of the prize, much as the fox did the grapes.

In the triumph and expansion of heart of that evening of deliverance, two or three fine young girls had been noosed; and, to their credit be it recorded, they were ever after as gentle and docile as they had been wild and unmanageable before. Whether Reynolds felt stronger after the ample honours and praises he had won, or whether there was a consenting languor in Sarah McCracken's eye, doth not appear. The fact is submitted without any explanatory conjectures. Reynolds, with a neat cord of buffalo hair, made up to Sarah, evincing a show of the requisite hardihood, of purposing a trial to noose her. "Come on," said Sarah, "Faint heart never won fair lady." Jigs, reels, sports, frolicks, rifle-shooting, every other excitement was instantly absorbed in the keener interest of witnessing the trial at noosing. It commenced with an energy, for which I have no comparisons. The contest of the stranger with the Giant of Gauntly, or even that between Aeneas and Turnus, for the hand and kingdom of Lavinia, afford no adequate parallel of illustration. Tears of laughter streamed from the eyes of the spectators; and it actually made them pant, that sultry August evening, to see the exertion of athletic power, the intertwining of hands, the bending of arms, and the disshevelling of locks. Sometimes her fine form seemed to bend to the muscular powers of the young warrior; at other times, to avail of the Kentucky phrase, she "firted" him, as though she had been playing pitch penny. Sometimes one scale preponderated with the chances of victory, and sometimes the other. But no golden sign

was hung out in the sky. Reynolds began to show laborious respiration; and the ladies to cheer, and the gentlemen to despond. But at the very moment, when his powers seemed to be sinking under the prowess of the fair and blowzed female Hercules, the destinies threw a heavy weight into his scale, and hers instantly kicked the beam, for lo! an almost imperceptible tip of the ancle bestowed her at her length on the white clover. While the woods rung with united acclamations, the lover followed up his conquest. The "severe" colt was noused, as meekly as a lamb.

There were not wanting sly girls, inmates of the station, who used in private to insinuate to her, that the slip was intentional. Sarah always assumed a knowing look on the occasion; and insisted, that she had found no cause to repent the fall. Reynolds, it is well known, behaved nobly afterwards at the battle of the Blue Licks. He it was, who, being in after days a little in the habit of "striking the post," as the Indian have it, or, in our phrase, blowing his own trumpet—started the proverbial Kentucky boast—"I have the handsomest horse, dog, rifle and wife in all Kentucky."

MISCELLANY.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

HAVANA.

Leaf from a traveller's Port Folio.

The city of Havana has certainly a grand and beautiful appearance, as one sails into the harbour. The passage is so narrow that but one ship can enter at a time. On the left rises the Moro, a commanding castle, surmounted by a light house. For a long distance on the same side, extends a very elevated bridge, crowned with strong batteries called the Cabanas. On the right is the Punta, a fortress situated on much lower ground than the Moro. The harbour expands beautifully, after passing the narrow entrance; and the city, which lies on the left, for in beyond the Punta, presents a stately and glittering array. There are strong walls bristling with cannon and alive with soldiers, gray and ancient looking monasteries, and churches with their massive towers and narrow windows, and a fine display of white walled houses, a thronging mart and a thick forest of masts from every commercial country of the globe. Beyond the city, and at the remotest part of the harbour, is a small cluster of white houses called the Reglas; and beyond this, in fine contrast, rises a verdant slope, a part of the amphitheatre of hills, which encloses the city and harbour.

The sounds which greet the coming stranger, are not less imposing. Besides the busy hum of commerce, the mariners' cry and the clamours of the thronging quay, there are the almost incessant ringing and chiming of bells, the frequent discharge of musquetry and cannon; the shrill musick of bugles, which comes over the water from the Cabanas, and the melody of full military bands from the city garrison.

The city is less attractive on a nearer view. The traveller lands upon a long wharf, amidst hundreds of people, mostly black; a few of whom are engaged in loading or unloading vessels; but by far the greater part in talking, or rather vociferating with all their might. Pushing his way with difficulty through them, he attains a narrow, muddy street; and if he can speak Spanish, or has a guide, at length finds his way to a publick house. This he will probably find to be like most of the houses in the city, a quadrangular stone building, of rather massive architecture, with a court yard in the middle, and pleasant balconies running round within. At the dinner table he will meet a host of foreigners; but very few Spaniards or Cubanos. His fare will be excellent; the price from two to three dollars a day. He will have a variety of dishes, for the most part in the French style; claret, a fine dessert, a cup of fifth proof coffee without milk; and finally, a good Havana cigar.

The city is regularly laid out in squares; the streets being straight, unpaved, and crossing each other at right angles. The houses are seldom more than two stories high; built of soft stone; the roofs covered with tiles, the walls plastered and white-

washed. The lower story is frequently used for a shop or ware house; and where this is not the case the entrance on the ground floor is broad, and serves to shelter the volante. In the centre of the building is the *patis* or court yard, round which the rooms are ranged, opening into balconies. This court yard, if the building belong to a merchant, is generally filled with goods. There are no glass windows; but upright bars of wood or iron, with curtains and wooden shutters on the inside; so that the houses would have the appearance of prisons. did not a glimpse of glass chandeliers, rich tapestry, gilded furniture and bright eyes, afford a convincing proof of their real use. A good dwelling house rents at from 8000 to 14000 dollars. In the suburbs the rents are somewhat lower.

The shops are very numerous in every street; as even the nobility sometimes rent the lower front rooms of their houses to traders. This gives a lively business air, to most parts of the city. The sign boards are decorated with pictures, which seldom have a very near relation to the business of the trader; and the inscription, instead of presenting the owner's name and occupation, appears to be a matter of fancy. For instance, a mercer has a landscape on his sign-board, with the inscription *La Gloria*; a hatter calls his establishment *La Palma*; a tailor sports the effigy of a warrior, with the title *El Heroe Espanol*; and a vender of hard ware, arms, &c., carries on his trade under the auspices of a dove and the motto AMITY.

The streets being unpaved and continually cut up by volantes and heavy laden carts, are extremely dirty, and almost impassable, on foot, even in the dry season. It is probably owing to the bad police regulations, respecting the streets, and the manner in which the city and harbour are enclosed by the surrounding hills and fortifications, that the place is so unhealthily for foreigners, in the summer season.

From the Washington Chronicle.

REMINISCENSES.

Some years ago we were in Virginia, and our curiosity led us to visit the sage of Monticello; whom we had once known slightly in boyhood. There was something about the man that could not easily be forgotten, and his intellectual greatness had given him a high rank in our estimation. It was a beautiful morning in July, when we ascended the conical hill on which his house stands; the sun had risen in all his splendour, and was diffusing his radiance over dale and mountain. The prospect was magnificent—on the West the Blue Mountains towered in their grandeur, and "faded into mist;" while on the East the eye took in the lofty peaks of the Cotocten, which could be discerned at the distance of forty-five miles. The residence of Mr. Jefferson stood about 500 feet above the surrounding country. It is in shape an octagon, in the Dorick order, with a balustrade on the top. Porticoes adorned its east and west sides, and piazzas its north and south. The interior was handsomely arranged, according to the various orders of architecture. The ground floor contained eleven, the second six, and the attic four rooms. On the cellar floor there was a passage 300 feet in length, leading to two wings, which extend 120 feet from the passage, and terminate in a pavilion of two stories at each end of the passage: the roofs of these passages were elevated just above the surface, and formed a fine terrace, protected by Chinese railings.

We entered, and found the sage at breakfast. We understood he was in the habit of rising before the sun at all seasons, and of retiring to bed at about nine o'clock at night. He employed himself before breakfast in writing; after that in visiting his workmen and labourers; and upon his return, till twelve o'clock, in study. He then took a ride over the plantation, and returned at two, dressed for dinner, and joined his company. The afternoon was devoted to conversation with his guests, walking, and reading. This was the usual mode of spending his time. The interior of the building was such as one might expect in an edifice designed and superintended by such a man. Mr. Jefferson always seemed to have a fondness for architecture, and, we believe, was conversant with

its principles. We found several plans of the the University suspended in the room, and designed by the late Mr. Latrobe, whose genius he admired. The hall and parlour contained a number of busts and statues, in marble and plaster; a fine collection of paintings, by the first masters, Raphael, Poussin, Reubens, Guido, &c.; and a considerable collection of natural and artificial curiosities, especially those found among the Indians, whose relics and works he was fond of collecting. The conversation of the sage was such as might have been expected from a man who had read and reflected so much, and had been so long in the world. It was replete with all that was interesting and useful. Rich in the lore of antiquity, and profoundly versed in the history of nations, the policy of states, and the diplomacy and history of his own country, his remarks were always characteristic, luminous, and striking. All who visited him were benefited by his intellectual treasures, and pleased and instructed by the spirit, variety, and simplicity of his conversation. Nothing seemed too lofty for his reach, or too small for his attention. He would quit the most complicated mathematical proposition, to examine the organization and trace the economy of the smallest insect, and leave the "fair and fertile fields" of poetry to "batten on the moor" of political science. His mind was enriched with the treasures of knowledge which years of study and observation had enabled him to collect, and it always gave him sincere pleasure to impart it in conversation to those who might be united to him by the ties of friendship, or who visited him from curiosity or admiration. This great man has since passed away from the world, and his name will fill a large space in the history of his country. But what is now the condition of the villa we have been describing? Is it to remain in the hands of his descendants, or to pass into those of strangers who can not appreciate its value? Will it become the property of some unlettered planter, some uncultivated but wealthy clown, who can not feel the inspiration which the memory of such a man is calculated to produce in minds of sensibility and refinement? Will not the future traveller often pause on the spot which has been consecrated by patriotism, and love to linger among the shades which have been rendered sacred by wisdom and virtue? It would be gratifying to know that it will be held, ages hence, by the descendants of him who has merited so much of his country.

SOLDIERS OF GUSTAVUS AND NAPOLEON.

Allan Cunningham makes the following comparisons. The points of difference are almost sufficient to destroy the resemblance.

"The soldiers of these illustrious men were fanatics; but their fanaticism had a remarkable difference. One was the fanaticism of religion and liberty, the other the fanaticism of martial tyranny and conquest. The followers of Napoleon saw all earthly honours, and the riches of all nations, within their reach, and in their fancy they became marshals and princes, and founders of new kingdoms and new dynasties. The followers of Gustavus scorned the vanities of this world: their hope of peace was in another state, and the kingdom of their love was in another world. To the Frenchman flocked all the fierce, ardent, and ambitious spirits of the nations—those who desired change, hasted old monarchies, asserted the natural supremacy of courage and genius, and desired that talent alone should be the rate of rank. To the Swede came spirits of a sterner stamp, with souls, made up for every emergency, who deemed all earth's glory but vanity, and considered the crown of martyrdom to be the only crown worth contending for. They were insensible to the allurements of pleasure, and dead to all love of outward splendour. Their food was coarse, their beds were hard, their uniform simple, and the swords and cannon with which they conquered their enemies and levelled the strong walks of antichrist, were plain instruments, without device or emblazonment. Their songs of war were psalms, and their conversation was devout controversy. Gustavus himself preached as well as fought; and never, un-

der any captain, did war wear a more gentle aspect, nor did armed thousands observe more strictly the lessons of mercy and military obedience which their great leader enjoined. In support of this, take the testimony of a German poet and historian, and a graphick one it is:—

"What a coil and a turmoil, in word and in deed,
Was that plague of his people, Gustavus the Swede.
His camp was a church; and a chapel each tent,
As to it at morning and evening we went.
To psalms and to prayers round the standard we flew,
By the morning reville and the evening tattoo.
And, if we but ventured an oath or a jest,
He would preach from the saddle as well as the best.
He ruled in religion and all godly fear,
The Swede on that head, now, is far less severe."

To the sound of trumpet and drum the soldiers of Napoleon marched to battle, and when their fierce appetites were appeased, their camp resounded with wild songs and wilder jests; their booty was great, they spent it freely, and then longed to uncrown another king and fill their purses in his capital. They were vain of their persons, wore splendid uniforms and costly cuirasses, more for show than use, for musket-balls pierced them like silk. Their arms were elegant, and of the best construction. Their leaders imitated, and with some success, the ancient warriors of romance in their bearing and habiliments. The soldiers of Gustavus did good to mankind; those of Napoleon did evil. The soldiers of the former conquered their enemies, gained their object, and sheathed their swords amid the applause of half the world; the soldiers of the latter failed to conquer the earth, were crushed in a few terrible fields, and the remainder were scattered among the nations, never to be gathered under their formidable captain again. "The smooth and solid temper of the modern world," says Gibbon, "can exhibit neither the triumph of Alexander nor the fall of Darius." Napoleon triumphed more than the Greek, and fell farther than the Persian."

LADY MORGAN AND MR. OWEN.

After a long silence, Lady Morgan has once more come before the publick, not as a romancer or an historian, but as best became one of the fair sex, with *The Book of the Boudoir*, a fine little work filled with the spirit, and calculated for the meridian of that delightful temple of woman's fascination and unresisted supremacy. It is discursive, like her Ladyship's imagination. Original anecdotes, piquant observations, *souvenirs du passe*, sentiment, sallies of wit, thoughtfulness, levity, gloom, joy—all topics, all countries, and all passions, are made to contribute a leaf, sometimes a flower, to the wreath she has wore. Among such a variety it is difficult to make a choice, but we take the following anecdote, applying to a well known Visionary, for its characteristic singularity.

[*London Cour.*]

One of the most benevolent, amiable, and sanguine of all philanthropists called on me, with a countenance full of some new scheme of beneficence and utility. It was Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, whose visits are always welcome in Kildare-street, though so "few and far between."

As soon as we had sunk into our arm-chairs, and put our feet on the fender, and before we had got on the usual topics of parallelograms and perfectibility, New Lanark and a new social system, he began,

"My dear Lady Morgan, you are to have a party to-night."

"To be sure, my dear Mr. Owen, and one made expressly for yourself. You are my lion; I hope you don't mean to jilt me."

"By no means; but I have brought you a better lion than I could prove."

"I doubt that; but who is he? where is he?"

"In my pocket."

"You don't say so: is it alive?"

"Here it is," said Mr. Owen, smiling; and drawing forth a little parcel, he unfolded and held up a canvass tunic, or chemise, trimmed with red tape.

"I want you," he added, "to assist me in bringing into fashion this true costume of nature's dictation, the only one that man should wear."

"But woman, my dear Mr. Owen?"

"Or woman either, my dear Lady."

"Consider Mr. Owen, the climate!"

"Your face does not suffer from it."

"But then again, the decencies?"

"The *decencies*, as you call them, Lady M——, are conventional—they were not thought of some years ago, when you were all dressed in the adhesive draperies of antiquity, like that beautiful group on your chimney-piece. You see there the children of Niobe who wore no more voluminous garments than my tunic—that lovely child, for instance, which Niobe is endeavouring to save from the shafts of Appollo. And yet none of your fine gentlemen and ladies are shocked by the definition of forms, which have ever been the inspiration of art. I assure you I have already got several ladies to try this tunic on—"

"Oh! Mr. Owen!!!"

"On their little boys, Lady Morgan; and if I could only induce you to try it—"

"Me, my dear Mr. Owen! You surely cannot suppose—"

"I don't ask you to wear it, Lady M——; all I beg for the present, is, that you will give it a trial, by showing it off at your party to night—recommend it, puff it off!"

Quitte pour le peur, I promised to do so, to the utmost of my appraising abilities; and so we suspended the little chemise from the centre of my bookcase, under the bust of the Appollo.

"There!" said Mr. Owen, looking rapturously at the little model dress of future perfectibility, there it is worthily placed! Such were the free vestments, that, leaving the limbs of the Greek athlete unrestrained, produced those noble forms, which supplied models for the Appollo of Belvidere."

"It is certainly placed to great advantage, Mr. Owen," I replied with a sigh, "but it gives my pretty library very much the look of Ragfair, or a back parlor in Monmouth-street."

"My dear Madam," he replied, emphatically, where the human race is to be benefitted, no sacrifice is too great." And this sentiment, which is the governing principle of Mr. Owen's life, may serve for his epigraph.

The little tunic, however, had a great success; and merited the well known eulogium of Tam O'Shanter to a similar garment—

"Weel loon'd cutty sark."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1829.

§ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated October 5, 1829.

"While on a recent tour in Vermont, along the banks of the Connecticut, I called at publick house,—in the bar-room of which I observed a notice posted up, of which the following is a copy. On inquiry, I found the writer to be a magistrate, and one of the most respectable men of the town. His name had been used without his consent at an anti-masonick meeting in the county, and the anti-masonick papers, to give importance to their doings and to gain popularity."

"Whereas, I am appointed one of the committee of the honourable society of anti-masons, to superintend the prudential concerns of Anti-Christ's church—and whereas they have published my name in the North Star, a paper apparently conducted by the spirit of Anti-Christ—therefore I have thought proper to give notice, and notice is hereby given to all the members of Anti-Christ's church in Fairlee, to meet and elect a delegate to meet the convention at Montpelier, on the 5th day of August next, to take into consideration, and adopt the best method of promoting the cause of Anti-Christ. Now, if any persons wish to become members of the church of Anti-Christ, and join said church in full communion, three things are necessary: 1st, believe a person who is guilty of perjury and lying to the worst degree, before you will believe one who speaks the truth; 2d, strive to make all the divisions in families, neighbourhoods, and churches you can; 3d, strive, as much as in you lies, to promote the cause of Anti-Christ in the world, by circulating anti-christian newspapers, and strive to make the people believe they contain the truth, and nothing but the truth."

Now, every person who will subscribe to the foregoing articles, shall be received with open arms.

"N. B. The above is a class of people who, for a cloak, style themselves anti-masons—but a tree is known by its fruit. Signed, SAMUEL BLISS.

"Fairlee, July, 1829."

Who can doubt that the above contains a true picture of anti-masonry? It is the plain English of anti-masonick patriotism and christianity. The same letter adds, that the excitement in Vermont has assumed altogether a political aspect, and that the party which supports it is made up of weathercock politicians, and men who are celebrated for their tory principles. That such men should oppose an institution approved of and encouraged by Washington is perfectly natural.

§ Some fellow of a sheep-stealing disposition, labouring under a grievous weight of "mother" wit and "mother" wisdom, and who, like Mrs. Dysart, appears to be a "literal" sort of thing, quite independent of the leading strings of decency and education, has, evidently with great labour, filled one page of a sheet of foolscap with a rascally mixture of hieroglyphicks, pot-hooks, trammels, &c., and sent it to us by mail, from Rochester, endorsed with a draft upon our purse for 18½ cents, by way of postage. We regret exceedingly, that our ignorance of the multitude of jargons in which the brilliancy and profundity of this exquisite epistle is clothed, prevents us from receiving that delight and instruction from it, which its very *witty, honest and courageous* author no doubt intended to administer to us. As far as we have been able to discover its meaning, by the help of the Yankee faculty of guessing, it was intended to pass for something exceedingly *pithy*, about ourself and the "*Butys of masonry*"—the greater portion of the *pith* being in the shape of a bevy of lofty and generous personalities, to understand which, the reader must be the proprietor of an intellect perfectly upon a par with that of their author; who is probably a stray anti-masonick Yahoo, from the land of Gulliver's *Houyhnhnms*. If this genius is desirous of letting off a further quantity of his intellectual exuberance, we advise him to persuade an acquaintance, if he has a decent one, to set it down in English, then to pay the postage, and send a fellow to read it, who shall be accommodated with a rostrum in the market place. If these conditions be not complied with, he may direct his epistles to Don Miguel, the Man in the Moon, or his brother of China, but not to us, or perhaps he may rue the day he did it.

In sober seriousness, we would say to this pitiful fellow, who will doubtless read this, that we believe his natural propensities, unless restrained by a better self-government than he appears at present to be possessed of, are capable of leading him to the state's prison, or even to the gallows. To be guilty of so contemptible an act of malice and revenge, he must be by nature a coward and a villain, and one whom nothing but a fear of the laws can deter from evil deeds. We do not, however, believe that he is alone in his meanness; there are many—very many—in the anti-masonick ranks, who (could they act with the same security that a rascal supposes attends him when he insults another and picks his pocket by means of anonymous letters) would be guilty of any act, however *petty*, which could be construed into *revenge*. From nature they inherit no honesty, no honour, no generosity, no feeling which elevates them above the brutes—for their human dignity they are indebted to the human *shape* alone. Untrammelled by selfishness, we advise these fellows to mend their morals, keep their *scrawls* at home, and learn to read the Bible; and notwithstanding their natural depravity, they may, by a lucky chance, escape the state's prison, or a worse fate.

The editor of the Nantucket Inquirer having "argued at considerable length," but to no purpose "the advantages which would result from having the streets" of that place "handsomely lighted," "respectfully suggests that every post in the streets be painted as white as possible, and be surmounted with a little cupola of *touchwood*," which he thinks, while it would cost but little, would rescue strangers as well as constant residents, from "many a tremen-

dous jar." As posts are not the only things with which men are liable to come in contact, we respectfully suggest in addition to the above, that individuals be compelled to carry *touchwood* upon their several noses, for the purpose of guarding against each other. We would go considerably out of our way, to see a couple of these portable touchwood lamps, dodging for half an hour in a very dark night before they could pass each other. Besides, the practice might be of signal service to the country by encouraging the domestic manufacture of a new article.

A writer in the Buffalo Republican, in an essay on "Crowding," says he has "seen anti-masonry attempt to 'crowd' itself into society; but it's like trying to split a knotty log on a frosty morning with a wooden wedge—it will bounce out to the great danger of him at the beetle." There is an itinerant character, belonging to this city, who has worked lustily "at the beetle" for about three years, and the only return he has received from his labours, if we are to trust his word, has been a few thumps from the "wedge." He declared it as his opinion, a few days since, that unless the "wedge" should become more civil, he would soon be compelled to lay down the "beetle."

We have received the second number of *The Parterre*, which is better written than the first. It is ornamented with a full length representation of the editor, whose forehead and wig put one in mind of the Catskill mountains during a thunder storm. He wears tremendous whiskers and a pug nose. We suppose he has repented of his sins, for we see he has commenced reading Emmon's *Fredomadi*, to go through with which will require the remnant of his days. A scrap from the Parterre, containing some very good advice will be found under the head of "The Gatherer."

On Monday last the acting Governor removed John Becker from the office of Sheriff of this county. The following is a copy of the decree of removal. Becker, though the candidate of the Adams party, was supported by the anti-masons.

Having heard and examined charges of misconduct in office against John Becker, sheriff of the county of Albany, and having served upon him a copy of the charges against him, and heard him in his defence, I do adjudge him guilty of official misconduct in

1. Suffering the escape of Elizabeth M'Auly, duly committed to the jail of said county, under his custody on a charge of felony.

2. Suffering ardent spirit to be freely drank by the prisoners in jail under his custody, contrary to the statute, and

3. Confining debtors and felons together in the same room in the jail of said county, also contrary to the statute.

For these and for other acts of misconduct in his office, sufficiently proved to me, I do, in pursuance of the power vested in me by the 8th section of article 4th of the constitution of this state, remove him from his said office of sheriff of the county of Albany, and order a supersedeas to issue.

E. T. THROOP.

Albany, October 5th, 1829.

ANTI-MASONRY. A certain H. D. Ward, imported from New-England to act as an anti-masonick showman, in this state for the benefit of Southwick & Co., exhibited in this village last Thursday to a number of spectators and about a score of *wise men* from the south. Our worthy Sheriff, who belongs to the fraternity of freemasons, generously granted him the use of the large court room, and permitted the bell to be rung twice for the purpose of calling together a respectable audience. Of course, Ward began in the old hum-drum style, "sawing and pawing the air," and uttering a thousand ridiculous things about freemasonry which nobody cared to hear, and which excited nothing but contempt. Many left the room long before the conclusion of his speech, which was the same he spoke last winter in Albany at the grand convention, whereof some account was given in this paper in an article from the Albany Argus, entitled "The anti-mason Looking Glass." Our readers may judge of the effect produced by the solemn farce from the fact, that not a single human being has been tempted to take a dose of *scutlap* since Ward "cleared out."

This individual, who came here as he said to "enlighten" us, was concerned, if we rightly remember, in the paper called the "Anti-Masonick Beacon," printed in New-York, which lately, notwithstanding his numerous doleful appeals in its behalf at the anti-masonick meetings in that city, gave up the ghost for the want of dupes to support it. He

is now the itinerant editor of a periodical pamphlet cycled "the Review." If an opinion as to the influence this thing may have upon the minds of the citizens of the metropolis can be formed from that which his address produced here, we hazard little in predicting that the *Review* will soon follow the fate of the extinguished *Beacon*. A more tedious, insipid, and drowsy discourse, rarely, if ever fell from the lips of a professed delaimer. It was genuine anti-mason, and that, in all conscience, is saying enough.

[*Ulster Sentinel.*]

ANTI-MASONRY. This moral contagion is fast evaporating from the atmosphere of New-York. Governor Southwick's last publication is loaded with lugubrious groans against the hard hearted *antis* who neglect to encourage his insane revelations and buy his nonsensical newspaper. He calls loudly upon his patrons to "pay up," and begs most piteously that every subscriber will add another to the list—even then he says "it would not be a very profitable concern." Solomon must travel with the current. The New-Yorkers are sick enough of anti-masonick drugs, and the good people of Massachusetts are next to be dosed. Besides, an anti-masonick candidate for governor will soon be wanted here. We are really sorry that Solomon is so near suffering martyrdom. But he should be comforted and remember Socrates, who, he says, "was poisoned for the same reason that William Morgan was drowned."

[*Bost. Bulletin.*]

RUSSIA AND TURKEY. The intelligence brought by the ship Robert Edwards, capt. Sherburne, which left Dartmouth on the 29th August, is, as far as it can be relied upon, says the New York Evening Post, of a very important character. A paragraph from the London evening papers of August 25th, is copied in the Plymouth paper of the 27th, which states that "A TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN RECEIVED AT PARIS, ANNOUNCING THE ENTRANCE OF THE RUSSIANS INTO CONSTANTINOPLE." In the National Gazette of Thursday the same fact was announced, in an extract of a letter from a Havre correspondent under date of 26th of August; for the respectability of the writer of which the U. S. Gazette of yesterday morning vouches. Indeed, there seems to be no reason to doubt the accuracy of the report. After the unlooked for vigour and boldness of plans suddenly exhibited by the Russians, and their unlooked for success, it became obvious to all that nothing could prevent the fall of Constantinople, unless the ravages of the plague had been sufficiently rapid and extensive to chill the ardour which such a quick succession of victories must have aroused. Putting this consideration aside, had Nicholas on the summit of the Balkan cried out to his conquering army to halt, it is doubtful with Adrianople at their feet, and Constantinople almost in view, if they would have obeyed the Autocrat. Looking upon the previously received intelligence as true, the only hope for Constantinople must have rested on the remote probability that the extension of the plague among the northern army would be so great as to require pause, and that that pause would be improved by the other powers to negotiate a peace. That such has not been the case, and that "Stamboul's oriental halls" are now in possession of the Czar, and ravaged by his soldier, we see no reason to doubt. Assuming this, then, as a fact, what important consequences may not be expected to result to Europe from this conquest? Although we have ever disapproved of the motives of Russia's invasion of the Turkish dominions, yet we can not but feel gratified at the prospect of the happy consequences which will flow from it, in the promotion of civilization, and the multiplication of the means of human felicity. By the acquisition of such an extent of territory on the Mediterranean seaboard, a strong impulse will be given to the commercial, and the already far advanced manufacturing interests of Russia, by which she will receive a tremendous augmentation of that preponderance of power which for a long time past, has been a subject of constant dread to the other nations of Europe. Her trade liable to many and vexatious interruptions through the Baltick, will spread itself without let or hindrance to the Mediterranean, and, through that channel, to the markets of the world. What measures may be devised by the other powers to check this promised rapidity of growth, are yet matters of conjecture. Had not England been held down by her thousand millions of debt, Nicholas would never have crossed the Balkan; but if his standard does really wave from the walls of Constantinople, it will not be an easy matter to induce or eject him from his new dominions, so long as it is an object of desire to Russia.

The Way to keep Him. About ten o'clock, last evening, a man was seen coming down by the spout of a low three story house in the northern quarter of this city. Several persons collected; among them a young physician, who, supposing it to be a case of somnambulism, kept the others quiet, lest the man, awakened suddenly by noise, should fall and break his neck. When he came down, however, he was found to be as wide awake as any of the stagers. On being questioned, he said that he was a member of a club which met every Thursday night. He thought he

always came home sober, though his wife said he had gone to bed drunk every Thursday night since he had joined the club. "The only proof she can bring of that," he added, "is, that I get up every Friday morning with my clothes on. Just as I was going out to night, she got me to go into the garret to set a rat trap; and when I tried to come out, I found she had locked me in. She said, through the key-hole, that she would set me free if I would agree to give up the club, and join a temperance society; but I had too much spunk for that. So, after working two or three hours at the door, I got out on the roof, and here I am." Having finished his speech, he turned off, in hopes to finish the evening with his cronies; when Mrs. Sneak issued from the house, accompanied by a stout, thin-lipped, bare-armed gossip. Each seized an arm. In spite of poor Jerry's struggles, they dragged him with great ease into the house, and bolted the door for the night. The audience gave three cheers, and went home to bed. [*Phil. Chron.*]

Useful Memoranda. London is distant from Edinburgh 395 miles S.—from Dublin 338 S. E.—Amsterdam 190 W.—Paris 225 N. N. W.—Copenhagen 610 S. W.—Vienna 820 N. W.—Madrid 860 N. E. by E.—Rome 950 N. N. W.—Constantinople 1660 N. N. W.—Moscow 1660 E. S. E.—Stockholm 750 S. W.—Petersburgh 1140 S. W. Berlin 540 W.—Lisbon 850 N. N. E.

Boston is distant from New-York 229—Philadelphia 321—Baltimore 421—Washington 461—Charleston S. C. 1008—Savannah 1121—New-Orleans 1624—St. Louis Missouri 1444—Eastport 395—Montreal 300—Quebec 590—Halifax N. S. 500.

An Italian in London has imported from his native country sixty boys, whom he furnishes, some with organs, others with white mice, birds, and other means of attraction, and sends them into the street to attract a crowd and beg money. He finds the boys lodgings, and receives from each a shilling per day for the use of the toys, animals, &c.

A preacher has notified the inhabitants of Newport, N. H. that he will preach at the court house in that town on the 20th of this month, "at 12 o'clock, by the leave of Providence, and without the leave and in defiance of the Prince of Darkness and all his understrappers."

VALUABLE WORKS LATELY RECEIVED BY W. C. LITTLE.

The Works of Thomas Chalmers, D. D., 3 vols.
Memoirs of Canova, with a critical Analysis of his works, and a historical View of Modern Sculpture by J. S. Memez, with plates, 1 vol. 8vo.
The Life of Cardinal Wolsey, by George Cavendish, with Notes and Illustrations, with plates, 1 vol. 8vo.
Barrow's Dictionary of Facts and Knowledge, for the use of Students, with several hundred Engravings, 1 vol. 8vo.
Belsham's Chronology of George 3d and 4th's reign.
Seneca's Morals, by way of Abstract, by Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knt. 1 vol. 8vo.
Rennie's Art of Preserving the Hair, with an account of the Diseases to which it is liable, 1 vol. 8vo.
Hone's Table Book, 2 vols. 8vo. with 116 engravings.
Hone's Every Day Book, 2 vols. 8vo. with 320 engravings.
National Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the 19th century, with memoirs, by Rev. Henry Stebbing, Nos. 1 and 2—containing, Duke of Wellington, Lord Byron, Marquis of Camden, Princess Charlotte, Earl Amherst, William Hyde Wollaston—also portraits of the most illustrious personages of British History, published monthly.
Picturesque Views of Paris and its environs, from drawings by A. Pugin, executed by Charles Heath.
The Youth's Miscellany of Knowledge and Entertainment, with plates, 3 vols. 8vo.
Watterson and Van Zandt's Statistical Tabular Views of the population, Commerce, Publick Lands, Post Office, Militia, Navy, Expenditure and Debt of the United States.

NEW BOOKS, LATELY RECEIVED BY W. C. LITTLE.

Ceuvres de Napoleon Bonaparte, 5 vols.
Lafayette in Amerique, en 1824 et 1825, 2 vols.
Revolutions de l'Amerique Septentrionale Jusqu'au Voyage du General Lafayette, en 1824 et 1825, 2 vols.
L'Honnête Homme ou Lennai, Histoire de Georges Dercy et de sa Famille.
Histoire de Gusman de Alfarache, 2 vols.
Campans Conseil au Filles.
Contes des Fees—Voltaire Epitres.
Lettres de Heloise et Abelard, 2 vols.
Magazine des Jeune Dames.
Vertot Revolution de Suede.
Voltaire Poemes—Fenelon de Mort.
Vertot Revolution de Portugal.
Rousseau Confessions.
Rousseau Emile.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, Secretary's Office—Albany October 5, 1829. Sir—Pursuant to section 3 of title 3 of chapter 6 of the first part of the Revised Statutes, I hereby give you notice, that John Becker was this day removed from the office of Sheriff of the county of Albany, by the acting governor of this state. In consequence of the said removal a vacancy exists in the said county, which it is proper to supply at the ensuing general election. The constitutional term for which the said John Becker was elected will expire on the 31st day of December, 1831.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Dep. Secretary.
To Conrad A. Ten Eyck, esq. Clerk of the county of Albany.

Oct 10 N2
NOTICE—City and County of Albany, Clerk's Office, October 6th, 1829—A special election is to be held in the city and county of Albany, on the second, third and fourth days of November next, for the purpose of choosing a Sheriff of the said city and county, in the place of John Becker, who has been removed from office by the acting Governor of this state, and a copy of the notice from the deputy Secretary of State for that purpose accompanies this notice.

Oct. 6

C. A. TEN EYCK, Clerk.

POETRY.

AUTUMN WOODS.

BY BRYANT.

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that in fold
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful when the moon of summer made
The vallies sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees,
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny coloured foliage in the breeze
Twinkles like beams of night.

The rivulet, late unseen,
When bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame,

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad.

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest,
Forever in thy coloured shades to stray;
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye.

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

NAPOLEON.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

He came, as comes the sun at dawn,
Upon a slumbering world;
Corruption at his nod was gone,
The tyrant's banner furled;
Thrones trembled at his giant tread,
Crowns fell around his feet,
And shook the ashes of the dead
His eagle glance to meet.

He came, a child whom men might scorn,
A vision faint to feel,
But Europe saw her proudest born
Before his presence kneel;
And kings and conquerors faded far
In shadow from his name,
As fades the faintest silver star
Behind the sunrise flame.

He went upon the battle ground,
Strong, yea, invincible;
Of death to enemies around
His cannon tones were full;
With requiems rang his trumpets, ere
The deadly fight began,
And fell as many foes from fear
As from opposing man.

An island in a sleeping sea
Him sent abroad to reign;
An island in a stormy sea
Has got him back again;
He came on earth, determined, stern,
And hard to be denied,
Empires and thrones to overturn,
And on the greatest, died.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

Once on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing at the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers;
Happy—he knew not whence or how;
And smiling,—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
Was the blue heaven that breathed above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds grew mute, the lillies faded;
But Time so swiftly winged his flight
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watched his paper kite,
And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip, and glancing eye,
Guilt gazed on the scene a minute,
But Childhood's glance of purity,
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon of the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self tortured, in his dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress crowned, night's awful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim with water;
Poor Childhood bade her tell her name,
And when the beldame muttered "Sorrow,"
He said—"Do n't interrupt my game,
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The muse of Pindus thither came,
And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame,
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
Though sweet the musick of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And "Oh!" he cried, "do send away,
That noisy woman with the fiddle."

Then wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last forever;
She talked of all the wondrous laws,
Which nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep not sleep on!—O Manhood's dreams,
Are all of earthly pain, or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure;
But to the couch where Childhood lies;
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remembered heaven!

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

FADED WILD FLOWERS.

I.
Farewell, ye faded flowers,
That on the cold ground lie;
How gaily ye smiled
Mid the brown wild,
'Neath Summer's painted sky!—
Passed hath your bloom away:
Your stalks are sere and bent;
On the howling blast
The rain sweeps past,
From the dim firmament!

II.
I think me of your pride,
When Zephyr came with Spring;
Then sigh to know
That wreck and woe
A few brief months may bring!—
Emblems of human fate,
Ye say, "Though bright and fair
Life's morning be,
Its eve may see
The clouds of grief and care!"

III.
In you I scan the fate
Life's sunniest hopes have met,
When Youth's bright noon,
(Alas, how soon!)
For Sorrow's tempest set.
Yes! joy by joy decayed,
As ye did fade, sweet blooms,
Leaving behind
Upon the wind,
Awhile, your soft perfumes.

IV.

As waned each blossom bright,
So doomed we're to depart
Friend after friend,—
And each to rend
A fibre from the heart:—
Green Spring again shall bid
Your stems with bloom be crowned,
But alas, to man,
In earth's brief span,
No second spring comes round!

V.

Yes! friends who clomb Life's hill
Together, long ago,
Are parted, and
Their father's land
No more their place shall know!
We see them not—nor hear them—
Among the garden bowers;
They have passed away,
In bright decay
Like you, ye perished flowers!

VI.

Mourn not—we meet again,
Although we meet not here;
Turn ye above,
Where Faith and Love
Taste heaven's eternal year:
For, though Time's winter bows
The grey head to the clod,
Dust goes to dust,
But, as we trust,
The Spirit back to God!

THE LONDON PERIODICALS. The subscriber has made arrangements to receive the Foreign Periodicals direct to this city and will receive subscriptions for them, as follows:—

QUARTERLY.

Brand's Journal of Science,	Foreign Review,
Brewster's Philosophical Journal,	London Jurist,
Classical Journal,	London Review,
Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,	Retrospective Review,
do. Medical Journal,	Westminster Review,
do. Jou'l of Med. Science,	Musical Review,
do. Jou'l of Agriculture,	Phrenological Review.
Foreign Quarterly Review,	

MONTHLY.

Blackwood's Magazine,	Sporting Magazine,
New Monthly Magazine,	Repository of Arts,
La Belle Assemblée,	Gentlemen's Magazine,
Ackerman's Repository,	Athenaeum and Literary Chronicle.
Libry of Entertaining Knowledge,	London Literary Gazette,
Eclectic Review,	Court Journal,
London Magazine,	London Weekly Review.

W. C. LITTLE, 67 South Street.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE—Part 2d of this interesting work is just received. Also, No's. 50 and 51 Library of Useful Knowledge.

These works are published in London by a Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which Henry Brougham is Chairman. The former in monthly No's. 4, 6, and the latter semi-monthly 1, 3 or 4, 5 per annum. W. C. LITTLE, Agent.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES HICKSON, Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 98 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished or improved plain, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere.

Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired, N. B. Country orders punctually attended to. Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the American Masonic Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Sept. '6.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of tea, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1829. 17 3m.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDOBOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market-street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House, keeps constantly on hand and for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cashes or clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1829.

NO. 38.

MASONICK RECORD.

FAREWELL SERMON,

Preached at Harpersfield, Delaware county, June 21, 1829,

BY REV. STEPHEN FENN, A. M.

John 10, 32. Jesus said unto them, many good works have I shewed you from my Father—for which of these works do ye stone me?

These are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are a reply to the Jews, for their unkindness and cruelty towards him, in stoning him. Our Lord was at Jerusalem, at the feast of the dedication in the winter, and as he walked in Solomon's Porch, the Jews came round about him and began to interrogate him. How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly. Jesus answered them, I have told you, and ye believed not; the works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me. *Mark*—"But ye believed not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my Father's hand. My Father, which gave them to me, is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one."

It was for preaching these plain and essential doctrines of the cross, that the Jews again took up stones to stone him. When Jesus saw them with their stones ready to cast at him, he spake to them in the words of our text:—"Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of these works do ye stone me?" He wished to know for which of the many good works which he had done among them, during the whole time he had preached and laboured among them, they were now going to stone him.

Now hear the answer which the Jews made to the inquiry of our Lord: For a good work we stone thee not, (wiped themselves with a single stroke from all blame,) but for blasphemy; because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. The Jews then, and so it is now, have no more belief in the deity of Jesus Christ, than the modern Arians amongst us have. The Jews denied that they stoned Christ for a good work, and at once charged him with being guilty of the most atrocious crimes—and they lied every word they spoke. I ask the Jews, and all other persons, to lay their finger on a single evil act that ever Christ did; all their accusations against him were groundless; and it must have been for a good work that they stoned him, for their was not an evil work to be found in him.

The Jews were not willing that the truth should appear; for if it should be brought out to view, in all its length and breadth, it would throw a weight of odium upon them, which they would be illy able to sustain; and if they could so manoeuvre as to cast all the fault upon Christ, then all their wicked and cruel dealings with him would pass well with the world.

In the providence of God, my labours here, as a minister of the gospel, are brought to a close. I have preached in this place for thirty-six years. When I first came to this town, it was a mere wilderness, in both a natural and a moral sense. There were but few inhabitants, and they in low and penniless circumstances—able to do but very little for the support of society. In a great proportion there was a willing mind to do, but manifestly a great want of ability.

There are but three men now living in this town, who belonged to this society when I first began to labour here as a herald of the cross of Christ, though some more became inhabitants before my ordination, who are now actually living here. Almost all who then composed this society, are now either housed in the silent grave, or have moved to some other place.

The society has almost changed its inhabitants three times since I commenced my ministry here. Great changes have taken place in this society; like all other places we have often times been visited with death; the congregation of the dead has been swelling every year; many of our near and dear friends sleep in the dust; their memory is dear and precious to us, but their society we never can enjoy any more here on earth. There have been two hundred and ninety-five deaths in this society, including all ages. This account

is not designed to embrace other denominations in this town; it is confined wholly to your society.

In the discharge of my ministerial functions, I have often been called to administer the ordinance of baptism. Sometimes it has been difficult for me certainly to determine who were the proper subjects of the ordinance; and it is by no means improbable that I may have often erred in this important part of my duty. But I have this for my consolation, that my errors were those of judgement, and not of will or design. I have performed seven hundred and thirteen baptisms, not all in this church, but in this and the churches around. Quite a number to whom I have administered baptism, are now in the eternal world, giving up an account to God, and receiving according to the deeds done in the flesh.

I have performed three hundred and sixty-seven marriages, in this town and the vicinity. In a few instances I have married the same person twice; and a very considerable number of those whom I have married, have had their days numbered and finished, and are called out of time to the bar of God. The path of life, as we are passing along through it, is chequered with a great variety of incidents, directly calculated in their very nature to remind us of our dependence and accountability.

When I first settled in this place it was in its infancy. People had not yet gotten their farms so cultivated as to more than barely support their own families, with all the economy they could use; they had little or nothing to spare to support the gospel. My salary, as is well known to you all, has ever been nominally small; and the manner in which it has been collected; taking the years on an average, has been reduced one quarter in its value—at best, if it had been punctually paid, it fell far short of being a competent support for my family. When the society had fallen in debt, and it was found extremely difficult to raise money to pay the arrearages, the whole burden resting upon a few, and many of them not the most able, I have repeatedly given off large sums of my salary, and trusted to Providence for my support. I have had to flee to the fields and labour hard for my subsistence, rather than burden the people. Having been constrained to flee to the fields, has been a course highly injurious to me, to my proficiency in knowledge, and to the discharge of the duties of my office among the people. A minister cannot be driven to the field to earn his living, and at the same time be in his study, furnishing his mind with useful knowledge, searching the scriptures to make preparation for the solemn duties of the sanctuary. If a minister is constrained to flee to the field, it not only makes him a lean preacher, but it makes his hearers a lean people. They fail of that knowledge which they might receive on the Sabbath, and they fail of those weekly visits which not only secure and maintain friendship between minister and people, but those visits likewise which contribute much to keep religion alive, when they are rightly improved. A people must first place a minister in comfortable worldly circumstances, and then if he does not faithfully and punctually perform the duties of his office, he must be without excuse, and the people may in such circumstances with propriety find fault.

During the whole of my straitened circumstances, and my incompetent support; let my worldly concerns be ever so crowding, I have ever been ready and prompt to attend all calls, in case of sickness, funerals, &c. within my own parish. Not a case can be found among my own people, where I have ever refused, or even manifested the least unwillingness to attend a single call. This is well known to all who have had occasion for my ministerial services.

But my ministerial labours in the week time have not been confined to my own parish. Besides attending two stated sessions of the presbytery every year, ordinations, councils, &c. which have often led me many miles from home, I have had many calls abroad to attend funerals, lectures, &c. I have been thirty miles to attend a funeral several different times, and in the several distances short of thirty miles, I have had a vast many calls to preach and attend funerals, and have in every instance attended out of my parish, when called upon, unless prevented by sickness or some providence which was utterly beyond my controul. Attention to those repeated calls from abroad, has rendered my life extremely laborious, and has consumed a very considerable

portion of my time, which otherwise might have been spent in my study, or in profitable visits among my people. This consideration, together with others which might be mentioned, ought to do much to satisfy the minds of those who have been too ready to find fault that I have not spent that portion of time in visiting from house to house, which a minister ought.

When I settled here, there was a small Presbyterian church collected here consisting of about twenty members, and the state of piety was extremely low; there was hardly a praying family to be found. Those who had a desire to profess religion, being mostly New-England people, did not feel a freedom to unite with the church in its then present form. They had been educated in congregational principles, and they preferred that kind of church government. I was ordained in January, 1794.

Some wished to retain the Presbyterian form: and some, and a majority too of those who were professors, wished to change the form of church government. Accordingly, on the third of May, 1798, all the members, both male and female, met, and after an examination of their views of gospel doctrine and practice, were pronounced a Church of Christ, agreeable to the rules of the Northern Associated Presbytery, and the church has continued on this foundation ever since.

We have had four awakenings, and seasons of special revival in religion, since I commenced my ministry here. As fruits of these blessed seasons of grace, a goodly number has hopefully been brought into the kingdom of Christ. I have received three hundred and six into the church here, since it was organized upon its present establishment. Some of this number have been received on letters from other churches in fellowship with us; but almost the whole have been received from the world on their profession. There have been great removals by death, by changing their place of residence from this town to other parts of the country, and by excommunication. I cannot now accurately state the largest number of which this church has consisted at one particular time; twenty-nine is the largest number which has ever been received into fellowship in one day. At several different times there have been quite a large number of youth who were professors; at the present time, there are but few belonging to the church who are in single life. The present number of the church is one hundred and twenty-two; a number of these, by reason of age, infirmities, living at a distance from the house of God, and other causes which it is not necessary to mention, have attended with the church but very little, if any, for several years. The ranks of the church are every year thinning by removals; and there are none coming forward to fill their places. A general deadness as to spiritual things has for a long time been found in this place, and the greatest evil of all, which attends this state of things is, people are willing to have it so: they appear to manifest no wish that the state of things in a moral view should be changed.

My preaching, as far as I understand the system, has been truly Calvinistic. I appeal to you all, whether you have ever found me a man-pleaser: Have I ever shrunk from declaring the truth even in the most trying times? Though a minister has so many trying temptations arising from the world, and the desire to retain the friendship of the unrenewed part of his audience, not to be found faithful, not to crowd truth upon the conscience, in all its length and breadth, lest it should give offence; yet can you mention an instance in which I have shrunk from my duty? Though the friendship of all persons, of every class of hearers, of even the impenitent, is so desirable to a minister who has an earnest desire to live in peace with all men, and to even seek the things which make for peace, yet witness against me if you can, the time or place when I ever shrunk from the full declaration of God's word, because I feared that it would arm the resentment of the ungodly against me. With the sword of the divine law at my back, and the awful judgement of the great day when I must give up an account of my stewardship before me, I dared not keep back any part of divine truth. I think I have realized in some measure the worth of the souls of my hearers; and I have endeavoured so to preach as to save my soul and those that heard me.

Have I ever caused the gospel trumpet to give an uncertain sound? Have not I ever put a difference between the

clean and the unclean? And have I not ever pointed out the difference between the holy and the profane? Have you ever known me to talk alike to saint and sinner? Witness against me if you can, when I ever cried peace, peace, when there was no peace. Have not I, in the most moving and affectionate terms, intreated sinners in Christ's stead to become reconciled to God? Have not I followed him from Sabbath to Sabbath, with the most earnest intreaties to become reconciled to God while the door is open? Have not I showed the sinner on gospel ground that there is no hope for him?

I appeal to the whole church if I ever refused to administer the ordinances of the gospel to any who were the proper subjects of them. Have not I ever manifested the utmost readiness to feed the sheep and to feed the lambs of the flock with the sincere milk of the word of divine truth, and to administer the ordinances to them for their quickening, for their comfort, and for the confirmation of their faith?

As purity is necessary to the peace and prosperity and growth of the church, and to its honour and respectability in the world, have not I in every instance when there was a call for it, urged upon the church their duty, and pointed out to them the spirit with which discipline must be exercised, that the desired end may be effected, that the offender may be reclaimed, and God's name be glorified? Have I ever manifested the least disposition to screen any one from discipline who in the judgement of the church, was deserving it? Have not I often pressed discipline upon the church, when I could get none to undertake it? Has not the church often bled at every pore through the neglect of its members towards offenders? If the moral health of the church is not kept good, it will certainly languish and die; a tree, or vine, that it may be made fruitful, must be kept well pruned.

I appeal to every one, if I have not, during the whole of my ministry here, made it my business to press the punctual and the faithful performance of duty upon every one? Have not I, in times more than I can reckon up, called your attention to the solemn and important duty of family prayer—of the sanctification of the Sabbath—of public worship in the sanctuary—of closet duties—of separation from the world in your life and conversation—and of a close and humble walk with God? Have not I always told you that the best way to carry conviction to the conscience of those around, of the holiness of your hearts, was to evidence it in your life and conversation? You must in all things walk according to the rules of God's word, if you would rightly support the christian character.

Whenever a person has been sick, and I have been called upon to visit him, I have invariably attended—not an instance to the contrary can be found; and I have commonly made it my rule of procedure, when I have heard of any one within the congregation that was sick, dangerously sick, to improve the first opportunity to visit him, though I have not been requested to do it. When a sick person has at any time desired the prayers of the church and congregation, I do not recollect a single instance that I have failed to visit him, and to pray with him, and impart such instruction as his case required, and he was capable of receiving.

I had the peculiar happiness of living in peace with all my neighbours: I have never had a quarrel or controversy with one of them. If we did not at all times agree in all things, yet the matter was at all times so disposed of as to prevent a rupture, and I believe we were saved from any wrong feelings towards each other.

In the course of my ministry here, I have had many things to encounter that have been exceedingly trying to my feelings, but never, according to my recollection, have I in a single instance been so thrown off my guard by any opposition which I have received, as to be enkindled into a passion. God has mercifully preserved me from anger, and has kept me from railing and provoking language; and in all my intercourse with my fellow men, I have endeavoured to seek the things which make for peace.

I have known what it is to be afflicted. Here have I buried the wife of my youth—a woman endeared to me by every tender tie; she was endeared to her family—to a large circle of christian friends, and she died in the full faith of the gospel. Here I expect soon to bury my present wife; she is now apparently in the last agonies of life, and only awaits the call of her dear Lord and Master to depart, and to be with him, which is far better than to be here. Will the Lord prepare my heart for a repetition of such sore trials.

I have spent all the prime of life, and the best part of my days in this place. Thirty-six years have I preached to you the great things of the kingdom of Christ. I am now passed my sixtieth year; my usefulness cannot any where be continued but a little while longer, if my life should be lengthened out. I have been with you in days of prosperity, and in days of adversity. I have seen and enjoyed good days, amidst many trials and crosses, and I think I have reason to bless God for all the way he has led me in life.

I thought to have spent the remainder part of my days here with you in the ministry, but God in his holy providence has ordered otherwise. The spirit of anti-masonry rose here at the very time most favourable for its rapid growth. Religion was at a very low ebb, and the mind was in a right state to receive just such a kind of spirit, and to blow it up to the highest pitch, and to prostrate every good feeling before it; and we see that this is the very course which it has taken. Religion has disappeared on its approach. The tunnel of anti-masonry grew hotter and hotter, and there was no alternative left for me, only to be overpowered by its exterminating spirit, or to flee before it. And as several had already taken a decided stand, and declared that they would not pay me any salary, because I was guilty of the crime of being a mason, I thought that wisdom, personal safety, and peace within my own breast, required that I should retire from my pastoral charge; and hence it was that I deliberately asked for my dismission. I was persuaded that my friends would not wish me to continue in such a situation, exposed to such an intolerant spirit, which prostrates all before it, levels all distinctions in the character of men; paralyzes every religious feeling; divides families, societies, churches, counties and states; alien-

ates the most intimate friends; declares every one that will not come into its measures, shall be prohibited holding any office of any grade in either state or church, and declares that it will not give over its persecutions until every mason, and every upholder and supporter of masonry, shall be buried from his office, and they snugly placed in his room. Jacobinism in France, in the days of Robespierre, was not so deadly in its influence as the spirit of anti-masonry.

If a man does not attend a lodge for ten or fifteen years, and has made up his mind on good and sufficient reasons not to attend any more, this does not satisfy—this does not in the least shield him from the deadly, persecuting hand which is raised against him. Anti-masons will have no neutrals; every one shall come over to the standard which they have erected, or feel the utmost extent of their persecuting rage.

Travel over the whole western section of the state where this anti-masonic spirit has spread with its wasting influence and exterminating rage, and you will see nothing but a moral desolation. Every thing is as completely in a moral waste as the Island of Scio was in a natural waste, after it had felt the barbarous, ruthless hand of the blood thirsty and insatiable Turk. At the west you will see churches, which were but a few years since prosperous and in peace, and walking hand in hand in the duties and ordinances of the gospel, now divided: refusing to fellowship one another as christians; filled with the uttermost bitterness one towards the other, and the stated ministrations of the gospel driven away from them; societies in ruins, and the morals of the people rapidly returning to a mere heathenish degradation. Let this spirit continue to rage, and our world will be an alcedema, a field of blood; for all the depraved passions of the human heart are enlisted in the promotion of this fell, destroying mania.

If I have any spirit of discernment, from the state of things in this society and church, I see a dreadful weight of woe and ruin connected with this anti-masonic spirit, in relation to this people. I already seem to see the seeds of dissolution and final ruin taking deep root. The church and society, which have been prosperous for more than thirty years, already tremble and pant for existence. I look on the people, to whom I have so long administered, with deep interest. I tremble for their welfare and existence. I am filled with the most sensible emotions at the threatening prospect before you. I have a most ardent desire for your peace and prosperity. I have, as an ambassador of Christ, administered to you for many years; and now to see such a cloud hanging over you fraught with such dreadful evils and charged with such exterminating appearances, is distressing indeed. I hope my fears towards you will not be realized; that God in infinite mercy will avert the storm which hangs over you, and gathers blackness every moment. If he does not in his rich grace interfere, you are a ruined people, past all hopes of a recovery. If a different spirit is not manifested, from what has been for several months past, I fear your destruction is sealed.

I make no doubt that some, at least, who have engaged in this anti-masonic excitement are sincere. They think that the exigency of the times calls for the most serious exertions. But their sincerity in the thing does not justify the measure at all. Saul of Tarsus verily thought within himself that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which thing he actually did in persecuting and committing to prison and to death the innocent followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was very sincere in his malicious attack on Christianity. He afterwards acknowledged that his sincerity was no justification of his conduct in persecuting the church of Christ. People may be sincere in a wrong measure as well as in a right.

As I have now barely, in a brief manner, brought into view some of the good works which I have shown you from my heavenly Father, and which I have actually done among you; and have touched upon the only thing which has brought my ministerial labours to a close with you, I shall now, after offering up my earnest prayer for your best peace and prosperity, take my affectionate leave of you; verily believing, that every thing respecting my ministry here, both in relation to you and myself, will be reviewed at the judgement day. Consequently, as eventual as eternity, stand connected with the relation which subsists between minister and people. I must give an account how and what I have preached, and you must give an account how you have heard, and how you have practised. Wishing you much of the divine presence and enlarged measures of the influence of the holy spirit, I now take an affectionate leave of you—farewell. AMEN.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

ELECTRICITY.

It is curious to take a retrospective view of the mode in which the effects of the Leyden phial were announced to the world, on their first discovery. The philosophers who first experienced, in their own person, the shock attendant on the transmission of an electric discharge, were so impressed with wonder and with terror by this novel sensation, that they wrote the most ridiculous and exaggerated account of their feelings on the occasion. Muschenbroek states, that he received so dreadful a concussion in his arms, shoulder, and heart, that he lost his breath, and it was two days before he could recover from its effects; he declared also, that he should not be induced to take another shock for the whole kingdom of France. Mr. Allemand reports, that the shock deprived him of breath for some minutes, and afterwards produced so acute a pain across the right arm, that he was apprehensive it might be attended with serious consequen-

ces. Mr. Winkler informs us, that it threw his whole body into convulsions, and excited such a ferment in his blood, as would have thrown him into a fever, but for the timely employment of febrifuge remedies. He states, that at another time it produced copious bleeding at the nose; the same effect was produced also upon his lady, who was almost rendered incapable of walking. These strange accounts naturally excited the attention and wonder of all classes of people; the learned and the vulgar were equally desirous of experiencing so singular a sensation, and great numbers of halit-taught electricians wandered through every part of Europe to gratify this universal curiosity.

It is on the nervous system that the most considerable action of electricity is exerted. A strong charge passed through the head, gave to Mr. Singer the sensation of a violent but universal blow, and was followed by a transient loss of memory and indistinctness of vision. If a charge be sent through the head of a bird, its optic nerve is usually injured or destroyed, and permanent blindness induced; and a similar shock given to larger animals, produces a tremulous state of the muscles, with general prostration of strength. If a person who is standing receive a charge through the spine, he loses his power over the muscles to such a degree, that he either drops on his knees, or falls prostrate on the ground; if the charge be sufficiently powerful, it will produce immediate death, in consequence, probably, of the sudden exhaustion of the whole energy of the nervous system. Small animals, such as mice and sparrows, are instantly killed by a shock from thirty square inches of glass. Van Marum found that eels are irrecoverably deprived of life when a shock is sent through their whole body; but when only a part of the body is included in the circuit, the destruction of irritability is confined to that individual part, while the rest retains the power of motion. Different persons are affected in very different degrees by electricity, according to their peculiar constitutional susceptibility. Dr. Young remarks, that a very minute tremor, communicated to the most elastic parts of the body, in particular the chest, produces an agitation of the nerves, which is not wholly unlike the effect of a weak electricity.

The bodies of animals killed by electricity, rapidly undergo putrefaction, and the action of electricity upon the flesh of animals is also found to accelerate this process in a remarkable degree. The same effect has been observed in the bodies of persons destroyed by lightning. It is also a well-established fact, that the blood does not coagulate after death from this cause.

CHARACTER.

DE WITT CLINTON.

The following sketch is from a review of Dr. Hosack's Life of Mr. Clinton, in the last number of the North American Review.

At a very early period of his life, he acquired and cultivated habits of great industry; he rose at an early hour at all seasons of the year. He observed the utmost punctuality in all his engagements; this too he was the better enabled to accomplish, by means of the order and regularity with which he divided the several duties of the day; illustrating by example that well known truth, that he who has the most numerous avocations, is the most attentive and the most punctual in the performance of all; every hour not occupied by his numerous public duties, was devoted to general literature. History, poetry, taste, belles-lettres, metaphysics, natural history, theology, all in turn occupied those portions of his time, not devoted to public business, or the duties of the various stations he filled; and he studiously noted with his pen every fact or principle that he deemed important, or that might be rendered subservient to his intellectual improvement, or to the profit of others; by this habit of collecting in his commonplace book, what he considered of value, he was enabled to concentrate the ample stores of his knowledge upon the various subjects which occupied his more immediate pursuits; even those smaller portions of the day that are lost by most

men, were not unemployed by him; like the goldsmith, who carefully accumulates the smaller particles that drop beneath his hand, and which collected, constitute the ingot. Mr. Clinton, in like manner, carefully treasured up the minutest fragments of time, which, though inconsiderable in themselves, compass an aggregate of great value.

The ordinary and more frivolous amusements of fashionable life presented no attractions to his mind; on the contrary, they were by him, I believe through life, most studiously avoided, as not only involving the loss of time, money, and reputation, but utterly incompatible with those pursuits and views that belong to a man who has at heart his dignity of character, the high interests of science, or his country's welfare.

This leads me to notice Mr. Clinton as a writer and speaker. Mr. Clinton as a public speaker, was slow and deliberate in his manner, manifesting the constant exercise of his understanding while in the act of delivery; he also observed great order in the plan of his discourse, arranging his arguments with precision, and with the view of giving to each its appropriate place and effect, exhibiting thereby much previous and careful consideration of his subject; yet such was the quickness of his perception and power of analysis, that he did not require long preparatory deliberations to embrace a full view of the merits of the question which came before him.

Such were the ample stores of his mind, that when an extemporaneous expression of his views or opinions was demanded, whether upon the seat of justice, the floor of the senate, or upon any other public occasion, at the shortest notice he could summon to his purpose all the resources of his highly gifted and cultivated understanding; with these at his command, it may be added, Mr. Clinton was enabled to give full force to the discussion in which he was engaged, and to avail himself of the peculiar advantage it afforded him of directing his attention to, and of observing the effects of his argument upon, every individual of the body he addressed. Such too was his perception of the effect produced upon his auditory; that I have often heard him say, that when speaking in the senate, or other deliberative assemblies, he could decide at the moment the probable result of his address, and at once ascertain, how far it was safe to urge the question immediately to a decision, or to suggest the expediency of deferring such decision to a more distant day, when he could have the opportunity of adding to the friends of the measure he wished to accomplish.

He never indulged in rant or vehemence, either in voice or gesture, yet his clear and logical method and arrangement, the force and perspicuity of style, and dignity of manner, his strong and manly tone of voice, united with his undaunted firmness, gave to his discourse, whether in the judgement seat or in the hall of legislation, an influence and effect, which no other individual, except the lamented Hamilton, Wells, and Emmet, has ever exercised in our state. As far as conductive reasoning, happy illustration, strong and vigorous language, a style always dignified, and oftentimes highly ornamented, can be considered as constitutional eloquence, and are calculated to arrest the attention, and to carry conviction to his auditory, Mr. Clinton is entitled to the denomination of an eloquent speaker.

His style, not remarkable for precision of thought, or refinement and accuracy of expression, is animated, bold, and strong; the language lofty and sweeping; the illustrations and allusions, though not always in the most exact taste, drawn from a wide range of reading and study, are always striking. The style, on the whole, faithfully exhibits the expanded views, lofty motives, the elevation above the petty manœuvring and wily intrigues of party, the stern integrity and fearless intrepidity of the man.

Though during a great part of his active life he was tossing among the currents and eddies of our turbulent politics, sufficiently boisterous and agitated in every part of the country, but not least so in New-York, yet he snatched a great deal of time for more quiet pursuits, the solaces of reflection and intellectual culture, and cheerfully lent his ta-

lents, influence, and labours to various charitable, literary, and economical objects. He was an active member of the New-York Historical Society, which is greatly indebted to him for its present flourishing condition, and promise of future usefulness. His Discourse before that Society on Indian character and antiquities, is the fruit of great industry and research in a course of studies diverging widely from his ordinary pursuits. He was an active member of the Academy of Arts, contributed materially towards the establishment of the Orphan Asylum, the system of public schools, the agricultural societies, the New-York City Hospital, the free-school societies. Every philanthropical institution or enterprise found in him a ready, zealous, indefatigable, and powerful friend; the eyes that saw him blessed him, and in future generations thousands will bless without seeing him.

SKETCH OF ISABELLA, OF SPAIN.

Selected from Irving's Life of Columbus.

Cotemporary writers have been enthusiastick in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies; she is one of the purest and most beautiful characters on the page of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanour. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose, and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied princess. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man, with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and in some instances surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures; while, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy.

It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of internal wars. She loved her people, and while continually seeking their good, she mitigated as much as possible the harsh measures of her husband, directed to the same end but inflamed by a mistaken zeal. Thus, though almost bigoted in her piety, and perhaps too much under the influence of ghostly advisers, still she was hostile to every measure calculated to advance religion at the expense of humanity. She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition, though unfortunately for Spain, her repugnance was slowly vanquished by her confessors. She was always an advocate of clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Grenada. She considered that war essential to protect the Christian faith, and to relieve her subjects from fierce and formidable enemies. While all her publick thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal, and unostentatious. In the intervals of state business, she assembled around her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their councils, in promoting letters and arts.

Through her patronage Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. She promoted the distribution of honours and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge, she fostered the art of printing, recently invented, and encouraged the establishment of presses in every part of the kingdom; books were admitted free of all duty, and more, we are told, were printed in Spain, at that early period of the art, than in the present literary age.

It is wonderful how much the destinies of countries depend at times upon the virtues of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits, by combining, exciting, and directing the latent powers of a nation, to stamp it, as it were, with their own

greatness. Such beings realize the idea of guardian angels appointed by heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such had been Prince Henry for the kingdom of Portugal, and such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella.

TOPOGRAPHY.

HURON, OR OUISCONSIN TERRITORY

The Cincinnati Advertiser has a letter from a traveller, dated at that place, containing an account of this new territory whose boundaries are to be fixed by the next Congress. As it embraces the lead mine district, some particulars extracted from the letter spoken of may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Its population is already about 16,000 souls of whom 10,000 are engaged in drawing mineral wealth from the earth. The remainder occupy the villages of Galena, Cassville, Prairie du Chien, Green Bay, and others less known to us by name. That its population is rapidly augmenting, may readily be gathered from the fact that 3000 persons passed through Buffalo, in the space of a single week this season, for Ohio, Michigan, and Huron. The latter seems indeed to be the nucleus of another Ohio, as to her climate or soil, to which may be added her vast mineral wealths, and unlimited facilities of navigation. It is a mistaken, though prevalent opinion, that the cold is excessive. Snow falls, indeed, sometimes to the depth of twelve inches; but all the grains, fruits, and vegetables, found in the same latitudes in the United States, also succeed well here. Such, too, is the influence of the Gulf (Southerly) winds which set up the many streams, and dissolve the snows, that the harvest may be reaped as early. The interior of the country is always healthy. On the borders of the larger streams it is sometimes otherwise in the summer, the great inundations of the spring leaving large pools which afterwards stagnate; but fevers are generally confined to the borders of the Mississippi. On the water courses the soil is broken and hilly; in the interior, undulating. About one-third of the land is of first rate farming quality, and about one-tenth is well timbered. The purest water is found in every direction.

Some of the copper mines may be found south-east of the Porcupine Hills, which lie on the coast of Lake Superior; but the great mine, from whose copper the spoons in Peale's Museum were made, lies on a stream which runs into the Onontagon river, nearly north-west of Copper lake, and in latitude 46°. A line drawn west from Chippicotton river of Lake Michigan, in about 42° 55', will strike Copper Mines on the branches of Rock and Pecktano, sometimes called Pecktoleia, rivers. The mine which Dr. Franklin was so anxious to secure in the treaty with Great Britain, lies on an island in Lake Superior. Galena, in about latitude 42° 24', is situated on Bean (Fever or Fève) river, twelve miles from its junction with the Mississippi and Small Pox rivers, and has 250 houses and 800 inhabitants. Portage Summit, on a space of land between Ouisconsin and Fox rivers, is mentioned as likely to be a thriving town with advantages which may make it hereafter rival Cincinnati. The writer says of this place—

"In the heart of a fine country, suitable for farming, the thoroughfare to the Indian trade in the upper section of the Mississippi, commanding an uninterrupted steamboat navigation to New Orleans, save the rapids of Desmoines, and navigation equally free for boats to New York and Montreal, may not Missouri and Arkansas, in a few years, receive their supplies at a reduced rate of transportation by this route?"

Huron presents many sites for canals, and for making connexions between the Mississippi and Lake Superior. A natural one, as we have before mentioned, exists in the spring, when the waters are high. R. W. Chandler, of Galena, is about to publish a map of the mines, furnishing a general topographical view of the mineral region now worked.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
From the Philological Institute, Pittsburgh.

THE LAST OF THE DRUIDS.

A TALE OF THE SHETLAND ISLES.

The Romans were not long in peaceable possession of Britain, until the dark and bloody mysteries of Druidism, which had hitherto universally prevailed amongst the inhabitants, began fast to dispel before the mild doctrines of Christianity, introduced by their conquerors. Nor was its influence confined to Britain alone: the spirit of conversion was gradually spreading, not only over the neighbouring country of Caledonia, but also to the islands on the northern coast, which at that time were engaged in perpetual wars with wandering tribes of the Scandinavians. Such was the state of things, when a small boat, navigated by a single man, was seen to approach Swinholm, one of the Shetland group; and shortly after Longo, a once powerful arch Druid and Soothsayer, landed and bent his steps towards Glencullin, the residence of one of his colleagues, who were under the tacit protection of Magnus, the Island Chieftain. Longo was scarce two days in the island, when he received a message to attend at the hall of Magnus, who desired a private interview with him: although surprised, the Druid felt gratified at thus unexpectedly having an opportunity of exerting his influence in behalf of his profession. These crafty men, who were accustomed to rule the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of the people, saw with regret that their controul over the minds of their followers was fast diminishing, and they resolved on making one desperate effort in order to retrieve their tottering fame. At this time there dwelt in the family of Magnus, a christian damsel named Agnes, who had some years previous been taken captive during an incursion to the south, and carried home along with the other spoils, by Harold, the son of Magnus, who commanded the expedition, and was deeply affected by the misfortunes of his lovely charge. Agnes, on her part, was bound by gratitude to the young chief, who had protected her from insult and perhaps death: from frequently conversing with her, he imbibed many of the principles which she endeavoured to inculcate, and the dread with which she hitherto regarded him as a heathen, was softened into love towards the youthful convert. Many followed the example of Harold, and became christians: the latter being now absent, it was deemed a prudent time to remove the object which had caused such an inroad upon the doctrines anciently entertained by the islanders; and this, it was supposed could easily be effected, as the old chief was decidedly averse to the introduction of Christianity amongst his retainers. Accordingly Longo repaired to the presence of the chief, whose brow bore indications of extreme mental suffering, as well as age, and who thus addressed the devotee: "Priest! thy fame has reached my ear. To your sect alone is bestowed the gift of revealing the events of futurity, and for that purpose I have requested your attendance. I had the three sons whose shields were as immovable in the hour of strife as the rocks upon which they were reared: two of them fell fighting by my side, and are now resting with the spirits of the brave. But Harold, the youngest, whom I loved more than both, went to chastise the insolence of a maurauder who plundered our coast; the snow lay deep upon the ground when he departed; the forests are now green, and he has not yet returned. I fear he has fallen—fallen without a friend to raise his tomb. Tell me, oh, Priest! tell me, if I shall again see my child." "Chief," replied the Druid, "the time was when daily sacrifices were offered to the gods, and these were the times when your fame reached every land, and your arm was victorious in battle—but now the altar is neglected, and the mistletoe grows unregarded: the daughter of the stranger, and your mortal enemy, is cherished in your house; her words are believed, and her counsel attended to. Let this seducer be given as a sacrifice at the neglected shrine of the gods; it may appease their indignation, and you shall again see your child."

The chieftain at first refused to comply with this cruel advice, but finally his superstition gained the ascendancy over his better nature, and he consented to deliver to the zealous Druids the object of their bitter aversion. The day was chosen, and Glencullin selected for the scene of murder. Agnes was bound upon the rude altar, consisting of a huge block of granite, around which was placed a circle of stones, inside of which, none, except the sacred persons of the Priests, were permitted to intrude: billets of wood were fixed under the under the unfortunate maiden, and a demon-like smile of triumph lightened the stern and austere features of the Druid as he set the pile in a flame, and

Now the dense, white vapour floats on high,
Which veils the writhing victim from the eye,
Her shrieks are mingled with the Druid's song,
Re-echoed by the vast, deluded throng.

Though many a tear was shed at the virgin's fate,
None dared to disobey the stern mandate,
Which sent a maiden to her early grave,
Oh! lovely martyr, first choice of the brave.

Already was the unholy sacrifice consummated—the day was drawing to a close, and the spectators were gradually dispersing, wondering at what they had witnessed, but none venturing to hazard an opinion contrary to that of their chief, when the shrill blast of a horn was heard, and presently the rays of the setting sun glanced bright on the spears of a hundred warriors, who with many a shout of joy and recognition, were seen winding their way up the glen. At their head was distinguishable the lofty person of Harold, whose plume waved above his followers like a tall tree amidst a forest of shrubs, and who was flushed with his success in a recent encounter; but when he saw the assembled islanders, and the yet smoking altar, strange thoughts took possession of his fancy: a few moments revealed the dreadful truth, and Longo was the first who fell a victim to his avenging hand. The death of the subordinate Priests followed shortly after; and the proud, haughty Druids, were ever afterwards known only as the wandering minstrels, subsisting on the gratuitous bequests of the people, whom they had long ruled with a despotick sway.

Pittsburgh, May 25, 1829.

MISCELLANY.

From the Journal of Health.

WATER versus ARDENT SPIRITS.

"If," says Hoffman, a celebrated German physician, "there is in nature a remedy which deserves the name of universal, it is, in my opinion, pure water. The use of it is so general, and so necessary to us all, that we can neither live, nor preserve our bodies sound and healthy without it."

Water is the natural drink of plants and animals of every description, and is the only article which can fulfil those ends for which the introduction of a liquid into the human system is demanded. Its use is equally adapted to every age and temperament,—to every season and climate. It facilitates digestion, and, by its fluidity and mildness, promotes that free and equable circulation of the blood and humours through all the vessels of the body, upon which the due performance of every animal function depends.

Hence, in physical strength, in the capability of enduring labour and fatigue, in the vigour and clearness of the intellectual powers, the individuals whose drink is confined entirely to water, far exceed those who substitute for the pure element distilled or fermented liquors.

"Their equal days
Feel not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection.—
Blest with Divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they live; their only fate
Is ripe old age, and rather sleep than death."

Errors in regard to drink constitute one of the causes to which, in a great measure, are to be attributed the increase of disease as society advances in refinement and luxury. It has been computed, that since the introduction of ardent spirits into common use, more victims have fallen by it alone, than by the sword and pestilence within the same period.

A belief is entertained by many that there are certain circumstances, however, which render the

latter a preferable drink to pure water. Ardent spirits are supposed useful to preserve the system from the effects of cold and dampness. The very contrary is the fact. Though an individual, while under the immediate excitement of the intoxicating draught, may perhaps expose himself with impunity to a degree of coldness and moisture, which would be injurious under other circumstances, yet when the stimulating effects of the liquor have passed away, his system is left in a condition far more subject to their deleterious influence than is that of the man habitually sober.

To drink water during hot weather, or in warm climates, would, it is imagined, lay the system open to the attacks of disease, while a contrary effect is ascribed to the use of ardent spirits. Experience has, however, proved that the latter argument instead of diminishing the pernicious influence of extreme heat. "Run" says Dr. Bell, "whether used habitually, moderately, or in excessive quantities, in the West Indies, always diminishes the strength of the body, and renders men more susceptible of disease, and unfit for any service in which vigour or activity is required." Rush very aptly remarks, that we might as well throw oil into a house, the roof of which was on fire, in order to prevent the flames from extending to its inside, as to pour ardent spirits into the stomach to lessen the effects of a hot sun upon the skin.

"I have known," says the same author, "many instances of persons who have followed the most laborious employments for many years, in the open air, and in warm and cold weather, who never drank any thing but water, and enjoyed uninterrupted good health." Dr. Mosely, who resided many years in the West Indies, confirms this remark. "I aver," says the Doctor, "from my own knowledge and custom, as well as the custom and observations of many other people, that those who drink nothing but water, or make it their principal drink, are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience, and are never subject to troublesome or dangerous diseases."

The instances in which sudden death has occurred from drinking cold water during a heated condition of the body, may probably be urged in proof of the necessity of tempering the water with a portion of ardent spirits; it is to be remarked, however, that it has been found from observation, that the injurious effects of cold water, under the circumstances here referred to, occur principally, or almost exclusively, in those individuals who are habitually intemperate.

We have spoken above of water as a means of preserving health and of warding off the attacks of disease. The following fact from the page of ancient history, will show its powers as a restorative means.

Pomponius Atticus, the friend of Cicero, to whom so many works and letters of the latter are addressed, whilst labouring under that uncomfortable state of the mind produced by disease of the stomach, became disgusted with life and resolved to destroy himself. He called together his relations and friends, to communicate to them his design, and to consult with them upon the species of death he should make choice of. Agrippa, his son-in-law, not daring openly to oppose his resolution, persuaded him to destroy himself by famine; advising him, however, to make use of a little water to alleviate the sufferings which would at first result from entire abstinence. Atticus commenced this regimen, whilst he conversed with his family, philosophised with his intimate friends, and passed many days in thus preparing himself for death. This, however, did not occur; on the contrary, by restricting himself solely to water as his only nourishment, the pains of the stomach and bowels, by which he had been previously tormented, ceased; and he speedily felt himself improved in health and more tranquil in mind. Agrippa now attempted to convince him, that as the disease under which he had laboured was happily removed, he ought to renounce his design of putting a period to his existence. Atticus confessed, at length, the justness of his son-in-law's arguments: he accordingly followed his advice, and lived until a very advanced age.

ON PREMATURE INTERMENT.

From the European Magazine

It is the unnatural custom of the French to inter twenty-four hours after the apparent decease. Several laudable attempts have been recently made by Englishmen in France to rouse the attention of the French Ministers to the subject. Dr. Macnab, an English physician, who has resided in France for many years, has made very spirited exertions to effect a change in the law requiring interment so short a time after death. The following extracts are taken from the very interesting memorial which he has presented to the French Ministry:

"In every age and country history has furnished numerous instances of individuals, who, in apparent death, have been preserved by accidental causes from premature interment. The short period of twenty-four hours allowed by the existing laws of France for the purpose of ascertaining the real or apparent death of individuals, is far too short. There are many cases in which the signs of apparent death are witnessed, and which cannot be determined for days after they have been manifested. I could enumerate diseases in which such signs are common."

Doctor Macnab then proceeds, in his illustration of his position, to relate among others the following:

"The danger to which the elegant Lady Russell was exposed is too well known, both in France and in England, to require details. She remained seven days and nights without any sign of life, and her interment was delayed only on account of the violent grief which Lord Russell experienced at the idea of being separated from a beloved wife. On the eighth day, as the parish bells were tolling for church, Lady Russell suddenly raised her head, and to the amazement and indescribable joy of her husband, told him to get ready to accompany her to church. Her recovery was rapid and complete; and she lived many years afterwards, to render her Lord the father of a family." "If," says the author, "Lady Russell had been in France, under the existing law, she would have been buried alive."

The second instance is related by the celebrated Odiar of Geneva, in the following words:—"I knew a girl, twenty-five years old, named Eliza Roy, who narrowly escaped being buried alive. She lived at a distance of two leagues from Geneva. For some years she had been subject to nervous attacks, which frequently deprived her of every appearance of life; but after the lapse of a few hours she would recover and resume her occupations as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, however, the suspension of her faculties was so protracted that her friends called in a medical man of the neighbourhood, who pronounced her dead. She was then sewn up in a close shroud, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and laid upon the bedstead. Among those who called to condole with the parents was a particular friend of the supposed deceased, of her own age. The young woman, anxious to take a last look at her friend, ripped the shroud and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. Whilst she was kissing her she fancied that she felt her breathe. She repeated her caresses; and being shortly assured of the fact of her friend not being dead, she applied her mouth to that of the girl, and in a short time the latter was restored to life, and able to dress herself."

Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother to the Emperour of Russia, relates a fact from his own experience which powerfully supports the arguments used by Dr. Macnab. "A young girl," says Dr. Crichton, "in the service of the Princess of —, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length, to all appearance, was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few

moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and in the space of a few days her health was completely re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her; and distinctly heard her friends bewailing death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK.

Some hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another; some have insisted that they were tea-pots, and some that they were town-clocks; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But perhaps none of this blue devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore. This hypochondriack, after wringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous. "Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do?" replied the hypochondriack faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man." "Dead!" replied the doctor. "Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock." Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriack, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful tone, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him; and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take; he called to the servant: "My boy, your poor Mr. — is dead; and the sooner he can be put into the ground the better. Run to C—, for I know he always keeps New-England coffins by him ready made; and do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long. Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered around him, and howled not a little, while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriack for the churchyard. They had not gone far, before they were met by one of the town's people, who having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried, out, "ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?" "Poor Mr. B—," sighed the doctor, "left us last night." "Great pity he had not left us ten years ago," replied the other; "he was a bad man." Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question, "and what poor soul have you got there doctor?" "Poor Mr. B—," answered the doctor again, "is dead." "Ah! indeed said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last." "Oh, villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin. Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old question again. "What poor soul have you got there doctor?" "Poor Mr. B—," he replied, "is gone." "Yes, and

to the bottomless pit," said the other, "for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out exclaiming, "O you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? Well, I have come back again to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding-sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastick race, the hypochondriack was brought home by Dr. Stevenson; freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

From the New York Evening Post.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Hoboken is probably to become as celebrated for sacrifices at the hymenial altar as it now is for those made at the shrine of false honour. By the existing laws of this state, no formal solemnization of the marriage ceremony is necessary. Any *bona fide* and solemn engagement or contract, that such relation shall exist from thence forward, *co instantis*, is a legal marriage. By the revised, or rather the new statute, which is to go into effect on the first of January next, a former solemnization, and other acts, are made necessary. Among other things, the statute declares, that

Females may marry at 14, and males at 17 years of age.

Marriage can be solemnized only by ministers of the gospel, and priests of every denomination, by mayors, recorders and alderman of cities, and by judges of the county courts, and justices of the peace. When solemnized by a minister or priest, the ceremony must be according to the forms and customs of the church or society to which he belongs; and when by a magistrate, no particular form is necessary, except the parties must solemnly declare they take each other as husband and wife. In every case there must be at least one witness present.

It is the duty of every priest or magistrate, to ascertain the christian and surnames of the parties; their respective residences, and their profession or occupation; or the name and residence of one, if only one witness be present. The facts so ascertained, and the day of the marriage, he must enter in a book kept for that purpose.

If either the parties to be married shall not be personally known to the priest or magistrate, he shall require proof of the identity of such person, by the oath of some person made known to him; which oath any magistrate may administer.

The statute does not apply to Quakers or Jews.

I have always thought this delicate subject flourished best when let alone. But our law makers have thought proper to point out the manner in this interesting ceremony shall be performed; and perhaps the regulations are such as the publick good require. There are many cases, however; where the parties cannot or will not submit to any restrictions or delays. For relief of such persons an *asylum* will no doubt be provided in some romantick spot on the Jersey shore, where they may have the knot tied to suit themselves.

There appears to be one great obstacle to many marriages under the statute; the magistrate or priest is required to ascertain the *ages* of the parties. The age of an old maid indeed! This is a ticklish subject. The fair sex over 20 years of age, are very coy in this matter. Many *old young maids* would well nigh expire in the act of confession—others would be guilty of fraud or perjury rather than reveal the appalling truth; and should the truth be told, many a swain would, horror-struck, surrender up his intended rib. BENEDICT.

THE RAINBOW.

The poets feigned the rainbow to be the residence of certain aerial creatures, whose delight it is to sport and wanton in the clouds. Milton, in his exquisite pastoral drama of *Comus*, thus alludes to this Platonick idea:—

"I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creature in the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play 't' th' plighted clouds."

Shakspeare is the only writer who has alluded to the colours which are reflected on the eye when suffused with tears. The rainbow, which, not improbably, first suggested the idea of arches, though beautiful in all countries, is more particularly so in mountainous ones; for, independent of their frequency, it is impossible to conceive any thing more grand than the appearance of this fine arch, when its points rest upon the opposite sides of a narrow valley, or on the peaked summits of precipitate mountains. The Scandinavians believed it to connect earth with heaven, and gave it, for a guardian, a being called Heimdallar. It is impossible to see a rainbow without feeling an admiration towards the power that forms it. One of the glories which are said to surround the throne of heaven is a rainbow like an emerald. In the Apocalypse it is described as encircling the head of an angel; in Ezekiel, the four cherubim are compared to a cloud arched with it.

From the London Court Journal.

ANOTHER MASANIELLO.

The port of Milo is one of the best in the Mediterranean: it presents a safer anchorage than Mitylene, though the latter has the advantage of position. The situation of Milo under the Turkish domination, was exceedingly happy; the island paid an annual tribute to the Porte, and its governors were chosen from among the inhabitants. In the seventeenth century, a man of low birth, named John Capsi, made Milo, for a time, an independent kingdom. Capsi had been a seaman, and, like many of his countrymen, he had amassed a considerable sum by the business of a pilot, and by some commercial speculations in the islands of the Archipelago; he was bold and enterprising, and his good humour and pleasing manners rendered him much beloved among his countrymen. There were no Turks residing on the island, which they visited but rarely, and only for the purpose of receiving the tribute-money; for the vigilance of the Knights of Malta rendered the periodical visits of the Captain Pacha exceedingly dangerous. The people of Milo were, therefore, almost entirely left to themselves, for they had the privilege of choosing their own governors. Capsi conceived the idea of delivering his country from the dominion of the Sultan; he communicated his design to some of his friends, and when he found himself secure of the support of all classes of the inhabitants, he threw off the mask, and was proclaimed king of Milo. He was crowned by the Bishop Antonio Camillo, who put round his neck a chain of massive gold, while the people applauded the ceremony, and exclaimed, "God save Capsi! God save the king of Milo!"

Capsi fulfilled all the duties of his new dignity with the moderation of a philosopher: he conciliated the friendship of the principal islanders, through whose influence he obtained an allowance out of the public imposts, a guard of fifty men to escort him when he went out, and twenty-five sentries always on duty before his residence, which was the finest building in the island. He fixed certain days for the administration of justice, and he was at once the legislator, the judge, and the monarch of Milo. This state of things continued for three years without interruption; but at length the Porte, alarmed at the prudence, rather than at the power of Capsi, and fearing lest others might be encouraged to imitate him, determined to make an example of him, and to reduce its tributaries to passive obedience. However, it was no easy matter to seize a man who was adored by his subjects, and who had a body of eight hundred troops under arms. The Captain Pacha, being informed of these circumstances, would not himself go to Milo, lest he should excite suspicion; he merely sent three galleys for the purpose of receiving the annual tribute. The Turkish commander landed without any escort, and proceeded, unattended, to the palace of Capsi. He addressed him as the sovereign of the island, paid him a thousand compliments, and assured him that the Porte was ready to recognize his authority, provided that he would consider himself as a vassal of the Sultan, and continue to

pay the tribute-money as before. Capsi, blinded by his vanity, acceded to this proposition; the Turk returned to his vessel, and Capsi, losing sight of his usual prudence, promised to return his visit. He proceeded to the sea-shore, accompanied by twelve men, and having incautiously dismissed his attendants, he went on board the vessel. He was then immediately loaded with chains; and the perfidious Turk weighed anchor, and conveyed him without delay to Constantinople, where the unfortunate king was hanged on a tree facing the gate of the Bagnio. This occurred in the year 1680.

THE GATHERER.

WASTE OF TIME.

Few men need complain of the want of time, if they are not conscious of a want of power, or of desire to ennoble and enjoy it. Perhaps, you are a man of genius yourself, gentle reader—and though not absolutely like Walter Scott, a witch, warlock, or wizard, still a poet—a maker—a creator. Think, then, how many hours on hours you have lost, lying asleep so profoundly, that

"The cock's shrill clariion, or the echoing horn,
No more could rouse you from your lazy bed."

How many more have you not absolutely lost, but to a certain extent abused, at breakfast—sipping away at unnecessary cups of coffee, or gobbling away at buttered rolls, for which nature never called. Then think on all your aimless forenoon saunterings—round and round about town—now to the reading-room, [though you well know there is nothing new—now home again, to receive a coach-full of country cousins, come in the capacity of forenoon callers—now dozing on the drawing-room sofa, wondering if the bell is ever to be rung—now grimly gazing on a bit of bloody beef, which your impatience has forced the blaspheming cook to draw from the spit ere the outer folds of fat were well melted at the fire—now, after a disappointed dinner, discovering that the old port has evaporated, and all that might constitute a desert, has gone the way of all things eatable—now an unwholesome sleep of interrupted snores, your bobbing head ever and anon smiting your breast-bone—now burnt beans palmed off to the family for Turkish coffee—now a game at cards, with a dead partner, and the ace of spades missing—now no supper—you have no appetite for supper—and now into bed tumbles the son of genius, complaining to the moon of the shortness of human life, and the fleetness of time!

DEATH OF MOSES.

The Jewish lawgiver ascended the loftiest eminence in the neighbourhood, in order that he might once behold, before his eyes closed for ever, the land of promise. From the top of Mount Abarim, or Nebo, the former of which names may perhaps be traced in Djebel Attarous, the highest point in the district, the lawgiver, whose eyes were not yet dimmed, and who had suffered none of the infirmities of age, might survey a large tract of country. To the right lay the romantick pastures of Gilead, the romantick district of Bashan; the windings of the Jordan might be traced along its broad and level valley, till, almost beneath his feet, it flowed into the Dead Sea. To the north spread the luxuriant plains of Esdracron, the more hilly yet fruitful country of Lower Galilee. Right opposite stood the city of Jericho, embowered in its groves of palms; beyond it the mountains of Judea, rising above each other till they reached the sea. Gazing on this magnificent prospect, beholding in prophetick anticipation his great and happy commonwealth occupying its numerous towns and blooming fields, Moses breathed his last. The place of his burial was unknown, lest the impious gratitude of his followers might ascribe divine honours to his name, and assemble to worship at his sepulchre.

[History of the Jews in the Family Library.

FASTING.

Distinct from religious ordinances and anchorite zeal, fasting has been frequently recommended and practised, as a means of removing incipient diseases, and of restoring the body to its customary

healthful sensations. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, used to fast one day in the week. Franklin for a period did the same. Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repast, and took exercise on horseback. The list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased—but why adduce authority in favour of a practice which the instinct of the brute creation leads them to adapt, whenever they are sick. Happily for them they have no meddling prompters in the shape of well meaning friends to force a stomach already enfeebled and loathing its customary food, to digest this or that delicacy—soup, jelly, custard, chocolate and the like."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

WASHINGTON AND MASONRY. We have received from a correspondent at Alexandria, D. C. *fac-similes*, taken by himself, from the *originals* of the following answers of the illustrious WASHINGTON, to two communications, received by him from the masonick body, over which he subsequently presided as Master. It affords us much pleasure to comply with the request to publish them, and we indulge the hope, with our correspondent, that the *honest* and *well disposed* enemies to masonry will receive them with the deference which is justly due to the opinions of their immortal author. They are brief, but conclusive. The language is as decidedly favourable to the institution of freemasonry, as any that is written now, or has been written from that time to this, by its friends, on similar occasions. There is not the possibility of a doubt that the opinions implied by these answers were sincerely cherished by Washington: every one who is acquainted with his character, knows that if he had entertained a belief that the institution was dangerous or useless he would not have hesitated to express it. Yet the mushroom orators of the day have repeatedly declared that he was cowardly in this particular—that he was fearful of being "*cable-towed*." What impudence, and what nonsense! The common sense of every man will reject such stuff, and teach him that the following letters would not have been written by a man as honest, as candid, and as grave as Washington, had he not esteemed the worth of the masonick institution unquestionable. To say that the father of his country believed one thing, and wrote another, on the subject of masonry, is to belie the natural sincerity of his character, and the whole tenour of his life. Washington surely would not have "felt pleasure" in "rendering service" to a masonick body, had he considered it dangerous to the liberties of his country; nor would he "with pleasure" have "received an invitation to dine with the master and members of a Lodge," had they been traitors and cut-throats. We recommend these replies to the reader, enjoining him for once to cast aside his prejudices, if he has any, and honestly ask the veneration which he entertains for their author, if they are not, brief as they are, a sufficient refutation of the volumes of malignant slander, which have been thrown out by vicious speculators against the masonick institution.

"Mount Vernon, 28th Dec. 1783.

"Gentlemen—

"With a pleasing sensibility I received your favour of the 26th, and beg leave to offer you my sincere thanks for the favorable sentiments with which it abounds

"I shall always feel pleasure when it may be in my power to render service to Lodge, No. 39, and in every act of brotherly kindness to the members of it being with great truth

"Your affectionate Brother

"and Obedient Servant,

"G. WASHINGTON.

"Robt. Adam, Esq. Master, and the Wardens and Treasurer of Lodge, No. 89."

"Mount Vernon, June 19th, 1784.

"Dear Sir,

"With pleasure I received the invitation of the Master and members of Lodge No. 39, to dine with them on the Ann-

versary of St. John the Baptist—if nothing unforeseen at present interferes, I will have the honor of doing it. For the polite and flattering terms in which you have expressed their wishes, you will please to accept my thanks.—

"With esteem and respect

"I am Dear Sir,

"Yr. most Obed. Servt.,

"Willm. Herbert, Esq."

"G. WASHINGTON.

The original copies of the above are framed and hung up over the Master's seat, in the room occupied by Lodge, No. 39. The same venerable man who was Tyler of the Lodge when Washington presided, has held the office since that time, and holds it still.

¶ We would direct the attention of the reader to the Sermon upon our first and second pages. We seldom see a production which surpasses it for piety, calmness, plainness, and just reasoning. The aged and excellent author, after a residence of *thirty-six years* with the same congregation, has been compelled, by the reckless spirit of anti-masonry, to seek another home! Do not the feelings of every christian revolt at such scenes? Can any man, who wishes well to religion or to society, encourage them? What a contrast is there between the truly christian feeling and calm but dignified submission of Mr. Fenn, and the exterminating spirit of his persecutors!

¶ The anti-masons of Monroe have nominated *Thurloe Weed* for the assembly! This is the most disgraceful nomination (not excepting even that of Southwick) which has been made since the anti-masonic excitement broke out. Men who will support such a fellow as Weed, knowing his character as they must know it in Monroe county, can entertain very little respect for the institutions of their country, or the ordinances of christianity. We do not apprehend that Weed will be elected; his nomination, however, may be taken as a sign of what a faction of political anti-masons would do if they had the power.

The Virginia Convention assembled at Richmond, on the 3th inst. The venerable James Monroe was elected president, without opposition. This convention is composed of the most distinguished men in that state; among its members are James Madison, John Marshall, Wm. B. Giles, and John Randolph. Various select committees have been appointed, and the constitution of more than fifty years standing, distributed among them.

¶ The story that the Russians had entered Constantinople, which we published last week, turns out to be incorrect. The last advices encourage a belief that peace will ensue.

¶ The reader will learn from a notice in another column, that *THE TOKEN* for 1830, the most splendid annual ever got up in this country, and quite equal to any thing from across the waters, will be published in this city, by W. C. Little, on Tuesday next. It will be a rich treat for the ladies and the lovers of pleasant reading

It would not excite our special wonder, should the anti-masonic party assume the name of *anti-christian* party. Most of the present leaders of that party are disbelievers in Christianity, and it must be admitted that the objections which these men have brought against masonry, will apply with nearly equal force to both institutions. *Masonry*, say these paragons of benevolence, is a *selfish* institution—it makes it the peculiar duty of its members to do acts of kindness to their brethren. So does *religion*—that, like masonry, inculcates universal benevolence; but while it enjoins the "doing good to all men," it especially commands it to be done to the "*household of faith*." Do not the anti-masons aim at the subversion of religion, by attempting to repudiate the principles upon which it is founded? It may not be many years before the public will be told that the *Baptist* or *Presbyterian* society is *selfish* in its operations; that it exercises a political influence; that there are bad men belonging to it, and the public good requires that none of its members should be permitted to fill any offices under our government. None can foresee the termination of this war of proscription. There are many among the anti-masons who think worse of *Christianity* than *masonry*; and when the foundations of society are broken up, and the devastating spirit of anti-masonry stalks abroad unchecked, who can tell but its blighting footsteps will trample in the dust the sacred altars of our religion, with the same recklessness of consequences that it has torn asunder

the bonds of peace and happiness of neighbourhood and family circles.

[*Oncida Observer*.]

¶ It will be seen, by the following circular, which accompanies the number of Mr. Silliman's Journal, just published, that the late appeal of the editor has had the desired effect.

To the Patrons of the American Journal of Science and Arts, and to the Public.

The prompt and generous attention paid to the late appeal on behalf of this Journal, seems to render it proper that it should be publicly acknowledged and that the result (as far as it is known) should be frankly disclosed.

At the time of the appeal, (July 1,) the number of subscribers did not exceed five hundred and fifty. At the present time they are eight hundred. Of the number of two hundred and fifty that have been added, one hundred were voluntarily obtained, by the disinterested exertions of one gentleman; twenty-eight more were, in the same manner, added from another source; and many individuals in small towns, have forwarded, from one name to three, four, and even in some cases five or six. Were it proper, it would give me great pleasure to make this public acknowledgment more personal. I can not dismiss it however, without presenting my sincere thanks to the numerous editors of newspapers, and other periodical works, who, in all parts, even the remotest of the United States, have acted in the cause of the Journal of Science; in every instance, with a spirit decidedly friendly, and in many cases with both zeal and perseverance. A multitude of papers, containing evidence of these facts, have been kindly transmitted to me by their editors, and always where the desire has been indicated, the Journal has been sent, franked, in return.

While it is not proper for me to regard with personal feelings, the strong and general indication of public favour, thus lately manifested towards the cause of science and the arts, in this country, I ought not to omit this opportunity of acknowledging my great obligations to the generous minded friends, who have put forth effectual effort on this occasion.

Should the present subscription be continued, the Journal can be sustained in vigour; the authors of valuable communications will be compensated, and the external appearance and contents of the work will, I trust, always be, as I hope they are in the present number, such as good taste and the dignity of science demand.

I will venture to add, that it is still desirable that the number of subscribers should be completed to one thousand, as was proposed in the appeal; and it is still hoped it may soon be effected. As however the late successful effort has provided sufficiently for the expenses of the Journal, it does not perhaps become me to press the subject any further; but I may still be permitted to remark, that any additional patronage will go to secure the ground already won; and to provide against inevitable fluctuations.

P. S. An additional number of Vol. 1. has been just reprinted, that there may be no delay in supplying complete sets, which are not unfrequently called for: they are sold at a suitable discount from the retail price. It is intended to reprint deficient numbers whenever it becomes necessary.

Vol. 1. was published in four numbers, of which the first has gone through three editions; and the second and third, two: from present appearances the fourth must, ere long, be reprinted.

¶ Separate volumes will be supplied to complete deficient sets.

¶ The talented lady who superintends the ladies department of the Genius of Universal Emancipation, bestows the following well merited praise upon the *Ladies' Magazine*, conducted by Mrs. Hale, at Boston:

MRS. HALE'S MAGAZINE. The September number of this excellent periodical is now before us. It is a publication which has been so frequently spoken of with applause, that it is almost useless to add our voice to the praise so generally bestowed upon it.

It appears to be the unflinching endeavour of Mrs. Hale to elevate the intellectual and moral character—particularly of her own sex. Her writings generally, are well calculated to advance the cultivation of the female mind, and inspire a taste for literary pleasures, without encouraging women either to press forward one step beyond their own proper sphere, or to indulge in those flights of imagination and romantic feeling, which, though they may give a ten-fold brilliancy to those sunny spots which may be called the "poetry" of life, are, unless very carefully guarded, but too apt to dislodge the mind for unvarnished usefulness, and to render tasteless and wearisome, the simple, and sometimes dreary, pages of plain prose, which occupy so large a portion of the volume of this "every day world." Her sentiments are such as may be applied to the common occurrences of life—not like those we lay aside in the closet of memory, thinking, like careless house-keepers, that "they may come in use some time or other." It is true, there are not many of those flashes of eloquence and imagination that burst with such a startling beauty upon the heart—but her pages admirably unite interest with instruction, and are excellently adapted to female readers: we are confident they can not rise unimproved, from an attentive perusal of them.

Mexico. A letter has been received, says the Cincinnati Daily Advertiser of the 3d inst., dated at Sabine, the 7th of September, announcing the total defeat of the invading force of the "beloved Ferdinand," with the loss of their baggage, cannon and money. How much of the latter article fell into the hands of the conquerors is not stated; but from the known impoverished condition of the Spanish exchequer, it is not probable that the amount could have been considerable. South American intelligence is so often incorrect and contradictory, that it is always to be received with caution, and the more so, when, as in the present case, it comes through a new and unexpected channel. From previous accounts, however, and from the small numerical force of the Spanish commander, it is not unlikely that the news may be in the main correct. It is several days later than our previous advices from that quarter, and it further adds, that of the survivors of the battle a few only escaped and proceeded to sea. The disaffected and proscribed old Spaniards, who were approaching to join the invaders, shared their fate.

[N. Y. Statesman.]

THE TOKEN FOR 1830.

The *TOKEN* for 1830, will be published in Albany on the 20th of October, and will be produced in a style much superior to the last year. In the literary department, it will embrace greater strength of talent than the former volumes, and, as well from the names of the writers, as from the subjects introduced, will possess a higher degree of interest than heretofore.

The engravings, of which a list is subjoined, are all on steel. The subjects have been chosen with great care, and with a particular view to obtain those that are striking and

generally pleasing. The artists, it will be seen, are the best in the United States. It is not too much to say that the work will contain several specimens superior to anything yet produced in this country. Several of the subjects are from original paintings, executed for the work, and are not only beautiful in themselves, but interesting as proofs of the talent of our native artists.

The printing will be executed in the same office as the last year. The paper is several shades whiter. The work will be elegantly done up in brilliant-coloured silk, manufactured in France expressly for the purpose. The whole, as well in the literary as the mechanical departments, will be executed under the superintendence of Mr. GOODRICH the former publisher.

The publishers have determined to spare no expense and no labour, and confidently believe they shall be able to produce the most elegant volume of which the state of literature and the arts in this country, at the present time, are capable. They therefore solicit the early orders of the trade, and trust that the work will fully answer any reasonable expectations which may be formed from this representation.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

Vignette Title, drawn for the work by Inman, engraved by Cheney. The Doomed Bride, painted for the publishers, by Inman, engraved by Hatch. Chocorua's Curse, painted for the publishers, by Cole, engraved by Hatch. Banks of the Juniata, painted for the publishers, by Doughty, engraved by Ellis. The Greek Lovers, painted for the publishers, by Weir, engraved by Durand. Sybil, from a painting in the possession of Dr. Binney, by Guido, engraved by Cheney. Grandfather's Hobby, after C. B. King, from a painting belonging to J. Fullerton, esq., by Sully, engraved by Galland. Schoolmistress, by Owen, engraved by Kelly. Lost Children, by Scheffer, engraved by Cheney. Innocence, by K. Westall, engraved by Pelton. Meditation, by —, engraved by Ellis. Portrait of J. G. C. Brainard, painted for the publishers, by Tisdale, engraved by Longacre. Genevieve, by A. M. Huffman, engraved by Andrews.

NOTE. The Doomed Bride, Sybil, Meditation, and Genevieve, are pictures of beautiful women; Chocorua's Curse is a bold and striking landscape, with figures; Banks of the Juniata is a view on that beautiful river, and is thought to be Mr. Doughty's happiest effort; the Greek Lovers is a picture of the rescue of a Greek girl from the Turks, and is charmingly engraved by Durand; Grandfather's Hobby, Lost Children, Schoolmistress, and Innocence, are interesting pictures of Children. The portrait of J. G. C. Brainard, one of our best poets, on account of his recent death, it is thought will be particularly acceptable to the public.

Among the contributors to the work will be Miss Sedgwick, J. Pierpont, Rev. T. Flint, (Author of "Francis Berran," "Mrs. Child, (Author of "Hobomok," "N. P. Willis, John Neal, Greenville Mellen, Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, W. B. O. Peabody, S. Gilman, (Author of "Memoirs of a New England Village Choir," and many others.

The subscriber, (having taken a part of the edition,) will supply the Booksellers in this City, Troy, Lansingburgh, Waterford, and Schenectady, on the publishers' terms.

W. C. LITTLE, 67 State street, Albany.

VALUABLE WORKS lately published by Hildard, Gray & Co. Boston, and for sale by W. C. LITTLE, 67 State Street, Albany.—Elements of Technology, taken chiefly from a course of lectures delivered at Cambridge, on the Application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts—now published for the use of seminaries and students, by Jacob Bigelow, M. D. &c., 1 volume, illustrated with plates, pp. 507.

A Greek and English Lexicon, adapted to the authors read in the colleges and schools of the United States, and to other Greek Classics—second edition—with many additions and improvements.

Grove's Greek and English Dictionary, with corrections and additions by the American editor.

Gould's Virgil—Publius Virgilius Maro—Bucolica, Georgica, et Aeneis. Accedunt Clavis Metrica, Notulae Anglicae et quaestiones, cura B. A. Gould, 12mo. 2d cheap edition.

The American Speaker, or Exercises in Rhetoric, being a Selection of Speeches, Dialogues and Poetry, from the best American and English sources, suitable for recitation.

The American First Class Book, or Exercises in Reading and Recitation, selected principally from modern authors of Great Britain and America, and designed for the use of the Highest Class of public or private schools, by John Pierpont.

Elements of History, Ancient and Modern, with Historical Charts, by J. E. Worcester, 3d edition, with the following charts—1st. Chart of General History. 2d. Of Sacred History. 3d. Ancient Chronology. Sovereigns of Europe. Modern Chronology. Chart of England, of France, of American History, of Biography, of Mythology.

An Introduction to Algebra upon the Inductive Method of Instruction, by Warren Colburn, author of Intellectual Arithmetic, and Sequel to the same.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, Secretary's Office—Albany October 5, 1829. Sir—Pursuant to section 3 of title 3 of chapter 6 of the first part of the Revised Statutes, I hereby give you notice, that John Becker was this day removed from the office of Sheriff of the county of Albany, by the acting governor of this state. In consequence of the said removal a vacancy exists in the said county, which it is proper to supply at the ensuing general election. The constitutional term for which the said John Becker was elected will expire on the 31st day of December, 1831.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Dep. Secretary. To Conrad A. Ten Eyck, esq. Clerk of the county of Albany.

NOTICE—City and County of Albany, Clerk's Office, October 6th, 1829.—A special election is to be held in the city and county of Albany, on the second, third and fourth days of November next, for the purpose of choosing a Sheriff of the said city and county, in the place of John Becker, who has been removed from office by the acting Governor of this state, and a copy of the notice from the deputy Secretary of State for that purpose accompanies this notice.

C. A. TEN EYCK, Clerk.

POETRY.

From Gabrielle: a Tale of the Swiss Mountains.

GAZUL, OR THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

The morning bright bathed in rosy light
 San Lucar's ample street,
 When Gazul drest in a snow-white vest,
 Mounted his courser fleet;
 With purple and green, and in golden sheen,
 His trapping and harness shone,
 Stately and loud with champings proud,
 Caracoled his brave steed on.

At a mansion high, with a balcony,
 Where a form of beauty stood,
 Like an angel fair in the clear blue air
 On an errand of mortal good;
 Gazul checks his rein, for the pride of Spain
 Is there in her matchless grace;
 On his soul she gleams, as the sun's first beams
 O'er a soft cloud's silvery face.

He lights on the ground with a warrior's bound,
 And his knee on the earth is bent,
 But his gaze is above, at the maid of his love,
 From his heart's devotion sent:—
 "To Gelves I go the tourney's show—
 O vision of hope to me!
 And thou art the charm that shall nerve my arm
 With the power of victory."

With haughty scorn, from the warrior-born,
 Zelinda looks away,
 His love she spurns, for her bosom burns
 In a hell of jealousy—
 "Go, haste to the tilt, or the maid, if thou wilt,
 Whom thou lovest far more than me!"
 Not a moment is past, and the casement is fast,
 While the lover is on his knee.

He gazes around, then low to the ground
 Casts a thunder-stricken glance,
 And in wild despair on the marble there
 Shivers his useless lance;
 From the gallant *fete* and in downcast state,
 He back to Granada hies,
 While the sorrow and pain that madden his brain,
 Gush forth in his humid eyes.

But the fairest frame that may chill love's flame
 With the fear of a rival's art,
 Will oftimes see, that, like gaunt Envy,
 She preys on her own torn heart.
 Ere evening was near, after many a tear,
 Paid to burning love, to pride,
 Zelinda once more, from her chamber door,
 Called her page to her couch's side.

"My eyes overflow! haste, my dear page, go
 To Gazul, the Moorish knight,
 Say, Zelinda will wait at her garden gate
 At the hour of pale moonlight.
 Yet stay—oh, no!—yes, my good page, go."
 Then she called him back as fast
 As her pride prevailed, and love's impulse failed,
 But she sent him away at last.

The moon slept sweet on San Lucar's street,
 And the trembling stars were bright,
 When the lover stole to the maid of his soul
 Through the shades of that lovely night.
 To the gate he is come, where the page stands dumb,
 With the wicket in his hand,
 And he enters there to his mistress fair,
 The star of Granada's land.

Zelinda blushed, but her voice was hushed,
 At the thought of her pride and scorn,
 And the Moor looked down, for he thought a frown
 Might wither his hope new-born:
 A moment they stood, as all lovers would
 That had suffered like annoy;
 Then the knight in his arms locked his mistress' charms,
 In his bosom's speechless joy.

"By the Prophet I swear, my Zelinda fair,
 (Said the knight when he silence broke,)
 That I'd sooner die by my enemy,
 Or suffer the Christian's yoke,
 Or day by day drag my life away
 Unwarmed by thy eyes' bright beam,
 And the liets to me bring no victory,
 But by spell of thy magick name.

When I couch my lance, I see thee advance,
 And direct it on my foe;
 When faint grows my stroke, I thy name invoke,
 And it nerves my falchion's blow:
 No laurels I wear but for thee, my fair,
 No hopes in my bosom's spring—
 And I give no prayer where thou dost not share
 My whole heart's offering."

In the eloquence of her dark eyes' sense,
 On the knight the maiden gazed,
 They told her tale more than words avail
 And the flame that within her blazed:—
 "Go, Gazul, go to the tourney's show,
 Thy turban I'll dress for thee,
 Lest men should say that my fault to day
 Robbed thine arm of a victory."

On his barb he sprung, as the morning hung
 Like pearl in the eastern sky,
 And rock, tower, and tree lay tranquilly
 In their colourless, nightly dye.
 To Gelves he went to the tournament,
 With his mistress' token and prayer—
 Could he fear a blow from his boldest foe,
 When love was his armour there?

From the Token for 1830.

THE BUGLE.

O! wild, enchanting horn!
 Whose music up the deep and dewy air,
 Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
 Till a new melody is born!

Wake! wake again! the night
 Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
 With still stars burning on her azure crown,
 Intense, and eloquently bright!

Night, at its pulseless noon!
 When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
 And some tired watch-dog lazily and long,
 Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark! how it sweeps away,
 Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
 As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
 With lone hallo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
 Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
 And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start,
 As boyhood's old, remembered shout!

O! have ye heard that peal,
 From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
 Or from the guarded field, and warrior tents,
 Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have you in the roar
 Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
 Shriller than eagles' clamour, to the skies,
 Whose wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go—no other sound
 No music that of air or earth is born
 Can match the mighty music of that horn,
 On midnight's fathomless profound!

WOMAN.

From "A Letter about Men and Women," by James Hogg.

A gleesome elfin coy and wild,
 Neither a woman nor a child;
 But dancing on the verge between,
 With air and motion cherubim.
 Too gay to mark the mystick bound;
 Almost too light to tread the ground.
 Weak childhood's toys and trifles o'er:
 And maidenhood's glories all before.
 How tag such being, pure, refined,
 But tread upon the yielding wind!
 An eagle o'er her skoora riven;
 A cygnet on the skirts of heaven;
 A streamer in the ether blue;
 A rainbow on the morning dew;
 A thing to place on fairy throne,
 And lover's mind to dwell upon.

For me I'm beauty's slave confest;
 Without it, hopeless and unblest;
 And so are all, gainsay who can;
 For what would be the life of man,
 If left in desert or in isle,
 Unlighted up by beauty's smile?
 Even though he boasted monarch's name,
 And o'er his own sex reigned supreme,
 With thousands bending to his sway,
 If lovely woman were away—
 What were his life? what could it be?
 A vapour on a shoreless sea,
 A troubled cloud in darkness tost,
 Along the waste of waters lost;
 A ship deserted in the gale,
 Without a steersman, or a sail,
 A star, or beacon-light before,
 Or hope or haven evermore,
 A thing without a human tie—
 Unloved to live, unwept to die.

Take woman as her God hath made her,
 And not as mankind may degrade her;
 Else as well may you take the storm,
 In all its hideousness, to form
 An estimate of nature's cheer,
 And glories of the bounteous year;
 Take her in all her filial duty—
 A virgin glowing in her beauty;
 And say, if such a form was given
 For loveliness by bounteous heaven!
 The mantling blush so sweetly spread,
 Changing the pale rose to the red:
 The downy locks with roses twined,
 Or wanton waving in the wind.
 The graceful form, the gliding tread,
 Too light to bruise the daisy's head;
 And smile, that, like the morning dew,
 Sheds gladness on the gazer's view.
 O wake me from my raptured dream,
 For more than perilous is the theme!

SONG.

Written for an Indian Air.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I arise from dreams of thee,
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are burning bright.
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet,
 Hath led me,—who knows how!—
 To thy chamber window, Sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream,
 The Champak odours fail,
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart:
 As I must on thine,
 Beloved as thou art!

The gentle dews of sleep
 Are falling on thy eye;
 And I, alas! must weep,
 Thou know'st not I am nigh!
 My cheek is cold and wan,
 My heart beats loud and fast;—
 O! press it to thine own,
 Or it will break at last!

SONG.

"JOE NICHOLSON'S DAUGHTER."

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD

The daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
 The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie—
 But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bower.
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonnie Nannie.

Oh my Nannie,
 My dear little Nannie,
 My sweet little noddlely noddlely Nannie,
 There ne'er was a flower,
 In garden or bower,
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie.

Once she came out wi' a rosy blush,
 To milk her twa kye, sae couthie and cannie—
 I cowered me down at the back o' the bush,
 To watch the air o' my bonnie Nannie.
 O my Nannie, &c.

Her looks so gay, o'er nature away,
 Frae bonny blue een sae mild and mellow—
 Saw naething so sweet in nature's array,
 Though clad in the morning's gouden yellow.
 O my Nannie, &c.

My heart lay beating the flowery green,
 In quaking, quavering agitation—
 And the tears came trickling down frae my een.
 Wi' perfect love, an' wi' admiration.
 O my Nannie, &c.

There's monnie a joy in this world below,
 And sweet the hopes that to sing were uncannie;
 But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
 There's none like the love of my dearest Nannie.
 O my Nannie,
 My dear little Nannie,
 My sweet little noddlely noddlely Nannie—
 There ne'er was a flower,
 In garden or bower,
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie.

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD.

AT NO. 3 BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS. To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars* and *Fifty Cents*, IN ADVANCE—otherwise, *Three Dollars*.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1829. NO 39.

MASONICK RECORD.

From Hunt's Western Monthly Review, for October.

REVIEW

OF "A Narrative of the Anti-Masonic Excitement, in the western part of the State of New-York, during the years 1826, '7, '8, and a part of 1829. By Henry Brown, esq. Counsellor at Law." Batavia: Adams & McCleary, 1829. pp. 214.

Nothing is more natural, than that an association for convivial, scientific, or charitable purposes, should wish to cultivate *esprit du corps*, solidarity, and an exclusive regard for the members. To have certain personal words, or signs, known only to the initiated, by which they may instantly discriminate each other amidst the crowd of strangers, is a natural adjunct to the general intention. Emblems and badges will appear striking and agreeable, or puerile and unworthy, according to the temperaments of the beholder. From their being adopted by all governments, by all churches, by all scientific institutions, and by almost every considerable association, that has ever appeared, it would seem, that to a large extent, with the general bent of human nature. The church has its symbols, the government has its ensign. Our country has its eagle, its stars and stripes, the British navy has its green and blue, and the masonic order its square, compass and ornamented apron. Borrowing, perhaps, from the strained eyes and the eager and wondering gaze of the people at the long and gorgeous procession, it is natural that masons should have assumed a look of peculiar and knowing solemnity, whose meaning upon an origin as old as the world, and the architectural orders, and the historical inscriptions of the pillars of S. A. There can be no doubt in truth that Adam and Eve were masons, as well as expositors and authors.

But we do not believe, that any intelligent mason ever attempted to trace its origin beyond the authentic records of the order. These, we apprehend, do not extend beyond the fourth or fifth century. They have unquestionable evidence, however, that even then the institution was considered as having its beginning lost in the unrecorded ages that preceded them. From the fifth century to the present, the most wise, enlightened, and distinguished men in Europe, and in recent days in America, have extended the scroll of the order with their names; and perhaps no society ever existed for such a lapse of ages with so little question of its innocence, its objects and motives. Nor is it in the darkest suspicion of the most brooding and gloomy mind, picturing human nature in the colours of its own consciousness, to believe, that hundreds of characters known to us all, crowned with the name of Washington, would have belonged to the society, and honoured its institutions, if they had not known it to be at least innocent.

We have understood, that the fundamental tenet of general and speculative masonry, as regards religion, is the broad foundation of pure and simple theism, that it taught embrace the people of all religions and all countries, who acknowledge and adore one God. Christians acknowledge and adore the same; and masons, in doing so, do no more deny the truth and importance of revelation, than the former. We have understood, that the masons of christian Europe and America adopt the whole Bible as their book of worship—and we all know, with how much reverence and reverence it finds a place in their processions. Beside this, we know that they profess a peculiar and most solemn responsibility of never ceasing charity, particularly to the suffering and decayed members and relatives of their society. We know, moreover, we know that they practice a noble and godlike charity to the poor, the widow, the orphan, and the poor, which ought to endear them to all who love their kind and respect those who are engaged in the holiest of all duties, the relief of human misery.

Now this society has been fit to have festivals and anniversaries. Is it alone in this? They carry back these emblems. Do not mechanical, philosophical, literary and other societies do the same? They meet by themselves and keep out intruders. Are they alone in this? Does not every private citizen have his circle, and is not the intrusion of unbidden and unexpectant visitors interdicted as strongly by good manners, as persons not masons are from entering lodges by the by-laws? The masons apply their charity in the first instance to their own members, and their relatives. Does not charity enjoy its first and most particular distribution to those who are of the household of faith? And is it not intended as an oracle, when we say, that if all associations relieved the miserable of their own number—all the miserable of the human race would be succoured. Provide means to impart to man this propensity to associate in smaller social circles, and to be more strongly impressed with the sympathies of that circle, for those wise purposes, that regulate the whole economy of the universe. Cosmopolites, in loving every body, care for nobody but themselves. Our first duty is to relieve our own miserable; next those of the adjoining state, and so on, the obligation weakening as the circle broadens. We are bound by a much stronger obligation to comfort our own heathen, than those of the Gentiles. Hence, then, the masons in beginning, not terminating their charity with their own, have acted in conformity with the order of providence, christianity, and sound discretion.

Masons have their secrets, and so has every well ordered family; and it is as impertinent for the uninitiated, to wish to pry into those of the former, as it is for gossips to interfere with the privacy of the latter. No man has any more right to disturb the privacy in which an association of men of fair and unquestioned character choose to meet, than our chemical and other manufacturers have to inscribe on their entering gate "no admittance." The word *secret* is a terrible word, but only to children, grow-ups and bigots of an unquiet conscience, who think all human nature as dark as their own bosoms. Who would believe, that a society which has existed from the earliest periods of English history, which has registered in its archives the brightest and most glorious names, which has left innumerable records of the noblest charities, and upon which, as a body, harm has not yet been proved, would have been exposed in these days to the same sort of spirit which heated the tongue of St. Dominic, invented thumb screws, and burned witches, merely because they choose to walk in procession, now and then, to wear fine aprons,

with a compass and square and other devices painted or embroidered on them, and to meet by themselves without the admission of uninitiated intruders?

It is not at all strange, that there should be fools, knaves and bigots in the world; for they have always existed, and in numbers too great for the peace and order of society. Nor is it strange, that in the time of St. Dominic and John Calvin, and King James and Queen Mary, it should have been held sound doctrine and true orthodoxy, that to place the outer man on a slow fire would strongly tend to enlighten his mind into the truth of a doctrine he abhorred. It is not strange that pagans should have persecuted catholics, and catholics protestants, and protestant episcopals protestant puritans, and protestant puritans protestant quakers. Persecution was the spirit of the age. The wonderful William Penn was almost alone in his age, in his compact and sublime phrase of expressing the grand principle of toleration, in the laws of Pennsylvania. Persecution was deemed a proper resort for the inculcation of a doctrine; and it is not at all strange, that the great mass of the people should be led away by the prevalent opinion of the times. There was nothing strange in the gloomy and terrible delusion of witchcraft, under which so many innocent victims suffered. It was not the delusion of the ill-fated town of Salem alone, where the opprobrium of public sentiment has generally cast it. But it was the folly of the age. People believed in hosts, goblins, and haunted houses, in signs, omens and death watches; and particularly, that Satan was a wonderfully active personage, entering into old women, squaws, and negroes of preference, and to believe in witchcraft was only to adopt a prevalent spirit of the times. But it is strange, and passing strange in this age, that any order of things, or any class of men, could have got up a proscription crusade against the fraternity of masons, merely because there is much reason to believe that a small number of foolish and misguided men, under wild and mistaken notions of masonic responsibility, carried off a certain Mr. Morgan, leaving the natural inference from his disappearance, that he had been murdered. It is, for aught we know, the first outrage of the kind, with which public opinion has charged masonry; and there is reason to believe it will be the last. The most obtuse and stupid among the fraternity have read a lesson upon the subject, which we should hope would not require to be repeated. From the excitement which has been created upon the subject, and the manner in which this excitement has been directed, one most useful lesson has been taught. It is, that man is just as much disposed to persecute now as he was in the times of Nero, St. Dominic, or Mary of England. Our security against its outrages is our laws, our admirable laws, the increasing enlightenment of the public mind, the growing conviction that, to roast a man, to torture him, to calumniate or vilify him, to take from him his standing or his income, will not at all alter his opinions for the better, if they are wrong, but from the natural stubbornness of the human character, fitting it to resist oppression, tend to fix him more unyieldingly in those opinions.

We see clearly, that even yet it is not supererogation to speak, and to write, and legislate against the blind, reckless and desolating spirit of bigotry and persecution. When we see, what a pestilential fever of anti-masonic excitement has been got up in this country, how it has been got up—against what objects it has been directed, what other views have been incorporated with it, how ancient and knowing ladies and men gossips, and fierce priests, and sly and wicked politicians have operated upon the *mobility* of the ten thousand, let us not congratulate ourselves that the Popish plots, Cock Lane ghosts, witches, haunted houses and possession of Satan have wholly gone by. Let him who stands firm and fearless in the confidence of his innocence, and wonderful illumination of these days, take heed that he do not fall under some combination, to prove him a witch, a conjuror, or a heretic. Notwithstanding our confidence in our innocence, there are sufficient numbers of rogues to take the hue and cry, and sufficient numbers of dupes not a whit more enlightened than they of the day when Salem witches were hung. No event in our times has more clearly proved all this, than that one, the force of which has filled our land, and been blown by the trumpet of a hundred thousand pamphlets, is so nothing of the newspaper flourish and the reports of trials. These are the engines, however a certain portion of the community may despise them, that move the physical power of the country. These are the thermometers that indicate the existing moral and political temperature of our times.

The book before us seems to us a fair and dispassionate and well authenticated history of the Morgan affair up to the present time. A very brief and succinct chronicle of the more prominent features of this business, and the anti-masonic excitement, is all that we deem of sufficient general interest to abstract from the book for our readers.

The credit of the original of this history is fairly ascribable to a certain Colonel Miller—an "able editor" of the "People's Press," a man of whom our author says little good, describing him as possessed indeed of respectable talents, but with a great deal of cunning, familiar with the arts of designing men, freed from all religious scruples, and of course ready to lend soil to a breeze from any point of the compass. Embarrassed in his circumstances, inactive to business, intemperate in his habits, he saw by intuition the use that might be made of Morgan and anti-masonic excitement.

William Morgan was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, six or four years since; and in 1829, he married Lucy Pendleton, of Richmond, Virginia. Of the fifty accounts of his previous life no one has any claims to authenticity. In 1821, he removed with his wife to York Upper Canada, where he commenced business, as a brewer. His brewery was destroyed by fire; and reduced to poverty, he moved to Rochester, in New-York, and thence to Batavia, where he remained until his abduction in 1826. He had a common English education, and was pleasant in his manners, except when intemperate, which he was to a great degree, conducting towards his family and others, in those seasons, like other men of similar habits.

Miller and he were both masons. Morgan is supposed to have received his first dislike to masonry from his name having been omitted as a member of a chapter of masons chartered somewhere about 1825, in consequence of his intemperate and unworthy habits. Being of dissolute morals, his principles hanging loosely about him, and stimulated by vile companions, he proposed to disclose the secrets of masonry, in hopes, no doubt, to make an immense fortune out of the gaping and

but curiosity of the vulgar. He was such an instrument, and this enterprise was such a material as precisely suited Miller's purposes.

The great body of respectable masons treated the matter, as was wise, with silence and contempt, wishing it left to its natural progress and issue. Not so with a few indiscreet and officious members. The assertion that the late De Witt Clinton, as the head of the grand lodge in New-York, issued a masonic edict for suppressing the book, that was announced, even at the expense of life, is too monstrous even to gain credit for a moment, and could not be possible, or the grand lodge was not in session from the announcement of Morgan's intended disclosure to the time of his abduction. The author gives a sensible and well written article, which he published at the time of the communication. The purpose of which was to incite upon masons to let the book take its course. Had the advice been followed, the whole thing would long ago have sunk into oblivion, and Morgan would have lived and died in quiet and obscurity.

Morgan's intended work, it seems, was in progress of publication in Miller's printing office. A few inconsiderate and officious members of the masonic body concerted, in an evil hour, a plan for the suppression of a work, which it left to itself, would undoubtedly have fallen dead-born from the press. Forty or fifty persons assembled at Batavia, and attempted to destroy the office where the manuscript, or the nearly published work was supposed to be. This project failing, some other measures attempted to burn the office. A number of masons joined in a printed notice, offering a reward of a hundred dollars for the apprehension of the incendiaries.

In 1826 Morgan was arrested for *petit larceny*. The ground of the charge was, that he had borrowed of one Kingsley, a tavern keeper at Canandaigua, a shirt and cravat, which he had not seen fit to return. He was tried and acquitted. But immediately upon his discharge, was arrested for a small debt due another taverner, and committed to prison. About this time a certain Giddins, intimately famous, as concerned in Morgan's abduction, began to figure as a witness in the case, whose evidence was rejected in the court on the ground of his being in a new of atheist. He seems to have been desirous to become, what is known in common parlance by the name *sate's* evidence, and to attach to his confederates a most atrocious guilt, in which, by his own confession, he had the chief share.

The next morning after Morgan's imprisonment at Canandaigua, a certain Lawson paid the small debt, for which he was imprisoned and he was discharged. Immediately upon his discharge he was seized, forcibly thrust into a carriage, and driven to Fort Niagara. Notwithstanding Giddins' testimony; notwithstanding the various printed and oral declarations, that he has been living, and been found dead, all authentic ground on which to trace his fate any further, entirely fails. It is probable in a high degree, that he was taken across the Niagara into Upper Canada. He has never returned, and this seems to offer a degree of probability that he was in some way despatched, though there are not wanting thousands of instances of persons in his situation, and of his standing, who have wished to have wished to have the impression of their death that they might emigrate, and transmute, and come out unknown, and unquestioned, under another name, and to enact another part in life.

We pass over the history of numerous arrests and trials, as episodes, or minor movements attached to the main one.

The mystery attending Morgan's departure—the circumstance of his not having been heard from—the meeting on the night of the 8th Sept—the attempt to burn Miller's office—and the subsequent arrest of Miller on the 12th, excited in the public mind so many suspicions, that a few individuals residing in Batavia, very justly and properly deemed an investigation necessary.

With a view to ascertain the circumstances in relation to Morgan's being taken from jail in Canandaigua, rumours of which had as yet only reached them, an agent was sent thither on the 2nd of September, 1826. A number of affidavits were procured on the following day, which established beyond doubt the important fact, that Morgan was arrested in violation of law, after his discharge from prison the 12th of September, and, notwithstanding his deposition, conveyed from Batavia, in a carriage, prepared for that purpose, by force, they knew not whether.

Publicity given to the information thus acquired, served to increase still more the intensity of those suspicions. The thunder of popular indignation began to roll. It was however at first in low and remote murmurs. It emitted as yet no sparks, because no objects had yet been found on which its bolts could descend. The inquiry "what is Morgan," had appropriately been made, and no answer been given. The citizens of the county of Genesee were therefore invited to meet in mass, at the Court House in Batavia, on the 5th of October, for the purpose of making some arrangements in order to ascertain his fate.

The meeting was numerously and respectfully attended. It was a solemn and impressive scene. A citizen of this free land, entitled to the protection of its laws had been taken by violence and confined without authority, in some solitary place, or conveyed by force without the United States, to parts unknown, or had lain beneath some murderer's arm, and no information relative to his destiny or fate, had yet been received. The circumstance that he was poor—that he was dissolute—that he was in some respects unprincipled, and there were held in but little estimation by community, gave to the meeting, in the eye of the philanthropist, additional interest.

Had he been a man of rank, of consideration, or of fortune, the people at large would never have been left to make the above inquiry. He would have been followed—he would have been rescued, and if necessary, an army would have been raised at his call, and awarded his commands. The wrongs of an individual once rocked the battlements of Troy, and made the throne or Priam tremble to its base. But the unfortunate and degraded Morgan was suffered to be carried off under circumstances calculated to excite the strongest suspicions, without scarce an inquiry.

I cannot in justice to historic truth forbear to remark that a number of the most conspicuous anti-masons in the country; men who became so long after Morgan's abduction, and who have since participated in the rewards and honours of a triumphant party, designedly abstained from attending that meeting. Nor can I in justice to my own feelings,

offer this occasion to pass without applauding, in the highest terms, the candour, the good sense, and above all, the holy fervour which appeared to fill, inspire, and expand the bosoms of the great mass of which it was composed. A writer of eminence, I believe Mr. Burke, observes, that the public opinion is often wrong, but the public feeling never. An outrage all thought had unquestionably been committed; but its extent and authors were unknown. An inquiry was demanded—the public indignation was roused, and the detection and punishment of guilt seemed to be its only object. A numerous and respectable committee, consisting of Theodore F. Taib 4, David E. Evans, Trumbull Cary, William Davis, Jonathan Lay, Timothy Fitch, Lyman D. Plindle, E. Southworth and James P. Smith were unanimously appointed for that purpose, and the meeting adjourned.

"Similar ones were afterwards held in other counties, and committees appointed, a part of whom subsequently composed the celebrated Lewiston Convention.

"The committee above named immediately caused a notice to be published, containing a brief statement of the facts and circumstances in the case, so far as ascertained, and desired all who possessed any knowledge or information whatever in relation to either, to communicate the same without delay to some one of their members. A request was also sent to His Excellency Governor Clinton, desiring his aid—it was promptly afforded, and a proclamation was immediately issued."

Various proclamations were issued by the governor, requiring that aid, and offering pardon to accomplices, that should give evidence in the case. The Grand Royal Arch Chapter, in which one hundred and ten chapters were included, disclaimed all knowledge and approval of the affair, in which they were followed by most of the lodges in the state.

Meanwhile "Morgan's Illustrations of Masonry" fell, like rain drops, from the press, costing, probably ten cents, and which the greedy public appetite swallowed to a surfeit for some time at the price of a dollar. Our own community is unappetizing, that has an appetite, that might be medicinally called *hymus*, for such food. The bible, tracts, and Webster's spelling book, hardly furnished equal consolation for the press. With what views it was published, let the following extracts determine.

"We, each of us, do hereby most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear upon the holy evangelists of Almighty God, that we never will divulge during our natural lives, communicate, or make known to any person or persons in the known world, our knowledge or any part thereof, respecting William Morgan's intention (communicated to us) to publish a book on the subject of freemasonry, neither by writing, marking, or insinuations, or any way devisable by man. Sworn and subscribed this 13th day of March, 1836. Signed 'John Davids,' and others.

"On the 5th day of August following, John Davids and David C. Miller, of Batavia, and Russel Dyer, of Rochester, executed to said Morgan, a bond in the penal sum of five hundred thousand dollars, conditioned for the payment of one fourth part of the sum which should be received on the sale of a certain book upon freemasonry, which the said John Davids, David C. Miller, and Russel Dyer were about to publish.

"On the 7th day of August, and two days only after said bond purports to bear date, Captain Morgan, in consequence of a difficulty between him and his friends, addressed to them the following note:

"August 7, 1836.
"Gentlemen—My note of this morning has not been answered. Further evasion and equivocation I will not submit to. Acknowledge you are not gentlemen, or I will expose you in twelve hours, unless you do as you agreed to do. I am not a child—if you suppose I am, you are mistaken. I am a man, and will not suffer myself to be imposed on—you have not acted as gentlemen—I am sorry to be compelled to say it—every part of your conduct has been most ungentlemanly, and why so? My first impressions were, that you are not honest men; therefore I wish to settle and have no more to do with you. If either of you feel hurt, call on me as gentlemen, and I will give you any satisfaction you wish."
"WILLIAM MORGAN."

"The securing of a copy right to prevent others from publishing the book—its sale at first for one dollar—the oath of Davids and others—the bond executed by Miller, Davids, and Dyer, furnish at least presumptive evidence, that avarice, and not a love of country, or a regard for its future prosperity and welfare, was the principal stimulus to their undertaking."

Never did madam Rumour a more admirable subject upon which to operate. Warrents were issued and trials instituted without number, and each succeeding day brought to light a new brood of stories of violence, blood and murder. While a famous trial upon the subject, in which a hundred witnesses were present, was in progress, a rumour was set afloat that Morgan's body had been found, and would be present at the place of trial. This tended not at all to allay the excitement. The persons proved to have been concerned in the abduction of Morgan as far as Niagara, were sentenced to different periods of imprisonment, the longest extending to three years. A petition to the legislature of the state, to obtain as an additional reward of 3000 dollars to what had been already offered, was rejected by the good sense of the legislature, who saw that it would only be adding fuel to the flame.

By this time the excitement had arrived at the pitch of causing anti-masonic associations. Town meetings were called, with the avowed purpose of organizing voluntary associations to detect and punish the perpetrators of the abduction, and supposed murder of Morgan, and to make up a purse for the support of the widows and orphans. The most malignant and impolitic falsehoods and slanders, which at another time would have returned with a vengeance, to plague the inventors, in the present state of public feeling were received with implicit faith. Demagogues now saw that the affair was ripe for their use, and they accordingly took it in keeping. Bigots in their church, made use of it with the same views, operating in a different direction. Such was the state of excitement, that strangers, travelling through that part of the country, dared not avow, that they were masons.

The Lewiston committee had hired a vessel, and chartered boats, and constructed instruments for taking the bed of the Niagara, and a part of lake Ontario. The business was pursued with great industry for some months to no effect. Efforts to find the body were abandoned, but the public feeling and expectation were in no degree quieted. We remarked, that a body was found, October seventh, on the shore of lake Ontario, which appeared to have been left there by the surf. Being highly put off, after the usual inquiries, it was buried. It soon spread through the community, that it was Morgan's body. Some gentlemen from Batavia and Rochester repaired to the place of interment. The body was disinterred. Mrs. Morgan was conveyed to the spot. It may easily be imagined in what state the body was. All identity of colour and countenance was gone. The hair, height, teeth, dress, &c. of course, remained unaltered. In neither of these circumstances was there a trait of resemblance to Morgan. The dress was not that which he wore when he disappeared. There were religious tracts in the pockets, and Morgan was not of the men who carried tracts. But a jury of inquest was summoned. Witnesses were examined. The first witness swore that Morgan had double teeth, *dentes molares*, all round, and that the body had the same; and he described many other circumstances of identity between this body and Morgan's. Most of the witnesses, and thirteen were examined, swore to the same general effect. What is most astonishing, Mrs. Morgan, whose testimony bears on the face of it marks of honest conviction, agreed with them in many particulars, especially in regard to the double teeth all round, and to the circumstance that two of his teeth were wanting, and one split, to which cir-

cumstances the witnesses generally testified, this body answered. This jury, composed of twenty three persons, subscribed their names to the verdict of inquest, which was, that this was the body of Morgan, and that he came to his death by drowning. All doubt was removed from the public mind. The multitude flocked to the funeral procession. The body was removed to Batavia. A funeral discourse was delivered by one James Cochrane, who, it seems sometimes drew inspiration from distilled spirits, but is said to have been sober on this occasion. The body was once more interred, as that of Morgan. The cry of vengeance against masons was now on the breeze, and the ghost of Morgan was said to walk.

But the tell-tale papers spread the story, until it reached the ears of the real widow of the drowned person. A Mr. Monroe, of Upper Canada, left his home for Newark, and was drowned in the Niagara. A description of the clothes found on the body of the supposed Morgan induced Mrs. Monroe to believe it was the body of her drowned husband. In company of relatives she repaired to Batavia. This ill-fated body which could not rest in earth, was once more disinterred. It would be useless to detail the evidence of the new inquest. No seeming, when properly sifted, can show the aspect of truth. The real truth of the case, that this was the identical Timothy Monroe's body, and not Morgan's, was established by that kind of evidence that cannot fail to establish undoubting conviction in every rational mind. It is astonishing proof, these inequities, how much testimony is affected by strong prejudices, public excitement and popular feeling. A great number of particulars, specified on oath by the first jury, proved to be not as specified, by this second examination. Particularly it was proved that Morgan was wholly bald on the forehead, and never wore whiskers. This body had a considerable tuft of hair there, and had whiskers. The circumstance of the double teeth all round was utterly disproved. This body had teeth of the usual character, and instead of having lost two, and a fragment of another, had actually lost five. What put the matter out of all question was, that Mrs. Monroe specified before seeing them, certain articles of dress, which she had made with her own hands, and which were found to be, as she described them to be, before seeing them. All doubt was dispelled from all minds, except such as were determined not to be convinced. It is reported that people, who had obtained all the political objects desired from the impression, that the body was Morgan's, observed, "that he was a good enough Morgan, until after the election."

The affair of Morgan was pregnant with wonders from the beginning. During the delusion of witch time, there were not wanting persons, who, carried away by the prevalent insanity, became convinced, that they were witches and wizards, and made confession, as such. A certain R. H. Hall came forward in the papers, and with most imposing solemnity confessed himself guilty of having murdered Morgan. The poor man supplicated mercy of God and man, as one sure of the gallows. But the Morgan matter had been proved to be a two edged instrument, which men began to be cautious of handling. Mr. Hill attracted notoriety, which perhaps, was his wretched motive, and was imprisoned, but could not gain a martyr's fame by being hung. The jury incontinently dismissed him, as being either maudlin or moon struck in the upper story.

In the midst of these popular commotions of sentiment, Mr. Clinton was called suddenly to his account. Mr. Pitcher, Vice Governor, recommended to the legislature the appointment of a person, for the especial purpose of investigating the Morgan business, and Daniel Mosely, esq. was appointed. An attempt to procure a similar enactment in congress wholly failed.

Another strange circumstance attending these transactions remains to be recorded. Col. King, a man highly respected in his neighbourhood, about the time of Morgan's abduction, removed from the vicinity of Batavia, and with the appointment of sutler to Cantonment 'Towson, repaired to that remote establishment on the Klematis, a high branch of Red-River. Among other rumours, it was reported, that he had been concerned in the murder of Morgan, and had fled to this distant region a fugitive from justice. Remote as he was, the rumour reached him. He immediately made arrangements to return, and show himself in the midst of his accusers. Meantime, three officers, appointed by the authorities of New-York, had repaired all the way to Klematis to arrest him. Arrived at the Cantonment, they required the aid of Captain Hyde, the commander, a gentleman whom we formerly had the honour to know, in order to arrest Colonel King. He refused the required aid, though otherwise offering them permission to examine his store. At that place they were informed that he had started for New-York. They made the best of their way in the same direction, and the parties accomplished this wild goose chase of almost 4000 miles, in nearly the same time. It is easy to conjecture the feelings of the slanderers of Colonel King, at finding him, fearless and erect, in the midst of them. Captain Hyde was ordered to New-York on arrest for refusing his aid for the apprehension of Colonel King. We pass over all the subsequent trials of Bruce; and trials of various persons for libel and slander, that have grown out of this business. We have intended only to touch upon a few of the prominent facts, in this interminable history of plot and counter-plot. We should as soon have thought of making up a volume of cases and reports, as going into all the legal details of this strange business.

A general crusade had commenced against masonry, of which the following, extracted from Mr. E. Southwick's paper, the oracle of the anti-masons, may be considered the watchword.

"Anti-masonry sprung from the throne of God, and under his Almighty wings, it will conquer 'Hell's master-piece,' and redeem our country from vile slavery and galling chains—from eternal disgrace, from everlasting ruin and degradation. The man who hesitates to support such a cause, stabs his country and dishonours his Creator. Let no such man be trusted—let him live neglected and die unpitied and despised, and let no monument tell his name or point to the spot where 'his recalcitrant ashes pollute the soil that gave him birth.'"

It spread more or less extensively, into all the states. It denounced first the system, and then the men, as unfit for any office, and unworthy of any countenance. It not only denounced the men, but denounced those who would not denounce them. For some of the old charges of Albi Barnuel and Robinson were resuscitated and brought forward. Others were told that every thing secret was wrong. Others were taught that the principles inculcated were those of deism. Still, for others, it was denounced as deeply in tendency, abominating men from obedience to the laws, and inculcating instead a blind and implicit deference to the decrees of the lodge. The mischievous and stupid abduction of Morgan was the foundation and top-stone of the theme, and a legitimate proof of its tendency. Anti-masonic committees were organized, one of whose specific and avowed functions was, to oppose all candidates that were not anti-masons. We omit, for obvious reasons, one very striking example of the political use made of masonry and the anti-masonic excitement, about which much was said in the papers at the time. The chief magistrate of the United States ought never to condescend to reply in the shibboleth of any party to the impertinent queries of any one; and Mr. Adams' charge to his New-York correspondent, not to make his letter public, would seem to imply, that he had not studied the case of him, who, when charged to tell no man, straightway went his way, and the more vehemently proclaimed what was done, through all the country.

It soon became an instrument in the hand of some of the spiritual guides; and ministers were denounced to their people, and members of churches to spiritual censure, for being masons. Anti-masonic meetings and societies have had their orators; and in Cambridge, Massachusetts, no less a man than Dr. Waterhouse has been selected for orator.

In some instances, when the pursuit has been a long and weary one, there has been a revulsion, and a reaction, and we trust, that the excitement, having lost the original pungency and zest of its influence, will soon pall upon the public ear, and it is much vexed and discussed discussion seems to be original standing in the public estimation.

We should not have trespassed so long upon the patience of our readers, in pursuing the thread of this narrative to such a length, had we not deemed that the history is fraught with instruction upon a point most vital to the stability of those institutions which are the pride and glory of us all. We proudly talk of our illumination and a march of mind. We speak of the disgraceful illusion, recorded in history, of which some account is given in the book before us, as the gas which belated a poor, and a palpable one, that the public mind, when a man pretence has first been offered, can be played upon as a decaying, and that men are in fact as gullible now as they were in the times of the near-by phyl, or witch time. This ought to inspire present vigilance and caution. Another interest, as ministers say in a sermon, is, that of all the arts of demagogues, the most disgusting, and that which ought readily to condemn them to misery, is that of playing upon the vulgar feelings and credulity of the people, in turning these popular delusions to the purposes of their own personal and political advancement. A candidate for any office of honour and emolument, depending on the popular suffrage, may, perhaps, be allowed to caress the children of their credulity, and pronounce them the most beautiful little creatures that were ever seen. He may insinuate, that the mother is pretty, knowing and good. He may talk with the good man about crops, pigs, and the price of pork and flour, with such knowledge of the subject, as he may possess. He may hint, so that it is done dextrously, that his competitor is a scoundrel, a rogue and a defaulter. He may practice all the little arts of what we here call feeding the subject of the gull-trap with soft corn. All these are fair and hackneyed arts consecrated from all guilt by use, time, or of mind. Whiskey and loans are more questionable expedients. Ogling, and walking arm in arm, and taking the voter aside from the crowd for private confab, approach the confines of intrigue; and the promise of an office, conditioned upon success, is clearly a bargain and corruption. The worst country fashion of treating the voters from a wash tub of whiskey toddy, in which the brown sugar is stirred in by the candidate, who takes off his stockings and shoes, and gets into the tub, and operates, as the feet of the voters do in France, when they mash the grapes, and who hands off the political beverage to the voter in his shoe, may be tolerated, from its show of originality and of the "free and easy." It is a usage, not wholly disallowed, for the candidate to ride a race on a Kentucky "chuck," for the amusement of the spectators, or run a foot race with the best man, otherwise the best boxer in the company. A stump is the time-honoured pulp of all political aspirants in the west. Hence, and riding the canvassing circuit, and changing opinions, moral, political and religious, a hundred times in a day, to accommodate the party to his company, and seven hundred other choice arts, known to the sport, afford a very pretty and copious choice, in the selection and the right application of which, the aspirant shows his tact and his skill, and his cleverness; and they are all whitewashed by common tolerance into innocence. But there are others that are clearly questionable; and we have seen them in some instances too gross to be swallowed even by voters of the most enlarged disposition. For instance, we saw a candidate, known to be a derider of religion, sitting at a camp preaching among the ministers, and ever and anon uttering a dismal groan, as if seized with a colic pang, and a face of the most elongated and rueful sanctity. Candidates, however ungodly at other times, are sure to have religious concern come over them about the time of a camp-meeting.

We feel reluctant to enlarge upon a theme so hateful, and the revolting details of which are so well known to us all. There is no point of information that has made so little progress among the people at large as information, what department in aspirants for their favour, is becoming and respectable. One would think that the head must indeed be of wood that could not instantly penetrate the palpable contempt for the people, that is thinly veiled in all these miserable and unworthy expedients. Never does a candidate so loudly manifest his conviction, that the people are asses, as when, though at other times an atheist, he groans at a camp-meeting; and at other times, select and aristocratic, in his habits, when he all at once becomes the man of the people, at the eve of an election. "To seize the popular delusion of a meat-plot, witchcraft, or anti-masonry, to work into the designs of ambition, ought to be stigmatized in terms of the most pointed indignation.

The time will come, and the time must come, or our institutions will not remotely descend to posterity, when enough of the controlling minds of the community shall possess just estimates of true dignity and worth and uprightness, and tact to discriminate, what is respectful deportment in candidates, to blast with the scorching lightning stroke of virtuous indignation, all these vile arts, similar to those with which rakes woo prostitutes, all these arts which declare that they who use them despise the people, and consider them of no other use than to be gilded to get their votes, and like docile elephants, to be coaxed on to their knees that these aspirants may erect their castles on their back, and ride them to their purposes. No man was ever worthy of the suffrages of the people, who would take these methods to gain them. No man, who had any right notions of dignity and self respect, would stoop to these measures for any boon which ambition could covet, or the people bestow. Nothing ought so directly to excite the suspicions of the people, as to discern these insidious efforts to fawn upon them.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the Raleigh Register.

NORTH CAROLINA BLACK LEAD.

Plumbago or Black Lead. In Professor Olmstead's Geological Report he states, that he has never read of any Mine of Plumbago which can compare an extent with that discovered in this county. It is not only of great extent, but the ore itself is of a superior quality. It is however, comparatively, but of small value, owing to the limited use that is made of it. We trust, however, that, sooner or later, it may be found advantageous to manufacture this article among ourselves. Every fresh instance therefore of the uses to which it may be applied, should be made known for the benefit of the public. It is stated in a London paper, that the application of it to the works of clocks and watches, is likely to supercede oil. The plumbago is prepared by repeatedly grinding and washing it over, by which means the gritty particles that occur, even in the black lead, are removed, and which, if allowed to remain, would

neutralize every advantage the pure plumbago is found to give. This done, the prepared substance is applied with a camel-hair pencil, either in a state of powder or mixed up with a drop or two of pure spirit of wine. It readily adheres to the surface of a steel pivot, as well as to the inside of the hole in which it runs, so that the rubbing surfaces are no longer one metal upon another, but Plumbago upon Plumbago. These surfaces, by their mutual action speedily acquire a polish only inferior to that of the diamond, and then the retardation of the machine from friction is reduced almost to nothing, and wear and tear from this cause is totally prevented. An astronomical clock, made by Mr. Herbert, of which the pivots and holes, and teeth of the escape-wheel, had been covered on their rubbing parts with fine plumbago fourteen years before, was not long ago taken to pieces by a Committee of the Society of Arts and examined; the surfaces of plumbago were found to be for the most part unbroken and highly polished, and neither the pivots nor the sockets appeared upon examination with high magnifies, to have undergone the slightest degree of wear.

A gentleman who lives in the lower part of this State informed us, a few days since, that he had used plumbago altogether, on the axles of his carriage, for several years. It is said, that if the axles and bushes of the wheel be true, a carriage may safely be run one hundred and fifty miles with once using a composition of black lead mixed with lard or tallow. The same gentleman says, it is used in nearly all the mills and machines in the lower country, where there is much friction. It may also be used, advantageously, for painting the roofs of houses, by mixing it with rosin and oil, and then applying it. Three coats of it, thus prepared, will render wood almost fire proof.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Washington City Chronicle.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE TURKS.

Messrs. Editors: There exists a strong probability that by our next authentic advices from Europe we may learn that Constantinople has changed masters. Meanwhile, it may entertain some of your readers, and inform others, if we place in your valuable journal some account of that great city, and of the Turks; notices of which have been heretofore or more recently published. We extract these chiefly from the valuable travels of Dr. Walsh, late Chaplain to the British embassy in Turkey. We propose in this sketch to make free with the work of Walsh, rather by condensed fragments than full citation; and shall conclude by inserting a few general reflections made by other travellers upon the spirit of the laws and manners of the modern Turks, and their chief rulers. Having heretofore personally examined Constantinople and its environs, we can with confidence recommend the work of the Rev. R. Walsh, as exhibiting an accurate delineation of both. He thus speaks of the aspect of the country adjoining the Turkish capital. "The first and most striking impression was the deep solitude that reigned every where around. We were within a few hundred yards of the walls of an immense metropolis, where seven hundred thousand people lived together; but if we were the same distance from the ruins of Palmyra, we could not have witnessed deeper silence or completer desolation. The villas which are usually scattered over the suburbs of a large city were not to be seen, and the crowds which commonly throng the entrance, no where to be met with. And what can more forcibly mark the inactivity and indolence of the Turkish character? But the shores of the Bosphorus are very populous, and from Constantinople to near the Black Sea is one continued village. The intercourse is proportionably great, and the surface of the water is a moving picture of boats passing and repassing. This mode of motion is peculiarly adapted to oriental indolence. The Turk reclines on his cushion, smoking his pipe, and is carried the distance he wants to go without exertion or discomposure. If he had a residence in this quarter, he could only walk or ride to it, as there are, generally speaking, no carriages, or proper roads on which they could run. The vicinity of the city, therefore, on this side, is abandoned, and, with the exception of a very few scattering farms, it is a perfect desert. As to the city itself, since the destruction of the Janisaries, a death-like tranquillity has reigned at Constantinople, which no cause of excitement can disturb. Had the public mind been in that sensitive state when the first news of the battle of Navarino arrived which displayed itself at the breaking out of the Greek revolt, it is highly probable that the whole of the French population would have fallen victims to the popular phrenzy, which no authority could control. But their spirits were subdued and their courage broken down.

The present sultan, who has effected the perilous under-

taking of the destruction of the Janisaries, in which so many of his predecessors failed, is a man not in the prime, though still in the vigour of life. He succeeded his brother Mustapha, in the year 1808, and so has been on the throne twenty-one years. He is now, I believe the sole survivor of thirty children, fifteen boys and fifteen girls, which his father left, and is the last of the male race of Mahomet of an age fit to reign; and it is to this circumstance (they say) that he is indebted for his inviolability. Had there been another of the sacred race old enough to substitute in his place, the Janisaries would long since have deposed him. He had two sons, one about the age of ten, to whom their eyes were turned as his successor, when he should arrive at competent years; and the sultan knew by experience that it was as easy for them to do this, as to say it; for both of his predecessors had been strangled, one of whom was his own brother. His son prematurely died; and it was reported that he had been made way with by his own father, lest he should be set up in his place. It is known however, that the boy died of the small pox, and that his father has given an extraordinary example to his subjects, by having his surviving children vaccinated: and so has shown, in one instance at least, a disposition to adopt European improvements in things not merely military. He is, moreover, a man well versed in oriental literature, writes and understands Arabick well, and his *hastasheriffs*, which he always dictates, and sometimes writes with his own hand, are admired for their style and composition. He is not a man of morose and cruel disposition in his own family; on the contrary, he is affectionately attached to his several daughters, by different mothers; and is, in private intercourse, urbane and affable. But his public conduct has been marked by extraordinary fierceness and unrelenting rigour, not only to Rajas but to Turks themselves, and in this he has exhibited an impartial disregard to human life, and not a very strict regard to human obligations. It is true that during the phrenzied excitement of the populace in Constantinople, which was occasioned by the Greek insurrection, that the Greek patriarch was hung at the church door, and all Greeks that the mob met with in the streets were shot without mercy; yet at the same time the Franks walked the streets unmolested, although every Turk was armed with a yatagan and a case of loaded pistols, which he was ready to use on the slightest provocation. On more recent occasions, nevertheless, where sufficient cause for irritation existed, it is but justice to the present sultan to say, that his moderation and good faith have been exemplary.

The name of Constantine occurs more frequently than that of any other in the history of the lower empire; it was borne by fourteen emperors; but they were all marked by imbecility, except the first and the last—he who founded the empire, and he in whom it terminated. The details given of this termination, and the character and conduct of him who endeavoured to avert or delay it, are truly interesting; and his devotion of himself to the cause of his Christian country, when it could no longer be preserved, and seeking death in the midst of his enemies, are worthy of the best ages of Greece or Rome. *The breaches which remain in the wall for a considerable extent, near the Top Kapousi Gate, and which the Turks have never since repaired, attest the vigorous resistance made, and the utter hopelessness of any further effort to stop the torrent of barbarians that poured in through them.* The body of Constantine was found in one of them, where he had placed himself as the last but ineffectual barrier; and a magnificent tree is now growing out of it, to mark, as Clark says, "the sacred spot where the last of the Palæogi fell."

As this is the side on which the Russians threaten to approach Constantinople, it is highly probable that this is the gate by which they will enter; and the very same passage that admitted the Crescent will again admit the Cross. It is very well known that this is an event which the Turks are expecting, and their anticipations of it are not confined to military preparations. Their great burying ground lies on the Asiatic shore, and is to be seen extending its dark cypress grove far a considerable distance in the vicinity of Scutari. This is, perhaps, the largest cemetery in the world, being full three miles in length; and it has increased to its present size in consequence of the extraordinary predilection the Turks of Constantinople entertain for it. They are persuaded that they shall again be compelled to retire to Asia whence they came; and they wish their bodies to be laid in a place where Christian infidels cannot disturb them. The great majority, therefore, of those who die in Constantinople are transported by their friends across the Bosphorus; and the stairs or slip at which they embark is called, for this reason, *Melteiskelli*, or the *ladder of the dead*. This impression on their minds is confirmed by ancient prophecies, which are current among them, and by other causes, equally slight, which, nevertheless, have a powerful influence on the weak and superstitious fancy of a Turk. Among them is a coincidence of names which is rather curious. Constantinople was taken and lost, at different times, by persons who bore the same name: The Latins, under a Baldwin, obtained possession of it, and under a Baldwin they were again driven out of it. The city was rebuilt and made the seat of the Greek empire by a Constantine, the son of Helena, and in the patriarchate of a Gregory; it was taken, and the empire of the Greeks destroyed under a Constantine,

the son of Helena, and in the patriarchate of a Gregory; the Turks obtained possession of it under a Mahomet and they are firmly persuaded that they shall lose it under a Mahomet, and that Mahomet, too, the present reigning sultan: and, to complete this chain of names, at the time the Greek insurrection broke out a Constantine was the heir apparent to the Russian throne, and a Gregory was Patriarch of Constantinople. It is true they hanged at the time one of these ominous persons, and the other has since abdicated the crown. Still they are persuaded that events will happen as they are decreed, and the fatal combination of *Mahomet, Gregory, and Constantine*, will yet destroy their power in Europe."

So much for the latest and best accounts of competent travellers touching the existing manners and public opinion of the Turks in Constantinople. A single quotation or two, touching the *moral causes* that have gradually sunk and degraded that semi-barbarous people will properly conclude this etching: In vain (it is Volney who now speaks) have you vanquished a hundred nations, and of a mass of conquered kingdoms compounded an immense empire. After devouring your enemies, your cupidity, always alive, has re-acted on itself; and, concentrated in your own bowels, has consumed you. Having become rich, you have quarrelled for partition and enjoyment, and disorder hath arisen in every class of society. The Sultan, intoxicated with grandeur, has mistaken the object of his functions; and all the vices of arbitrary power have been developed. The Pacha, who purchased the government of his province, has farmed it out to others, who exercise every extortion. He has sold, in turn, the collection of the taxes, the command of the troops, the administration of the village; and as every employment has been *transient*, rapine, spread from grade to grade, has been greedy and precipitate. The revenue officer has fleeced the merchant, and commerce is annihilated; the Aga has plundered the husbandman, and culture has degenerated. The labourer, deprived of his stock, has been unable to sow; the tax was augmented, and he could not pay it; punishment has been threatened, and he has tried to borrow. Money, from want of security, has been locked up from circulation; interest, therefore, is enormous, and the usury of the rich has aggravated the misery of the indigent. If driven to extremity by tyranny and outrage, the villages have revolted—"so much the better," says the Pacha. He wages war on them, assails their houses, pillages their property, carries off their stock; and when the fields have become a desert, "what care I?" says he, "I leave them to-morrow!" Oh, who can enumerate all the calamities of despotic government! Sometime the Pachas make war on each other, and for their personal quarrels the provinces of the same State are laid waste. Sometimes, fearing their masters, they attempt independence, and draw on the people of their pachalate the chastisement of their revolt. Sometimes, dreading their subjects, they invite and subsidise foreigners, and to render them faithful submit all things to their plunder. Here they prosecute the rich, and despoil them under false pretences—there they suborn false witnesses, and impose penalties for supposititious offences; every where they excite the hatred of litigants, encourage informations to obtain amercements, extort property, seize persons; and when their short-sighted avarice has accumulated into one mass all the riches of a country, the Government, by an execrable perfidy, under pretext of avenging its oppressed people, takes to itself all their spoils, as if they were the culprits, and sheds the useless blood of its own agents for crime of which it is the accomplice. In vain, therefore, the Sultan leads forth his armies; the ignorant warriors are beaten and dispersed: in vain he summons his vassals; their hearts are ice. "Is it not written?" (say they) *what matters it who is our master.* We cannot lose by the change."

BETA.

BONAPARTE AND CHARLES FOX.

One day when Bonaparte, in one of his frequent fits of ill-humour, was expressing his contempt of the whole human race, I observed to him, that if the gew-gaws of state excited the admiration of the vulgar, there were some men who were above being dazzled by them; and I mentioned, as an example, the celebrated Charles Fox, who, anticipating the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, had come to Paris, where he was remarkable for his extreme simplicity of manner and appearance. "You are right," said the First Consul, "Fox is a truly great man."

Bonaparte was always delighted to see Fox; and whenever he had an interview with him, he never failed to tell me of the pleasure he enjoyed in conversing with the great English statesman, who, he said, was truly worthy of his high celebrity. He regarded him as a man of the very highest order, and ardently wished to treat with him in his subsequent relations with England. It may be presumed that Mr. Fox, on his part, did not forget the friendly relations he had maintained with the First Consul.

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Token, for 1870.

CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOBOMOK."

The rocky county of Stafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of heaven; precipices, from which the young eagles take their flight to the sun; dells rugged and tangled as the dominions of Roderick Vich Alpine, and ravines dark and deep enough for the death scene of a bandit, form the magnificent characteristics of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend which tradition has scarcely saved from utter oblivion. Had it been in Scotland, perhaps the genius of Sir Walter would have hallowed it, and Americans would have crowded there to kindle fancy on the altar of memory. Being in the midst of our own romantic scenery, it is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is as yet untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no "Mountain House," perched on these tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion. Our distinguished artist, Mr. Cole, found the sunshine and the winds sleeping upon it in solitude and secrecy; and his pencil has brought it before us in its stern repose.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizzards and mountain spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life from an impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this had stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell; something of a haughty spirit strongly curbed by circumstances he could not controul, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed no superiority; but unconsciously he threw around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was "among them, but not of them." His stature was giantlike, and he had the bold, quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding-places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep, strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure, for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favourable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was the death-warrant of his hopes. Immediate flight became necessary, and America was the chosen place of refuge. His adherence to Cromwell's party was not occasioned by religious sympathy, but by political views, too liberal and philosophical for the state of the people; therefore Cornelius Campbell was no favourite with our forefathers, and being of a proud nature, he withdrew with his family to the solitary place we have mentioned.

It seemed a hard fate for one who had from childhood been accustomed to indulgence and admiration, yet Mrs. Campbell enjoyed more than she had done in her days of splendour; so much deeper are the sources of happiness than those of gaiety.

Even her face had suffered little from time and hardship. The bloom on her cheek, which in youth had been like the sweet pea blossom, that most feminine of all flowers, had, it is true, somewhat faded; but her rich, intellectual expression, did but receive additional majesty from years; and the exercise of quiet domestic love, which, where it is suffered to exist, always deepens and brightens with time, had given a bland and placid expression, which might well have atoned for the absence of more striking beauty. To such a woman as Caroline Campbell, of what use would have been some modern doctrines of equality and independence?

With a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate and enjoy her husband's intellectual energies, she had a heart that could not have found another home. The bird will drop into its nest though the treasures of earth and sky are open. To have proved marriage a tyranny, and the cares of domestic life a thralldom, would have affected Caroline Campbell as little, as to be told that the pure, sweet atmosphere she breathed, was pressing upon her so many pounds to every square inch! Over such a heart, and such a soul, external circumstances have little power; all worldly interest was concentrated in her husband and babes, and her spirit was satisfied with that inexhaustible fountain of joy which nature gives, and God has blessed.

A very small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and, although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was a prophet among them, and as such an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in dark, fierce, ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet laughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small, black, fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son, about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect everything, and taste of everything which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox, which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy; and he went home to his father to sick-en and die. From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions—he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Cornelius Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright, balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned to dinner, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too cruelly showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a sad grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his heart; and now they were torn from him, the remembrance of their love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sinking him down, down, into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

"It was as if the dead could feel
The joy worm around him steal."

Such, for many days, was the state of Cornelius Campbell. Those who knew and revered him, feared that the spark of reason was forever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild, demoniac spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile in his dreams; and when he waked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition at the time he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterward took his name, probably looking out for indications of their return.

Here Cornelius Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. A party was formed under his guidance, to cut off all chance of retreat, and the dark-minded prophet was to be hunted like a wild beast to his lair.

The morning sun had scarce cleared away the fogs when Chocorua started at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness. "The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua; and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man." "Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!" exclaimed Cornelius Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hand upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But he recovered himself, and, raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased. "A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while the sky looked bright! Lightning blast your crops! Wind and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war path of the Indian! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men!"

The prophet sunk upon the ground, still uttering inaudible curses—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them, the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings, their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot to mingle with more populous and prosperous colonies. Cornelius Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellow men; and two years after he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious think that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing a curse upon them.

MISCELLANY.

From the Journal of Health.

TOBACCO.

It is really surprising that a single individual could be found, who, after experiencing the distressing sensations almost invariably produced by the first use of Tobacco, would be willing to risk their recurrence a second time: still more so, that any one should again and again resort to the "poisonous weed," until, its immediate effects being lessened by habit, it becomes an article of luxury, from the use of which it was found difficult to refrain.

The extreme nausea—pain of the head, and vertigo—the cold death-like sweat, and general exhaustion, experienced by the novice in chewing, snuffing and smoking, we should imagine would be fully sufficient to prevent the use of tobacco from becoming a habit. Yet, such is "the folly and insatiation of the human mind," and the pow-

er of custom and example, in opposition to prudence and the dictates of nature, that one of the most disgusting productions of the vegetable kingdom, "in all places where it has come," to use the quaint expression of Sir Hans Sloane, "has much bewitched the inhabitants, from the polite European, to the barbarous Hottentot."

Did this "modern herb" possess a tithe of the virtues ascribed to it by Dr. Thorus in his *Patologia*? did, in fact, the least benefit result to the system from its habitual use, there would then be some reason why, "with all its loathsomeness of smell and taste," it should have become so general a favourite. But we know, on the contrary, that all who habituate themselves to its use, sooner or later experience its noxious powers.

Tobacco is, in fact, an absolute poison. A very moderate quantity introduced into the system—even applying the moistened leaves over the stomach—has been known very suddenly to extinguish life. The Indians of our own country were well aware of its poisonous effects, and were accustomed, it is said, on certain occasions, to dip the points of their arrows in an oil obtained from the leaves, which being inserted into the flesh, occasioned sickness and fainting, or even convulsions and death.

It must be evident to every one, that the constant use of an article possessing such deleterious properties, cannot fail, at length, to influence the health of the system.

In whatever form it may be employed, a portion of the active principles of the tobacco, mixed with the saliva, invariably finds its way into the stomach, and disturbs or impairs the functions of that organ. Hence most, if not all, of those who are accustomed to the use of tobacco, labour under dyspeptic symptoms. They experience, at intervals, a want of appetite—nausea—inordinate thirst—vertigo—pains and distension of the stomach—disagreeable sensations of the head—tremors of the limbs—disturbed sleep, and are more or less emaciated.

According to Boerhaave, "when this celebrated plant was first brought into use in Europe, it was cried up for a certain antidote to hunger; but it was soon observed, that the number of hypochondriacal and consumptive people were greatly increased by its use."

Dr. Cullen informs us that he has observed "several instances" in which the excessive use of tobacco in the form of snuff, has produced effects similar to those occurring in persons from the long continued use "of wine and opium;" that is, "loss of memory, fatuity, and other symptoms of a weakened or senile state of the nervous system, induced before the usual period."

The almost constant thirst occasioned by smoking and chewing has, in numerous instances, it is to be feared, led to the intemperate use of ardent spirits.

This thirst cannot be allayed by water; for no insipid liquor will be relished after the mouth and throat have been exposed to the stimulus of the smoke or juice of the tobacco: a desire, of course, is excited for strong drink, which soon leads to intemperance and drunkenness.

The use of snuff destroys entirely the sense of smell, and injures materially the tone of the voice; while chewing and smoking vitiate the sense of taste. Hence those who make use of tobacco, to any extent, have certainly one, and frequently two, of the external sense less perfect than other individuals. But this is not all. Polypus of the nose, and other serious affections have been traced to the use of snuff.

Sir John Pringle, whom, we are informed, was very liberal in its use, experiencing in the evening of his days, a tremor of his hands and a defect of memory. Being in company with Dr. Franklin at Paris, he was requested by the Doctor to observe that the former complaint was very common to those people of fashion who were great snuffers. Sir John was led by this remark to suspect that his tremors were occasioned by his excessive use of snuff. He, therefore, immediately left it off, and, soon afterwards the tremor of his hands disappeared,

and at the same time he recovered the perfect exercise of his retentive faculties.

Cases could be mentioned in which epilepsy, consumption, and other serious diseases have been brought on in young people by the excessive use of tobacco.

We have ourselves known individuals, in whom very severe and dangerous affections of the stomach—tremors of the limbs, and great emaciation were referable to excessive smoking and chewing, and which were removed only after these habits were entirely relinquished. One or two of these cases, we are sorry to say, occurred in females, from the filthy practice of chewing snuff; and in a class of society where it was to be hoped a refinement of taste and exalted notions of female delicacy, would forever have precluded the introduction of so detestable and pernicious a habit.

JOHN KEMBLE AND MISS OWENSON.

There is more of the patter and fun of fashion in Lady Morgan's books than in any other chronicles of the ton. The following anecdote of her ladyship (then Miss Owen) is taken from her last work, *The Book of the Boudoir*. It occurred about twenty years since. All the town were then running mad after the "Wild Irish Girl," and Miss O. was invited to a blue-stocking party, at the mansion of the Dowager Countess of Cork.

Mr. Kemble was announced. Lady C——k reproached him as "the late Mr. Kemble;" and then, looking significantly at me, told him who I was. Kemble, to whom I had already been presented by Mrs. Lefanu, acknowledged me by a kindly nod; but the intense stare which succeeded, was not one of mere recognition. It was the glazed, fixed look, so common to those who have been making libations to altars which rarely qualify them for ladies' society. Mr. Kemble was evidently much pre-occupied and a little exalted; and he appeared actuated by some intention, which he had the will but not the power to execute. He was seated vis-à-vis, and had repeatedly raised his arm, and stretched it across the table, for the purpose, as I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's head in jelly. Alas, no!—the bore was, that my head happened to be the object which fixed his tenacious attention; and which, being a true Irish *cathak* head, dark, cropped, and curly, and struck him as a particularly well organized Brutus, and better than any in his repertoire of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his feline and fixed purpose, he actually struck his claws in my locks, and addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked—"Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"

Lord Erskine "came to the rescue," and liberated my head.

Lord Carysfort exclaimed, to relieve the awkwardness of the scene, "*le serpents de l'envie ont siffles dans son cœur*;" on every side—

"Some did laugh.
And some did say, God bless us,"

—while I, like Macbeth—

"Could not say, Amen."

Meantime, Kemble, peevish, as half-tipsy people generally are, and ill brooking the interference of the two peers, drew back, muttering and fumbling in his coat pocket, evidently with some dire intention lowering in his eyes. To the amusement of all, and to my increased consternation, he drew forth a volume of the "Wild Irish Girl," (which he had brought to return to Lady C——k) and reading, with his deep, emphatic voice, one of the most high flown of its passages, he paused, and patting the page with his forefinger, with the look of Hamlet addressing Polonius, he said, "Little girl, why did you write such nonsense? And where did you get all these d—d hard words?"

Thus taken by surprise, and "smarting with my wounds," or mortified authorship, I answered, unwittingly and witlessly, the truth: "Sir, I wrote as well as I could, and I got the hard words out of Johnson's Dictionary."

The eloquence of Erskine himself would have pleaded my cause with less effect; and the "*J'y allois*" of *La Fontaine* was not quoted with more approbation in the circles of Paris, than the *naivete* of my equally veracious and spontaneous reply. The triumph of my simplicity did not increase Kemble's good humour; and, shortly after, Mr.

Spenser carried him off in his carriage, to prevent any further attacks on my unfortunate head—inside or out.

From the New York Evening Post.

HAND-WRITING.

Why will not correspondents learn to write legibly? We have before us a communication which we should be glad to read, for from the few words which we can decypher, it seems to be written "in a learned spirit of human dealing," as Othello says; but we would defy Oedipus himself to make it out. If we might judge of the author's disposition, by his hand-writing, it must be as crabbed and cynical as that of the ragged old Antisthenes. By the way, there is much truth in coming at men's characters by the peculiarities of their penmanship. We are not very devout believers in palmistry, or physiognomy, or even in much talked of craniology. A man may be a very good man, and a very great man, without a single bump on his head, and another a fool and blackguard, though disfigured with a dozen. One of the honestest fellows we ever knew had a hang-dog countenance that, according to Lavater, should have condemned him to the gallows without a hearing; and another acquaintance of ours, whose life was never diversified with a single extraordinary vicissitude, yet displayed on his hand a complication of lines and crossings which a professor of palmistry would have interpreted into the signs of a thousand "hair-breadth" escapes, and moving accidents by flood and field."

This is a wise generation. Men of former days were dunces compared to those of the present. This assertion is not based on the progress we have made in steam boats, nor in the various methods of flying in the air, and sailing underneath the water. We allude not solely to the self moving water-wheel, nor to the now solved problem of perpetual motion. But in what art or science have we not outstripped all precedent, "till panting time toils after us in vain?" Instead of spending some four or six years in the secluded groves of academics, the student now becomes an adept in the "lore of centuries," in the short course of thirty or forty lessons. We have a machine for teaching grammar, a drug for curing intemperance, and a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to. Miss attends a lecture on astronomy, and arises from it a profound astrologist, capable of perusing the mysteries of the stars. Mamma reads three pages of Accum's Chemical Amusements, and is at once inducted into all the mysteries of analytical and synthetical operations. We are indeed a wonderful people;—this is a wonderful age.

But, as we have already said, we do not altogether accredit the infallibility of the new methods of acquiring the difficult science of the human heart. We do not think, the altitude of the lumps and bumps on one's head, or the longitude of his nose, being known, we can go to work with these terms, according to the rule of three, and the product will be the individual's moral and intellectual character. But though we doubt the certainty of these short cuts invariably arriving at the knowledge desired, yet we are equally opposed to the tedious method of learning human character formerly in vogue. Of old, the inquirer attained it, as a ship arrives at her port in adverse weather, by beating to windward; but we by the plan we are about to propose, may drive ahead in a steam boat fashion, against wind and tide. There is no longer any need of being acquainted with the grand governing principles of nature; of viewing the actions of men in reference to their motives, and learning how actions may be modified, and motives take their hue, as the chameleon does, from circumstances. Instead of this difficult and tedious process, we need only give careful heed to men's hand writing—instead of studying man, we should study chirography.

Let any one who has ever given any attention to this subject but reflect a moment, and he will see the truth of our remarks. An individual's character is sure to get into his pen, and have its share in every letter that he forms. From a proper perusal of these, the curious may acquire an ample knowledge of the character, manners, habits and disposition, of those with whom they may be

* A Latin poem in praise of Tobacco, published in the 17th century. Mowel, in one of his letters, describes it as "an accurate piece couched in straggling heroic verse and full of matter."

led to mingle. We need not, with impertinent stare, look into one's face for the proportions of his features, nor ask of him permission to feel the bumps on his pate, in order to ascertain whether he be wise or silly, an honest man or a rogue. We need only look at his hand writing.

If all the *t's* are crossed, and *i's* dotted, with scrupulous nicety, and all the commas, semicolons, colons, &c. marked in their proper places, depend on it you are dealing with a methodical, straight forward, prudent person. If as many words are crowded into a line as possible, he is economical; if written in a loose, scrawling, flourishing hand, he is liberal; if there are many erasures and interlineations, and omissions of unimportant words and of pauses, dots, &c. he is careless, and an incoherent thinker. The latter is more particularly the case when dashes are substituted for the proper punctuation. If a final *e* is added to nouns usually spelled without, he is a Scotchman; if half the words are contracted, he is either a merchant or a poet. But it is easy to distinguish between these. A merchant's style is after the manner in which memoranda are written; all words not absolutely necessary to an understanding of what he writes being omitted, to save time; as for example:—Yrs 15th inst. recd. Coffee dull; tobacco no sales; sugar in demd a 11 cts. &c. A poet invariably makes use of epithets and qualifying words, chooses the most sonorous expressions, and abbreviates only that his idea may not escape him before he has it down in black and white.

We have not room at present for a full exposition of our chirographical method of studying mankind; but the hints which we have given may perhaps be thought worthy of being amplified, by some whose time and ingenuity fit them for the avocation, into a theory which shall totally eclipse those of the cranioscopists and physiognomists of the present day.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

INFANCY AND OLD AGE.

These two seasons of human existence have peculiar claims on the affections of those who are passing through the middle walks of life. The infant, that may be considered only in the vestibule of a treacherous and illusive world, utterly incapable of demanding or obtaining the means of subsistence, and wholly ignorant of the vast field that lies diversified in prospect, would inevitably perish in that helpless and fragile state, were it not for the kind attentions of parental affection, and the general dictates of humanity. These protect and foster the tender frame of infancy, which awakens the liveliest and warmest sympathies of the heart. For who can behold a fellow creature, in the dawn of being, hardly conscious of existence, exposed to injury or destruction in a thousand ways, and yet smiling amid surrounding dangers, without extending to an object so needy and interesting all the kind offices and feeling emotions which it claims and inspires? If the great Founder of christianity took little children in his arms and blessed them, was it not for an example to all succeeding generations, to be kind and affectionate to our species in that helpless state? And what can be considered as a more undeceiving criterion of a pure and good heart, than the tender regard which the benevolent always manifest towards infants? If it is not the most splendid virtue that can adorn the human character, we certainly know of none more amiable; and the few solitary instances of persons who can contemplate the state of infancy without a kindred glory of ardent and interested feeling, only serve to add lustre to a better principle so generally implanted in the human bosom.

And if we view the condition of man in the decline of years, (though in some respects this state may be compared to that of infancy, inasmuch as it is sometimes marked with extreme imbecility) our feelings of regard and interest are called into exercise from different motives. Here we behold man, not a candidate for all the turmoil and vicissitudes of this transitory scene, for a fluctuating season to receive the smiles and frowns of fortune and the world, because these have already been realized and are passed; but he is contemplated on the low acclivity of life, just ready to disappear forever in

the dark vale beneath. The attentions bestowed upon him at this eventful crisis, are not to rear him up to buffet the tempest of secular scenes, or glide smoothly up the acclivity of life, but to render the pressure of years and infirmity supportable; and to tranquilize the mind that looks back with broken recollections and mingled feelings on all that has passed, and forward with anxious solicitude on the events of futurity. As it is natural to the mind of man, when engaged in the contemplation of infancy, to wish that this state may be succeeded by a prosperous and happy life; so, when administering to the wants and weaknesses of age, it is equally natural for every benevolent heart to breathe forth aspirations that the close of life may be calm and peaceful, and that the dark valley of death may be an avenue leading to a higher and more blissful existence. And as it is an almost infallible indication of a good heart and pure affections, to feel a deep interest in the opening dawn of life; so it will ever be regarded as one of the brightest traits in the human character, to pay proper deference to the aged, and treat their infirmities with sentiments and feelings of tenderness and compassion.

A ROMAN EXECUTION.

It is the practice in Rome, to heighten the agonies of a criminal, by the excitement of imaginary terrors. The fatal sentence is not revealed to him until the night before its execution. Suddenly at midnight, he is conducted to a room hung with black drapery; a skeleton, holding a scythe and hour-glass, starts from the wall, while, at the same instant, a deep sepulchral voice exclaims, "Thou shalt die!" From this moment, however, to the last of his existence, the offender is constantly attended by his "comforter." These comforters, who are masked, and are usually persons of high rank, avail themselves of these opportunities, to perform a meritorious and acceptable service, thinking, probably, that they can thereby expiate their own offences. Early on the morning of execution, several masked individuals, some of whom are usually men of rank, walk through the city with boxes, and collect alms for the condemned criminal. The amount thus collected is given to the relatives of the sufferer by way of compensation for their loss, and they are moreover conveyed before the hour of execution, beyond the city walls, and provided with meals for the day, to save them from all risk of witnessing a spectacle so trying to their feelings. The gallows is erected the previous evening in the Piazza del Popolo, and guarded throughout the night by Sbirri; and the door-way of one of the contiguous houses is hung with black, that the delinquent may receive there the sacrament immediately before his execution. On the following morning, the criminal, enveloped in an old cloak, was brought in a cart to the door-way hung with black, through which he passed into the house, and, immediately after his descent, the cart was crowded with spectators. After the sacrament had been administered, the condemned man was led to the gallows. He mounted the ladder, and the executioner, after fixing the rope, called out to him "Credisne tu in Jesu Christo?" The criminal answered in the affirmative, the hangman pushed him from the ladder, and stepped upon his shoulders to accelerate his death, then, sliding down the rope, he embraced, and kissed the dead man, according to the established custom, and in proof that he had entertained no malice towards the criminal. The fine proportions of the body were now admired and commented on by the surrounding Romans, many of whom exclaimed "Che bel morto!" after which they asked the foreigners present, how they liked the ceremony, (come piace, &c.) and now the blind poor proceed through the streets of Rome, describing the unction with which the criminal had prepared himself for death, and the fortitude displayed in his last moments.

ADRIANOPLE.

Adrianople, the second city in the Byzantian Empire, lies on seven gentle eminences, and occupies the site of *Uskadama*, the ancient metropolis of the Bessi. It was built by Adrian, and was named after that emperor; though by some it

was styled "*Orestia*," an appellation which Manet conceives to have been borrowed from Grecian mythology. It is well known in the annals of the Eastern empire, by the siege and devastation it underwent when attacked by Fritigern and his Goths in the time of Valens; by the pillages, to which it was doomed, when taken by the Bulgarians under Romanos; and by the passage of the Crusaders through it in the times of the Comnenes. In the East it is famed far and wide for the amenity of its situation, at the confluence of three rivers, one of which, the Hebras, is studded with gardens of roses and orchards of quinces, which yield an oil an extract of roses, vying with the choicest produce of Egypt and Persia. It is equally famed for its soap, quince-marmalade, sherbets, and confectionery; and though last not least for the personal endowments of its inhabitants. The charms with which both nature and art have thus endowed it, have been specially and frequently commemorated by Turkish bards, from whom it has received the name of the "*City of Commotion*;"—"a city, the beauty whereof, both as concerns herself and her indwellers, fills every heart with commotion!" Adrianople has been the cradle and last home of many a poet, dear to Turkish song; and this of itself is a circumstance which constitutes her principal attraction in the eyes of the Ottoman, who regards with singular veneration the shrine of the pious and the sainted, the learned and the inspired; and holds in far inferior estimation, the palaces, buildings, markets, mosques, schools, and bridges of this, the second city of European Turkey.

It was wrested from the sceptre of the Greek empire in 1361, being treacherously delivered up to Amurath I. Its present population is 100,000.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1829.

✂ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

✂ The length of the excellent article in our masonic department this week, rendered it necessary that we should use a smaller type than usual, in order to present the whole of it to our readers at once, without encroaching unreasonably upon other departments. We trust that the reader will give it an attentive perusal. The author is the Rev. TIMOTHY FLINT, one of the ablest writers in our country. He has taken a broad and comprehensive view of his subject, and drawn the character of the present excitement in the truest colours. The nervous and forcible style of Mr. Flint, and his habits of close reasoning, were peculiarly adapted to an investigation of this subject, and we doubt not his "Review" will have a salutary effect upon the minds of the community.

FRANCES WRIGHT, of whom all our readers have heard something, has been in this city, and delivered two lectures at the Athenaeum Hall—one on Thursday evening and another on last evening,—concerning what she considers the popular errors and popular vices of the times. Her audience was large and respectable on each evening, and her lectures were listened to with great attention and apparent interest. There was nothing very "shocking" in them; nor, indeed any thing which a man might not think out for himself, if he would set about it. They were plausible, and we have no doubt the lady believed she was doing the public a benefit by delivering them. These lectures, she says, are but the commencement of a course which she intends to finish next spring, when she will visit the city again for the purpose of endeavouring to get up a "*Hall of Science*," in imitation of the one in New-York, and others in embryo in Philadelphia and Boston. On a recent visit to the latter place she left with the "free inquirers" for the benefit of the "*Hall of Science*" that is to be, \$500, being the surplus of the receipts over the expenses of a course of lectures delivered there. "Free inquiry," she says, has been made the "turning point of the Philadelphia elections," of which matter we have our doubts, having no proof of the "*senses*" to support it.

It would be unfair to judge of Miss Wright's system of

"free inquiry," from the explanation we have heard of it. There seems to be much in it that is good, and something in it that is not good. In the lectures which she has delivered in this city, she has probably presented its best features. She said nothing about marriage, and very little of the Scriptures, though she did speak rather freely and severely of "theological teachers." Her notions of religion are offensive to a vast majority, and will not be tolerated. Men are not sufficiently Owenized to convert their churches into "Halls of Science," and to exchange the ministers of revelation for "practical philosophers." Miss Wright's theological notions are chimerical and impracticable; but concerning other matters she speaks more rationally and "with a learned spirit." We think that the good might be separated from the bad, and adopted, profitably to the present as well as the rising generation, and not only without injury, but beneficially to exciting religious institutions.

Miss Wright is, we should think, about midway between thirty and forty years of age. Her person is tall and well formed; her face, though not handsome, denotes health; her forehead is of about the usual height, and her eyes are bright and penetrating. Her language is chaste and well chosen; her pronunciation pure; and her enunciation clear, distinct and forcible. No one who hears her can deny that she is possessed of a superior mind, and that her reading is extensive. Possibly she has made some friends in this city, probably she has confirmed many in their preconceived unfavourable opinions concerning her doctrines.

THE TOKEN FOR 1830. We have had this beautiful annual on our table for some days, but have not been able to give it such an examination as we could wish. We have barely looked at its rich exterior, and its elegant engravings, and perused a very small portion of its various contents. In this partial examination we have found every thing to praise and nothing to censure. We may hereafter enter into a more extended examination of its contents. We delight not however, in fulsome praise, and it would be an ungenerous and thankless task, to carp at the trifling faults of so beautiful a book, and so fair a specimen of the literature and arts of our country. At present, we can merely commend **THE TOKEN** to the patronage of the reader, with the assurance that he will not be disappointed in his highest expectations. The engravings of the "Banks of the Juniata," "Chocoma's Curse," the "Lost Children," "Innocence," and the "Sibyl," are among the most beautiful we ever saw. See advertisement.

Honest John Cray, who has been nominated for the Senate by the political malcontents of the fourth district, was a member of the now defunct "Washington Benevolent Society." He hung to it till the close of its last gasp, wept over its manes, and then set up for a patent republican. Its principles are even now as dear to him as the apple of his eye, and it disturbs his serenity amazingly, even to hint at a recantation.

The **Toleration Ticket** has succeeded in Pennsylvania by thirty thousand majority! Had its friends manifested a zeal equal to that of its enemies, it is supposed the majority would have been twice as large.

The accounts from Europe say that Adrianople has fallen into the hands of the Russians, and that the Porte has acknowledged the independence of Greece.

From the New England Weekly Review.

SUNDAY MAILS. It is said, that the effort to stop the running of the mails on the Sabbath, is to be renewed at Washington next winter. We sincerely hope that it will prove abortive. We have not the least idea, that those gentlemen who are bent on carrying the measure into operation, have any design of subverting the religious liberty of the Republic—but we fear, that they are the dupes of their own amiable enthusiasm.

The Publick want their letters on the Sabbath as well as on other days. If the government has important intelligence in its possession on the first day of the week, that intelligence ought to be communicated, as soon as possible, to the persons interested. The government should be considered, in this matter, precisely as an individual. If any individual receives, on the Sabbath, a letter, which he thinks it important that his neighbour should read immediately, he does not hesitate to send it, notwithstanding the sanctity of the day. Why should not government do the same thing? Every Sabbath, the government has the charge of letters, of almost incalculable im-

portance to thousands and thousands of the citizens of the United States, and why should these letters be stopped?

A great deal is said about the disturbance created by a mail stage passing through the country on the Sabbath day. Nonsense. If the officers of government see fit to stop mail carriages on the Sabbath, let them, at the same time, stop all other carriages. This, the clamourers against Sunday mails would hardly like. Rather than go to meeting on foot, they would be reconciled to hear the clattering of a mail carriage on the Sabbath, every hour of the four and twenty. It is a little strange, that a man should be willing to disturb his neighbours with the noise of wheels, merely for the sake of going to church in handsome style, and yet look with horror upon a mail carriage passing through the country to relieve the anxiety and minister to the interests of tens of thousands. And which of these gentlemen that make such an outcry about Sunday mails, would not "loose his ox or his ass on the Sabbath, and lead him away to watering."

We do not wish to expose ourselves to the prejudices of the religious community, for we know that these prejudices can not fall upon an individual without grinding him to powder. Let the enemies of Sunday mails be charitable towards us, and we will be charitable toward them. If they will give us credit for not designing to subvert the Church, we will continue to give them credit for not wishing to subvert the State.

"EXCERPTS" FROM THE LAST NUMBER OF THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

When Spring had melted all the snow,
And streams had not forgot to flow,
A man went forth to plough and hoe,
His name was Ichabod Beverly.
Says Ich: "This year I'll raise a beet
Fit for a Congress man to eat,
And if it turn his temper sweet,
'Twill answer very cleverly."

Linkum Fudge.

Mr. Burgess, of Rhode Island, who lately beat his competitors for Congress "all hollow," and who was always famous for beating the table in illustration of his own oratory—he was once professor of oratory, has now beaten every body in Christendom in the size of his beat. [we use the Rhode Island orthography.] One of his constituents lately gave him a beat (it should probably read beet, but we take no responsibility upon ourselves—it is a part of the "American System," with which we hold no communion,) which weighs (we will try to get along (if we can) without further parentheses;) just 24 1-8 pounds. avoirdupois. This noble vegetable properly manufactured would produce more saccharine matter than Mr. Tristram Burgess ever had in his possession before, from his cradle up; and we can't help thinking that his constituent meant it for a sly hint to the member elect, that it would be as well to sweeten his temper a little in returning to his place in Congress. There has hitherto been acidity enough about him to turn milk sour to as great a distance as the Amsterdam Organ.

Schism in the Steam Faculty. Doctor David Rogers, a disciple of the infamously famous Samuel Thompson and a graduate in the art and mystery of steaming foils into purgatory upon the high pressure principle, has lately denounced Thompson, and published a pamphlet setting forth "some of the absurdities of the Thompsonian practice!" Rogers says he gave 20 dollars to Thompson, for the privilege of committing homicide in his peculiar mode, and he abuses his former master most deliciously, descants upon his ignorance (Lord help us Dr. Rogers, to look grave) and talks about his own skill in very dainty terms. He says he is a better physician than either Dr. Thompson, or the regular practitioners.—*Et hoc est paratus verificare.*—He gives certificates from Mary Smith and Peleg Briggs. Well, if Peleg Briggs has lived through the Doctor's doses of lobelia and red pepper, he would not be to blame for certifying to—a miracle. We wish these worthy Quacks all manner of prosperity in their new vocation of throwing mud at each other, and may they both be suitably rewarded by the public; which according to our notions of recompense, would be dosing them with their own physick, with a gentle recreation in a tossed blanket till it operates.

We wish our friends of the New-York Courier and Enquirer would help us to the pronunciation of that unutterable name of the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army now marching upon Constantinople. We presume they are *Au fait* in every thing pertaining to the present campaign but as for ourselves, we had rather storm Chumla than undertake the true pronunciation of Count *Diebitch*. A gentleman of our acquaintance whose present feelings are nearly as Turkish as those of our brother Editors in New-York, pettishly pronounced it D—db—ch, a day or two since. Is that right Messrs. Editors?

From the Northern Phoenix.

seLph Nominashun.

To all the anty-masonick and pyonere folks alecktures ov the kounty ov Kayugey.—Eye Jo Strickland jr a squar ov Sketer pint in the kounty of kauga, on this da nominate mi seLph phor Sherriffe, ive alwaize bin a anti masun tu the bak bone phor this aitty yearaze, and eye hav foils da jind the kold water ciety, and never mene tu drineck anny thing stronger arter this, than a littel something when i think eye am goin foj tu be sik eye never was jaler nor never was in jale bu tu or 3 times in awl my bourne daze; but am well ackquainted with the Sherrif bizzines. eye expected to hav bin nominated last sunddy nite at Orborne, but that darned kiever seller that tends the jale tukes the starte ov mee; but eye wonte giv it up yet, cause ive got as many frindze as he haz.—there iz unkel Dave, unkel Jon, Mozzes, Josiar, Jamze and fillip, and 40 more folks that hav got skripter namze, that wil go the holl bog phor me, that iz az tru az preching. my qualiphicashuns iz az gude as any boddyz—ive studyd dyvinaty sum, and phizzagogy and strelowgy

tu, which iz verry necessary phor a sherriff. Eye hav apinted unkel Dave the C. P. R. phor a commytty of viggilance tu promote mi aleckshun, and communkashuns phrom my frindz will be direckted to him. Awl anty-masonick and pianere pappers in this districk wil konfur a favor on thare frind by publishin mi nomanashun in thare pappers

your lavin frind,
Jo Strickland jr. asquire.

Sketer pint. nektober 5th, 1829,

"Nails in the coffin of Masonry." Such is the caption of a very comfortable article in the last Palladium, which no doubt was intended by the writer as the quiescence of anti-masonick veracity and wit. Take the following as a specimen.

"The former constituents of Col. R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky have demanded of him his opinion of Freemasonry, previous to accepting him as a candidate for Congress. Drive a nail there!"

Now, let it never hereafter be doubted that Solomon's thirteen in this county are really wise men; for it seems they have discovered that, though Col. R. M. Johnson was elected a member of Congress last August by a large majority, it is not too late for the anti-masons now to demand of him his opinion of Freemasonry, "previous to accepting him as a candidate for Congress." This, certainly, may be numbered among the most convincing proofs of the wisdom of the scull-cap tribe, and we shall wait with impatience to be informed, how it is, that an individual, already elected, can be called upon for his opinion upon an abstract question, "previous to accepting him as a candidate." The story of the man who locked his stable after the horse was stolen, is a mere joke to this. But nothing is too deep for the anti-masons, and the Wallkill will probably be soon set on fire from the "Snake" kill to Bunticee.

[Ulster Sentinel.]

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF JOHN V. HENRY, ESQUIRE. This eminent counsellor and much respected citizen, expired at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The death of Mr. Henry is a publick bereavement. Standing at the summit of his profession, after an uninterrupted practice of more than forty years, his great talents called constantly into requisition, and the most important causes claiming the assiduous attention for which he was distinguished, his life had become so closely associated with our legal proceedings, that the separation,—so suddenly, without warning or expectation,—is deeply felt throughout the whole community.

Mr. Henry was a profound and thorough lawyer, in the spirit and philosophy of the profession; and he leaves behind him few equals as a close and powerful pleader. The week before the last, he was heard before the court of errors, in one of his most able arguments, some say his ablest, in the important will cause; and although upwards of 65 years of age, his mental vigour seemed to have attained scarcely its meridian.

His death teaches a most admonitory lesson. Ten minutes before the attack, he was in high health. We do not recollect to have ever seen his step more firm and his physical powers apparently more vigorous than on Wednesday morning. He had just left the Supreme court room, and was passing down State-street, and when opposite Mr. C. Star's residence was seized with a sudden and alarming illness. He was assisted into Mr. Star's, where he lingered, nearly all the time in an insensible state, until the hour of his death. The disease is supposed to have been a suffusion of water on the brain.

To his family, the bereavement is irreparable as it is overwhelming; and our city mourns one of her ablest sons.

[Argus of Friday.]

On the 20th Mr. JAMES DUNN, of the firm of Douglass & Dunn, aged 32 years and 21 days.

THE TOKEN FOR 1830.

Published on Tuesday, and for sale by W. C. Little, 67 State street—THE TOKEN FOR 1830, a Christmas and New-Year's Present; beautifully bound in silk, morocco, and calf extra, of various colours.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

Vignette Title, drawn for the work by Inman, engraved by Cheney.
The Doomed Bride, painted for the publishers, by Inman, engraved by Hatch.
Chocoma's Curse, painted for the publishers, by Cole, engraved by Hatch.
Banks of the Juniata, painted for the publishers, by Doughty, engraved by Ellis.
The Greek Lovers, painted for the publishers, by Weir, engraved by Durand.
Sibyl, from a painting in the possession of Dr. Binney, by Guido, engraved by Cheney.
Grandfather's Hobby, after C. B. King, from a painting belonging to J. Fullerton, esq. by Sally, engraved by Galludet.
Schoolmistress, by Owen, engraved by Kelly.
Lost Children, by Scheffer, engraved by Cheney.
Innocence, by R. Westall, engraved by Felton.
Meditation, by —, engraved by Ellis.
Portrait of J. G. C. Brainard, painted for the publishers, by Tisdale, engraved by Longacre.
Genevieve, by A. M. Huffman, engraved by Andrews.

Among the contributors to the work are Miss Sedgwick, J. Pierpont, Rev. T. Flint, (author of "Francis Berman,") Mrs. Child, (author of "Hobomok,") N. P. Willis, John Neal, Grenville Mellen, Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, W. B. O. Peabody, S. Gilman, (author of "Memoirs of a New-England village choir," and many others. Oct. 24

POETRY.

From the Yankee, for October.

JUDITH AT THE TENT OF HOLOFERNES.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Night was down among the mountains,
In her dim and quiet manner,
Where Bethulia's silver fountains
Gushed beneath the Assyrian banner.
Moonlight, o'er her meek dominion,
As a mighty flag unfurled,
Like an angel's snowy pinion
Resting on a darkened world!

Faintly rose the city's murmur,
But the crowded camp was calm;
Girded in their battle-armour,
Each a falchion on his arm,
Kingly chief and weary vassal
In the arms of slumber fell;
It had been a day of wasail,
And the wine had circled well.

Underneath his proud pavilion
Lay Assyria's champion,
Where the ruby's rich vermilion
Shone beside the heryl-stone.
With imperial purple laden,
Breathing in the perfumed air,
Dreams he of the Jewish maiden,
With her dark and jewelled hair.

Who is she—the pale-browed stranger,
Bending o'er that sun of slaughter?
God be with thee in thy danger,
Israel's lone and peerless daughter!
She hath bared her queenly beauty
To the dark Assyrian's glance;
Now, a high and sterner duty
Bids her to his couch advance.

Beautiful and pale she bendeth
In her earnest prayer to Heaven—
Look again—that maiden standeth
In the strength her God hath given!
Strangely is her dark eye kindled,
Hot blood through her cheek is poured,—
Lo—her every fear hath dwindled—
And her hand is on the sword!

Upward to the flashing curtain,
See, that mighty blade is driven—
And its fall!—'tis swift and certain
As the cloud-fire's track in heaven!
Down, as with a power supernal,
Twice the lifted weapon fell—
Twice—his slumber is eternal—
Who shall wake the infidel?

Sunlight on the mountains streameth
Like an air-borne wave of gold;
And Bethulia's armour gleameth
Round Judea's banner-fold.
Down they come—the mailed warriors,
As the upper torrents sally
Headlong from their mountain-barriers
Down upon the sleeping valley.

Rouse thee from thy couch, Assyrian!
Dream no more of woman's smile—
Fiercer than the leaguered Tyrian,
Or the dark-browed sons of Nile,
Foes are on thy slumber breaking—
Chieftian, to thy battle rise!
Vain the call—he will not waken—
Headless on his couch he lies.

Who hath dimmed your boasted glory?
What hath woman's weakness done?
Whose dark brow is up before ye,
Blackening in the fierce-haired sun?
Lo! an eye that never slumbers
Looketh in its vengeance down;
And the thronged and mailed numbers
Wither at Jehovah's frown!

From the Token, for 1830.

TO A WAVE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

List! thou child of wind and sea,
Tell me of the far off deep,
Where the tempest's wing is free,
And the waters never sleep.
Thou perchance the storm has aided,
In its work of stern despair,
Or perchance thy hand hath braided,
In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave! now on the golden sands,
Silent as thou art, and broken,

Bearest thou not from distant strands
To my heart some pleasant token?
Tales of mountains of the south,
Spangles of the ore of silver,
Which with playful singing mouth,
Thou hast leaped on high to pilfer?

Mournful Wave! I deemed thy song
Was telling of a floating prison,
Which when tempests swept along,
And the mighty winds were risen,
Foundered in the ocean's grasp,
While the brave and fair were dying.
Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp
In thy folds as thou wert flying?

Hast thou seen the hallowed rock,
Where the pride of kings reposes,
Crowned with many a misty lock,
Wreathed with samphire green and roses?
Or with jocular playful leap
Hast thou been a tribute flinging
Up that bold and jutting steep,
Pearls upon the south wind stringing?

Faded Wave! a joy to thee
Now thy flight and toil are over!
Oh! may my departure be
Calm as thine, thou ocean rover!
When this soul's last joy or mirth
On the shore of time is driven,
Be its lot like thine on earth,
To be lost away in heaven.

From Gabrieli; a Tale of the Swiss Mountains.

THE SWORD SONG.

"Thou sword upon my belted vest,
Why glitters thus thy polished crest,
Kindling high ardours in my breast,"
From thy bright beams?—Hurrah!

"A horseman brave supports my blade,
Proud for a freeman to be made—
For him I shine, for him I wade
Through blood and death.—Hurrah!"

"Yes, my good sword, behold me free,
In fond affection bound to thee,
As though thou wert betrothed to me,
A first, dear bride.—Hurrah!"

"Soldier of Freedom, I am thine!
For thee alone my beams shall shine—
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Joined in the field?—Hurrah!"

"When the shrill trumpet's summons flies—
When red guns flash upon the skies—
Then will our bridal sun arise
And join our hands.—Hurrah!"

"O welcome union! haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay;
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To wear thy wreath.—Hurrah!"

"Why restless in the scabbard, why,
Thou iron child of destiny?
So wild, as if the battle-cry
Thou hearest now.—Hurrah!"

"Impatient in my dread reserve,
Restless in battle-fields to serve,
I burn our freedom to preserve
Thus with bright gleams.—Hurrah!"

"Rest, but a little longer rest,
In a short space thou shalt be blest,
Within my ardent grasp compress,
Ready for fight.—Hurrah!"

"Then let me not too long await—
I love the gory field of fate,
Where Death's rich roses bloom elate
In bloody bloom.—Hurrah!"

"Then out, and from thy bondage fly,
Thou treasure of the freeman's eye!
Come to the scene of slaughter, hie
Our nuptial home.—Hurrah!"

"Thus be our glorious marriage tie
Wedded beneath heaven's canopy;
Bright as a sunbeam of the sky
Glitters my bride.—Hurrah!"

"Then, forth for the immortal strife,
Thou German soldier's new-made wife!
Glow not each heart with tenfold life
Embracing thee?—Hurrah!"

"While in thy scabbard at my side
I seldom gazed on thee, my bride—
Our hands now joined we'll ne'er divide,
Ever in sight.—Hurrah!"

"Thee sparkling too my lips I press,
And thus my ardent vows profess—
O cursed be he beyond redress
Who parts us now!—Hurrah!"

"Come joy into thy polished eyes,
Let thy bright glances flashing rise—
Our marriage-day dawns in the skies,
My Bride of Steel.—Hurrah!"

From the London Court Journal.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps—the burning breath of war
No more shall wave his purple plume;
No watching by the midnight star
Shall chill the warrior's youthful bloom.
He sleeps—the hour of mortal pain
And mortal pride alike are past:
His blood is scattered on the plain;
His cheek is withering in the blast.

A thousand storms may wander there:
May swell a thousand battles' cry:
For earth he has no eye, nor ear:
Pain, pleasure, glory, pass him by.
He sleeps,—the brother of the worm,—
By thunder and by trump unmoved:
And is this frail and faded form
All that is left of all we loved?

No;—mourner kneel and weep no more;
That faded form is not thy love;
Its hour was come, its course was o'er,
The spirit winged its way above.
Life might have sunk, a long disease,
Or evil chance have stained his fame:
Or passion's hopeless agonies
Have smote his bosom like a flame.

But now upon his living glance
Are sights to which the sun is dim;
Earth lost in the sublime expanse;
All nature one majestic hymn.
And wouldst thou for his glory weep,
And grieve him with thine idle tear?
Love was not born in tombs to sleep.
See yonder heaven!—thy love is there.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, Secretary's Office—Albany, October 6, 1821. Sir—Pursuant to section 3 of title 3 of chapter 6 of the first part of the Revised Statutes, I hereby give you notice, that John Becker was this day removed from the office of Sheriff of the county of Albany, by the acting governor of this state. In consequence of said removal a vacancy exists in the said county, which it is proper to supply at the ensuing general election. The constitutional term for which the said John Becker was elected, will expire on the 31st day of December, 1821.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Dep. Secretary
To Conrad A. Ten Eyck, esq. Clerk of the county of Albany.

NOTICE—City and County of Albany, Clerk's Office, October 6, 1821.—A special election is to be held in the city and county of Albany, on the second, third and fourth days of November next, for the purpose of choosing a sheriff of the said city and county, in the place of John Becker, who has been removed from office by the acting Governor of this state, and a copy of the notice from the deputy Secretary of State for that purpose accompanies this notice.

Oct. 6 C. A. TEN EYCK, Clerk.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgeon's Instrument Maker, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 18 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished to the approved plan, and warranted to equal any other in use in the city or elsewhere.

Currier's Stools constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and on reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1821.

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, esq., on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the American Masonic Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 21 2 cents a volume. Sept. 6.

GROCERIES, &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of teas, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line, of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1820. 17 3m.

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1829.

NO. 40

MASONICK RECORD.

AN APPEAL

To the Inhabitants of Vermont, by Members of the Masonick Fraternity, present at Montpelier, at the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge, October, 1829.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Vermont, October 6th and 7th, 1829, the undersigned members of the same, with others of the institution present at Montpelier, for reasons which must be sufficiently apparent to those they address, deemed it expedient to vindicate themselves,—so far as their most solemn declarations could do so,—to every friend of republican liberty, but more immediately to the inhabitants of the state to which they belong:—And this they would do briefly by a submission of the following

APPEAL.

The attitude, fellow citizens, which a concurrence of circumstances of the most astonishing character, requires us to assume, however unpleasant to ourselves individually, can render us obnoxious to no sort of censure. The principles upon which the structure of this government rests, inculcate as a paramount duty, the presentation of dispassionate and candid, but fearless and decisive protests against the obtaining of any doctrines designed to subtract from, or restrict the exercise of, any, the least among the rights secured to every citizen of these United and Republican States. It would then be but the discharge of a duty, if we believe ourselves, as the free residents of this soil, aggrieved, our characters traduced, and our most innocent intentions calumniated; to stand forth, and claim from you the liberty of the free and perfect exercise of all those benefits, for the enjoyment of which, we stand to each other in the relation of mutual guaranties. They are identified with your own—indivisible in themselves—and the hand which would blot from the record of his country's freemen the name of the least among them—be he free from the retributions which the sanctity of the laws requires—would equally as effectually abstract the privileges attached to each of you. But beside the violation of personal immunities, which alone would constitute a sufficient warrant for us thus publicly to appear, we find an imperious requisition in the peril to which our republican institutions are exposed. Every individual among you, who will not openly and unqualifiedly assent to the proscriptive policy and anti-republican doctrines which the leaders of anti-masonry have inscribed, broadly and deeply upon their acts, is placed at once without the pale of benefits, and as effectually disfranchised as are the vassals of a despotism. You cannot but know that, contrary to every legal, moral, or religious principle, they have endeavoured to make a large and respectable association of individuals, numbering in their ranks some of the most distinguished patriots of the revolution, and statesmen of subsequent time, responsible for an act, respecting which, the bounds of probability are transcended, if it be said that most of them previous to its commission could so much as have even heard. This forestalling of the public mind, which is little less than a virtual annihilation of the judicial power, whatever the magnitude of the innovation, is but the inceptive step in the progress of this second Gallic revolution. The contagion must necessarily extend to every department of the government. The church is to be pruned of its excrescences which we are told have so long disfigured it; and as the cap-stone in this novel order of improvement, the military power is to be composed exclusively of conscripts from political anti-masonry.

Fellow citizens, in sincerity of heart, we are constrained to ask, what solemn event can, by any possibility, have occurred, demanding or even excusing this entire revolution in the polity of our government? So far as we are acquainted with the ostensible reason, it consists in a series of charges against freemasons, and those who, in the remotest manner, attempt a vindication of their cause.

From the first establishment of civilized communities in this country, until 1826, masonry existed in every section of it where christianity obtained, without exciting in the public either fear or jealousy; while the European despo-

tisms were continually harassing and oppressing its members, and in instances which have now become the subject of history, a complete interdiction was enforced, and not unfrequently the omnipotent aid of the inquisition resorted to, that the destruction of the institution might be effected, or its mysteries developed to the observation of the world. These efforts, we need not tell you, were utterly of no avail. At the latter period, the inordinate but laudable feeling which pervaded the public mind, because of a violation of the right of personal security, was manifested by members of the fraternity, no less than by others; and the former, as masons, and as citizens solicitous for the unqualified enjoyment of their privileges,—for immunity from harm, and as foes to every feature in disorganization, most heartily deprecated and denounced the lawless act.*

There were found in the vicinity where this abduction took place, individuals prepared to take advantage of the excited state of public feeling,—and instead of permitting it to take a course which, to all appearances, would have resulted in the ample satisfaction of justice, by the signal conviction and exemplary punishment of the guilty, and the consequent exoneration of the innocent from every imputation—were disposed utterly to divert its course, and change a holy demonstration of public feeling, into an engine for the erection of a distinct and anomalous party in politics; well knowing that in every faction, the pioneers, from inordinate zeal, entitle themselves indisputably to the spoils of victory. Hence every means was used to secure the end; and this single secret of political anti-masonry contains an invincible reason why we are compelled to obstruct ourselves upon the attention of our fellow citizens.

The consequence of this assimilation of leaders for political warfare, was the establishment of various presses, through which, as channels, every necessary slander, which the rankest malignity might require, could, with impunity, be poured upon the public ear. This having been done, were to remain silent, we should be guilty of inflicting no less an injury upon you than upon ourselves. For were we quietly to submit to the dispensation and dissemination of error, and suffer a political party to be built upon it, destructive to the liberties of the people, when we possessed the power of exposing the falsity of the representations, we should, to say the least, display an unwarrantable and reprehensible disregard for the safety of the free institutions under which we live.

As masons, we have been charged with being accessory to the abduction of William Morgan—with shielding masons from just punishment for crimes they may have committed,—with exercising an influence, through the masonic character, over the legislative, executive and judiciary branches of our government,—with tampering with juries, with exerting an influence for the political preferment of members of the order, because of their membership, in preference to others,—with various blasphemous practices,—with causing the death of a distinguished mason, lest he should dissolve his connexion with the order,—with holding or sanctioning principles at variance with religion and virtue,—and with the assumption of a power to judge an individual brother, by a law known only to ourselves, and inflict corporeal punishment, even to that of death.

To each and every of the above charges, as men whose characters are known in this community, and who rely upon a future accountability, we make reply. In the most solemn manner, we positively affirm that of each and all of them, we are entirely *guiltless*—and that masonry, so far as we are acquainted with it, in no way or manner, yields a sanction to the principles or practices which all, or each of them include.

As masons, we hold ourselves *guiltless*, in any manner, of the shedding of human blood,—*guiltless*, in any manner, of conspiring against the liberties or the privileges of the people, or endeavouring to monopolize an unequal portion of these privileges to ourselves, or to abridge the rights of others,—*guiltless*, in any manner, of impeding, retarding, or diverting the course of justice,—*guiltless*, in any manner, of an intrusion into the three great departments of our government,—*guiltless*, in any manner, of attempting to identify the subject with politics, or of mak-

ing the latter a matter of discussion or remark,—*guiltless*, in any manner, of performing any rite, or doing any act, immoral or irreligious,—and *guiltless*, in any manner of entertaining the remotest suspicion, that the life of a fellow being was subject to our controul. For the truth of these declarations, solemnly made, we have given you the strongest pledge which honourable and virtuous men have in their power to yield.

Nathan B. Haswell, Burlington; Philip C. Tucker, Vergennes; Luther B. Hunt, St. Albans; Sumner A. Weber, Rochester; Alex. Lovell, Vergennes; Thomas F. Hammond, Reading; Josiah Shed, Peacham; Martin Chittendon, Williston; Samuel C. Crafts, Craftsbury; George B. Shaw, Danville; Harvey Mansell, Bristol; John A. Pratt, Woodstock; Joel Page, Putney; Joseph Sawyer, Albany; Lot Richardson, do.; William Hadden, do.; Leman Judson Shelburne; John D. Webster, Berkshire; Homer E. Hubbard, Fairfax; John Wheelock, Hinesburg; Geo. W. Hill, Montpelier; Reuben Peck, Lyndon; Eleazer Baldwin, Stratford; Thomas Preston, Woodstock; Geo. W. Rice, do.; Jeduthun Loomis, Montpelier; Gideon Bingham, Troy; Oramel H. Smith, Joseph, Chelsea; Isaac Hill, Shelton; D. Azro A. Buck, Chelsea; Joel Winch, Northfield; Ira Owen, Montpelier; Daniel Lillie, Bethel; Oranum Partridge, Randolph; Arauah Waterman, Montpelier; Levi Smith, Duxbury; Sherman Cummings, Berkshire; George Robinson, James Dean, Ebenezer T. Englesby, Burlington; Abel Carter, Williamstown; Oramel Williams, Thomas Sargeant, Warren; Zenas Myrick, Bridport; David Patridge, Northfield; J. P. Burnham, Brookfield; Charles Nye, Cyrus Johnson, Berlin; Joseph Rayer, Barre; William Ripley, do.; Harvey Boyce, Northfield; Waldo W. Inalls, do.; Lucius Edson, do.; Samuel W. Davis, do.; Jonathan Lewis, do.; Benjamin Porter, do.; Samuel L. Adams, do.; Barzillai Danforth, Edward Jackson, Brandon; Joseph Warner, Sudbury; Silas Hall, Burlington; James S. Sawyer, do.; Samuel H. Pardy, Benson; Rodney C. Royce, Rutland; Stephen F. Sargeant, Putney; Luke Baker, do.; Sylvanus Baldwin, Montpelier; Cyrus Joslin, Waufield; William Eddy, Waterbury; Stephen Haight, Monkton; Jason Carpenter, Moretown; Parley Davis, Montpelier; Orange Smith, Montpelier; William Billings, do.; J. K. Parish, Randolph; William Barron, Bradford; Avery Jackson, Randolph; John Purdy, Rutland; Andrew Thompson, Jesse Hollister, John Herrick, Burlington; William L. Sowles, Alburgh; Jacob Burditt, Brookline; John M. Sowles, Vineyard; Simeon Eggleston, do.; Harry Hill, do.; William B. Linell, Kellyvale; John Harding, do.; Silas Lamb, Westfield; Norman Rublee, Montpelier; James Smith, Jr. Cavendish; Joshua Upham, Weathersfield; John E. Palmer, Barre; Reuben Kibbe, Randolph; John Munson, Williston; Rerah Willoughby, Fletcher; Erasmus Bostwick, Hinesburg; John Brainard, Troy; Frederick Fuller, do.; Gustavus Loomis, Montpelier; W. A. Prentiss, Jericho; John Winslow, Berlin; Harry Richardson, Montpelier; M. J. Doolittle, Burlington; Gordon Newell, Pittsford; John Kellogg, Benson; H. Thomas, Burlington; Job Lyman, Woodstock; William Pease, Charlotte; Joel Brownson, Richmond; Rufus Colton, Woodstock; Seth Austin, Bradford; Lewis Robinson, Reading; Noulas Cobb, Springfield; Sylvester Edson, Woodstock; Thomas Robinson, Chester; Hyman Holmberg, Shelburne; William Wainwright, Socrates Catlin, John Pomeroy, David Russell, Burlington; Timothy Hubbard, Montpelier; Charles Linsley, Lotin B. Fillmore, S. Solleck, Middlebury; John H. Cotton, Windsor; Joshua Burdhead, Williamstown; Nathan Jewett, Luman Rublee, Montpelier; Epaphro. Kamsen, Townshend; George Worthington, Montpelier; Francis Hoy, Castleton; Denison Smith Barre; Samuel Nutt, Hartford; J. P. Miller, Berlin; Jonas Clark, Middlebury; R. R. Keith, Montpelier; George C. Moore, Guilford; Aaron Barney, do.; Nathan Wood, Vernon; Philueus Bailey, Fairlee; Joseph Ellis, Newane; Paul Chase, Braintreeborough; Martin Field, Newane; Samuel Elliot, Braintreeborough; Daniel Kellogg, Rockingham; Samuel Goss, Montpelier; Charles Bulkeley, Berlin; Elias W. Cobb, Ebenezer Lewis, Simeon S. Post, Montpelier; Presbury West, Thetford; John Moulton, Asa Story, Randolph; Israel H. Smith, Thetford; Roswell Butler, Essex; Harvey W. Carpenter, Moretown; Asa Wheeler, Cavendish; George Chipman, Middlebury; Henry Whitner, Nathan Rice, John Vansicklin, Van Rensselaer Coon, Burlington; Josiah Silver, Danville.

From the Nashville Banner.

To the Hon. Cadwallader D. Colden—

I have just seen your letter to a certain committee, on the subject of freemasonry. It smells much of contrivance, between them and you, to afford you an opportunity of expressing the malignity of your heart towards that institution of which you say you have been a member. A little family, more pure than this professes to be, once had a *Judas* among its members. That one so large as this, composed of a vast multitude from among most of the nations of the earth, should have many, like yourself, is not to be wondered at. If you have ever passed through the grades of masonry, you must have done so, as a man once boasted that he went through college, by going in at one door and going out at another—without having your mind imbued with any of the principles that are there taught.

Names are nothing—principles are every thing. You may have been initiated into your name, and yet have none of the principles which it is intended to inculcate. Hence you denounce that which you cannot attain. You pay but a poor compliment to the patrons of the order, some of whom are the most distinguished men of this or any other age. In supposing that they had not "deliberately examined the merits of the institution," and that it was reserved for your all pervading mind to make the scrutiny, after having been a member for forty years, and having been decked by it with stars and ribbons—and saluted with its high sounding titles! It is too manifest, that now, in your old age, you are playing off the pranks of a demagogue, and under a popular excitement, and at the expense of principle, endeavouring to ride into office and power. You say you "have never known a great mason who

* See the proceedings of the Grand Chapter of New York.

was an *ad hoc* one—but afterwards, modestly defining the term *g. of masons* as one who is proud of his pompous title. Now how the fact can be ascribed that a person is proud of his title, and the badge of his office, but by receiving and wearing it, I do not know—and if it be evidenced in this way, from your own showing, you must have been the fool, the churl, of which, to answer your present purpose, you are willing so ungraciously to fix upon others.

That there are and have been unworthy members of the institution, your admission thereto, in connexion with the exposure of your *present* views of its principles and object, suffices to evince. But that it has existed for ages, and been cherished by the good, the great, and the patriotic of every age—and will exist and be cherished by such men, when you, and apostates like you, shall have sunk into contempt and deserved oblivion—there is, there can be no doubt.

A persecution may be attempted and a false and improper excitement, the flames of which you are endeavouring to fan—but instead of crushing the edifice, (and as well might a mouse attempt to crush a mountain,) it will be the means of uniting its members, who are worthy of being united, in the cement of love and brotherly affection—of expelling the dross from the crucible—and of fixing its foundation more permanently in the affections of the discerning and virtuous part of the community. Of the murder of *Morgan*, I, in truth, he was murdered, to which you so fully allude, you are constrained to admit, "that the fraternity did not participate in this crime." But "that the guilt of this transaction is confined to those infuriated men who assailed and slew him—and that they had no intention of taking his life when they first assailed him." Why this unmarked admission is opposed to the spirit and indignity which breathe through your address? Why but to screen yourself from the imputation? If an institution, or a body politic or corporate, is not amenable for the unauthorized and unlawful acts of one of its members and a proposition, which you, in effect admit—and the fraternity did not in any manner parake in this deed, by what sort of logic is it that from these premises, you arrive at the conclusion, that the institution itself is not "deserving the countenance and support of any good man?"

With regard to this atrocious act, if it were perpetrated, I would only remark, that *masons* feel as *indignant* at a deed with as much horror, as any other part of the human family. With regard to *Morgan*, since his name has been introduced, I would remark with a view to a parallel—that he, like *Judas*, betrayed, so far as he could, his profession, for money, but *you*, to something worse.

That abuses exist in many of the lodges, is probably too true—but that they constitute an objection to the institution, of the magnitude which you urge—would be to make the unworthy walk of some of its professors an objection to christianity!

Not content with other missiles, you have also levelled at masonry the shaft of *ridicule*. You say, that "as to the *science*, the whole scope of instruction goes no further than frequently to remind the brethren that the sun rises in the east, and sets in the west, and rules the day, and that the moon rules the night!" Now can you believe that you can find a community sufficiently credulous to believe the a sort of? And how could you make it, when you knew, if you know any thing on the subject, that the expressions to which you allude, only refer to the officers of a lodge, whose duty it is to rule and govern their lodge, imparting moral light and heat, as those luminaries rule by day and night, imparting natural light and heat!

You further say that you "have never heard of any other attempt to impart moral instruction, than that which could be conveyed by precepts like these—*as masons must live within the compass—walk up right as the plumb—must deal on the square*—and other such mystical advice." Now what may be comprehended by such other mystical advice. It did not suit your purpose to state—such as the inculcation of the principles of *faith, hope, and charity*, in the broadest sense, *patience, fortitude, love to God and man*. These are the rounds of the masonic and christian's ladder, the steps of which it is to be feared, you have never trodden. Freemasonry is a *moral and religious* institution, not opposed to the gospel system, but fully engrained in it—by which its members are bound together, by ties which the immoral and unprincipled cannot feel, and therefore they are not knowingly admitted within its walls. It is not, it cannot be opposed to the laws or the government under which we live: they are of paramount obligation. On the contrary, it enjoins obedience to them, and inculcates in the most forcible manner, most of the higher, and a lot of the relative duties. So far from its being true, as you allege, "that the whole machinery of the institution is peculiarly adapted to political intrigue," pollicks of every kind are expressly excluded, and never can be admitted within this moral temple. Here is no place for the political juggler, or the demagogue, and he generally chooses as you have done, to stay away.

As to the expenditure in the erection of masonic edifices, which adorn some of our cities—collected by voluntary contribution—I should not be urged to this day of expansive benevolence—when the spires of our churches almost reach the clouds—and when almost every moral and religious association, has its place in the altar, its temple.

I will not see one other objection, and for the present take my leave of you.

You allege as a fact "that the craft seldom separate without refreshment, and that it happens that more is taken than is necessary to repair the exhaustion of their labours, and too frequently, more than is consistent with *temperance*!" Now, if this were the fact how could it happen to be known to you, when, as you allege, you have not been within the walls of a lodge-room for some eight or ten years? How this fact may have been in some places, I cannot pretend to say, but this I can say, that I have never known it, that it is wholly inconsistent with the principles of the order, and that it is a good ground, where it exists, for suspension, if not for expulsion.

Temperance, with other virtues, in the lectures, is strongly inculcated, and in many places I know endeavoured to be enforced by example—and with temperance societies, which are getting up every where, I have no doubt the lodges will, as they ought, go hand in hand.

Where abuses exist, in any society, it is the interest and duty of every philanthropic mind to endeavour to reform them. But to denounce the institution itself and one which covers such an extent of surface, and embraces such a vast number, for the irregularities of a particular lodge which may deserve to have its charter taken away, or the wickedness of a few individual members, is to argue not like an inconsistent "fool" merely, but like a knavish fool. HIRAM.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

ON THE USE OF ACIDS FOR THE TEETH.

A notice of the beneficial effects of the use of vinegar, for cleaning the Teeth, has been very generally published in the papers of late; the following extract, in relation to this subject, is from "Le Dentiste de la Jeunesse," and was furnished to us by T. W. Parsons, M. D. Dentist of this city:—

In general, all the acids have the property of

whitening the Teeth; they act in the same manner as aqua fortis does upon marble, that is, by destroying its polish and solidity. An experiment, which every one might easily try, proves that the Teeth are softened by being put into acid liquors, and that the earthy and calcareous part, which constitutes their solidity, settles in the bottom of the vessel, in the form of a sediment. It is by means of the acids, in which the Teeth are macerated, that anatomists have succeeded in discovering their base; Hatchet, Pepys, Bezelius, Fourcroy, and the celebrated professor of chymistry, M. Vaugelin, have also had recourse to acids, for the purpose of analyzing the hard substance of the teeth. The ancients were not ignorant of the injurious effects which acids have upon the teeth. The prophet Jeremiah says, "Every man that eateth the sour grape his teeth shall be set on edge, and Solomon, who was not unacquainted with the physical sciences, observed an analogy between the action of smoke upon the eyes, and that of vinegar upon the Teeth.* We must acknowledge then, that the edging of the teeth constitutes the first degree of pain; and all the acids, vegetable and mineral, produce this effect. Vinegar is not then the only acids which deteriorates the teeth by rendering them white; all acid substances, which are capable of setting them on edge, have a similar tendency, such as *sorel*, lemon-juice, cream of tartar, and the mineral acids, in whatever form they are applied, and by whatever specious denomination they may be called. B Martin remarked, more than one hundred years ago, in his Dissertation on the Teeth, that acids corrode and calcine the Teeth, and, in time, they make them permanently yellow, he might have added, that, having lost their polish, they afterwards become black. I knew a lady whose Teeth had acquired the colour of horn, from the loss of the enamel, after having made use of an acid preparation for a long time, the dangerous consequences of which, by an express order, were publicly exposed in hand-bills in 1793, and by the Denmark Journals.

By what facility then, are the minds of men fascinated with these powders and tinctures, which have an acid base? I am sorry to say that, even in our time, there are Dentists who make use of these perfidious agents; for the purpose of cleaning the teeth. I am acquainted with several young ladies at boarding schools, whose teeth have been cleaned by means of a piece of wood, moistened with acids; their teeth were very white at first, but being violently set on edge, became at length carious and black; thus presenting an example of the bad tendency of this detestable custom. Let those Dentists, who use acids, content themselves with the use of instruments instead; which, when directed with address, never injure the Teeth; otherwise the evil consequences of this practice, will show the danger of the *cosmetick*, and they will justly forfeit the public confidence.

Sir John Sinclair has ascertained, by a series of experiments conducted under his superintendence, that permanent and beautiful colours in silk, cotton and woollen goods, may be produced from the flower of the potato. Sir John says, that these colours are "equal to the finest tints procured from the most valuable foreign materials, and in richness of shade they are likely, in some cases, to be even superior;" and he adds, that "it is a peculiar advantage attending this discovery, that the cutting of the flowers of the potato is not prejudicial to the plant; on the contrary, by preventing the formation of the seed or apple, there is reason to believe that it will add to the weight and improve the quality of the root."

PRESERVATION OF POTATOES.

Potatoes at the depth of one foot in the ground, produce shoots near the end of spring; at the depth of two feet they appear in the middle of summer; at three feet they are very short, and never come to the surface; and between three and five feet they cease to vegetate. In consequence of observing these effects several parcels of pota-

* Proverbs, ch. x. 2c.

† The pain is occasioned by a slight disorganization of the enamel of the Teeth, from the chemical union of the acid with the lime, an ingredient which enters largely into the composition of the enamel.

atoes were buried in a garden at the depth of three and a half feet, and were not removed until after an interval of one or two years. They were then found without any shoots, and possessing their original freshness, firmness, goodness, and taste.

[From the French.]

THE NATURALIST.

From the Encyclopædia Americana.

ANIMAL HEAT.

Animal Heat is that property of all animals, by means of which they preserve a certain temperature, which is quite independent of that of the medium by which they are surrounded, and appears rather to be in proportion to the degree of sensibility and irritability possessed by them. It is greatest in birds. The more free and independent the animal is, the more uniform is its temperature. On this account, the human species preserves a temperature nearly equal, about 96—100° Fahr., in the frozen regions at the pole, and beneath the equator; and on this account, too, the heat of the human body remains the same when exposed to the most extreme degrees of temperature; in fact, cold at first rather elevates, and extreme heat rather depresses the temperature of the human body. Fordyce and Blagden endured the temperature of an oven heated almost to redness, and two girls in France entered a baker's oven heated to 269° Fahr., in which fruits were soon dried up, and water boiled. A Spaniard, Francisco Martinez by name, exhibited himself, a short time since, at Paris, in a stove heated to 279° of Fahr., and threw himself, immediately after, into cold water. Blagden was exposed in an oven to a heat of 257°, in which water boiled, though covered with oil. There is also a remarkable instance of a similar endurance of heat by the *convulsionnaires*, as they were called, upon the grave of St. Medardus, in France. A certificate signed by several eye-witnesses, among whom were Armand Arouet, the brother of Voltaire, and a Protestant nobleman from Perth, states that a woman named la Sonet, surnamed the *salamander*, lay upon a fire nine minutes at a time, which was repeated four times within two hours, making, in all, 36 minutes, during which time fifteen sticks of wood were consumed. The correctness of the fact stated is allowed even by those opposed to the abuses in which it originated. The flames sometimes unite over the woman, who seemed to sleep; and the whole miracle is to be attributed to the insensibility of the skin and nerves, occasioned by a fit of religious insanity. These facts are the results of law of all living substances, viz., that the temperature of the living body cannot be raised above certain limits, which nature has fixed. There is also an increased flow of perspiration, by means of which the heat of the body is carried off. The extreme degrees of cold which are constantly endured by the human frame without injury are well known, and are to be explained only by this power in the living body to generate and preserve its own heat. The greater the irritability of individuals, whether from age, sex, peculiarity of constitution, the greater the warmth of the body: it seems also to depend, in part, upon the quickness of the circulation of the blood: thus children and small animals, whose circulation is lively, feel the cold least. The heat and the power of preserving it differ also in the different parts of the body; those appearing to be warmest in which there is the most copious supply of blood, as the brain, the head and neck, the lungs and central parts of the body. We see also, that when the irritability of the body, or any part of it, is particularly increased, the heat of the part undergoes a similar change. Increased activity and motion of the body, as in walking, running, &c., and diseases of increased excitement, as fever and inflammation, produce a similar increase in the temperature of the body. All this justifies the conclusion, that animal heat depends chiefly upon the irritability of the body, and is thus most intimately connected with the state of the nervous system. This view is confirmed by the late experiments of Brodie, who ascribed this power of the living body to the influence of the brain. He destroyed the brain of a rabbit, and kept up

the respiration by artificial means; but the heat of the animal regularly diminished.

THE TRAVELLER.

COLONY OF BEAVERS.

IN THE CANTON OF GRUNEBERG, DISTRICT OF MAGDEBURG.

Not far from the town of Barby, and on a small river, the Nuthe, and half a league above the point where this discharges itself into the Elbe, from the right side, a colony of beavers has been established for more than a century. The country is desert covered with willows, intersected by the Nuthe, which is extremely tortuous, and not more than six or eight yards in breadth; from time immemorial it has borne the name of *Biberlache* (beaver-ditch). Many couples of beavers are still living there, in spacious burrows, which are frequently thirty or forty paces in length, and, being on a level with the river, have two entrances,—one of which opens under the water of the river, the other upon the plain. These animals have also constructed many huts in the neighbourhood of their burrows, but these huts bear no resemblance to such as are described by travellers in North America; they are heaps of branches and trunks of trees, placed together without skill, and piled to the height of eight or ten feet. In autumn, when the instinct for building is most developed among these animals, they cover the branches with soft earth, which they obtain at the river, and push before them to the hut, by means of their breast and fore-paws. Thus covered in, their huts resemble ovens; they are not generally used for places of residence, but only serve to shelter them when the rising of the waters drives them from their burrows.

A naturalist who has watched their proceedings with much attention, never saw them construct dams, except in the warm summer of 1822, when the colony amounted in number to fifteen or twenty. At this time the waters of the Nuthe were so low as to have sunk below the entrances of the burrows which opened into the river. The beavers then selected a part of the river with a small island in the centre wherein to construct a dam; strong branches of trees were thrown into the water on each side of this eminence, and the interstices were filled up with earth and reeds; the work was so well executed that it raised the level of the water a foot. M. de Meyrinck, the naturalist, to whom we have alluded, had it destroyed several times, but it was invariably re-constructed, and always in the same manner, on the following night.

These beavers are never seen during the day, except when the waters of the Elbe rise above their burrows; they then lie upon their huts or upon their neighbouring willows. But if the height of the waters do not absolutely force them to quit their huts or subterranean abodes, they only come forth in the evening after sunset.

They swim with equal rapidity against the current, or with it; and according as they believe themselves in greater or less security, they raise only their nose and forehead, or their entire head and back, above water. When they have ascertained that there is no danger, they land and frequently go 50 yards from the river to cut with their incisors willows and aspens for their food, or young oaks and elms for their buildings. In summer and in autumn, they frequently swim to the distance of a league, but always return the same night.—In winter they go out only every eight or fifteen days to seek their food; during this season they close the entrance to their dens on the land side with branches of willow, the bark of which serves to support them. When the branch of a tree which has been cut off, is too much for one to move, several combine for the purpose; but usually they cut pieces two or three feet in length, and singly carry them to the water in their mouths, and not between their fore-feet, as some authors have believed. When eating they sit upon their hind-feet and they gnaw the young branches of willow or aspen by turning them rapidly in their mouths with the fore paws.

It is always close to the water that beavers take

their food; and, while eating, their faces are invariably turned towards the river. They never eat the bark of a tree or shrub which is standing, as others of the *Rodentia* tribe do; it is necessary for them to have the branches cut and separated. No difficulty repels them from the food which they prefer; for they frequently pass several nights in effecting the fall of a willow, from 12 to 14 inches in diameter. These animals generally cut much more than is required for their food and for their buildings; they have been seen to cut many trunks of willows without any branches, six or eight inches in diameter, and from which they could derive no advantage. M. de Meyrinck has not observed them eat fruit, although there was some in the neighbourhood; neither do they eat fish nor crayfish.

The beavers have produced their young by the month of April; at the age of two months, they follow their mother by swimming. They never bear more than three. At the end of a year, they are not taller than a hare, and do not reach their full size till after the second year.

The beavers are not so gentle as Buffon has been pleased to represent them; they have been seen to kill otters; females with their young have turned upon hunters, who were obliged to defend themselves; and a female was seen to bite her young ones, because they wanted to gnaw a branch of willow she was holding in her mouth.

THE GATHERER.

BURMESE TEMPLES.

In the Burman towns and villages the number of temples seem to exceed the number of dwellings, which is not unusual. The former are as splendid as gilding can make them, and the latter as humble as can be conceived from the frail materials of which they are constructed—bamboos, palm leaves, and grass. The wealth of a Burman, always insecure, is very generally expended on the luxury of temple-building. Religious merit, indeed, consists mainly in the construction of one of these huge, costly, and showy edifices; and is not considered as increased by building a durable one. No one ever thinks of repairing or restoring an old temple; and the consequence is, that in every part of the country may be seen half finished structures of enormous magnitude—the respective founders having died before they were completed.

[Crawford's Embassy to Ava.]

PETROLEUM.

Petroleum Wells supply the whole Burman empire with oil for lamps, and also for smearing timber, to protect it against insects, and particularly the white ant. Its consumption for burning is stated to be universal, until its price reaches that of sesamum oil, the only other kind used for lamps. The wells, which occupy a space of about sixteen square miles, vary in depth from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet; the shaft is square, not more than four feet each side, and is formed by sinking a frame of wood. The oil, on coming up, is about the temperature of ninety degrees of Fahrenheit. It is thrown into a large cistern, in the bottom of which are small apertures for the aqueous part to drain off, when the oil is left for some time to thicken. It is then put into large earthen jars, placed in rude carts drawn by oxen, and carried to the banks of the river, from whence it is sent by water-carriage to every part of the empire. By the number and burden of the boats employed in this trade, and the number of voyages they are supposed to make in the course of a year, the exportation from the wells is estimated to amount to 17,568,000 vis, of twenty six pounds and a half each. Thirty vis a-year is reckoned to be the average consumption of a family of five persons and a half; and about two thirds of the oil are supposed to be employed for burning.

[Crawford's Embassy to Ava.]

TURKISH JOKE.

When the Caliph Haroun el Raschid (who was the friend of the great Charlemagne,) entertained Ebn Oaz at his court in the quality of jester he desired him one day, in the presence of the Sulta-

na and all her followers, to make an excuse worse than the crime it was intended to extenuate; the Caliph walked about, waiting for a reply. After a long pause, Ebn Oaz skulked behind the throne, and pinched his highness in the rear. The rage of the Caliph was unbounded. "I beg a thousand pardons of your majesty," said Ebn Oaz, "but I thought it was her Highness the Sultana." This was the excuse worse than the crime; and of course the jester was pardoned.

BAD HABIT.

Sir Frederick Flood had a droll habit of which he could never effectually break himself (at least in Ireland.) Whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested any thing to him whilst he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection, he always repeated the suggestion *literatim*. Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish Parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration by declaring "that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord Lieutenant's favour,"—John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "and be whipped at the cart's tail."—"And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of uncontrollable laughter.

OUR GREAT CITIES.

In all our great cities, the females are more numerous than the males. The average of our six largest cities, Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New-Orleans, gives 109 females to every 100 males, while the average of the whole United States gives but 97 females to every 100 males, making the females in our cities about 12 per cent. more numerous than in the country at large. This great excess of female population in our large cities, is to be attributed in part to the fact, that many of the males are engaged in occupations in which there is unusual risk of life. Our seamen, for example, are taken principally from the towns on the coast.

This, however, does not account for the whole difference, for it is a singular fact, that in every one of the above mentioned cities, among the children under sixteen years of age, where of course the cause referred to does not operate, the females are more numerous than the males, while in every State in the Union, the fact is the reverse; and in the new states especially, the excess of males among the children is very great. In the states of Alabama, Mississippi, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, for example, all of which have been recently settled, there are among the children under ten years of age, 76,067 boys, and 70,033 girls; that is for every 100 boys there are only 92 girls; in the old states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and the District of Columbia, there 153 113 boys, and 153 384 girls; that is, for every 100 boys there are 97 girls; while in our six largest cities, there are, under ten years of age, 28 319 boys, and 28 223 girls; that is, for 100 boys there are nearly 100 girls.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Think how the dog, fond and faithful creature as he is, from being the most docile and obedient of all animals, is made the most dangerous, if he become mad; so men acquire a frightful and not less monstrous power when they are in a state of moral insanity, and break loose from their social and religious obligations. Remember too how rapidly the plague of diseased opinions is communicated, and that if it once gain head, it is as difficult to be stopt as a conflagration or a flood.

[Southey.]

CURIOUS POST OFFICE.

It is said, as the Isle of Ascension is visited by the homeward-bound ships on account of its sea fowls, fish, turtle, and goats, there is in a crevice of the rock a place called the "Post Office," where letters are deposited, shut up in a well-corked bottle, for the ships that next visit the island.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

LORENZO STARK.

Translated from the German of Engel, for the Ladies Magazine.

The young master Stark had given his word, to appear at the publick concert, and for this purpose had decked himself out in a light-brown velvet coat, with a gold embroidered vest. He had spent rather two much time over his dress, and now proceeded in great haste into the common counting-room, where the old gentleman sat beside the counter. Frederick! Frederick! Frederick! exclaimed he, whilst he tore open again with violence the scarcely closed-to doors.

God be with us! said the old gentleman; what is the matter?—and took down his spectacles.

The son ordered a light for the seals, threw himself down to his writing-table, and muttered to the old gentleman sideways the words: I have got to work—Letters to write.

So hastily? said the old gentleman. I have repeated it to you already so often: considerate and uninterrupted labour is of more avail than working passionately and by impulses. Yet it is true! 'Tis true! The sooner one gets rid of the work-table, so much the earlier—

One comes to the gaming-table, he would have said; but because Frederick then entered with a light, so he recovered himself, and swallowed the word.

To whom are you writing then? he began again after a little while.

To Everard Born in S*****.

The son?

The father's name is Augustus, not Everard.

Good! my compliments to him—I often think as yet of the journey last summer; wherein I became acquainted with him. He is indeed an excellent young man!

O yes! muttered the son to himself. Who were only like him!

A regular, industrious, gentlemanly man, born as it were for a merchant. Full of spirit, to undertake any thing, but not without consideration; in his external appearance so becoming, so simple, no friend to velvet and embroidery, and, what I particularly estimate in him—to gamster. I think he would yet lose the first Solo* in his life. If he ever indeed plays, it is not in cards, but with his children. Oh and the old gentleman, his father! who can be a father to him so entirely out of a full heart: he is a fortunate man!—I know fathers, continued he, in a little lower voice, who could sin against him, who could envy him.

Write, or—said the son, whilst he punched one pen after another on the table, and threw them away.

The old gentleman looked at him a while. Are you really quite as angry as it seems?

Who would not be so! muttered the son again to himself.

Am I perhaps the cause? Have I not hit your taste!—He arose and went to his son's table. I know, you are indeed, no friend to hints and allusions, and I can also speak plainly.

O there is no need of it, said the son, and wrote on.

The old gentleman took the pen gently out of his hand, cleaned it and laid it aside. See! he then began: it is ever from day to day a source of vexation to me, that I must have for a son a man of so liberal a head and of so narrow a heart. A man, who for his finery, his pleasure, who in Phombré and whist, trifles away one ducat after another, often also indeed, by the dozen: who but only yesterday again has played until night-fall; and who, if he should have a smart run of business, would perhaps be master of not a single dollar; a man, who ever continues single, because no match is rich enough for him; and who yet has always enough left to support a gig, to ride about, to act the cavalier, and to wear velvet and embroidery. I can not surely have done you injustice, he proceeded, after a short pause; for you cannot answer me.

O, I could, said the son, whilst he arose with passion; but—

Speak then! what hindered you?

* That is, he had never played: if he should play and lose, it would be for the first time in his life.

By Heaven! I am tired of living on so—O that I dared to hope that!

I am now, methinks, a man, and no more a child. Wherefore am I still treated as a child?

Son! son! there are old children.

I am attentive; I neglect nothing that is to be done; I never lose sight of the esteem and respect toward you.

Only obedience a little.

I conduct your business with honesty and fidelity; and yet—yet I cannot live a single hour in peace; yet is each moment of my existence embittered with reproaches without end; yet is every diversion, every poor pleasure grudged me.

You speak very harshly, but very true; every poor pleasure.

Poor—because it costs me nothing; or but a little. What have I then as yet lost, if I have lost?

The most costly thing we have: the time.

And shall I then have no enjoyment of my youth? Shall I always labour on as you do; support myself, confine myself even as you do? Shall I—

Now, why hesitate? speak out!

Shall I—save together by dollars in order to throw away by the hundreds?

To throw away, said the old gentleman, to whom nothing in the world seemed so insupportable, as that children should attempt to controul the free use of a self-earned property. Did I, indeed, think it, that the young man would yet become my guardian! To throw away! What do you mean by that. What do you call throwing away. Speak!—He went near him and seized him somewhat roughly by the arm. To hold open his purse to every honest man, who needs assistance; any thing like this!

Honest, said the son, with a moderately sunken voice; if they were all so!

O, I am still a little deceived. I comprehend my man first in the countenance, ere I give. And what do you call then throwing away—speak!

You lend to all—without having the least thing therefrom.

Fool! without having the least thing therefrom. He withdrew the hand from his arm, and gave him a look of contempt. I have this therefrom, to see that it goes well with my fellow-men. Do you consider this as nothing? And when at some future day they bear me down the long pathway (to the tomb) and I leave all behind me here, so I hope, there will be many a one to say with tears in his eyes: mercy upon the upright man! I have to thank him with my wife and children for my whole prosperity. I was in trouble, and I came unto him; then he helped up, and I was enabled to preserve my honour. With you on the contrary—Yet why stand I here and preach to the wind. Your head has at once its own philosophy; and would to God, that it were a more judicious one! But ever again to your work! Write! Write!

TALES OF TRAVELLERS.

The following fine specimens of the tales of travellers, taken from the last number of the London New Monthly Magazine, will afford amusement to our readers. The writer might, with great propriety, have added to his collection some of these beautiful truths in relation to our country with which English tourists have garnished their travels; that for instance, told, we think, by Veld, of a mosquito that bit through George Washington's boot. *Washington City Chronicle.*

Father Dominic Fernandez Navarette, a Spanish Dominican friar, who, in 1646, became resident in China, tells us that the bird of paradise has neither feet nor wings. Father Dominic viewed them carefully and could observe neither. They alight only on trees, moving as the wind wafts them, by means of long tails of various colours, and as fine as can be imagined. If the wind fails, they fall; and having a long bill, are precipitated head foremost into the ground, where they stick and are taken. The intestines are drawn out, dried, and preserved for their beauty.

"They look," says Father Dominic, "very glorious, and are beyond all nose-gays." He presented a couple to a great lady who had done him considerable courtesies. "I inquired," he continues, "after their nests, and how they hatched their eggs. They answered me, that the hen laid her eggs upon the cock's back, and there hatched them. I made several objections, but they could give me no more satisfaction. It is certainly so; it seems impossible, but is easy to him that made all things."

Another singular bird, called *Tubon*, lays an egg bigger than itself. After it is laid, the bird digs a hole, above a yard in depth, deposits the egg, and fills up the hole. The sun then takes the rest of the trouble: hatches the egg, and leaves the young bird to grope its way up to day-light. The moment it accomplishes this arduous undertaking, it trots off to the sea to pick up sea-weed. Father Dominic is certainly surprised at their not being stifled by the heat and weight of the superincumbent stratum, and at their strength in breaking through it. But as he sensibly observes, "these are prodigies of the Almighty's working." One of these eggs is enough to satisfy a good stomach, and the staler they are the better. If they have chickens in them, nothing can be finer or more delicious.

"In Congo," says a Capuchin missionary, "are sparrows which, in rainy weather, turn red;" and he adds, on the authority of Father Francesco da Pavia, that, on the way to Singa, are certain large white birds, with long beaks, necks, and feet, that dance as soon as they hear music. A bird not unlike a sparrow, which at a distance appears black, but on approaching turns blue, at day-break almost distinctly articulates the name of Jesus Christ; other birds then join in concert, being excited by a cross on the mountains, which got there heaven knows how; by the earth, which bears a fruit called 'Nicefo,' marked also with a natural cross. Another bird, supported by the testimony of Father Caprivi, sings in right Etruscan, 'Va dritto,' go right; and a third warbles in the language of the country, 'Vuichi, vuichi,' honey, honey. There is likewise a dark yellow bird, bigger than an eagle, that cries like a child." This might be a fitting ornament for a nursery.

In Java, the cassuary will swallow iron and burning coals, and keep them undigested a full twelvemonth in its bowels. In Brazil, the bats are as large as crows, and in the island of Catigban they are as big as eagles, very good eating, and taste much like a hen. George Spilbergen, 1614, captured two birds with heads like sheep, and combed like a cock; two ells in height, and three ells from the tip of one extended wing to the other. Along the Nile are little birds about the size of thrushes, that haunt the jaws of crocodiles. The cause appears to be this. Crocodiles devour beasts and fishes, and hence remnants of flesh and fish stick to their teeth, become petrified, and procreate worms. The crocodile leaves open his mouth, the bird enters and eats his fill. But at last, finding his teeth fairly picked, the monster, ungrateful to his benefactor, endeavors to devour him. The bird, however, is armed with a little stiletto growing from its head; and this it instantly thrusts into the traitor's throat, forces open the jaws, and frees itself from durance. Antonio Galvano, a Portuguese, tells us that in New Spain there are certain small birds named *Picmalim*. "They are greatly esteemed to work gold with. They die or sleep every year in the month of October, sitting upon a little bough in a warm and close place. They revive or wake again in the month of April, after the flowers be sprung, and therefore they call them the 'reviving birds.'" The celebrated Ferdinand Mendez Pinto reports, that the kingdom of Chintaleubos, which is eight days' journey across, was dispeopled by the infinite multitude of birds that covered it.

In the river Zaire, in Egypt, are found mermaids—the upper part woman, as we all know, and the lower, fish. Its head is round, and its face like that of a calf. It has a large ugly mouth, little ears, and round full eyes. Upon its back is a perforated skin, which seems to have been designed for a lady's mantle, and so, contrived as either to open or shut. Its bones staunch blood, and the Capuchin Merolla da Sorrento has eaten of this creature very frequently. It tastes like swine's flesh; lives upon herbs growing by the water's edge, and permits only its human part to be visible. Columbus himself is said to have seen three mermaids at once, with an extraordinary fish, as large as a whale, which had on its neck a shell like that of a tortoise. Its head, resembling a hog'shead, was lifted out of the water.

The worthy William Davies, also, barber-surgeon of London, who quitted England on the 23th

of January, 1597, relates that "Morria is a small low island, lying in the river of Amazonas, the highest part of the West Indies. This island is altogether inhabited by women, having no mankind amongst them; they go altogether naked, using bows and arrows for the killing their food.—The hair of their head is long, and their breasts hang low. And whereas many here in England do imagine that they have their right breast seared and cut off, it is no such matter now; what hath been in times past I know not," which is a very sagacious observation. He had also seen very good oysters and muscles growing upon trees, and had eaten many a hundred of them. So also did Obwer, Noore, a Dutchman, in 1665, in Guinea.—The trees bore oysters three times a year; but he believed that they had been there "since Noah's flood, when

*Piscium et summa genus hæsiti nlm
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis;*

the fish got their way into the sea again." Equally remarkable is another fact recorded by Master Davies, the barber-surgeon; for at Naples he saw the tomb of "one Virgil, a learned man."

We are sure that nothing told for truth was ever more "ridiculously vain" than the story which we subjoin. "Returning through the deserts," says a Minorite Friar, one John de Plano Carpi, "they came into a certain country wherein (as it was reported unto us in the Emperor's court, by certain clergymen of Russia and others, who were long time among them, and that by strong and and steadfast affirmation) they found certain monsters resembling women; who, being asked by many interpreters where the men of that land were, they answered, that whatsoever women were born there, were endued with the shape of mankind, but the males were like unto dogs. And delaying the time in that country, they met with the said dogs on the other side of the river. And in the midst of sharp winter they cast themselves into the water. Afterward, they wallowed in the dust upon the main land, and so the dust being mingled with water, was frozen to their backs; and having oftentimes so done, the ice being strongly frozen upon them, with great fury they came to fight against the Tartars. And when the Tartars threw their darts, or shot their arrows among them, they rebounded back again as if they had lighted upon stones; and the rest of their weapons could by no means hurt them. Howbeit the dogs made an assault upon the Tartars, and wounding some of them with their teeth, and slaying others, at length drove them out of their countries. And thereupon they have a proverb of the same matter as yet rife among them, which they speak in jesting sort to one another, 'My father, or my brother was slain of dogs.' The women they took they brought into their own country, who remained there till their dying day."

MISCELLANY.

CHINESE BURIALS.

A series of numbers have appeared in the Boston Courier, under the title of "Recollections of China," that are well worth perusing. The only drawback we have felt, as to their republication, has been whether or not the circumstances they profess to record, are to be regarded as facts or fiction. Our intercourse with China is limited; and from the very nature of her institutions, our knowledge of her manners and customs of that people must be partial and incomplete. But whatever may be our impressions as to the general character of the people, included to, and whatever proportion of fancy we may suppose to be interwoven in the narrative, still there is a flow of sentiment in the conclusion of the extract subjoined, that must have found a response in every feeling heart.

[N. Y. Statesman.]

The Chinese, if they do not much reflect upon a future state, have yet a great desire to be buried in a good coffin; and in some this amounts to such a passion that their life passes like a silk worm's, in the preparation of something fine to cover themselves when they are dead. They have also a careful eye to the coffin of a friend, and a son will sell himself to slavery to buy a good one for his father, whom perhaps he neglected while alive, as in occidental countries we raise monuments to genius, when it is dead, that we suffered to languish in want while it lived. Where the coffin is splendid, the funeral is, of course, magnificent; and if a family is unable to bury its dead in a suitable, that is, in a sumptuous manner, the bodies are kept

sealed and glazed in the coffin, until more favourable times, it may be for twenty years.

In a country where death is so much honoured, there must be a code of funeral ceremonies. The first part of a funeral is somewhat like an Irish burial, and consists in howling; in which all the mourners and friends are expected to bear a part. After a few howls, judiciously varied, come refreshments and tea. The funeral procession is led by musick, and has banners, streamers and images. The eldest son walks with a stick, as if to intimate that he is overcome with grief. Their dead are buried in places that do no more credit to the living than our sombre grave yards. It is an amiable weakness in the survivors to suppose that their deceased friends may be gratified with a tomb in a pleasant spot;—some airy hill, shaded with trees, where they themselves may linger to muse and commune in spirit with the departed. When a friend is dead, it strikes upon our hearts to remember how we misprized him and how ill we requited his kindness. We forget his failings before we have covered him with earth, and remember only what is amiable. We recal the thousand times that he preferred our happiness to his own, and our harsh return for what was kindly meant. He is beyond the reach of our vain regrets and late remorse; but it is some relief to a wounded spirit to lay him in a shaded spot, and "manibus plenis" to scatter flowers upon his grave. Excuse me for this digression, but I feel that I write. I am myself lacerated by this vain regret, and late remorse. I would give ten years of life that I might recall from death for one month, a friend who never knew how much I loved him, if he judged me with half the severity with which I now condemn myself. He lies in the deep sea, where flowers cannot be scattered, or inscriptions graven, and I have no monument for him but these lines of self reproach, that I have written in sorrow, and you will read with indifference.

From the London Court Journal.

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

A romance of real life connected with this obsolete wonder, is sufficiently striking in its incidents to deserve recording. The daughter of count B., a Hanoverian nobleman, having formed an imprudent attachment, which was opposed by the wishes of her whole family, took occasion to elope with the object of her affection; with whom, after various vicissitudes on the continent, she was persuaded to visit England. For some weeks the fugitives were detained at Dover by want of funds to proceed on their journey; and when at length their remittances arrived, the seducer found it more agreeable to return alone to Germany, than to proceed with his mistress to London. He sailed clandestinely on board the first packet; and the abandoned Ariadne, resolving to seek the protection of the Hanoverian minister, took her solitary way to town, and chanced to arrive at Canterbury in the midst of the tumult of the fair. A pedestrian traveller is not nice in the selection of hotels; and in the inn, where the young Countess accidentally took up her rest, the proprietor and mechanism of the invisible girl were also deposited for the night. The Hanoverian was young, beautiful, and accomplished; and withal pennyless and hungry; the proprietor acute and prosperous, and in especial want of an expert linguist to assist in his deceptions. A compact, advantageous to both parties, was quickly arranged. He promised a father's protection, and food, and a due proportion of pounds sterling; while the young Countess agreed to furnish "an airy tongue to syllable men's names" in half the languages of Europe.

Meanwhile her two brothers, burning with anxiety to rescue her from the hands of the adventurer who had beguiled her from her family, set forth from Hanover,—traced her from place to place, from town to town,—from France to England; till at length they were startled at Dover, by tidings of the desertion and wretchedness which had befallen her, and lost at the same time all traces of her route. They resolved, however, to prosecute their search through the metropolis; and during several months the young foreigners occupied themselves in visiting every obscure retreat conse-

crated to the destitute and the miserable in the city or its suburbs,—but in vain. At length, when time had in some measure reconciled them to the event, and wholly dissipated their expectations of success, they agreed to pass away a vacant hour in a visit to the invisible girl, where Adelheid, at her post behind a crevice, was stationed to satisfy the inquiries of the curious. The astonishment, and terror, and interest which overcame her startled feelings may be easily imagined; but with matchless presence of mind she determined to ascertain the disposition of her brothers towards herself, and to plead her own cause by a seemingly preternatural ministry.

"Who are we?" was the first question of the strangers,—a question satisfied with miraculous accuracy. "What has brought us to England?" was the second demand. "A desire of vengeance against one who has disgraced her family." "And where, supposing your opinion a just one,—where shall we find the dishonoured object of our search?"—"Providence, which has hitherto watched over the destinies of the unhappy Adelheid, will not abandon her to undeserved chastisement. Till you are moved to a more merciful view of her sufferings, no trace of her actual condition will be revealed to you." "But you are mistaken, mighty wizard: our intentions are of a milder nature. Your art should have instructed you that we are come to support, to sustain, to defend our sister; to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and restore her to the anxious affection of her parents."

The termination of this interesting scene may be easily conjectured; and the personages of the little drama are still living in prosperity and happiness at Hanover, where the Countess Adelheid still retains the name of "the Invisible Girl."

COMMERCE OF THE JEWS.

From the Family Library.

It appears from all historical data, that, during the reign of Solomon, almost all the commerce of the world passed into his territories. The treaty with Tyre was of the utmost importance: nor is there any instance in which two neighbouring nations so clearly saw, and so steadily pursued, without jealousy or mistrust, their mutual and inseparable interests. On one occasion only, when Solomon presented to Hiram twenty inland cities which he had conquered, Hiram expressed great dissatisfaction, and called the territory by the opprobrious name of Cabul. The Tyrian had, perhaps, cast a wistful eye on the noble bay and harbour of Acco, or Ptolemais, which the prudent Hebrew either would not, or could not—since it was part of the promised land—dissever from his dominions. So strict was the confederacy, that Tyre may be considered the port of Palestine, Palestine the granary of Tyre. Tyre furnished the ship-builders and mariners; the fruitful plains of Palestine victualled the fleets, and supplied the manufacturers and merchants of the Phœnician league with all the necessaries of life. This league comprehended Tyre, Aradus, Sidon, perhaps Tripolis, Byblus, and Berytus; the narrow slip of territory which belonged to these states was barren, rocky, and unproductive. The first branch of commerce into which this enterprising people either admitted the Jews as regular partners, or at least permitted them to share its advantages, was the traffick of the Mediterranean. To every part of that sea the Phœnicians had pursued their discoveries; they had planted colonies and worked the mines. This was the trade to Tarshish, so celebrated, that ships of Tarshish seem to have become the common name for large merchant vessels.

Tarshish was, probably, a name as indefinite as the West Indies in early European navigation; properly speaking, it was the south of Spain, then rich in mines of gold and silver, the Peru of Tyrian adventure. Whether or not as early as the days of Solomon,—without doubt in the more flourishing period of Phœnicia, before the city on the mainland was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and insular Tyre became the emporium, the Phœnician natives extended their voyages beyond the pillars of Hercules, where they founded Cadiz. Northward they sailed along the coast of France to the British isles; southward along the African shore, where the boundaries of their navigation

are quite uncertain, yet, probably, extended to the Gold Coast. The second branch of commerce was the inland trade with Egypt. This was carried on entirely by the Jews. Egypt supplied horses in vast numbers, and linen yarn. The valleys of the Nile produced flax in abundance; and the yarn according to the description of the prudent housewife in the Proverbs, was spun and woven by the females in Palestine. The third, and more important branch, was the maritime trade in the Red Sea. The conquests of David had already made the Jews masters of the eastern branch of this gulf. Solomon built or improved the towns and ports of Elath and Eziongeber. Hence a fleet manned by Tyrians, sailed for Ophir, their East Indies, as Tarshish was their west. They sailed along the eastern coast of Africa, in some parts of which the real Ophir was, probably situated. When the Egyptians under Necho, after the declaration of the Israelitish kingdom, took possession of this branch of commerce, there seems little reason to doubt the plain and consistent account of Herodotus, that the Tyrians sailed round the continent of Africa. The whole maritime commerce, with eastern Asia, the southern shores of the Arabian peninsula, the coasts of the Persian gulf, and, without doubt, some parts of India, entered, in the same manner, the Red Sea, and was brought to Elath and Eziongeber.

Yet even this line of commerce was scarcely more valuable than the inland trade of the Arabian peninsula. This was carried on by the caravans of the native tribes, who transported on camels the spices, the incense, the gold, the precious stones, the valuable woods, particularly the almug, thought to be the sandal, and all the other highly-prized productions of that country; perhaps all the foreign commodities which were transported across the Persian gulf, or which were landed, by less adventurous traders from the east, in the Arabian ports on that sea. Both these lines of commerce flowed directly into the dominions of Solomon. Those goods which passed on to Tyre were, not improbably, shipped at Joppa. Two of the towns which Solomon built, Gezer and lower Bethoron, were nearly on the line from the Red Sea to that haven. This traffick was afterwards recovered by the Edomites, under the protection, or sharing its advantages with the Egyptians; still, however, the Tyrians were most likely both the merchants who fitted out the enterprises and the mariners who manned the ships. The goods intended for Tyre were then, most probably, shipped at Rhinocorura. Under the Romans the Nabathean Arabs carried on the same traffick, of which their great city, Petra, was the inland emporium; at least that by the caravans, for the Ptolemies had diverted great part of the Red Sea trade to their new port of Berenice. A fifth line of commerce was that of inland Asia, which crossed from Assyria and Babylonia to Tyre. In order to secure and participate in this branch of traffick, Solomon subdued part of the Syrian tribes, and built two cities, as stations, between the Euphrates and the coast. These were Tadmor and Baalath, one the celebrated Palmyra, and the other Baalbec. After the desolating conquests of Assyria, and the total ruin of old Tyre, this line of trade, probably, found its way to Sardis, and contributed to the splendour of Croesus and his Lydian kingdom. It was from these various sources of wealth that the precious metals and all other valuable commodities were in such abundance, that, in the figurative language of the sacred historian, "silver was in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar-trees as sycamores."

From the Baltimore Minerva and Emerald.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

She was but sixteen years of age. Her long black eye lashes shadowed the finest eyes in the world; a plain gingham frock encumbered her form, and simplicity ornamented her comely corsage. She was observed by the blighting eye of man—the eloquence of love fell upon her, and she blushed a consent.

A year, and her destiny was changed! She forsook her native village, her old father, and exchanged her modest dress for the gorgeous trap-

pings of fashion. Balls and theatres were familiar to her, and he who had first caused her heart to palpitate, was remote from her thought.

Fortune continued to smile upon her—the most splendid dresses adorned her person, and the greatest luxuries could scarcely satisfy her extravagance. Wealth, diplomacy and elegance, contribute to embellish her magnificent palace. In the centre of fashion, she was the great attraction; she was waited for, and her arrival was the signal for pleasure. Yet, not one glance did she give to the past; but sought forgetfulness. Her family, the companions of her childhood, her native place, all were forgotten in the giddy vortex of dissipation. Pleasure was all she sought!

One evening, after a sumptuous dinner, she recollected that on that very night a new opera was to be performed; a *prima donna* of great reputation was to sing. "All Paris will resort thither," said she, "it is only ten o'clock, and I can get there in time—no matter for the play or the singer! To show myself, if it's only for a minute is all I desire."

She called for her horses, and giving orders to the driver to put them to speed, departed.

At the corner of a street a poor old man who was labouring to get to his lodgings was overthrown by the splendid equipage. The cries of the unfortunate wretch brought the mob around him; they seized the reins of the horses and raised the wounded man from the ground. The spark of life still lingered, the clamour of the populace arose to its highest degree, and a thousand imprecations were heard.

"A few pieces of gold will doubtless silence this tumult," said she, lowering the glass and looking out upon the crowd. At that moment the old man uttered a last groan, and expired! A glare of light from one of the lamps fell upon his blood-stained visage—she recognised the features—it was her father!

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1829.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume

☞ The "Appeal" published in our masonick department to-day, is signed by ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY of the most respectable citizens of Vermont. Among them are the Governor of the state (re-elected at the last election), the speaker of the House of Assembly, and many other distinguished individuals. What will the proscriptionists say now—are all these gentlemen "liars" and "cut-throats"?

ANTI-MASONICK ADDRESS. The National Observer of yesterday contains an address to the "free electors of the county of Albany," set forth in flaming type, and signed by twenty anti-masons—being four less than attended the celebration on the eleventh of September. The remaining four, together with a new convert, are candidates for offices. The "free electors" of the county will probably vote just as they would if this "address" had not been published or thought of; some of its charges, however, are so truly anti-masonick, and presuppose such an enormous gullibility in the reader, that we shall present a few passages of it, as much as curiosities, as to offer a few remarks thereon. The authors of this address have as much right as other political scribblers, to put forth sound for substance, on the eve of an election; but they make an unreasonable draft upon the charity of the community, when they pretend to advance the following with good motives:

"But in the presence of masonry, these [political] distinctions are nothing; for masonry usurps all authority;—claims the control of every branch of public and private affairs, and leaves to the mass of the people nothing but submission and degradation."

These shallow and stale charges eke out the second paragraph. There is not a word, either before or after, advanced by way of proof. To make the charge seems to have been all that was considered worthy of attention by the truth-loving inquisitors. To deceive the honest electors of the county, if possible, was the object; and so long as a vote might be gained, it was a matter of indifference to them whether it were gained by fair or by foul means. Their allegations are contradicted by every man's experience. No

one who values his character for veracity, can say that masonry ever "usurped" any "authority;" or ever exercised any, except for the good of mankind, and where it has a legitimate right to exercise it, within the walls of a lodge, and over the hearts of its disciples, to soften their asperities and enforce good works. It is equally true and equally incontrovertible, that masonry does not, and never did "claim the control" of any "branch of public" or "private affairs." The assertion to the contrary is made in the face of truth, and could emanate only from a corrupt heart and determined malignity. The people of this country never did and never will "submit" to any thing but laws of their own making; and the hint at their degradation will call forth their smiles for its folly, and their contempt for its arrogance. The next paragraph is as follows:

"Whence comes that tremendous power which dared to stand forth in the face of a people called free, and insult them with the rating of chains? Are masons elected as such by the people? Do they render an account of their administration? Are their suits and deliberations in public? Is the press free to discuss their merits? And yet this same masonry has openly boasted that it controls the Legislature, the Executive Desk, the enterprises of Government, and business transactions of mankind; that it is nothing from public or private violence, and as every means to counteract opposition, to defeat and to punish it. These boasts have been true: these have justified them, and they will become more verified in the extinction of our liberties, unless we raise and defend ourselves."

It is a question whether the first sentence of the above paragraph is to be taken as seriously meaning something, or merely as an evidence of the author's rhetorical ability. "That tremendous power" is probably intended to signify what would be expressed in plain prose by the word "masonry;" and, as we never before heard that the institution was in the habit of "rattling chains" in the face of any "people," whether or not "called free," we must dismiss the sentence as containing a wonderful discovery, or as being a poetical feat, *a la patriot Phelps*. As to the subsequent questions, no one contends that "masons are elected as such by the people"; and they as much "render and account of their administration," and as much "sit and deliberate in public," as ecclesiastical synods, or literary and scientific societies. Their festivals are celebrated "in publick," their orations and addresses are delivered "in publick;" their constitutions, rules and regulations are printed and open to the inspection of all; and every year are the proceedings of the parent bodies published, and he who likes may read them. Societies as well as individuals, have private transactions in which none but themselves are interested, and they undoubtedly have a right to be silent "in publick" with respect to these transactions. It is unmanly to meddle with them; and it is unjust to interpret them so as to favour the interests of office seekers, or gratify the prejudices of the multitude. The argument intended to be urged by these questions, might be urged with equal propriety against the members of every family, of every religious body, and of all societies which do or ever did exist. It is a new system of morals to say, that because men do not trumpet their private affairs to the world, they are necessarily vicious. Besides, this noisy fear of secrecy does not seem honest in men, one of whom, at least, is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society, and all of whom are supporters of others, who still adhere to the Washington Benevolent Society.

The question relative to the press can have but one answer, and that is a plain affirmative. The moanings of their favourite vehicle in this city should ere this have convinced the twenty sponsors of the question, that this community at least know how to distinguish between freedom and licentiousness. If it be freedom to call every honest man who differs with you in opinion, a "murderer," a "kidnapper," a "wretch," a "perjured scoundrel," and the like, then is the National Observer the only free paper in the city; and if it be proper to fill a sheet twice a week with matter which can not instruct, but only insult and irritate the reader, then is the National Observer a marvellous proper paper. But we think that every man who respects the peace and character of society, will deprecate the extension of such "freedom" and such "propriety."

The penultimate sentence was evidently invented to support the last, and contains as many falsehoods as could conveniently be expressed by the same number of words. It is not true that masonry boasts of such control; on the contrary, she disclaims even the desire to exercise it.

N. B. The Patentee now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 183 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy.

CHESTER JOHNSON.

New-York. 1839. 40 x 1

POETRY.

TO A SKYLARK.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pour'st thy full heart
 In profuse strain of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
 In the golden lightning,
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
 The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,—
 Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.
 All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.
 What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
 Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidded,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:
 Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With musick sweet as love, which overflows her bower:
 Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unobtruded
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;
 Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves;
 Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy musick doth surpass:
 Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard,
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.
 Chorus Hymenæal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.
 What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?
 With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor can not be.
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.
 Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell the saddest thought.
 Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.
 Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!
 Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow.
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

From the New-England Galaxy.

THE EVENING STAR.

Shine on—shine on, thou pure, pale star—
 Thy race is but begun.
 Yet often peace has changed to war,
 And tears have tracked the victor's car,
 Since first thy course was run.
 And yet thou shinest calm and bright,
 At early evening hour,
 As if thy soothing, tranquil light,
 Had only lingered, night by night
 Upon some gentle flower.
 But streaming eyes have gazed on thee,
 Which now are dull and cold—
 And hearts have bounded, light and free,
 And songs have echoed merrily,
 Beneath thy beams of old.
 And thou hast guarded peaceful sleep—
 And poured thy gentle ray,
 Where stern Enthusiasts, vigil keep;
 Where Sorrow shrinks away to weep,
 Or Misery, to pray.
 And thus thou shinest, year by year
 Upon this world of change.
 On childhood's smile, on age's tear,
 On youth, on manhood—on the bier,
 E'en in thy narrow range.
 So I must gaze, as others have,
 Upon thy joyous face,
 Until Time's never tiring wave,
 Shall heave its swell above my grave—
 Last refuge of our race.
 Yet thou shalt have thy time of doom,
 Thine hour to pass away;
 Thy brightness shall be wrapt in gloom;—
 The shades of an eternal tomb,
 Shall darken thy decay.
 Thou shalt be blotted from thy sphere,
 Without or fade, or wain—
 For thee will stream no bitter tear,
 Alone, must thou the "fiat" hear—
 "Never arise again."
 But I shall burst the bonds of death—
 The fetters of decay—
 Shall wear a purer, brighter wreath,
 Than ever felt the zephyr's breath,
 Or smiled beneath thy ray.

A 5

From the Ladies' Magazine, for October.

TO A PALM LEAF,

Gathered from a tree that shades the grave of Paul and Virginia, in the Isle of France.

I've looked on thee, wan leaf,
 Till thou dost seem the messenger of fear,
 And my heart thrills as grief,
 Deep, certain, terrible, were hovering near.
 I see the gathering storm,
 Darkness, and whirlwind, and the roaring main,—
 And now a fair, young form
 Beseeching heaven for aid—it is in vain!
 She rests, that lovely maid,
 Wan leaf, she rests beneath thy parent tree,
 And in that hallowed shade,
 Her heart-struck lover slumbers peacefully.
 They need not glory's wreath,
 To keep their memory from the blight of years,
 A leaf can speak their death,
 And from the full soul wring a gush of tears.

But autumn winds will rise,
 And scatter far our forests' waving glory,
 Yet not a leaf that flies,
 Will whisper to the heart this moving story.

For nature hath no tongue
 Till Genius breathes upon the slumbering mass;
 Till Genius' light is flung,
 We heed no shadows beckoning as they pass.

But all is still and dark,
 And men may die unheeded as the rain
 Falls round the gliding bark
 Urging her rapid course athwart the main.

Yes, more—the cherished worth
 Of all men strive for in their earthly race,
 Fades with their names from earth,
 If Genius smile not on their dwelling-place.

Then Genius, with the free
 Come dwell—our broad land with thy presence fill,
 Till mountain, stream and tree,
 Shall have a spell to move, a voice to thrill.

CORNELIA.

From the Token, for 1830

THE MINSTREL.

BY V. V. ELLIS.

Low on the solemn bier!
 The laurel is a gloomy mockery now—
 While they who gloried in its wearer, bow
 In grief, and shed the tear.
 Hushed is the glowing strain;
 The lip is pale that burned with love and pride;
 And thought, which flowed in such a living tide,
 Never may wake again.

Visions of earth and sky,
 Of sounding seas, and infinite unknown,
 The empire of the intellect and throne,
 Gleaned on his mental eye.
 He read with wizard skill,
 The passions of our nature; pity, love,
 Hatred, joy, sorrow, madness; and could move
 Their energies at will.

In glorious Italy,
 And rich gardens, and proud marble halls,
 Where shapes of beauty breathe along the walls,
 Beneath a blushing sky,
 Where silver fountains play,
 Amid dark forests, and leaf-hidden cells,
 The mountain tops and perfume-breathing dells,
 He dreamed his soul away!

His life has been a tale,
 Well told, where every line and word is bright,
 A silver tissue of unshaded light—
 Then weep ye not, nor wail!
 Bury him in a spot,
 Where the first sunbeam lights, where the birds sing,
 The wild flowers blossom, and the green vines cling—
 He shall not be forgot.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, Secretary's Office—Albany October 5, 1829. Sir—Pursuant to section 3 of title 3 of chapter 6 of the last part of the Revised Statutes, I hereby give you notice, that John Becker was this day removed from the office of Sheriff of the county of Albany, by the acting governor of this state. In consequence of the said removal a vacancy exists in the said county, which it is proper to supply at the ensuing general election. The constitutional term for which the said John Becker was elected will expire on the 31st day of December, 1831.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Dep. Secretary.

To Conrad A. Ten Eyck, esq. Clerk of the county of Albany.

NOTICE—City and County of Albany, Clerk's Office, October 5, 1829—A special election is to be held in the city and county of Albany, on the second, third and fourth days of November next, for the purpose of choosing a Sheriff of the said city and county, in the place of John Becker, who has been removed from office by the acting governor of this state, and a copy of the notice from the deputy Secretary of State for this purpose accompanies this notice.

Oct. 6 C. A. TEN EYCK, Clerk.

FINE CUTLERY, &c.—JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgeon-Instrument-Maker, No. 3, Beaver street, (formerly at No. 12, Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States.

Shears, scissors, Razors and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city, or elsewhere.

Currier's Stocks constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article.

Blades inserted in knife-handle in the most approved style, and on reasonable terms. Locks repaired.

N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.
 Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

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THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1829.

NO. 41.

MASONICK RECORD.

DE WITT CLINTON.

Colonel S. L. Knapp, formerly of this city, known as one of the most elegant scholars and accomplished orators of the age, recently made to the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the United States, convened at New-York, as chairman of a committee, the following admirable report, relative to the demise of the late Governor Clinton. Colonel Knapp, in his beautiful eulogy, has rendered no more than justice to its illustrious subject, who was at once a brilliant ornament to the institution which it was his pride to cherish, and an honour to the nation which now mourns his absence from her councils. Among all the splendid and finished tributes which have been poured from the hearts and pens of his bereaved friends, we have seen none more chaste, more just, or more affecting, than that which follows. [Boston Bulletin.]

The committee, that had under consideration the subject of a proper notice of our bereavement in the death of DE WITT CLINTON, the first officer of this masonick body, ask leave to report—

That, as more than nineteen months have elapsed since this mournful event, in their opinion the customary funeral rites so consonant to the heaviness of recent grief, and so proper in their season, should be dispensed with at this meeting; as shrouding our council chamber in black, or wearing a badge of mourning for thirty days, would add nothing to the deep sense we feel at our loss, or fix more indelibly on our minds the recollections of his services; but as no accident nor length of time, can ever efface, or blot out his name from the pages of his country's history, or lessen the weight of his character, we deem it most meet and proper, while in session for the first time after his death, to leave on our records a brief memorial of so great and good a man as our late High Priest, and also to tell the world how sincerely we loved him, and to give our successors, or those who may search our archives, hereafter, to understand what manner of man we thought him; we, who lived in his day, and were guided by his councils.

For in him were united exalted genius, profound acquirements, a happy tact in business, with great patience and unwearied industry. In the morning of life, he took up the noble determination to be great; and to make usefulness the basis of that greatness.

He came to the duties of a freeman when our republic, exhausted with the struggles for independence, was attempting to fix our institutions upon the rights of man, and the principles of eternal justice, but there was often seen a timid hand and a vacillating policy. In the conflict of honest opinions he boldly took his part, and if his zeal at times excited the fears of his followers, his patriotism won the hearts of his opponents.

The portals of knowledge were then just opening anew, in this country, with the brightest promises, and he was charmed with all her paths. With the grasp of genius, he held the lamp of science through the wanderings of literature, and the mazes of politics; and moral, political and literary institutions received advantages from his intellectual light; nor was he content to rest here, for he saw at a glance that Omnipotence, when he stamped the features and marked the physiognomy of the earth, gave intimations to man that he might change and improve these features for his benefit. His mind no sooner conceived, than his soul was fired with the project, which he carried into effect; it was no narrow plan, no pitiful experiment, governed by village economy, or district politics: the design was worthy of a mastermind, and the execution of an herculean arm; the seas of the wilderness were united with the Atlantic ocean. He saw the labour finished, and heard the voice of the people pronounce it to be good. In the midst of these arduous labours, he did not forget how much human happiness depends upon well regulated affections and permanent charities, and he entered the pale of our order, and assumed the duties of master, almoner, and priest; to teach the ignorant and to check the wandering; to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and to implore blessings upon all mankind.

He was morally as well as physically, brave—and in the generosity of his nature, pitied that miserable flock, who, in the mild and peaceful day, turned their plumage to the

sun for brilliant reflections to attract notice and gain admiration from the world; but who were not to be found when the elements were troubled: He poised his eagle wing in the whirlwind, and fearlessly breasted the peltings of the storm.

His enemies reviewing his life, are silent when they cast up the amount of his virtues, and his friends love him the more when they recount the deeds he has done; malice never charged him with avarice, nor did slander ever whisper that he could be corrupted by gold: if sometimes disappointed ambition in a paroxysm, at the loss of office, alleged that he was partial, in a calmer moment she was forced to confess that his errors (for he was human, and could not be free from them,) sprung from the irregular pulsation of too warm a heart; and from too much confidence in the professions of assimilated virtue; and even envy, that first wishes and then believes all ill—owns, since he is gone, that the only harvest he ever gathered in was glory; and all must acknowledge, that the only estate that he left for his orphan children, is his fame.

His exertions were not limited to the temporal welfare of his fellow men, for he knew that the excellency of all knowledge consists in divine truth, and he was unremitting in his efforts to disseminate the sacred writings, believing that in them are the oracles of God, and the promises of everlasting life.

His death has been deplored as that of one who died too early; but if the prominent deeds of men are so many milestones in the journey of life, his course cannot have been short who has set up so many monuments as he travelled onward to eternity,—true, all was finished before age had required the sustaining staff, or the helping hand.

Such was our companion and brother, the late chief officer of this General Grand Chapter—the pride of those who lived and acted with them and an example for those who may hereafter arise to take a distinguished part in the welfare of our country.

Let learned biographers write his life; let talented artists chisel his monument, and mould his bust for an admiring people, while we must content ourselves with a miniature profile of him, traced in a single moment, when kneeling at our altars; but there is some consolation for us in feeling that this sketch is made, as it were, upon our jewels, and is to be worn on our breasts, an emblem, a faint one, indeed, of his image in our hearts.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Extract from an Address to the Voters of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, adopted at a Meeting of Young Men opposed to persecution, held in Lebanon, of which George Meily was president, Isaac Seibert and George Smith vice presidents, and Thomas L. Baldorf and Danie Reiman, Secretaries.

Unquiet spirits, ambitious of power and rank, and stifling their sense of right under the affected garb of patriotism, have discovered the means of creating turmoil, which should be deprecated by all parties as dangerous to the common weal. They have endeavoured to stigmatize an unoffending and defenceless society, whose members are generally as estimable as their fellow citizens at large, with dark and mysterious crimes, they have established papers in different parts of the commonwealth, whose editors have been brought for the purpose from New-York; they boldly avow that they intend to deprive that society not merely of freedom of action, but of liberty of conscience; they attempt to arouse the suspicions of the people, to excite their fears, and stimulate their revenge against that society; they desire to dissolve the ties of parent and child—of brother and brother—of friend and friend—of neighbour and neighbour. And from what motive arise these effects? It is—and there are few, if any, who can lay their hands on their hearts, and say that it is not—the desire of office. To what other motive can we attribute them? Hated to that ancient society, the freemasons—on whose aid liberty all over the world has never called in vain.

The anti-masonick convention at Harrisburg, consisting of delegates from a dozen counties, was assembled, ostensibly, not to nominate a governor, but to denounce masonry. Masonry was denounced by it—but the secret object of the meeting—the real intention of the wireworkers, the master-spirits, the jugglers behind the curtain, was not the denunciation of masonry; on the contrary, it was the election of a governor, who should be their tool, their creature, and bestow offices on their friends and on themselves. Those leaders had sufficient influence on the prejudices of a portion of the people to assemble a convention opposed to masonry. But feeling themselves inadequate, either in talents, reputation, or power, to attain their purpose, they procured an ambassador from New-York, to attend their convention, direct their proceedings, and make a governor for Pennsylvania! Has it come to this? Is it to be believed, is it for a moment to be supposed, that the proud state of Pennsylvania, the key stone of the federal arch, is so reduced in "virtue, liberty and independence," that she must select her governor according to the direction of a faction in New-York, which out of more

than 200,000 votes, could only obtain for its candidate the miserable minority of 30,000? It would be disgrace enough to be the obsequious vassal of the whole people of a neighbouring state; but to obey the commands of such a pitiful minority would be in truth, drinking the cup of meanness to its lees.

It is to be observed that the leaders of the party opposed to Mr. Wolf, arrogate to themselves an exclusive patriotism—that they disregard all the old distinctions of political parties—that they assume to be the only true friends of liberty—that they pronounce the whole fraternity of free masons guilty of the most atrocious crimes, and sworn and devoted foes to freedom. To answer these charges we have only to appeal to the stern and faithful evidence of history. Go before the walls of Quebec, and ask yourselves whose blood the earth there drank. It was the blood of RICHARD MONTGOMERY—a mason, an Irishman, who left a lovely family and the richest possessions, to give up his life in defending the rights of man. Visit Bunker's Hill—whose benignant features are those which your fancy pictures writing in the agonies of death? They are the features of JOSEPH WARREN, a grand master of Masons, the first great martyr in the cause of that glorious freedom which now blesses us, who but a few hours previous to his death, exclaimed, "Sweet and pleasant it is to die for one's country."

Friends and fellow citizens, are these examples enough to convince you that masonry is not at enmity with freedom? If they are not, look at the late secretary of state, HENRY CLAY, whom some of you have opposed, and others have supported, but whose extraordinary powers of mind, and eminent services to our common country and to universal liberty, all of you will acknowledge—and know that he too is a mason; mark you, likewise, that venerable and illustrious man, whom the voice of the people, after a bitter and fierce contest, has elevated to the presidential chair, that very man, whom several of the leaders of the anti-masonick party in this state have so warmly supported, and behold ANDREW JACKSON, grand master of masons, victor at New-Orleans, president of the United States.

Yet if these instances of tried and undaunted patriotism will not suffice to convince you of the justice of our opinions, we will remind you of that gallant bark, which, in "times that tried the souls of men," crossed the Atlantic—bearing what? whom? gold? a prince? No!—but that which is better than gold or princes—a stout and devoted heart, the heart of LAFAYETTE. He left every thing that ordinary men deem desirable in life, a beautiful wife, wealth, rank, power, to combat for a stranger people, against those very principles which gave him that wealth, rank and power. He is a mason.

Let us revert to that calm and tranquil form, in a printing office in Philadelphia, and in the courts of kings, to him who snatched the sceptre from tyrants, and brought down the lightning from heaven, to FRANKLIN, whose death was considered a calamity to the human race. He was a grand master of masons. And then we will approach proudly, yet mournfully, to the banks of the Potomack, and bow ourselves reverently before the sacred tomb of Mount Vernon. Whose awful ashes repose there? Those of a grand master of masons, of the master spirit of his age, the father of his country, the one WASHINGTON.

We will inquire who it was that first taught the world that steam could supercede canvass, and not only impel huge vessels over our rivers, but propel them from continent to continent, and from ocean to ocean. It was ROBERT FULTON, a Pennsylvanian, a mason; he has changed the intercourse between nation and nation—he has given a new aspect to the commerce of mankind—he has bequeathed us a new method of defending our shores, and defeating our foes.

Turn your attention to those magnificent internal improvements which connect state with state—much more than the flow of blood and kindred make us one nation—turn especially to that vast and stupendous work, the Erie canal, only second in its vastness and grandeur to the mighty mind of its projector, and then say if you can, whether the father of our internal improvements, the first freemason in America, DE WITT CLINTON, was an enemy to the freedom and prosperity of his country.

There is one, at the mention of whose name no Pennsylvanian, whether he be a federalist or a democrat, can suppress feelings of unbounded respect and gratitude. We mean SIMON SNYDER, three times elected governor of this commonwealth, an eminent freemason, a man in whom there was no guile, a statesman whom no one has the audacity to say was unfaithful to his trust, or tritonal to liberty.

But perhaps the opponents of Mr. Wolf expect to balance the services rendered by all these friends of freedom and of mankind, by placing certain distinguished despots of the eastern continent into the opposite scale. Let them bring forward their Ferdinand or Spain, his arms stained with blood, his heart blackened with ingratitude, his name damned to everlasting infamy;—let them call up the autocrat, Alexander of Russia, from his gloomy grave, and prove by his testimony, that the spirit of freemasonry is at variance with the rights of man;—let them appeal to Don Miguel of Portugal, fratricide, usurper, wholesale murderer as he is, and as the news of every succeeding day proves him to be, and defend their accusations against freemasonry by his sacred evidence. These respectable leaders of the anti-masonick confederacy have spilled the best blood of Spain, Portugal and Russia on the scaffold, in suppressing freemasonry, and preserving what anti-masons would fain persuade us is freedom. What is freedom? The control of one over millions: the preservation of the power of those who are arbiters of life and death in Spain, Portugal, and Russia! Here are three monarchs, chiefs of anti-masonry. Summon forth from the dread precincts of a better world than this, the shades of the masons, WARREN, FRANKLIN and WASHINGTON. Array against them the anti-masons, the Emperor Alexander, King Ferdinand, King Miguel. Is there an American in whose veins runs a particle of that blood which bought us liberty in 1776, that can doubt whether he should follow Ferdinand, the anti-mason, or Washington, the mason.

Friends and fellow citizens, there is not one of the individuals of the committee which reports this address, that is a mason. They do not pretend to understand the doctrines and tenets of freemasonry. But they know that the most eminent among the friends of liberation, freedom and independence in this nation were freemasons. If there be an individual in the whole republic so base as to charge these wonderful

men, who have cemented the foundation of our liberty with their blood, with hostility to that liberty, then we must say that devotion to liberty is folly, and liberty itself a shadow. According to our constitutions of the general and state government, liberty of conscience is guaranteed to all. But if a person be proscribed because he is a freemason, another may be proscribed because he happens to be a Presbyterian, or a Lutheran, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Quaker, or an Episcopalian. If the unhappy and miserable man, Morgan, was murdered in New-York by a mason, murders have been committed at different times by members of the religious sects which we have enumerated. Because there is one bad deed done by the members of a sect, religious or moral, it does not follow that all the members should be condemned. If it were so, all the world, Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Pagans, all would be condemned. Following the spirit of those who fell or fought in the cause of liberty of conscience, in our glorious revolution, we adjure you to maintain but freedom of conscience, without which freedom so dearly purchased by our fathers is a worthless inheritance.

On motion, it was resolved, that George Melly, Dr. Henry Schenck, Peter Baudorff, Joshua Krause, Wm. Melly, Adam Ritschar, Jr. and Samuel Harbeson, be a committee of correspondence for Lebanon county.

From the Mobile Commercial Register.

FREEMASONRY.

The manner in which this subject has been permitted to be treated in a portion of the newspapers of the present day, merits the severest censure; while the arrogance of some of the anonymous contributors of articles on this theme has excited our pity and contempt. We say arrogance, in allusion to the nameless ephemera who have created charges and cast aspersions upon the vast and respectable body of our fellow-citizens who constitute these associations in our country, and thereby, or sooth, instituting themselves a tribunal through which the investigation is to pass—reversing the rules of law and justice, by demanding the innocence of the accused to be proved—call upon the hundreds of thousands on whom they fixed their shadowy imputations to come to trial.

The trash that has appeared on this subject, we are aware, has been stirred up by the Morgan affair; but were its disclosures founded on fact, and his destruction proved to have been equal in wickedness and terror to the wildest imaginings; were its alleged perpetrators proved to be members of a genuine masonic body,—and was there a tribunal of proper dignity and authority, before which the masonic brethren could be made to appear; in our opinion, they would be more bound to defend themselves against the charge of a participation in the crime of the few assassins that might be found to have been incorporated in their body, than would the eleven apostles to clear themselves of a charge of participation in the crime of Judas Iscariot.

The truth or falsehood of the supposed disclosures of Morgan, and of his murder, are therefore immaterial to the notice we are at present taking; nevertheless, there is one view of the former, which we will take this opportunity to mention; and however plausible these disclosures may appear on a superficial glance, however much of the colouring of truth they may receive from circumstances, to such as are habituated to submit propositions to the severe examinations of reason, and to adopt conclusions of the judgement, this view will furnish a powerful argument at least, for utter disbelief in their genuineness. The world could have no other test to apply to this question of genuineness, but the admission of freemasonry. Its truth or falsehood, no respectable and credible members of the society would either admit or deny, for reason, that if truth was denied to a fictitious disclosure, and the truth of any subsequent disclosure compelled them to silence, their silence would naturally be regarded as an admission of fact. To withhold from admission and denial, could in any event then, be the only policy of the masonic brethren, and therefore, an unfounded, fictitious exposure of masonic secrets, would serve precisely as well the purpose of Morgan, as truth. Did he then, is the question, when invention would serve as well as facts, and urged only by an uncertain prospect of profit in the sale of his book, disclose facts, and violate oaths of a nature believed to be so tremendous, as to involve the eternal perdition of his soul?

In relation to the destruction of this man, the whole body of the community has been in commotion, and curiosity stimulated to the highest degree; investigation has been carried to the very verge of human skill and ability; justice has been roused by the universal indignation, and penetrated every ramification hope pointed out, and not a solitary fact has been proved, upon which the alleged perpetrators of this act can be convicted of the killing, and now it is to be borne in mind that all this mystery and horror, thrown about the circumstance of his absence, are precisely what a crafty knave would have enacted for the purpose of giving that effectual edge to the appetite of curiosity, necessary to the accomplishment of his views.

We have said in silence on the first question could be the only policy of respectable and credible masons; from political, or other motive, some persons in the state of New-York, declaring themselves to be masons, have however, pretended to confess the truth of these oft mentioned disclosures. To this matter, only this remark need be appended, that, if their own assertions are to be credited, they have violated the sanctity of the highest oaths, and demand of the people to be believed on a simple statement; that statement declaring the stupid nummery of Morgan's book, to be the features of a venerable institution, ranking among its members the wise and good of every age and country, and pointing far back towards the creation of the earth for the period of its birth.

Among the many other foolish things also, that have proceeded from the mouth of ignorance or malice, it has been alleged that in these secret societies, there exists danger to our social compact and to the liberties of our country. It would have been too idle an allegation to have drawn forth a comment had it not given us the opportunity of bringing to the mind of our readers this appropriate and beautiful fact, that every general officer of the American Revolution, was a mason, with the single, solitary exception of Benedict Arnold.

The world need not be informed that the great masonic family are scattered over the bottom of our happy land, its numbers embrace thousands of citizens excellent in all the social relations, and combine the names of the illustrious in the hall and in the field; and we experience the highest gratification in the evident determination of that society to remain upon the proud eminence upon which they have stood for ages, untouched, and regardless of the shafts of calumny and fanaticism.

The foregoing rather doubtful remark, have been thrown together because of the recent appearance of an attempt to extend the anti-masonic mania into our section of the country. In the northern states it seems, this subject, loaded with general contempt, is fast sinking into the silence from which it was called by political or other unworthy motives, and it can boast now but of such advocates as are bound to it from intemperate zeal, or hopes of profit. A bundle of catch penny productions was sent to us through the post-office, entitled the anti-masonic almanack, from Rochester, in the state of New-York. We requested the postmaster to return the dirty sheets to the author, which we understand he has done.

We have noticed with pleasure that the columns of the southern papers generally, have not encouraged nor been opened to attacks on this institution. Our brethren of the type in this state, in particular, except in one or two instances, appear to agree with the sentiments we have advanced in relation to this subject. The Alabama Journal admitted one such communication, but gave it entire discountenance by very appropriate and pointed remarks.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

VERMONT.

The Grand Lodge, of the State of Vermont, held their annual session at Montpelier on the 6th and 7th October.

The following are the officers for the year ensuing:—

R. W. Nathan B. Haswell, Burlington, G. Master.
R. W. Philip C. Tucker, Vergennes, D. G. M.
R. W. Luther B. Hunt, St. Albans, G. S. W.
R. W. Wyllis Lyman, Hartford, G. J. W.
R. W. Joseph H. Stowes, Montpelier, G. Treasurer.
R. W. Granet H. Smith, Montpelier, G. Secretary.
R. W. George H. Prentiss, Montpelier, A. G. Secretary.
R. W. Thomas F. Hammond, Reading, G. S. D.
R. W. Sumner A. Webber, Rochester, G. J. D.

W. S. C. French,
W. George W. Hill,
W. John Colsbury,
W. Harvey, M. Carpenter,
W. Ransom Kibbee, Gd. Sword Bearer.
W. Asa George Gd. Pursuivant.
W. Jacob Washburn, Gd. Marshal.

R. W. and Rev. Alexander Lovell, Gd. Chaplain.

R. W. and Rev. Isaac Hill, Dep. Gd. Chaplain.

The following preamble and resolution was introduced and adopted at an early part of the session. Whereas, since the last annual communication of this Grand Lodge, our M. W. Brother, Col. JOHN CHIPMAN, late one of the few surviving officers of the Revolution, one of the earliest and most efficient members of the Masonick Fraternity in this state, and for many years Grand Master of this Grand Lodge has departed this life, therefore,

Resolved, as a testimony of the respect entertained by this Grand Lodge for the memory, character and services of our lamented Brother, that the jewels and furniture of this Lodge be dressed in mourning, and its members wear the usual badge of mourning during the present communication.

NEW-JERSEY.

At the annual meeting of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of New-Jersey*, held at Newark, on the 28th September last, the following officers were duly elected:—

M. E. Joseph W. Scott, Grand High Priest, New-Brunswick.

M. E. William Scott, Deputy Grand High Priest, Powerville.

M. E. Thomas L. Woodruff, Grand King, Trenton.

M. E. Andrew Parsons, Grand Scribe, Patterson.

E. Lewis Atterbury, Grand Secretary, Newark.

E. F. S. Van Arsdalen, Grand Treasurer, New-Brunswick.

E. and Rev. Wm. L. Johnston, Grand Chaplain, Trenton.

E. Wm. M'Farlan, Grand Marshal, Hanover.

THE TRAVELLER.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

SKETCH OF ARMENIA.

The Armenians, so curiously distinguished amongst Asiatic nations by their pacific tendency and patient industry, are naturally rejoiced at the extension of the Russian power, which substitutes security and perfect toleration for anarchy and extortion. They are the most valuable subjects of the Caucasian provinces; and when we consider how numerous they are on the frontiers of Russia, Persia, and Turkey, we need feel little surprise at the rapid increase of the former power, at the expense of the two latter, while the Armenians fly daily to the protection of the Russians, and carrying with them all the wealth, industry, and intelligence, leave to the brutal government they desert, nothing but depopulated provinces.

Of all those migrations, the most remarkable, and the most important in its consequences, was that which took place in 1822, when the Patriarch of the Armenians fled, with all his clergy, from the convent of Etchmiadzin, in the province of Erivan, at that time belonging to Persia, and sought shelter within the frontiers. The reception which he met with was suited to his rank and influence. The Turks and Persians, on the other hand, viewed his flight with no less grief than astonishment. The convent of Etchmiadzin, situated at the foot of Mount Ararat, is regarded with much more than ordinary veneration, by Mahomedan as well as Christian nations.

The solitary grandeur of the place, and the sacred character of Ararat, whose eternal snows are connected by holy writ and general tradition with the earlier history of mankind, impress on the

minds of devout Moslems a sense of awe which, in former wars, protected from injury the Christian inmates of the convent. Latterly, however, the tribes of Kurds, which wander on the frontiers of the contending power, less restrained by religious scruples than the Turks and Persians, ventured to pillage the convent to repeat their insults, and even to put to death some of the clergy; the Patriarch, therefore, had no alternative left but to fly to that power which was able to protect him. Religion constitutes him the head of the nation, and he is regarded with so much the greater reverence, as the suspension of political existence leaves no other rallying point to the cherished nationality of an ancient kingdom. The king of Erivan immediately pressed him to return, and when his application failed an ambassador extraordinary was sent to General Yermoloff, from Abbas Mirza, soliciting the return of the Patriarch; but the Russian general was too well aware of the advantages to be derived from the presence of the Armenian pontiff, and sternly refused to expose him to fresh insults, by allowing his departure. As the convent of Etchmiadzin is now, in consequence of the cessions made by Persia, in the treaty of Turkman-Tchal, included within the limits of Russia, the Patriarch, may, perhaps, safely resume his ancient seat; but the history of his migration exhibits, in the fullest light, the easy steps by which a civilized power encroaches on the frontiers of anarchy and barbarism.

The introduction of steam boats in the Caspian and Black Seas, had already taken place; there was one launched on the Wolga in 1820; and more recently a steam-packet commenced plying between Odessa and Cherson, performing a distance of thirty-two leagues in about as many hours.

The Armenian Saratoff, a merchant of Tiflis, purchased at Odessa, in 1816, European merchandise to the amount of 100 000 francs. The adventure yielded a large profit; and the following year, Armenians, six in number, appeared for the first time at the fair of Leipsick, and made purchases to the amount of 600,000 francs. The goods were shipped at Odessa for Redoute Kale, whence they were carried by caravans into Georgia. In 1825, the amount of purchases made at Leipsick by the merchants of Tiflis, was double that of the preceding year, and in 1825 it reached the sum of 2 800,000 francs. Thus a commerce has been commenced which will necessarily increase. The sober, intelligent Armenian, much better acquainted with the wants of eastern nations, than an European merchant could be, lets no occasion slip of reaping the advantages of peace, and an air of business begins to pervade the streets of Tiflis. Of late years many English have passed through it on their journey home from India. Travelling with a Mehemendar through Persia, they arrive at Tiflis in about two months from Bombay, and then embark at Redoute Kale for Odessa.

M. Rottiers, as a military man, speaking of Trebizond, says: "Although I do not think it can be accomplished in this campaign, yet it is much to be desired that Trebizond may fall into the hands of a civilized nation. It is asserted that general Paskewitch has his eye on the coast; but this does not appear to me probable, considering the difficulties of the ground which I have already pointed out."

In the hands of a European power, the great commerce which formerly animated Trebizond might again revive. Erzeroum, (now taken by general Paskewitch) the point in which the commerce of Asia Minor centres, is but six days' journey from it. The terrestrial Paradise, which is supposed to be situated in Armenia, appeared to M. Rottiers to stretch along the shores of the Black Sea. The green banks, sloping into the water, are sometimes decked with natural orchards, in which the cherries, pears, pomegranates, and other fruits, growing in their indigenous soil, possess a flavour indiscribably exquisite. The bold eminences are crowned with superb forests or majestic ruins, which alternately rule the scenes of this devoted country, from the water's edge to the summit of the mountains. The moral and political condition of the country contrast forcibly with the flourishing aspect of nature. At Sinope, there is no commerce, and the Greeks having, in consequence, de-

serted the place, the population is at present below five thousand. This city once the capital of the great Mithridates, enjoys natural advantages which, but for the barbarism of the Turkish government, would soon raise it into commercial eminence. It has a deep and capacious harbour, the finest timber in the world grows in its vicinity, and the district of the interior, with which it immediately communicates, is one of the most productive and industrious in Asiatic Turkey. Amasla, the ancient capital of Capodocia, Tokat, and Costambol, are rich in populous towns. Near the last is held an annual fair, commencing fifteen days before the feast of Ramadan, and which is said to be attended by about fifteen thousand merchants, from all parts of the east. From the nature of the country in which it is situated, M. Rottiers is disposed to believe that Sinope holds out peculiarly strong inducements to European enterprise.

THE GATHERER.

PANACEA—THE PRINCE'S CURE.

The power of faith or credulity is often very manifest, both in cures of charlatany and the mere visit of a physician of eminence and great reputation. Hence it is, remarks Dr. Lind, that the same remedy will not always produce the same effect even in the same person, and that common remedies often prove wonderfully successful in the hand of bold quacks, but do not answer the purpose in a timorous and distrustful patient. Both general and medical history abounds with examples of this wonder-working power; among the most remarkable of which is the siege of Breda, in Holland, by the Spaniards, in 1625. That city, from a long siege, suffered all the ills of fatigue, bad provisions, and distress of mind could bring on its inhabitants. Among other misfortunes, scurvy made its appearance, and carried off great numbers. This, added to the other calamities, induced the garrison to incline towards a surrender of that place, when the Prince of Orange, anxious to prevent its loss, and unable to relieve the garrison, contrived however to introduce letters addressed to the men, promising them the most speedy assistance. These were accompanied with medicines against the scurvy, said to be of great price, but of still greater efficacy; many more were to be sent to them. The effects of the deceit were truly astonishing. "Three small vials of medicine," say the narrators, "were given to each physician. It was publicly given out, that three or four days were sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of the liquor. We now displayed our wonder-working balsam. Nor even were the commanders let into the secret of the cheat upon the soldiers. They flocked in crowds about us, every one soliciting that part may be served for his use. Cheerfulness again appears in every countenance, and a universal faith prevails in the sovereign virtues of the remedies. The effect of this delusion was truly astonishing, for many were quickly and perfectly recovered. Such as had not moved their limbs for a month before, were seen walking the streets with their limbs sound, straight and whole. They boasted of the prince's remedy, the motion of the joints being restored by simple friction with oil, and the stomach now of itself performed its office, or at least with a small assistance from medicine. Many who had declared that they had been rendered worse by all former remedies, recovered in a few days, to their inexpressible joy, and the no less general surprise, by their taking what we affirmed to be their gracious prince's cure." [Journal of Health.

GALEN'S EXPERIENCE.

We often hear the members of the medical profession tauntingly reminded that they are more eager in laying down rules of regimen than solicitous themselves in following them, and that their own personal experience by no means corresponds with their theories. The charge to a certain extent is not without validity; but the modifying circumstances which tend so much to impair the health and assail even the life of a physician, are not sufficiently considered. Still there are many

notable examples of longevity and happy exemption from disease among medical men. For the present we shall content ourselves with adducing the experience of Galen.

This distinguished individual, who wrote so much on the different branches of medicine, received from the Roman Emperor a medal with an honourable inscription, the meaning of which was the chief of the Romans to the chief of physicians. Conscious from the strength of his own passions of their ample sway over the body and its healthful movements, he prescribed to himself a rule to which he adhered during a long life time, viz. never to get irritated, or even to raise his hand to a slave. He was born with an infirm constitution, and afflicted in his youth with many and severe illnesses; but having arrived at the age of twenty-eight, and finding that there were sure rules for preserving health, he observed them so carefully, that he never laboured under any distemper from that time, except occasionally a slight feverish complaint for a single day, owing to the fatigue which attending the sick necessarily brought on him. By this means he passed his hundredth year. His advice is clear and direct. "I beseech all persons," says he, "who shall read this work, not to degrade themselves to a level with the brutes, or the rabble, by eating and drinking promiscuously whatever pleases their palates, or by indulging their appetites of every kind. But whether they understood physick or not, let them consult their reason, and observe what agrees and what does not agree with them, that, like wise men, they may adhere to the use of such things as conduce to their health, and forbear every thing which by their own experience they find to do them hurt; and let them be assured, that by a diligent observation and practice of this rule, they may enjoy a good share of health, and seldom stand in need of physick or physicians." [Ib.

THE TIME FOR WRITING.

Night is the best time for study, but morning is the best time for committing the fruits of our studies to paper. In the early dawn, while the sluggard yet turns upon his bed, and yawns for another nap, the industrious student, or author, should be up, with pen in hand, and committing his thoughts to paper, for his own future use, if not for the press, and for the good of mankind. It is in the morning, if ever, that we find ourselves fitted for the labour of composition. The stillness of the season—the general calm serenity and salubrity of the atmosphere—the renovated vigour of our physical, and the cheerful state of our intellectual powers—all combine to promote the flow of our ideas and facilitate their correct and vivid expression. Our spirits seem to rise with the sun, and our imagination to soar with the eagle, who wings his flight with that brilliant orb. The perplexities of the day, the various call to which we are subject, according to the nature of our occupations, have not come upon us; and we are left to those calm reflections, and delightful reveries, which improve the judgement, exalt the imagination, and meliorate the heart. When we hear the birds begin to sing, or perceive the first ray of light through the lattice, then is the time to rise; then is the time to sit down to the labours of the desk. The rising luminary of day reminds us of the great luminary of the universe, and conveys our thoughts to him as the source of all light, of all wisdom. In such a state of mind, under such benign influences, our genius is quickened, our judgement is strengthened, our humane affections are expanded, and our labours cannot fail to benefit ourselves, if they do not redound to the good of our country and mankind. Rise, then, with the lark, and anticipate the sun, if you wish to enjoy health of body, and vigour and elasticity of mind, and to combine these in laborious and useful efforts to promote human happiness and prosperity.

SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.

The following account of a singular punishment inflicted by the king of Ava, for neglect of duty, is taken from Crawford's recently published Journal of his Embassy to that court:

Through the night of the 1st, a fire broke out in

the populous suburb which lies between the walls of the town and the little river, and property to a considerable value was destroyed. The house of the widow of the Saya wungyi, who had been the king's tutor and favourite was in great danger; and this old lady, who had the reputation of being very frugal, if not avaricious, irritated at her loss, repaired forthwith to the king, and made complaint that, during the conflagration, the ministers, and especially Kaulen Mengyi, who was her husband's successor, and of whom she was very jealous, were not at their posts; for it appears that it is their special duty to attend upon such occasions. The king, who was still very much out of humour, summoned the ministers before him; sent for a sword, drew it, and ordered them, one by one, to come forward and swear upon it that they were present at the conflagration, and assisting in extinguishing it. Kaulen Mengyi came forward and avowed that he was not present; but that he had gone as far as the rung-d'hau, or town-hall, to give the necessary instructions upon the occasion. He was immediately ordered to be taken out of the audience-hall; and, to avoid being dragged thence by the hair of the head, according to usage, voluntarily made as rapid a retreat as could be expected from a man between sixty and seventy, and of a weakly constitution. An order was given that he should be punished after a manner which I shall presently describe. The other ministers, none of whom were present at the fire, escaped under various pretexts of business or sickness. The punishment now awarded to the first minister is called, in the Burman language, *ne-pu m'ha l'han the*, or, "spreading out in the hot sun." The offender who undergoes it is stretched upon his back by the public executioners, and thus exposed for a given number of hours in the hottest part of the day, with a weight on his breast, more or less heavy according to the nature of the offence, or rather according to the king's opinion of it. It was at first thought that the sentence, on the part of the king, was a mere threat. Not so; the most faithful and zealous of his ministers underwent the punishment this afternoon, from one to three o'clock, and not, as is customary on such occasions with culprits of distinction, within the palace enclosure, but in the public road between the eastern gate of the palace and the town-hall, and in the view of a multitude of spectators.

POPULARITY.

Mr. Canning, in one of his speeches on the suppression of unlawful associations in Ireland, thus nobly answered a charge brought against him, in the course of the debate, that he had courted popularity.

"The honourable gentleman (Mr. John Smith,) who opened the debate on the other side of the house, on the first day of this lengthened discussion, was pleased to ask of me in terms of great civility and kindness, whether I do not love popularity? Sir, I am not insensible to the good opinion of honourable men, such as him who put to me this question. I am not insensible to the good will of an enlightened community. The man who disregards it, is not worthy to hold a high official station in a country which boasts a popular constitution. I have encountered too many of the vicissitudes of public life, not to know how to meet censures, which I am conscious I do not deserve. On the other hand I desire to retain popularity; but I would hold it honourably, or not at all. *Laudo manentem*: or to use the more beautiful paraphrase of Dryden:

"I can applaud her, when she's kind;—
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,—
I puff the prostitute away."

"Yes Sir, I love, I covet, I enjoy popularity; but I will not court it by the surrender of my conscientious judgement; by the sacrifice of settled opinions."

The manners of the Welsh must have been even less delicate than those of the Anglo-Saxons; for they thought it necessary to make a law, "that none of the courtiers should give the queen a blow, or snatch any thing with violence from her, under the penalty of incurring her majesty's displeasure."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the New-England Galaxy and Boston Mercury.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WOODEN LEG.

Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow,
But then you know you stand upon
Another footing now.

I am one of those unfortunate wights who have found themselves obliged to call in the carpenter for the purpose of mending their mortal frame. I was born complete, as sound as a pumpkin, and with a pair of as sturdy nether limbs as ever kicked. I stumped about merrily on both of them during my youth, never dreaming that I should one day be indebted for the same peripatetical faculty, to a stick of wood.

During the last war with Great Britain, I served in our army on the frontier. I was in many battles, but managed throughout nearly the whole of the conflict to keep lead and cold iron out of me. I began to think myself bullet proof but never was a conjuror more mistaken, as I soon found out, at the battle of Plattsburg, by the help of a cannon ball which took off my leg just below the knee. This happened in the beginning of the action, and I fell into the enemy's hands. We got the victory at last, as is well known, and when the British retreated, I was carried off by them along with some of their own wounded. I was duly reported by the American returns "among the missing," and my friends all imagined me dead.

After lying some time in the British hospitals I was sent to Montreal, where I met with a very ingenious French mechanist who fitted me with a new limb, so admirably constructed with springs and hinges, that after a short practice, I found myself able to manage it with so much dexterity that it passed with the world for the real bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. I was sent home to Boston after the peace, and received by my friends as one risen from the dead. They little imagined on seeing me safe and hearty, that I had one foot in the grave.

Now though I might have claimed and received a pension for the loss of my leg, yet I resolved to keep the matter secret, as who would not? Nobody wishes to be pitied for his wooden shins, when he can have the credit of owning a pair of the real live stumpers. No mortal of my acquaintance suspected that I had a sham leg, and I was resolved to take no pains to divulge the secret, but if I got a kick upon my wooden shin even to scratch where it did not smart.

The pertinacity with which I have stuck to this determination, has led me into the oddest adventures. I was kicked by a horse on my factitious limb, and to the astonishment of every body walked home after it, without so much inconvenience as a sprained ankle. I was bitten by a mad dog most furiously in the same place, and every one prophesied that I should die, but I got well of the bite and amazed them all. A cart wheel ran over my foot and jammed it into a cocked hat: no one but admired the fortitude with which I bore the pain. Walking home one cold day with the Doctor, I stepped with one foot mid leg deep in a puddle of water. The Doctor was positive that I should take cold in consequence of it, and I won a wager of him by not coming off hoarse the next morning, to his utter astonishment.

But this unfeeling limb of mine has sometimes brought me into awkward scrapes. I never shall forget how supremely foolish I felt one evening, when I had been ridiculing most unmercifully a certain foppish, conceited, pragmatical fellow about the town; all this I did in the presence of his two sisters, whom I did not know to be such, and never imagined that my friend Walter who sat next me would let me run on in such a strain without apprising me of the blunder I was committing. "Why you incomprehensible fellow," said he to me, as soon as we came away, "what the vengeance possessed you to keep on talking in that style when I was *treading upon your toe* every instant, to make you stop?"

Once, indeed, I came very near being discovered, and the artifice by which I escaped detection had the strangest effects. Who would believe that

the ghost of a wooden leg could break off a match? or that by saving my limb, I made Mr. Beau Babbleton lose his mistress? I will tell the whole story, for it is seldom that a wooden leg has kicked up such a dust.

One very dark evening I was walking homewards through a street where the sidewalk was somewhat narrow, and the cellar entrances projected quite out to the curbstone. One of these happened to be covered with a wooden grating, and in walking over it I trod in the dark upon a defective part, and my foot broke through. It was my wooden leg, and in my endeavour to extricate it, the unfortunate limb broke loose and fell into the cellar!

Here was a terribly awkward situation for a fine gentleman to be in. There was no getting my lost leg out of its limbo in the dark, and to apply for help would discover me. Luckily I had my walking-stick, and with the help of that, made a shift to hobble to my lodgings, where I arrived undiscovered, thanks to the darkness and lateness of the hour. But the difficulty was not over. I had lost my leg, and no one could make me such another; or, if it could be replaced, the thing could not be effected without a delay of many days, and the story would infallibly get wind. What should I do? I knew the house into which my stray limb had stepped, but was not upon the right terms with the occupant to trust him with the secret; this was the most unlucky circumstance of all; he was Joe Clackabout, a person with whom I had been involved in a quarrel, and was moreover an arrant busy-body. In short he was no man to entrust with the secret of a sham leg.

At last a thought struck me of a method to get my leg and save my credit, for I saw plainly that my leg must be had immediately, or else the cat would be out of the bag. I thought of Beau Babbleton, the foppish fellow mentioned above, as a personage on whom I might with some conscience, play the trick of fathering my lost limb; I had got myself into bad odour with his sisters and two or three score of their gossiping female acquaintance, by means of his foppery and the insensibility of my timber toes, and I determined now to be revenged upon him by means of the same intractable members. The plan was this,—to send by a trusty servant a note to Mr. Clackabout, requesting the leg in the name of Beau Babbleton, by which means I should get my limb again without being suspected, and Beau might account for the superfluity of shin-bones in his own animal economy as well as he was able.

The plan succeeded to admiration; and much better than I looked for. I had the luck to see a darky passing under my window in the morning, and him I sent off with the note. You may judge of the surprise and astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Clackabout and his two sisters, as they sat at breakfast, when they received the following:—

"Mr. Babbleton's compliments to Mr. Clackabout and requests he will have the goodness to dispatch him his leg by the bearer; it will be found in the cellar. Mr. B. hopes to be excused for stepping through Mr. C.'s cellar door last evening."

Nobody knew what to make of this strange epistle at first. One thought it a hoax, but on sending into the cellar to examine, the leg was found, sure enough, and the breach in the cellar door where the mis-step had been made. And then what a staring and wonderment there was among the Clackabouts at the discovery of Beau Babbleton's artifice. Who would have thought it? they all exclaimed,—a tip-top dandy, a buck of the first water, an irresistible creature among the ladies, and yet, doing all this with a wooden leg! Oh! monstrous!

However after a pretty close scrutiny of this unfortunate limb, it was delivered to Cuffy, who passed for Beau Babbleton's servant, as no questions were asked, and my stray appendage was brought to me without any discovery being made. Now was Richard himself again; but Beau Babbleton absolutely beside himself. Mr. Clackabout chanced to meet him the same forenoon, and wished him joy on the recovery of his leg! Beau replied that his leg had never been ill.

"Not ill, to be sure," said Mr. Clackabout, "but terribly out of joint."

"Out of joint! out of joint, sir! what do you mean?"

"Oh I don't mean that it was hurt in breaking through the cellar door; indeed, I believe it was sent back in good order; and, truly, you walk very well with it; one would never suspect you."

"Never suspect me! I don't understand you, sir, pray, what do you suspect me of?"

"Of getting the boot on the wrong foot, for you need not think to mystify me. What! brave it out in this fashion, when you left it in my cellar last night, and I sent it to you this morning!"

"Really, Mr. Clackabout: you talk like a man who has lost his senses,"

"Really Mr. Babbleton, your effrontery is too much to bear. You will make a lame piece of work of it, and get yourself into a hobble. I advise you to shew a little more understanding"—and with these punning allusions to Beau's fancied infirmity, Mr. Clackabout walked off.

Poor Babbleton was utterly confounded, at being snubbed and brow-beaten in this incomprehensible manner. But this was cakes and gingerbread to what happened afterwards, for the Misses Clackabouts kept the secret of Beau's wooden leg in the customary way; that is, they told it in confidence to all their acquaintance, and the consequence was, the greatest rout and stir among the *beau monde* that ever was known in Boston.

Mrs. Tittafetty, whom Beau had engaged to marry (being his seventeenth flame), was so shocked on hearing the intelligence, that she called for hartshorn, and vowed she would never see him again. The match was therefore broken off, for nobody could ever persuade her the story was incorrect, as she knew him to be guilty of false whiskers, and a buckram and whalebone waist, and a sham leg was a horse of the same colour. Beau was obliged to put up with his ill luck, but he could never endure the sight of any thing that reminded him of a wooden leg afterwards. Even to this day, he never sees a person with a hitch in his gait without a sigh.

MISCELLANY.

From Encyclopedia Americana.

ROADS OVER THE ALPS.

One of the most lasting monuments of the power and policy of Napoleon are the artificial mountain roads, which connect Savoy with France, and Valais with Italy. The first leads over mount Cenis (a mountain 5,879 feet high) by Lanslebourg to Susa, from Savoy to Piedmont. Formerly travellers were obliged to pass over the steepest height on mules or in chairs; but, in 1805, Napoleon ordered a winding road for carriages to be laid out here, thirty miles long and eighteen feet wide, which is passable even in winter. In 1815, 16,000 carriages and 34,900 mules passed this road. The second leads over the Simplon (Sempione), which is 10,327 feet in height, from Valais to Piedmont, from the village Glus to Domo d'Ossola. This road, constructed between 1801 and 1806, is the only one from Switzerland over the Alps, passable by wheel carriages. It is about thirty-six miles long, and twenty-five feet wide throughout, and is nowhere too steep to be passed by the heaviest wagons. It is carried over steep precipices, and through six galleries hewn in the rocks. Some of these passages are several hundred paces in length, and are lighted by openings. From them you step into lovely valleys, adorned with cottages, and see above them dark forests of pine, glaziers, and peaks covered with snow shining in the blue sky. Bridges are thrown over tremendous precipices from one mountain to the other. The Italian side offers a more beautiful spectacle than the Swiss, because the rocks are steeper. The *grande galerie* is 653 feet long, entirely excavated in granite, called the *gallery of Frissinone*, from the rivulet, which forms a splendid cascade near it. The road commences a mile westward from Brieg, and leads over the Saltina bridge; above the village of Ried, it goes through a beautiful grove of larch-trees, to the first gallery, and then over the Canter-bridge, eighty paces in length, to Persal. Here begin precipices and avalanches, on which account the road has many windings. At the *galerie des glaciers*

the growth of trees ceases, and the road rises 1033 toises above the lago Maggiore, or almost 6000 feet above the sea. At the top stands a *hospitium* for travellers, a turnpike, and, lower down on the right, the old hospital. Four miles farther on lies the village of Simplon, 4548 feet above the sea. The road goes along the river Verriola, till near Domo d'Ossola. At Gunt is a tavern; a mile farther the territory of Valais terminates, near a chapel; the first Italian village is S. Marco. Avalanches and masses of earth, brought down by the rain, often damage this road, so that the annual repair requires a considerable expense, which, however, neither the Swiss nor the Sardinian government have, as yet, been willing to take upon themselves. Osterwald has given fine sketches of the picturesque views on the road over the Simplon. A third road leads over mount Genevre (about 6900 feet high), on the frontiers of France and Piedmont. There is a village on the level summit of the mountain, with a monastery, where travellers are received. The fourth road (*la corniche*) goes from Nice by Monaco, to Genoa, through the rocky ground at the foot of the Maritime Alps. Among the other roads over the Alps are to be mentioned—1. that over mount St. Gothard, from the canton of Uri to the canton of Tessino; but as this is very toilsome, and, in some places, dangerous, particularly near the Devil's bridge, in the Urnerloch, and at the descent to Airolo, in the Val Livino, goods can be transported from Switzerland to Italy only on pack-horses. The road ascends to a height of 8264 feet, and at an elevation of 667 feet, there is a *hospitium* of the Capuchins. 2. The road over the Great St. Bernard, from the lake of Geneva to Italy (the nearest of all to Turin and Genoa), is unfit for carriages, and can only be passed on foot and by pack-horses. In order to shorten the way it has been proposed to make a passage for the transport of wares, from the Valais to Genoa. 3. The main road from Inspruck to Italy, over the Brenner, a mountain of Tyrol, 6063 feet in height. At this place the road is about ten miles long, and ascends to a height of 4367 feet. With this is connected, 4. the new road built by Austria, since 1807, the highest in Europe, from Bormio, in Valtellina, over the Braglio and the yoke of Stills, 8400 feet high. 5 and 6. The road from Bellinzona to Coire, over the Bernardin, and that over the Splügen, passable for wheel carriages since 1823; the former leading to the Lake of Lugano, and the latter to the lake of Como. The canton Tessino, in 1818, entered into a compact with the government of Lombardy, by which, on condition of being allowed the importation of salt and fruits from Lombardy, it promised to prevent the building of a new road from Bellinzona to Coire, over the Bernardin, and only to keep the old road in its present condition. The validity of this treaty, however, so contrary to the interest of the Grisons and the other cantons, was disputed, and the building was finally commenced. The roads over the yoke of Stills, and that over mount Simplon, are among the greatest productions of human energy and art in modern times.

From the Connecticut Journal.

HOW TO BE SICK.

It is a matter of some consequence to know how to be sick to the best advantage. The method too commonly pursued of being sick at the halves, or attending to business with one hand while you are holding your pericranium to its place with the other, is the very worst, the most tedious and expensive. There is no fun at all in it. You will only lose time, lose character for patience, and lessen your chance of recovery, by trying to be well when you are not. As soon, therefore, as you find yourself too much down in the dumps to do business properly, your best possible way is, to give it up entirely, seclude yourself as perfectly as you may from a bustling world, and remain insulated from it and all its cares. To effect this, choose a room as far from the sound of your knocker as possible, and admit none but necessary attendants. The very Sheriff will excuse you if he has any thing human about him, on being told that you are sick and in bed; but none will excuse so long as you are up, though half dead with pain. Have no side cur-

rams to your bed—they are an abomination to the sick or well, for, besides being liable to take fire from every candle that approaches them, they confine the air, which soon becomes unfit for respiration. Shut out any light which is at all disagreeable, and lie down, resolved not to stir again for any one till you get ready. If your case be not dangerous, you may now consider your cure as half effected; since "well begun is half done."

You may now have as much covering or as little as you please; may sleep if you can, or drowse, or doze, or lie awake, but on no account think of business, or presume to look into a book. Nothing is worse than reading in bed; it is a bad practice for the well, but horrid for the sick; it will not only fatigue, but bring you back to the world again like magick. The room you occupy must be considered as your little universe, beyond which your eyes and thoughts are not to wander. But as the waking eye must rest on some object, while the mind will not consent to be entirely inactive, you may gaze with half closed lids, at the wall over head, associating stains and crevices into pigmy castles, mountains, or armies, or exercise your scone in contemplating the rude figures on the paper which covers the opposite side of the room. This, while it does not fatigue, will serve to confine the attention, and prevent the mind from wandering into more complex subjects.

As for eating and drinking, they should be pretty much out of the question, especially as you will not be very voracious about these times, and a twenty-four hours' fasting will do wonders towards setting you on your feet again. A little warm gruel, or weak tea are admissible, but even those should be indulged in very temperately.

A physician's advice at such a time will be very proper, but attention to these petty particulars will vastly aid his prescriptions, while it is ten to one if he thinks to enumerate them all to you.

Many, by adopting such a regimen at the first onset of the disease, may be able to emerge into the world again, after obliterating one or two days only, from their calendar, who might otherwise lose as many weeks or months. TRY IT.

NAPOLEON JEALOUS.

M. de Bourrienne accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, and in his Memoirs gives the following amusing picture of Napoleon's jealousy to Josephine. "One day," says M. de B. "while we were near the fountains of Messoudiah, under El Arish, I saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often wont to do. I was at a short distance only, and my eyes at this time, hardly knowing why, remained fixed on him during the conversation. The face of the general, always pale, had become more so than ever. His features were in a degree convulsed, his looks wild, and every now and then he struck his forehead. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, he quitted Junot, and came towards me. I had never seen him before look so unhappy, so abstracted. I advanced to meet him, and as soon as we were together, 'You have no real friendship for me,' said he, in a sudden and harsh tone. 'Woman! . . . Josephine! . . . Had you been attached to me you would have informed me of all that I have just heard from Junot; there is a true friend. Josephine! that I am six hundred leagues distance . . . You should have told me . . . Josephine! . . . to have thus betrayed me . . . She . . . Wo to them . . . I will exterminate this race of sparks and gallants! As for her . . . divorce; yes, publick, notorious divorce. I must write; it is your fault; you should have told me.' These violent and interrupted exclamations, his disconcerted countenance, his altered voice, enlightened me sufficiently as to the subject of the conversation he had with Junot; I perceived that Junot had been guilty of great indiscretion with regard to the general; and that even if there were any faults with which Madame Bonaparte could be reproached, they had been cruelly exaggerated. My situation was one of extreme delicacy; nevertheless I was fortunate enough to preserve my coolness, and as soon as a moment's calm had succeeded to his first transports, I began by assuring him that I had never heard any thing of the kind of those things which I sup-

posed Junot had been relating to him; and that even if such reports, often no more than the offspring of calumny, had reached me, and I had thought it my duty to impart them to him, I should not have chosen for so doing a moment when he was at a distance of 600 leagues from France. Notwithstanding these representations, which he listened to at first with sufficient tranquility, the word divorce still escaped his lips at intervals, and it required a knowledge of the degree to which the irritation of his mind was carried when he was affected by any serious trouble to form an idea of what Bonaparte was under this unpleasant circumstance. I did not quit the subject however; I repeated what I had before said of him; I reminded him with what levity random tales were spread and received; the thoughtless amusement of the idle, but worthy of the contempt of superior minds. I spoke to him of his glory. 'My glory!' he replied, 'Ah! I know not what I would give rather than that which Junot has told me should be true, so much do I love this woman! If Josephine be guilty, a divorce must separate us. I will not be the laughing-stock of all the prigs of Paris, I must write to Joseph; he shall get a sentence of divorce.' I represented to him that as to the divorce, there would be time to think of that after mature reflection. These last words produced an effect which I could scarcely have hoped for so speedily; he became quite calm, and listened to me as if he felt the need of meeting consolation half way, and after this conversation he never again spoke to me on the subject of it. But fifteen days afterwards, when before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself to me very dissatisfied with Junot; complained of the mischief he had done by his indiscreet tales, which he began to look upon as the inventions of malice. I perceived in the sequel that he had never pardoned Junot this act of folly; and I can declare almost with certainty that this was one of the causes why Junot was never made Marshal of France, as were many of his comrades, to whom Bonaparte was less attached than he had been to him. It will be easily believed that Josephine, who afterwards apprised by Napoleon himself of what Junot had said, did not interest herself much in his behalf."

From the Camden Journal.

ANTICIPATION

This cold world of ours amidst its multiplicity of ills, and while it seems to delight alone, in throwing over man, the hoar frosts of a soul-chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming intervals of happiness. There is a cheering Oasis in the drear wilderness of its sorrows. A ray of Heavenly sunshine, that gleams occasionally through the woebegclouded darkness of human wanderings. Have we parted from those we love—love dearer, oh! dearer than life itself? And has the separation insulted us, cut us off from every earthly felicity, and left us sad and alone, though in the midst of cheerful faces? Has it made us aliens and strangers amidst the crowd that surrounds us; with no other hold upon its good feeling, that the stranger's claim to the stranger's kindness? There are still bright spots in the sombre shadowings of the scene; for the isolated heart has found perhaps in every acquaintance a friend, and in every bosom the evidence of kindly feeling! But above all, there is in the gloomiest hour of its loneliness, a mellow tint in the rain bow of hope, which nought save despair itself can obscure. It is the hope of meeting again, the object of all that the heart prizes in its affections, and all it dwells upon in the musings of its anticipations! Anticipation! Thou art the sweetness of this bitter life. 'Tis thou that drivest gloom from the gloomy heart, and chasest away the sorrows that intrude themselves upon the sorrowful. 'Tis thou that takest

"The sting from adieu;"

That learnest us to forget the burning bitterness of the last "farewell and God bless you" in the accompanying redemption of the valedictory—"We shall meet again, ere long"

"Tis thou that learnest the heart its flight
"From present woe to, hoped delight."

There is not in human sensibility, so bright a ministration of happiness as this. To be assured

midst the stormy vicissitudes of life, that there is one who thinks of you—one who communes with your sorrows, and weeps over them, though distant; and who will shortly hover over you with the consolations which affection can alone impart, is an emotion that no one can appreciate, but he who has felt it.

From the New England Weekly Review.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering on his lips—I have viewed Death in all his forms of darkness and vengeance with a tearless eye,—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the Earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but, when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels, that something lovely in the Universe is ceasing from existence, and broods, with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up, like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay, yet I saw, that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile, which told, that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eye-lids, at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony, that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh, green Earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June, I wandered out with her a little distance in the open air. It was then, that she first told me the tale of her passion and of the blight, that had come down like a wildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years, and, when they were rent away they left a wound, which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends, who love me—it is very hard to bid farewell to these dear scenes with which I have held communion from childhood, and which, from day to day, have caught the colour of my life and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. That little grove, where I have so often strayed with my buried Love, and where, at times even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me till the whole air he comes one intense and mournful melody—that

pensive star, which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me and beckoning me to his own bright home—every flower, and tree, and rivulet, on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl, of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze, that lingers, for a time, around a bed of withered roses, and then dies "as 'twere from very sweetness."

It cannot be that Earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be, that our life is a bubble cast up by the Ocean of Eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like Angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied?—Why is it, that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty, that is not of Earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars, which "hold their festivals around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?—And finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of Earth. There is a realm, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the Islands, that slumber on the Ocean, and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams—in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam, that lingers around my pillow, and stand before me in its pale, dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from Heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1829.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

☞ The extract from an address to the voters of Lebanon co. Pa., published in our masonick department to-day is well worthy the attentive perusal and consideration of the reader. It is a spirited production, its reasoning is just and conclusive, and it comes from a body of men, none of whom are masons, but who judge of masonry and anti-masonry by their works and their effects upon society.

☞ The article upon our second page from the Mobile Commercial Register will make the reader acquainted with the prospects of anti-masonry in the southern states. It has been repeatedly asserted by the proscriptionists in this quarter, that the excitement was making great progress in Alabama, and other remote sections of the union; the shameless emptiness of such declarations is, however, becoming every day more apparent. The people at the south will not be gulled as the people of this state have been—they prize their liberties too highly, and have too just a view of the shallow pretensions of those whose only merit lies in furiously opposing the masonick institution.

☞ We refer the reader to the prospectus of the Journal of Health, which will be found in another column.

THE ELECTION. It is impossible to form a very correct idea of the result of the election throughout the state; but the returns already received promise a decided victory over anti-masonick intolerance and proscription. When it is consid-

ered what efforts were made to produce a contrary result, victory is doubly creditable to the energy and intelligence of the people. Every lie and every slander that could possibly assist a bad cause, was eagerly pressed into the service of anti-masonry; but we entertain a well founded hope that all the desperate measures of the inquisitionists have been in vain—that the actors have been visited with the fate which sooner or later overtakes the wicked. May they profit by the experience—and may their defeat be a salutary lesson to all factionists, who would build up their personal fortunes upon the ruin of their country.

PAYING DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE. From several statements which have appeared in the Lockport papers, it seems that the anti-masonick Board of Supervisors of Niagara county have made rather free use of the county funds, and that in consequence thereof, an unusually heavy and oppressive tax must necessarily be imposed upon the people, next year. Among other items acknowledged, (officially, we suppose) by their anti-masonick clerk, is one of a "little short of \$1000," for the benefit of the Morgan, excitement! This expenditure will undoubtedly appear to be an odd one in the eyes of honest men, but it will not astonish any one acquainted with the spirit of anti-masonry. It is a legitimate fruit of the proscriptive warfare which has been carried on at the west, and is no more than was long since anticipated, by those who have always deprecated the excitement. Time will doubtless unfold many other instances of equal turpitude; and we should not consider it very remarkable if the old "infected district" had been thoroughly fleeced by the knaves who have ridden into office upon the whirlwind. If the people will not exercise their sober faculties, but be governed alone by their prejudices in the choice of men for public stations, they should expect to reap the fruits of their folly.

ANOTHER HOAX! The anti-masonick papers just before the late election made a great cry about the excitement in the city of New-York, and some of them had the effrontery to publish the following as the inquisition assembly ticket for that city:

Anthony Lamb, David Marsh, John Duer, Peter Sharpe, Thomas Hertel, James Burling, Isaac Ammerman, James Fellows, Edward Arrowsmith, George Zabriskie, Erasmus Edsworth.

As usual, this ticket was got up without the consent of any of the gentlemen named, and several of them being favorably known to the people in many parts of the state, the anties thought this use of their names would have "quite an effect;" especially as time would not allow the truth to be made known extensively "till after election." The following extracts from the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer of Tuesday, will show how the honour was appreciated:

☞ Mr. John Duer requests us to state that his name has been placed without his consent on a ticket for the Assembly, and he declines being considered a candidate at all.

☞ We are requested to state that George Zabriskie, esq. has positively declined being a candidate on the anti-masonick ticket for the assembly.

☞ Mr. Peter Sharpe requests us to state that his name has been placed, without his consent, on a ticket for the Assembly, and that he declines being considered a candidate at all.

☞ We are requested by Mr. Anthony Lamb, to say that he declines being a candidate for the Assembly on any ticket.

Messrs. Editors—My name being placed on a ticket as a candidate for member of Assembly, at the ensuing election, I request you to say that it was done without my knowledge, consent or approbation; and that I decline the honour intended me. THOMAS HERTEL.

David Marsh was a successful republican candidate for Alderman of the 11th ward, at the same election! Edward Arrowsmith was a member of the republican committee of vigilance of the 4th ward, and Isaac Ammerman of the 9th ward! How consistent these anties are!

ANTI-MASONRY "GOING AHEAD"! One James P. Finch, "a famous distributor of itch ointment and anti-masonick newspapers" lately left Saratoga Springs "between two days," the Sentinel says, "to escape an attempted abduction on the part of his creditors." It seems from this that anti-masonry and the itch go together sometimes, and that they are about upon a level in Saratoga. When Solomon Southwick makes another pilgrimage we advise him to lecture upon both subjects.

The oracle of the inquisition, for this city, with one foot in the grave and the other following, says that anti-mason-

ry is increasing "in numbers." It would be a difficult matter for it to increase in wickedness; and the would-be governor will soon be convinced that another such an increase "in numbers" as it has met with at the late election, would put it where it would be likely to "stay put."

N. H. CARTER, Esq. late editor of the New-York Statesman, author of "Letters from Europe," &c. sailed a few days since for Marseilles, France. His object is to benefit his health.

THANKSGIVING. The proclamation of Lieut. Governor Throop recommending the observance of Thursday, the 3d of December, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, will be found on our last page. The 26th inst. is set apart by the governors of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and the act-governor of Maine, for the same purpose.

MONUMENT TO JOHN ADAMS. The Boston Patriot states that the Monument to the late JOHN ADAMS, second President of the United States, which has been preparing by direction of his son, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, sixth President of the United States, was erected on Tuesday week, in the Congregational Church, at Quincy, Mass. The material is Italian marble. The inscriptions are as follows:

LIBERTATEM AMICITIAM FIDEM RETINEBIS.

D. O. M.

Beneath these Walls

Are deposited the Mortal Remains of

JOHN ADAMS.

Son of John and Susanna (Noylston) Adams,

Second President of the United States,

Born 19-30 October, 1735.

On the fourth of July 1776,

He pledged his Life, Fortune, and Sacred Honour,

To the INDEPENDENCE OF HIS COUNTRY.

On the third of September 1783,

He affixed his Seal to the definitive Treaty with Great

Britain.

Which acknowledged that Independence,

And consummated the redemption of his Pledge.

On the fourth of July 1825,

He was summoned

To the Independence of Immortality,

And to the JUDGEMENT OF HIS GOD.

This House will bear witness to his Piety;

This Town, his Birth place, to his Munificence:

History to his Patriotism:

Posterity to the Depth and Compass of his Mind.

At his Side

Sleeps till the Trump shall Sound

ABIGAIL,

His beloved and only Wife,

Daughter of William and Elizabeth (Quincy) Smith.

In every relation of Life, a Pattern

Of Filial, Conjugal, Maternal and Social Virtue,

Born 11-22 November 1741.

Deceased 28 October 1819,

Aged 74.

Married 25 October 1764.

During an Union of more than half a Century

They survived, in Harmony of Sentiment, Principle and

Affection,

The Tempests of Civil Commotion;

Meeting undaunted, and surmounting

The Terrors and Trials of that Revolution

Which secured the Freedom of their Country;

Improved the Condition of their times;

And brightened the Prospects of Humanity

To the Race of Man upon Earth.

PILGRIM.

From Lives thus spent thy earthly Duties learn,

From Fancy's Dreams to active Virtue turn:

Let Freedom, Friendship, Faith, thy soul engage,

And serve like them, thy Country and thy Age.

The capitals D. O. M. are the initials of three Latin words; Deo, Optimo, Maximo. To God, the Best, the Greatest.

Upon the marble Tablet, the inscriptions are placed parallel to each other, divided by a plain line. To accommodate them to our columns, we are obliged to give them in type a different arrangement.

Foughkeepsie Hotel. Every body has heard of that famous depot of Dutch burghers—Foughkeepsie—of its location on a delightful plain at a little distance from the Hudson—of its court house, its jail, its bank, academy, churches, printing offices, and a long chapter of fine sights—but every body has not heard of Hatch's retreat for travellers, and his peculiar manner of making them comfortable and happy.

There is good reason for this to be sure; as Hatch has yet hardly put his house in order and raised his eggs; but as soon as the news can fly—and the Dutch descendants are said to be not slow in retailing gossip—Hatch's name will be in the mouth of every lover of turtle and canvas back.

His buildings are the most spacious and splendid on the river between the "emporium" and "capital" of New-York; and are furnished throughout in the most tasteful style of the times. When we declare our host to be the late presiding genius of the "Fishkill Mansion House," our travelled readers, who have visited that section of New-York, will know who we mean, and will deem anything we might add by way of commendation, utterly superfluous.

(Boston Traveller.)

Gen. Lafayette. The Paris papers contain long accounts of the reception of general Lafayette through the Provinces. A London paper in noticing this event, says—

"Never was king so feasted and treated as this venerable remnant of the revolution has been. In every quarter he has been received with shouts of triumph and congratulatory addresses, which, while they have been complimentary to him, have generally also been made the vehicle for strong philippics against the new order of things. From Grenoble to Lyons, the road was thronged by continual crowds of people, who came to testify their regard for the principles which had guided his political conduct, and the esteem which they entertained towards him; personally. At Lyons 500 young men on horseback, and twice

as many on foot, came out to receive him, and conduct him within the walls of a city, which, it is added, felt proud in having such a guest. M. Prunelle, the director of the college, was the spokesman on the occasion, and delivered an eloquent address, to which the general made an equally eloquent and complimentary reply. The magistrates and other authorities of the town did not join in the acclamations with which he was received, but they did not interfere to repress the enthusiasm of the public."

"The general was to give a grand fete on the 29th Sept. at his seat, La Grange."

From the Boston Palladium.

Sketches of American Character. The Ladies' Magazine has been occasionally enriched by short and simple tales, illustrative of American character, written by the gifted editors of that periodical. Under the modest title of "Sketches," she has skillfully contrived to embody a variety of incidents, depicted with taste and discrimination, which, while they accord with the general features of mankind, embrace also those peculiar traits which may be emphatically styled the idiom of American manners. Mrs. Hale is already known, not only as the accomplished editor of a highly successful periodical, but also as the writer of Northwood, an interesting story, which, with few faults and many excellencies, has established her reputation as an authoress of considerable talent, in the department of narrative literature. She loses none of her fame, when her powers are estimated by the literary merit of the Sketches of American Character. Indeed, we believe that a large portion of the interest taken by the public in the Ladies' Magazine, is mainly to be attributed to these sketches; and the notice which has been taken of them by contemporary publications, abundantly proves that the sentiments in their favour are general. Incited by a desire to gratify those who have not had it in their power to become acquainted with these tales in their original situation, and to preserve them in a more condensed and convenient form, the publishers of the Magazine have been induced to collect them in a neat little volume, under the same title with which they at first individually appeared. The typographical execution of the work speaks for itself, and does credit to the taste of the publishers; we recommend the volume as worthy a place among the productions of the day, or as an appropriate selection for a Christmas or New Year's present. [Communicated.]

From the Centreville (Indiana) Times.

Migration West. To one who has no knowledge on the subject, the number of families that pass through this place for the country west of us, in the course of a single week, would appear incredible. And it affords us much pleasure to observe that the greater portion of them go well prepared to encounter the difficulties of settling in a new country. Many, indeed, judging by their wagons, horses, neat cattle, sheep, &c. must have been in five circumstances in the country they have left—but there are others again, who make a most pitiful appearance. We occasionally see a mother, and some two or three half-naked children, with a bag of old plunder, mounted on a limping, lantern ribbed pony, and the father, with five or six other little barefooted urchins walking along side. In riding six miles east, a few days since, we met thirteen moving wagons, each appearing to carry a separate family.

Grand Duke Constantine. A letter from Frankfort in one of the Paris papers, after announcing the arrival of the Grand Duke Constantine, in that city, broadly affirms that his Imperial Highness is in disgrace, and has been ordered to quit the dominions of his brother. The cause of his disgrace is stated to be his tyrannical conduct towards the Poles, whose affections the Emperor is represented as extremely desirous of conciliating.

We have received the first number of the Anti Masonick Republican, published at Middlebury, by E. D. Barber. The editor's salutatory is made up of threadbare cant about "secret societies." It is the idle ravings of a spoiled child, who would like to kick up a dust in the world and make the hardy sons of Green Mountains believe that Washington, and Jefferson, and Lafayette, and Franklin, and Clinton, and a host of others, were rascals and traitors to their country. The day has gone by when intelligent people can be gulled by such trash. But the editor in question swaggers none the less. Our word for it, however, "Illum sui" will be the epitaph of that Anti Republican of his in six months, instead of being written on the ruins of an institution which has survived the shocks of time and is based on the immutable laws of Justice and Charity. [Rutland Herald.]

DIED,

In Buffalo, on the 27th ult., RICHARD E. SILL, late Editor of the *Geauga Gazette*, published in Painesville, Ohio, aged 22 years.

THE JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

CONDUCTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF PHYSICIANS.

"Health—the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss."

The primary object with the conductors of the Journal of Health is to point out the means of preserving health and preventing disease. To attain this, all classes and both sexes shall be addressed, in a style familiar and friendly, and with an avoidance of such professional terms and allusions as would in any way obscure the subject or alarm the most cautious. The fruits of much reading, study, and careful observation most efficiently to their bodily comfort and mental tranquillity. Journal will find precisely its susceptible of valuable application. Air, food, clothes, and the physical education of children, are topics of perennial and pervading interest, with the discussion and elucidation of which, the pages of the work will be mainly filled.

RECOMMENDATION OF THE WORK.

We approve of the plan on which the publication, entitled "The Journal of Health," is conducted, and believe that it is calculated to be useful, by enlightening public opinion on a subject of high importance to the welfare of society. The numbers which have appeared, evince the publication, while conducted by its present editors. We, therefore, Philadelphia, October 13, 1829.

N. Chapman, M. D.
Wm. P. Dewees, M. D. Professors in the University of Pennsylvania.
Thos. C. James, M. D.
Wm. E. Horner, M. D.
John C. Otto, M. D.
Thos. T. Hewson, M. D.
Franklin Bachie, M. D.
Rev. James Montgomery, D. D. Rector of St. Stephen's Church.
Wm. H. De Lancey, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.
B. B. Smith, Editor of the Philadelphia Recorder, and Rector of Grace Church.

Rev. G. T. Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church.
James Abercrombie, D. D. Assistant Minister of Christ's Church and St. Peter's.
George Weller.
Jackson Kember, Assistant Minister of Christ Church and St. Peter's.
Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. Pastor of the 5th Presbyterian Church.
Wm. M. Engle, Pastor of the 7th Presbyterian Church.
John Hughes, Pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Michael Hurley, Pastor of St. Augustine Catholic Church.
Wm. H. Furness, Pastor of the 1st Congregational Church.
W. T. Brantley, Pastor of the 1st Baptist Church; and Editor of the *Columbian Star*.
John L. Dagg, Pastor of the 5th Baptist Church.
Solomon Higgins, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Union Church.
Manning Force, Pastor of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church.

In addition to the above, the names of a number of highly esteemed members of the different professions, who are subscribers to the work, might be adduced as expressive of the estimation in which it is held. With one voice, the public press from one end of the continent to the other, has spoken of the *Journal of Health* in terms of unequivocal commendation.

TERMS.

The *Journal of Health* will appear in numbers, of 16 pages each, 8vo. on the second and fourth Wednesdays of every month. Price per annum, \$1.25 in advance. Subscriptions and communications (post paid) will be received by *Judah Dobson*, Agent, No. 108 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Subscribers at a distance will discover, that the difficulty in remitting the amount of a single subscription will be obviated by any four of them sending on five dollars to the agent. Those to whom this may not be convenient, can receive sixteen numbers of the work by remitting a dollar to the same person.

The *Journal of Health*, including index, will form at the end of the year a volume of 400 pages, 8vo.

Agents: J. Dobson, 108 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia; W. & J. Neal, Baltimore; Wm. Burgess, 97 Fulton Street, New-York; Carter & Hendee, Boston; and in most of the towns in the United States.

LADIES' MAGAZINE, conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41 Washington st. Boston at Three Dollars a year.

Contents of No. X. for October. *Original Miscellany*—Celebs in search of a Wife; Sketches of American Character; The Romance of Travelling; The Spectre; The Friendship of Man; History of Botany; German Literature; Rev. Dr. Channing; Greenfield High School for Young Ladies.

Original Poetry—My own Thoughts; Stanzas; To a Palm Leaf; Memory; Sonnet; Morte Liquenda Omnia.

Literary Notices—North American Review; The Essayists; North American Arithmetic; Entomology; Infant Schools; Fatherless and Widows' Society; *Columbian Circulating Library*; Manner of taking impressions on Leaves; To Correspondents.

THE AMERICAN ANNUALS FOR 1830

"The Taken," published in Boston, embellished with 13 engravings on steel, and beautifully done up in silk and morocco, of various colours.

"The Talisman"—New-York—Embellished with 13 highly finished drawings, designed expressly for the work, richly bound in embossed leather, of various colours.

"The Atlantic Souvenir"—Philadelphia—splendidly bound in embossed leather, with 12 engravings on steel, by the first artists.

"The Pearl," a Juvenile Annual—Philadelphia—Embellished with 8 splendid engravings, elegantly bound in fancy paper and lined with muslin, making its durability equal to morocco.

The above are already published, and for sale by W. C. LITTLE. "The Juvenile Keepsake"—Boston—will be published in the course of the present month.

The following is a list of the *LONDON ANNUALS*, announced for 1830—

"Keepsake," "Landscape Annual," "Gem," "Friendship's Offering," "Literary Souvenir," "Winter's Wreath," "Forget-Me-Not," "Bijou," "Amulet," "Religion's Offering," "Comic Annual," (by Thomas Hood), "Golden Lyre," "Musical Bijou," "Musical Souvenir," "Lithographic Album," and the following Juvenile Annuals—"Juvenile Keepsake," "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," "Ackerman's Forget-Me-Not," "New Year's Gift," "Christmas Box," "Affection's Offering."

NEW LONDON BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS, lately received by W. C. LITTLE—

Waverley novels, revised, 4 vols. with plates.

Tilt's Panorama of London.

Constable's Miscellany, numbers sold separately.

Coleridge's poetical works, 3 vols.

The Young Gentleman's Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, intended as a Holiday or birth-day present, with 35 beautiful engravings.

Franklin's Journeys to the Polar Seas, 4 vols. plates.

Parry's Three Voyages, 5 vols. with plates.

Flowers of Anecdote, Wit, Humour, Gaiety and Genius, with etchings by Landseer.

Buchanan's History of Scotland, continued to the present time by J. G. Watkins, LL. D. 2 vols.

The Englishman's Library.

Symbolical Illustrations of the History of England, with 42 engravings.

Nos. 22 to 37 Jones' Views of London.

Pierce Egan's anecdotes, with plates.

The Young Lady's Library of useful and entertaining knowledge, with engravings.

Walks through London.

Views in Edinburgh no. 1 to 8 illustrative.

Flahar's Views in Dublin no. 1 to 5.

Jenning's Views in Paris no. 1 to 7.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustration, and Eminent Personages of the 19th Century no. 1 to 2.

Locke's System of Classical Instruction, restoring the method formerly practised in all public schools.

Sharpe's London Magazine, no. 1, 2, 3.

Hood's Whims and Oddities.

The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society—being descriptions and figures, in illustration of the natural history of the living animals in the Society's collection.

Aikin's British Poets, 1 vol.

Sir William Jones's Poems.

Guide through France and Germany.

Belsham's Chronology.

POETRY.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

BY MRS. HALE.

Died he as the soldier joys to die,
When the banner he follows is waving high,
And from voices, whose tones he remembers well,
Loudly the cheers of triumph swell;
'Till victory's shout on the free breeze floats,
He hath caught its sound, 'mid the wild war notes,
—One flash of hope, his eye grows dim—
The land he hath served will remember him?

Died he as the patriot prays to rest,
His labours all crowned, and his country blest;
Garrulous age, his echo of fame,
Repeating the proud and cherish'd name;
While the spirit of youth, like a charger stirred
By the clarion's swell, at the glorious word,
Thirsting for danger, and spurning at fear,
Bounds to follow his hero's career?

He died, but not on the battle plain,
Where laurels are freshened with crimson rain;
Nor the rolling drum, nor life's shrill tone
Nerved him to stifle the low death groan;
Nor the clasp of a comrade his cold hand thrilled,
And bade his heart leap ere its pulse was stilled,
That a message of love from his lips would be borne
To the fond friends who never might greet his return.

He died, and his memory passed away,
Like the rain-bow gleam from the torrent's spray;
And ne'er at his country's high triumphs was heard
His name, that should be the signal word,
When from learning's halls, and bowers of mirth,
Young genius at Freedom's call, starts forth,
And ye read in the fearless, flashing eye,
He comes to the battle, "to do or die!"

He died, and 'twas by the foe's hand,
But not like a soldier by ball or brand,—
—A felon's fate was his fearful doom!
Yet gather young flowers to deck his tomb,
Spring's earliest buds—they shall emblems be
Of the hopes that wooed him to victory—
O, bright they shone,—but there came a frown
And his sun in its morning light went down!

And he died, and his death was a bitter one,
For taunting foes were gazing on;
He heard their scorn on his lov'd land poured,
Yet his fettered hand could not grasp his sword.
—He stood beneath the fatal tree,
And gazed on the cord undauntedly!
—If there came a pang, it blanched not his cheek—
And the wish they had mocked, he disdained to speak.

He died when the war-cloud was gathering fast,
When havoc and horror were borne on the blast—
But sure to the martyr of Freedom is given
A glance of the future, when ripe for heaven—
—O didst thou not see, young Hale,* in that hour,
The eagle's broad pinions in pride and power,
Bearing the banner of liberty,
Shadow thy own land from sea to sea?
And didst thou not feel, when pouring thy breath,
That duty done, plucks the sting from death?

* This young man was a student in Yale College, when the Revolutionary struggle commenced. He left his students for the post of danger, and though not twenty years of age, was appointed captain of a company in the regiment of Colonel Knowlton. After the British had obtained possession of Long Island, General Washington considered it of the utmost importance to obtain information of their strength and intentions. Captain Hale offered himself a volunteer for this hazardous service. He passed in disguise to Long Island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting situation and future operations. In his attempts to return, he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views.

Sir William Howe at once gave an order to the provost marshal to execute him the next morning. The order was accordingly executed in a most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he requested, was refused him; a bible for a moment's devotion, was not procured, though he requested it. Letters, which, on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother and other friends, were destroyed, and this very extraordinary reason was given by the provost marshal, "that the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness."

Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and promising a young man as America could boast, with this as his dying observation,—"that he only lamented he had but one life to devote to his country."

To the memory of Andre, England has erected a magnificent monument, and bestowed on his family high honours and liberal rewards.

To the memory of Hale, not a stone has been erected, nor an inscription, to preserve his name from oblivion.

[Hannah Adams' History of New England.

From the New Haven Advertiser.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

There was a day, or rather half a day,
That in my school-boy years was wont to bring
A respite from all books and tutors' sway;
Those happy hours, they sped on viewless wing.

Now as I turn to that past jubilee,
Its farthest pleasures seem but just gone by—
They are not lost in Time's oblivious sea,
But with a rainbow glory greet the eye.

I would not lose the memory of that hour,
When, halting weary on the upland glade,
We marked the deep, with all its waves of power,
So far away it seemed a light blue shade:

I would not lose that wild romantick view,
The mountain towering o'er the horizon grand,
Its rugged outlines seemingly as true
And smooth as sculptured by the artist's hand:

I would not cease to think of those sweet birds,
Those summer flowers, and thoughts of coming years,
Those fairy gifts, and long remembered words—
No, not for all besides of smiles and tears.

Oh, what a bliss!—the sultry day heat o'er,
The sun fast journeying down the highland west—
To roam away as we may roam no more,
With hearts all gay, and eyes that made us blest.

And oft, when musing o'er the "buried time,"
Will some bright scene stand forth in bold relief,
To glad the heart, and make its chords to chime
With notes for aye the antidote of grief.

No one of correct taste can read the lines which follow, without feeling that a charming picture of rustic happiness and humble life, is sketched in a manner which Goldsmith or Burns would have been forward to praise, and proud to imitate:—

From the Village Record.

BOB FLETCHER.

I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old, and was ugly, and so was his dame;
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the ploughman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away,
They would rise up for labour, refreshed for the day;
The song of the lark as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the plough, and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage in front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to love,
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart;
The thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore,
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from his plough to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by his door when the evening was gay,
And the hill and the landscape was fading away,
And have heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense, arise.

And I thought on the proud, who would look down with scorn
On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,
And felt that the riches and follies of life
Were dress, to contentment like Bob and his wife.

From the New England Weekly Review.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

The merry, merry Autumn winds
Again are sweeping free,
But I am sad—for things are not
As once they used to be,
When all the girls wore homespun gowns,
And shoes with leather strings,
And never thought of bishop sleeves,
And such outrageous things.

Old father Time ha'n't changed a whit
Since I was five years old,
His Autumn coat is still the same—
A crimson mixed with gold;
He whistles just the same old tune
That he did years ago,
And he is quite as merry now,
As he was then, I know.

I used to love to spend a day
Among the forest trees,
When chestnuts, by the bushel, fell
With ev'ry passing breeze;
I reached my home at supper time,
With bag and basket full,
And found the mug of cider there,
For me to "take a pull."

And there were pleasant times at night
In very frosty weather,
When we before the blazing fire
Were seated all together;
The women with their "knitting work,"
The boys with each a book,
The dog asleep upon the hearth,
And puss within the nook.

But now I spend my autumn nights
Beside my fire alone,
I hear no more the hearty laugh
At jokes in "banter" thrown;
I gaze into my Lehigh fire,
And picture old times there,
Then wake and find the scene is but
A castle in the air.

O, how I long for those good times
That once I used to know,
When I wore "neckcloths" without starch,
And tied them in a bow:—
For every thing I know, is changed,
In name if not in look,
Excepting Time—the Testament,
And Webster's Spelling-Book!

OBED.

PROCLAMATION, by ENOS T. THROOP, Lieutenant Governor of the State of New-York, administering the government thereof.

It has pleased Almighty God to distinguish the people of this State by unmerited and unearned favours. He has given us strength and wisdom; and by His guidance we have become members of a national and state government, which secures to us safety from foreign aggression, and to each of us the enjoyment of our due civil rights and freedom of religious opinion. By His great goodness our hearts have been disposed to cultivate the growth of knowledge and virtue, by the instrumentality of public worship, of schools, and of benevolent and charitable institutions, and to consider them as means of individual happiness and national prosperity.

He has been graciously pleased to vouchsafe to us, during the past year, a continuance of peace with other nations, tranquility at home, health, and abundant harvest.

For these, and for His innumerable favours to us, as a people and as a nation, and that He may continue to us His mercy and protection, it is our bounden duty, with grateful hearts, solemnly and publicly to render our united and fervent thanks to our divine Creator, Guide, and Protector.

I do, therefore, in conformity to usage, recommend to the good people of this state, the observance of *Thursday*, the third day of December next, as a day of PUBLIC PRAYER and THANKSGIVING.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my name, and the L. S. private seal, at the city of Albany, this twenty-sixth day of October, Anno Domini, 1829.

E. T. THROOP.

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED. The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his patent SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD. This article, yet but imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself, with the size, strength and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families bringing, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire—to boarding-house keepers—to masters of vessels—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 157 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy.

CHESTER JOHNSON.

40 y1

BOOK BINDING. Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market streets, Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches; viz: plain, extra, and super extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Western Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 25 1/2 cents a volume. Sept. 6. 3m5

GROCERIES. &c. The subscriber having taken the stand recently occupied by D. P. Marshall, corner of State and Dean streets, offers to his friends and the public, a large and general assortment of GROCERIES, consisting of tea, sugars, spices, liquors, and every other article in the line of the first quality, and on as reasonable terms as can be furnished in the city.

ROLAND ADAMS.

Albany, May 23, 1829 17 3m.

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD.
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MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1829.

NO. 42.

MASONICK RECORD.

LETTER

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GENESEE CONSOCIATION, N. Y.

By Rev. JOSEPH EMERSON,

Principal of the Female Seminary, Wethersfield, Conn.

Reverend and Beloved—Possibly I have had the honour of a personal acquaintance with some of your number. If so, that brother must be deeply grieved to learn that I am a mason. Such a brother will not wonder, that I should be so much grieved and distressed by resolves, which lately appeared in the Boston Recorder; especially the first. It is in the following words:—

"Resolved, that the Consociation will neither license, ordain, or install, those who sustain any connection with the institution of masonry, or who will not disapprove and renounce it: nor will we give letters of recommendation in favour of such persons to preach in any of the churches in our connection."

Dear brethren, by this resolve I consider myself excluded from the pulpit, and cut off from your ministerial fellowship; and I should rejoice to learn that I might be admitted to participate at the holy table under your ministrations. I would willingly make a great effort to mingle in your ranks of charity; I should hope that such a measure might tend to heal the incipient breach, which threatens to be more wide and dreadful than has yet desolated the fields of Zion, could I be admitted to the privilege, without first renouncing the masonic fraternity.

Dear brethren, it struck me like thunder from an unclouded sky. Excommunications, for my secret sins, without a moment's warning, would have been scarcely more surprising. I had indeed judged from an influential newspaper that the prince of the air was apparently pouring forth the storms and the tempests of his wrath upon our fraternity.

But "they passed me as the idle wind." Not so with solemn denunciation from beloved brethren, whom I regard as the excellent of the earth, and the glory of Christ. And can it be that I have lived to receive such a blow from such a hand?

Dear brethren, your implied anathema, (O that I could be convinced it does not deserve the dreadful name,) your implied anathema does not fall upon me alone.

In such a case it would have been comparatively a trifle. Even then, however, justice to myself as an individual to you might have forbidden my silence. Doubtless, hundreds of clerical brethren, as ready as yourselves to die for the gospel, are under the same condemnation. Among these I suppose Dr. Miller of Princeton, and some of our missionaries in India.

Dear brethren, I dare not judge you. God forbid that I should impeach your motives. From the character of the ministers of your religion, I cannot but regard you as ardent friends to the Redeemer, and friends to my soul, willing to make a great and painful effort to deliver me from what you doubtless consider as the synagogue of Satan; and willing if convinced of your error, to retrace your steps and make all possible reparation.

Dear brethren, my character is my life and more than my life. If I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die. But let me die like any other felon. Let me be regularly and solemnly executed according to law. Do not murder me. What felon in our country was ever treated as I am? If I be an offender, let me have a fair trial. Arraign me before some tribunal, either civil or ecclesiastical, to which I am amenable. Specify my crimes—I shall doubtless plead Not Guilty. Bring forward your witnesses. Let me have my accusers face to face.—Plead against me.—Convict and condemn if you can.

But, be assured if you condemn me, you will condemn the innocent, and the blood of my character will cry to heaven against my persecutors. I know not what high crimes you lay to my charge. But I know I am innocent. Neither against the rights of man nor yet against the laws of my country, have I, as a mason, offended any thing at all; at least I am not conscious of having committed any such offence. Are my crimes of such a nature that you cannot convict me? What then? This is doubtless the case with many real offenders. Will you murder the man you cannot convict? What then is to be done? Refer the whole to the judgment day. To God, the Judge of all, I am perfectly willing to make my cause.

Dear brethren, (I reiterate this tender appellation, because I feel it, and would continue to feel it. Too well I know that I am in great danger of feeling otherwise.) I am going to my long home, the almond tree is blossoming; those that look out of the windows are darkened; the grinders have ceased; the grasshopper is a hummer. Soon the silver cord will be loosed and the golden bowl broken. Very soon a complication of incurable diseases will hide me in the grave, and introduce my spirit into the presence of my Judge. May God sustain me in the awful hour, and give me grace to trust in Christ alone.

Dear brethren, you are robbing me of my rest and necessary food. You are conducting to shorten the short remnant of my pilgrimage. It is only for you to continue your hostile operations, to enlist all the religious newspapers and other forces under your banners, to complete the crusade which you have commenced, and you may soon bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Dear brethren, are you prepared to meet me in the world of retribution? Though probably all of you are younger and much healthier and stronger than myself, you must soon follow if not precede me. Are you prepared to meet your God upon this subject? Have you no fear that I shall be called to witness against you at the bar of Immanuel? There you must be tried; and there your trial of masonry (if trial it can be called) will be tried again. Have you no fears for the result? Have you no fears that your condemnation of your brethren will there be condemned, when it is too late for repentance or reparation?

Dear brethren, did you presume to try our secrets? How did you

learn them? By our unfaithful brethren, who went out from us? How could you know that apostates would be disposed to tell the truth? If from their own confession they had violated the solemn obligation to secrecy, what confidence could you place in their simple affirmation? It disposed to tell the truth, how could you know that they would tell the truth, and nothing but the truth? Suppose that an apostate christian should declare to a heathen that the grand object of Christ's coming into the world was to promote discord and war, and to prove his assertion, should mention the following words, Matt. 10, 34. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword;" would not the heathen be likely to form a most incorrect and unfavourable opinion of our religion? Suppose the secrets of christianity (you know christianity has secrets, at least such as are not generally known to the world. The secrets of the Lord is with them that fear him.) Suppose the secrets of christianity should be told by those who had known nothing of them, would not apostate christians for witnesses, and enemies for confederates, what would be the result? Would it not probably be decided that our religion is unspeakably worse than any other? Would it be a range in such a case it should be concluded, that though all other religions might be tolerated, yet christians ought to be put to death as enemies to mankind? That your trial of our secrets was in all respects like this I dare not be confident. That it did resemble this, and that your decision was wide from justice, I have not a shadow of a doubt.

You cannot expect me to be very particular in discussing the subject of our secrets. If they injure no one, from their very nature, they must be referred to the day, when all secrets will be disclosed.

One thing, however, I feel free to say, and most solemnly to declare, that I know nothing in our secrets, which appears to me contrary to the word of God, or the rights of man; and that I never had the least suspicion that there was any masonic penalty worse than expulsion.

Do you ask how I can defend such or such a masonic secret? It is manifest that I cannot discuss the subject like most others, nor give the least intimation whether the thing mentioned is or is not one of the secrets, any further than is implied in the solemn declaration, that if such, I never understood it as violating any obligation, natural, civil, or religious. Of many things in masonry I know not any thing, nor ever shall. God is now giving me a much more important work to do than the work of masonry, except when he calls me to bind her broken heart or staunch her bleeding wounds. Like most of the fraternity, I have taken but three degrees. By no means would I speak good or evil of what I know not. You will bear in mind, that I speak of the real and essential parts of masonry that I know, and as I understand them, when I aver, that in my view they contain nothing materially evil. Did I understand masonry, as being what you consider it, it is possible I might hold it in equal detestation.

If any thing unscriptural has been discovered in our avowed principles, our charities, our mutual attachments, I would fain have it designed.

If the conduct of masons has often fallen below their avowed principles, this has been much more the case with professed christians. He that is faultless in this respect, let him cast the first stone.

I consider masonry, a moral, pacific, benevolent, humane and social institution. As such it has doubtless been productive of incalculable benefits to the world. Nay, I regard it as one of the mighty causes which under God, have introduced the present day of improvement and hope.

Has masonry been horribly perverted? Christianity much more. If Illuminism has crept in some of our European lodges, from how many churches have their candlesticks been removed, leaving them out the synagogues of Satan, no better than lodges of Illuminism, enlightened by "darkness visible;" and cheered by the ghastly smiles of eternal death. Have the more appalling crimes been perpetrated by masonry perverted? Perhaps a thousand times more are charged in the register of heaven to abused christianity. Did not perverted masonry seize and murder Morgan? It was abused christianity that, with the symbols of the holy supper, sealed the powder plot. It was abused christianity that kindled the flames of Smithfield, and hurried to heaven the choicest spirits of England. It was abused christianity that transformed Europe into a moral volcano, which, at seven eruptions, poured forth as many millions of her sons to desolate the fair fields of Asia, to crimson them with their blood, and fatten them with their flesh. It was abused christianity that contrived and established that master-piece of infernal inventions, "the holy inquisition," that seized every victim, that presided in every court, that filled every dungeon with darkness, and crowded it with misery, that forged every chain, that riveted every bolt, that echoed in every groan and moulded every tear. Whom see I yonder, riding upon a scarlet beast, arrayed in purple, and precious stones, and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abomination and filthiness—drunken with the blood of saints and martyrs? It is the mother of harlots; it is abused christianity.

Dear brethren, you would doubtless rejoice to restore me to your fellowship, if I could bring my mind to renounce the fraternity. Nay, such renunciation would of course restore me; as you would probably hail me as a brother restored from captivity, or raised from the dead. But my difficulties in the way of such a measure seem utterly insurmountable. Should I adopt it with my present views, I feel as though

* It has been said, that some worthy christians have disclosed the secrets of masonry. I should like to meet the worthy christian who has professed to do this. Possibly he might soon induce me to confess that I have done him great injury. At present, however, I cannot imagine any cause that would justify me in divulging any masonic secrets that I know. I say this with the fullest conviction that cases may occur in which a man ought to reveal secrets that he had most solemnly sworn to keep. If any mason ever did divulge any of our secrets, my opinion is, that in so doing, he sinned against God; though it might indeed have been a sin of ignorance, and I will not say that no real christian ever committed such a sin.

* It believed has not been proved that Morgan was murdered by masons. Still I am willing in my arguments to assume it as a fact.

I should never enjoy another moment's peace in life or in death. And that surely would be worse than all the calamities that have been clustering upon me for half a century. You may possibly suppose, that as there is a vast difference between masonry and christianity, one should be cast off for its abuses, but not the other. That christianity is immeasurably superior to masonry, that the latter is no more to the former than the feeblest reflected sun himself, I hardly need tell you I most freely admit. That I may be called to renounce masonry, but cannot possibly be under obligation to renounce christianity, I also concede. If it were possible to renounce masonry, without any unavowable and unjust imputations upon worthy masons, the case would be altered. But how can I denounce my brethren whom I sincerely love in the Lord? And how can I do injustice to one of the least of my brother masons? "Fiat justitia; ruat cælum." Could there be a general and harmonious agreement to relinquish masonry, against such a measure I should not be disposed to lift a finger. Masonry has done well and done much; though by no means so well or so much as she ought. Her merited praises in every quarter of the world. The widow's thanks, and the orphan's grateful tear are her grateful encomiums. Courtesy and friendship can hail her with gratitude. She has prompted a kind intercourse of nations. She has softened the asperities and diminished the woes of war. She has snuffed upon science and literature. In concert with other institutions, she has aided christianity in introducing this distinguished era of light and salvation. She was the almoner of divine bounty, to make me a member of the American Bible society. While I freely pour forth these encomiums from a full and grateful heart, I am free to acknowledge, and honestly requires me to confess, that the genius and habits of masonry are not the most happily adapted to the exigencies of the present time. I did once make an effort, perhaps the greatest I ever made, to move and melt and remould her heart, in view of the spiritual woes of a bleeding world. But though she listened most kindly, I fear she was very little affected. It might have been inconsistent for her to have complied with my wishes. She was born in another age, and for other purposes. No doubt to a christian's eyes, glowing with love to the Saviour, and moistening with grief to a world in sin, her younger sister was fairer than she. You have doubtless noticed that masons, who have appeared most engaged in promoting the benevolent and evangelical institutions of the present age, have in general manifested very little masonic ardour. From this some have concluded that masonry is absolutely bad. The inference is ungrounded. The fact undoubtedly is, "not that they love masonry less; but these men love it more."

And now, brethren, I am free to make the further concession, that in all probability the great work of masonry is done, at least, that she has very little more of importance to accomplish. As her duty fulfilled, I am now heartily willing she should immediately close her operations—that she should never enter another apprentice, nor again wield her plumb-line, nor lift her hammer. Let these utensils be laid up in the choicest cabinet of her sons, for an everlasting memorial of her industry and her aims. Let her consign over all her stock, her labours and her responsibilities, to her vigorous successors. Let her then withdraw to the shades of honourable retirement; and having gently sunk to her eternal rest, let her modest marble present the indelible inscription "Peace to her Ashes, and Glory to her Name."

You may wonder that with such views and feelings, I should ever think of becoming a mason. You must be sensible that times have somewhat altered within fourteen years, yet not so much as very materially to affect the expediency of such a measure. I will state to you my chief motive. In one of the southern states, where I was spending a few months, a great and respectable portion of my hearers were masons. One of the most distinguished of these was a man who appeared still more distinguished as a Christian. Indeed he was almost the only person of my denomination with whom I could take sweet counsel upon spiritual things. But for the influence of his example I might never have harboured a serious thought of entering a lodge. I trust that my chief motive was to benefit the souls of my hearers. I did think that, from the lips of a brother, they would be likely to hear the truth with more attention, understanding and candor, and with greater prospect of spiritual benefit. For I never found the person who would pretend (as we have been slanderously reported) that masonry would save the soul, without repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I did there ore to the masons become a mason that, if possible, I might save some of them. Dear brethren, which of you would not have done the same?

And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance you did this dreadful deed, and therefore I can not only pray, but most confidently hope, that you will soon be convinced of your error. As such a case, I doubt not that you will make haste and delay not to make all possible reparation. You will rescind your unrighteous decree—you will restore to favour the discarded brethren; you will make me reparation as public as you have made the injury, and endeavour in all respects to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

Dear brethren, pray for me. I need your prayers, especially that I might be enabled to cherish right feelings and to pursue a right course of conduct, under the great trial, which God has laid up for me by your hands. Let me entreat you, if possible, to call upon me if you should visit this region. You may expect to be most grateful welcome to my heart, to my house, and especially to my seminary, if you can give my pupils a word of exhortation.

And now, brethren, I must commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, that is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. If any part of this communication shall seem to express aught of malice, bitterness or unkindness, it is certainly the very reverse of my intention; and I have tried to avoid it. Never before, perhaps, did I make so great an effort to avoid every thing that might justly offend. Feeling that I had received a very great injury, and knowing my temper to be constitutionally irritable, I have endeavoured to watch it most cautiously, and I hope devoutly. If you should wonder that I have not been more successful, perhaps it may occur to you that your situation in reading is scarcely less trying than mine in writing. You will be in the utmost danger of imputing evil where none was intended—where none exists. If I am not deceived, I have written every

word with a heart that would rejoice to extend to you the hand of a brother, and to unite with you in the most solemn and affectionate acts of devotion. And I do hope that I have been enabled to write with some sense that I was writing for eternity. And yet I do not know that I should now dare to send this communication without the approbation and advice of others. I have read the most material parts to several of my most judicious and pious friends—most of them ministers, and some of them in their views and feelings, have been sufficiently opposed to me. Their unanimous opinion is, that it contains nothing contrary to the Christian spirit, and that I ought to send it. Most of them encourage me to hope the good western brethren will make some retractions. If you should still think that some parts are harsh and severe, I can only say that I shall exceedingly regret it; and I hope you will be enabled in your reply, to set me an example of what a communication should be from brother to brother, under circumstances accordingly trying. I hope I shall not be unduly solicitous as respects the time and tenor of your answer. You may well suppose that I must be desirous to hear from you, at least from some of you. May the God of Peace and Love rule in your hearts, direct your deliberations, and lead you to such decisions as may be most for his glory, and the advancement of his kingdom.

Beloved Brethren, Farewell.

Yours, in the most sacred bonds,
JOSEPH EMERSON.

Wethersfield, Conn. July 21, 1828.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Officers of *South Carolina Encampment*, No. 1, in Charleston, South Carolina:—

M. E. Sir James Eylaad, Grand Commander; E. Sir F. G. H. Gunther, Generalissimo; E. Sir James S. Burgess, Captain General; Ill. Rev. Sir J. Brown, Prelate; Ill. Sir J. Harrison, Senior Warden; Ill. Sir G. B. Grannies, Junior Warden; Ill. Sir Moses Holbrook, M. D., Treasurer; Ill. Sir James W. Rouse, Recorder; Ill. Sir H. G. Street, Standard Bearer; Ill. Sir S. Rowan, Sword Bearer; Ill. Sir A. Bailey, Warden; Sir J. Roche, Sentinel.

Regular communications, last Wednesday in every month.

Officers of *Carolina Chapter*, No. 1, in Charleston:—
Alexander M'Donald, High Priest; Gershom Jones, King; Archibald E. Miller, Scribe; Andrew M'Feters, Captain of the Host; Alexander M'Gregor, Principal Sojourner; John Ferguson, Royal Arch Captain; E. S. Courtenay, Treasurer; James W. Rouse, Secretary; E. P. Cohen, William F. Myers and J. B. Rogers, Masters of Vails; John Roche, Sentinel.

Regular communications, 2d Tuesday in every month.

Officers of *Union Chapter*, No. 8, in Charleston:—
James C. Norris, High Priest; William Schoyler, King; William Riley, Scribe; George Jacoby, Captain of the Host; H. G. Street, Principal Sojourner; C. Evans, Royal Arch Captain; E. Sebring, Treasurer; J. S. Burgess, Secretary; Thomas B. Swift, John May, and J. Harrison, Masters of Vails; John Roche, Sentinel.

Regular communications, 4th Tuesday in every month.

Officers of *Solomon's Lodge*, No. 1, in Charleston:—
John J. Alexander, W. M.; F. G. H. Gunther, S. W.; William Stoll, J. W.

Regular communications, 1st Monday in every month.

Officers of *Franklin Lodge*, No. 2, in Charleston:—
A. C. Dibble, W. M.; E. C. Council, S. W.; William Few, J. W.

Regular communications, 1st Thursday in every month.

Officers of *Wing Lodge*, No. 4, in Charleston:—
J. B. Rodgers, W. M.; C. L. Black, S. W.; A. E. Miller, J. W.

Regular communications, 3d Tuesday in every month.

Officers of *Washington Lodge*, No. 5, in Charleston:—
Rev. J. Brown, W. M.; E. Southworth, S. W.; A. F. Cunningham, J. W.

Regular communications, 3d Thursday in every month.

Officers of *Friendship Lodge*, No. 9, in Charleston:—
Esdaile P. Cohen, W. M.; Joseph Moss, S. W.; M. C. Mordecai, J. W.

Regular communications, 2d Wednesday in every month.

Officers of *St. Andrew's Lodge*, No. 10, in Charleston:—
A. Wanless, W. M.; George Rowe, S. W.; George Roine, J. W.

Regular communications, 3d Monday in every month.

Officers of *St. John's Lodge*, No. 13, in Charleston:—
John Christian Buxbaum, W. M.; Laurent Stopple, S. W.; Rev. J. L. Milton, J. W.

Regular communications, 1st Wednesday in every month.

Officers of *Orange Lodge*, No. 14, in Charleston:—
G. Jones, W. M.; Dr. H. C. Glover, S. W.; George A. Hopley, J. W.

Regular communications, 2d Monday in every month.

Officers of *Pythagoras Lodge*, No. 21, in Charleston:—
Alexander Ballund, W. M.; William News, S. W.; T. B. Swift, J. W.

Regular communications, 1st Friday in every month.

Officers of *Lodge de La Candeur*, No. 36, in Charleston:—

Cléide Rame, W. M.; J. F. Plumeau, S. W.; Francis Laborde, J. W.

Regular communications, 1st Sunday in every month.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the Transactions of the Albany Institute.

On the *Uvularia grandiflora*, as a remedy for the bite of the Rattlesnake. By JAMES G. TRACY.

Read February 29, 1828.

It has been long known that the Indians made use of a vegetable remedy for the bite of the rattlesnake, but there appears to be much uncertainty respecting the plant resorted to for this purpose. I believe no description has yet been published by which it can be distinguished.

The commissioners for settling the boundary line between the U. States and the British possessions, were engaged in August, 1820, in the survey of the islands near the head of Lake Erie. Among their attendants was a hunter, named Hank Johnson. This person is a white, who, while a child, was captured, during the revolutionary war, by the Seneca Indians, in the western part of Pennsylvania. He has ever since remained among them; been adopted as one of the nation, and to which indeed his habits, dress and appearance conform, and he is now one of the chiefs of that part of the Senecas who reside on the Cattaraugus creek. In the late war, he attached himself to the forces under the command of General Porter, on the Niagara frontier, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Chippewa, and at the sortie from Fort Erie, by his strength, courage and fidelity, and in the former action, probably saved the life of Major Frazer, who being wounded, was carried by him on his back to a place of safety.

At the period above mentioned, one of the men in the employ of the commissioners was bitten by a rattlesnake, and Hank was applied to for assistance. He immediately collected some plants, and gave to his patient a decoction of the roots and leaves; and after chewing, they were also bound upon the wound. No other remedy was administered, and the man recovered.

Soon after this, a dog, belonging to one of the party, was bitten severely by a rattlesnake in the head and tongue. Hank was absent at the time, and before his return, some hours after, the animal was excessively swollen and apparently near dying. The same remedy was then applied, by pouring a decoction of the plant down his throat, and binding the roots and leaves on the wounds, and the dog very rapidly recovered.

On hearing these circumstances related by General Porter, W. A. Bird, esq. and Major Frazer, (all engaged on the commission) and the plant minutely described by them, I had little doubt that it was the *Uvularia grandiflora*, and collected some specimens of that plant, which those gentlemen examined. All of them pronounced it to be the same plant which had been so successfully used under their observation. Its identity was afterwards still further established by a specimen, which it was found General Porter had preserved at the time the cures were performed.

Those persons who are generally acquainted with the plants which are found in the northern states, will agree with me in opinion, that no person of ordinary observation could mistake the perfoliate *Uvularia* for any other plant; and the height of this being described as two feet determines it to be the *U. grandiflora*, which alone of the perfoliate *Uvularias* reaches that height.

I therefore think that the concurring opinions of the gentlemen whom I have named, is conclusive proof that the plant I submitted to their examination must be the same with that which was made use of by Hank, and which is the

Uvularia grandiflora—Smith.

U. lanceolata—Willdenow.

U. perfoliata major—Michaux.

a plant familiar to every botanist, and very generally diffused.

I am aware that the bite of a rattlesnake is not

always fatal, even if the wound be entirely neglected, but there is every reason to believe that the usual remedy was resorted to on this occasion; and at a season of the year when the bite of a rattlesnake is known to be peculiarly dangerous, it is hardly possible that the man and dog could have both recovered without some powerful aid.

DESCRIPTION.

UVULARIA, corolla inferior, 6-petalled, erect; claws of the petals each furnished with a nectariferous cavity. Filaments very short, growing to the anthers; stigmata reflected, capsule 3-angled, 3-celled, 3-valved, valves septiferous in the middle; seeds many subglobose, arillate at the hilum. *Nuttall's Gen. U. grandiflora*, leaves perfoliate, oblong, acute; petals smooth within; anthers somewhat obtuse; nectaries roundish.

[Smith Ex. Bot.

U. perfoliata major.—Michaux Fl.

U. lanceolata.—Willd. Sp. pl.

Hab.—Shady hills, in fertile soil, and among rocks: from Canada to Carolina.

It has a general resemblance to Solomon's Seal: leaves alternate, smooth and perforated by the stem, which is forked near the top: bearing one, rarely two, drooping lilaceous yellow flowers early in May.

THE GATHERER.

NAUTICAL INSANITY.

This madness is, in two respects, similar to hydrophobia,—it is extremely violent and outrageous in its nature, of short duration from the appearance of the symptoms until death closes the melancholy scene, and as yet has been perfectly incurable. It has been my lot to see three cases, but I have heard of many more: they were all captains of merchantmen, driven in by stress of weather to a small harbour on the coast of Britain. The first I saw had been extremely irritable for a day or two previous: the crew durst not speak nor look the way he was on. The symptoms getting worse, he grasped a large sail knife by the lanyards, and pursued one of the apprentices over the rigging of the ship. The young sailor was wide awake to the intentions of his master, and ran up and down the shrouds with agility; but the Captain was equally nimble; and while the poor lad was turning the cross trees, the madman, on the opposite ladder, let dash at him with the knife, and cut one of his cheeks from brow to chin—a frightful gash. The sailors now interfered, and after much danger and difficulty, succeeded in securing the Captain with ropes; then he roared, kicked and cursed, in a horrid manner, until the evening of the second day, when he died under a paroxysm of rage. The second, while running into harbour, seemed struck with the appearance of a gentleman's house that had been built on a commanding station by the sea side. "Fine house," he kept muttering to himself, until the ship was brought to anchor, when he ordered his apprentices, six in number, to proceed with him ashore in the jolly boat, and each bring a rope with him five fathoms long. They obeyed of course, as it is quite against all maritime law for apprentices to disobey the orders of the captain. On arriving ashore, he made them follow him as fast as they could round the coast to the large house: they did so. On arriving there, which was about a mile and a half from the bay, he found, to his surprise, the door locked, and no persons moving about, the family being absent. The gardener's wife was left in charge, and she was at her own cottage in the garden at the time. Finding this, with his bare fist he whacked in the panes of glass and window frames, cutting his hands in a shocking manner.

Having effected an opening, he jumped into the drawing room, and bowled out of the window whatever of mahogany furniture came first to hand, chairs, sideboards, &c.; cursing the apprentices to make up their burdens. The poor fellows, having each bound in his rope a lot of furniture, proceeded on the homeward march, followed by the stormy captain, groaning under a huge table balancing it on his back with one hand, and carrying a large mirror in the other. Thus passing many people on the road, the neighbourhood became alarmed;

the country people gathered round with sticks and interrogated him when returning again to the house, and with much difficulty, secured and lodged him in jail; but getting more and more outrageous, the humane conceived that being in a prison was the cause, and they had him removed from thence into a private house; but it made no difference; he expired in the same way as the other, perfectly smothered with rage. The third seemed to decline robbery or murder; he wandered melancholy about the shore; and when any notice was taken of him, he gave utterance to wild imprecations. Sometimes he would take a stick and thrash the ground until he was exhausted, or hurl rocks off a precipice into the surge. This being in a remote part of the country, which was thinly inhabited, nobody molested him; or rather none of the harmless sheep farmers durst go near where he was. They kept hovering round at a distance, however, and as the distemper increased they got more and more alarmed. At last he became more exhausted, and could not stand on his feet. Thus did he wear away, much in the same way as the others did, although he was not handcuffed or molested by any one.

[Macdaggart's Three Years in Canada.]

OPIUM EATING.

All the readers of modern poetry, have read of the famous place for opium eating in Constantinople. The following is the latest and best description of this temple of happiness.

"The market of Theriski Theachissay, near the mosque of Selymania, is the place where the opium eaters indulge in the use of this 'delicious poison.' The coffee houses, where the Theriakis, or opium eaters, assemble, are situate in a large square; and on a bench outside of the door, they await the wished for reveries, which present to their glowing imagination the forms of the celestial hours, and the enjoyments of their own paradise in all its voluptuousness. I had heard so many contradictory reports of the sensations produced by this drug, that I resolved to know the truth, and accordingly took my seat, in the coffee house, with half a dozen Theriakis. Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five; the dose varies from three grains to a drachm—I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours; I was told he had been using opium for five and twenty years; but this is a very rare example of an opium eater passing thirty years of age, if he commence the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom; they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others address the bystanders in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain: in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect; the coffee house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, my spirits became sensibly excited; the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on an universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which acted on the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure; in short, it was 'the faint, exquisite music of a dream' in a

waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step, that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along; the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I arose, pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium eating." [Madden's Travels.]

Of course, as all this rapture proceeded from opium, it was a brilliant evidence of the power of the drug on the fancy. But the sliding step, the body lighter than air, the extraordinary dreams, and the headache next morning, are symptoms of such ordinary occurrence, that if the worker of the spell had been port wine instead of poppy juice, we should have said that the doctor was "drunk."

COMING OUT.

Do you know that you are standing on the very spot where I made my first appearance at a ball! I was about as gawky a fellow, with one exception,—I beg your pardon, our Joe, as ever you saw on two legs. I came hither, feeling I never knew how; I could hardly get my breath; wholly ignorant of ceremony, and fresh from the back woods. Let me describe my dress: It was a plain citizen's coat, originally of a bright claret colour, made for my grandfather; never worn except on great occasions; going down from father to son for a Sunday garb. It was too large by a mile for me; with broad pocket flaps, wide skirts and cuffs; upon which were four great buttons, like so many flowered clock faces; I never shall forget it; as many more on each flap; a rolling collar; and a row of pewter plates all the way up and down on one side. My waistcoat was of a deep crimson stuff. Instead of breeches, I wore a pair of tight worsted pantaloons, woven like stockings. I was bandy-legged by nature, and knock kneed; with ankles and joints like a horse. My feet were not over large; but in the vanity of youth, I had jammed them into a pair of peak toed shoes, that were much too small for me. Besides either they or my feet were not mates; for one of them I never had fairly on, the whole night through. They pinched my toes till I was ready to yield with pain; and owing to their genteel construction, (I got them at York) they pressed upon the leading instep nerve; may I be hanged if I don't feel it now, whenever I attempt to move the great-toe of that foot. I had been walking all day; and after a while, my two feet looked to me like a pair of bloated toads in a leather harness. I was terribly agitated; and all the blood in my body of course had settled in my feet, as the place farthest from the tumult. Zounds, how they ached! To crown all I had on a pair of white thread stockings, made for my mother, which I had borrowed without leave, and torn across the ankle. There were neither strings nor buttons to my pantaloons, by which I could keep them down; so that I had to double them aslant over my shin bone, and pin them awry over the rent in the stocking; which, after all was arranged, I found to be on the wrong side out; I was afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe; for, at every step, I expected the pin to fly out; and my pantaloons to fly up, like a criped eel-skin, or birch bark by a hot fire. I dared not sit down for several other reasons. I had on a pair of purple sheep-skin gloves too; nor very beautiful nor delicate. On any other occasion I could have jumped into them. But once where I must keep on, or die outright with vexation, for my hands were large, red and fleshy; do you think the devilish things would go on! not they! though I tugged and tugged as I would at a pair of boots, till I split one out, and tore the other open.

Al, if you'd a seen me! our Joe. My face burnt like a furnace; my gloves adhered in fragments to my flesh, discoloured and turn with sweat. In wiping my face I had left one broad side of it completely darkened with a discharged colour. But I did not know it then; for I was very anxious to be agreeable; and was made happy more than once,

to see how very pleasantly every body looked, when I fell into conversation, or bowed, or smiled, to the folks near me. I had a brown bandana handkerchief too; but, before I had held it a quarter of an hour in my hand, so frequently had been the application to my hot and burning face, it had turned quite another colour; almost black; and hung out smoking with moisture. My great hands were breaking through my gloves at every sob of my heart; they wouldn't stay in my pockets a moment, although I did my best to keep them there, and was ready to give up the ghost with vexation; for if I had purposely sought to make myself ridiculous, I could not have managed better.

[Neal's Yankee.]

SUPERSTITIOUS CURES.

1. A ring made of the hinge of a coffin, will prevent cramp. [I have hardly ever known it fail.]
2. A halter wherewith any one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the head ache.
3. Moss growing on a human skull, if dried, powdered and taken as snuff, will cure the head ache.
4. A dead man's hand will dispel wens or swelled blands—if it be rubbed nine times on the place afflicted. [Recollect nine times, no other number will do.]
5. Touch a dead body—one simple touch, and it will prevent you from dreaming of it.
6. Steal a piece of beef; rub warts with it—then bury it or throw it over the left shoulder, and do not look behind you—when the beef rots, your warts will decay. [I have tried this once, and never knew it fail.]
7. A fragment of a gibbet or gallows, on which one or more individuals have been executed, if worn next the skin, will prevent or cure the ague. [I have never tried this. Ma has, and although she travelled through the low country one summer, she never had the ague.]
8. A stone, with a hole in it, hung at the bed's head, will prevent the nightmare. [I have always had this hanging at my bed's head, and I have never yet had the nightmare.]
9. If a tree of any kind be split, and weakly children drawn through it, and afterwards the tree be bound together, so as to make it unite—as the tree heals the child will acquire strength. [Brother Tommy was perfectly cured in this way.]

[Virginia Museum.]

From the National Intelligencer.

Near the Neabco Run, a little above tide water, and within 200 yards of Neabco Mill, and about the same distance west of the mail road, from Washington city to Dumfries, has been lately discovered a very ancient tomb-stone, surmounted by four pedestals of white free stone, neatly and distinctly engraved, as copied below. Above the inscription is a Death's head; beneath an hour glass, and on the side a drawn sword, all well executed. The style of the work and its date cannot fail to render this tomb-stone an object of considerable interest to the antiquarian and historian.

HEARE LYES Ye
BODEY OF LIWT
WILLIEME
HERRIS, WHO
DIED MAY Ye
16, 1688.
AGED 68
YEARS.
BY BIRTH A
BRITTAINE, A
GOOD SODDIER
A GOOD HUSBAND
& KINDE
NEIGHBOURE.

LONGEVITY.

The English have two instances on record of remarkable longevity, that of Henry Jenkins, a Yorkshire fisherman, who died 1670, aged 169; and Thomas Parr, who died 1635, aged 152. The Russians appear to be the longest lived of any people, as a proof of this the following article from *La Clinique*, a Parisian medical Journal, will be sufficient:—Last year (1828) 604 individuals died between 100 and 105 years old; 145 between 105 and 110; 104 between 110 and 115; 46 between 115 and 120; 16 between 125 and 130; 4 between 130 and 135; 1 at the age of 137; and 1 at 160."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

SEBAGO POND.

During a journey through the eastern part of New-England, in the May of 18—, I made a pedestrian excursion with an old college friend, from Portland to Sebago Pond, a paradise of waters amid the wilderness of Maine. It was a glorious morning. We were in motion and among the fields, as all true pedestrians should be, in time to see the sun rising from the ocean, a thing of light and life, gladdening every living being and feature of scenery into beauty and brightness at his approach. All nature seemed awakening at the summons of her master, and to be throwing off the veil of darkness which had hidden her beauties from his sight, and the dew drops around us were glittering in his beams, as if the elves, started at his approach, had fled, and in their haste left their jewels behind them to beautify and adorn the earth. A soft morning breeze was stirring and waving the grass by the road side, as if in harmony with its music. To a melancholy or a speculative man there is an undefinable pleasure in spring time musings, and in the conversations which grow out of them. The old year has passed away. The tempests of winter have sunk and died before the softening and perhaps enervating influence of spring, and, as if in unison with nature, the invalid who has lingered on in life, during the severity of our northern climate, and who has, during its dreariness, baffled for a while the slow inroads of consumption, brightens at the return of spring, with the hectic colours "that dazzle as they fall," and at last sinks into his grave just as the flowers have begun to bloom and blossom around him.

With good company, walking, is, for a while, a most excellent means of getting along and enjoying the wayfaring amusement of the traveller. But solitary pleasures, let philosophers say what they will, are dull things. There is more truth than the world, or perhaps even the poets or rhymers who talk about them, imagine, in what they say of the intercourse of tried friends. When a man cannot have a vent for his perpetual recurring thoughts, they will turn and prey upon his own mind, and render him a gloomy misanthrope. It is impossible to be forever thinking. Were it so, the brain would soon be filled, and leave no room for fresh thick-coming fancies. During a walk of five hours, in the country, every sense is continually conveying to us the materials for new thoughts, the brightness and value of which are doubly increased by being shared with another.

We in due time reached our destination. The approach to Sebago Pond is through a rugged hilly land, which opens a communication between the solitude of the waters and the busy world around them. From an elevation of the path there are suddenly seen a few fishing huts and raftsmen's cabins close beside a slight bridge, which is continually thronged with the most patient of sportsmen. On the lower side of the bridge the pond empties itself into a small river, which in its course to the sea, sets in motion the manufactories and machinery of a thickly settled country, while on the other, the pond lies expanded to the view, "a burnished sheet of living gold." We saw the water in its deep tranquility. I have seen it in storms, (for there are storms even upon our peaceful inland lakes,) when its wooded islands would be dimly seen looming up like spectres through the fog, and the waves would toss angrily about, as if vexed that their banks detained them from mingling with the ocean. But this day, every thing was so calm that it seemed hardly possible to disturb the tranquility of the scene. The numerous small craft of the fishermen were plying silently about in pursuit of their sport; at intervals, a pleasure boat would be seen, containing a party with faces as bright and joyous as the scenes amid which they were moving; and ever and anon the cry of the raftsmen from far up the lake, would come pealing over the waters, making the whole appear like a festival day of the desert.

We soon procured a boat and a boatman, and commenced, in compliance with the custom of all the visitors of Sebago, trailing our lines amid scores

of others. Ah, Old Izaak Walton, thou wouldst never more have hung over the narrow streams of old England, couldst thou once have gazed into the clear depths of this beautiful lake; couldst thou have reclined with thy rod and thy basket, and spent the livelong day in "meditation and angling" on its banks, and have seen the noble fish sporting in its waters, as if proud of their spacious habitation.

The most remarkable feature of the landscape was a dark cavern, the hollow of which had been opened from the solid rock by some convulsion of the earth. Its entrance from the water would admit a small boat. Of its downward course nothing is known. Its depths are hidden in the deep gloom of the waters. But upwards there is a rough winding passage through the mass of stone to the summit of the precipice, the only ascent at the place from the water to the brow of the hill. The entrance to the upper air is narrow, and so well concealed among the scattered masses of granite, as to be unknown except to the people of the vicinity.

Directly over the lower entrance, are traced some rude figures in red paint, bearing some resemblance to the human form, and standing as if the guardians of the dark portal beneath, and they have there remained since the first discovery of the country, as fresh and vivid in their colouring, as when they first waked the curiosity of the white man. They are covered with the same veil of mystery as the other parts of the gloomy spot where they are standing. But romance, ever ready to lend her light, when that of truth is obscured, has preserved the following tradition, which we heard in substance from the lips of our boatman.

"Many years ago, long before the whites had penetrated to this wilderness, the inhabitants of an Indian village in the vicinity were surprised by a party of hostile warriors. They had formed their encampment around the point which you see jutting out into the water, and proceeded silently to the abode of their enemy. The forest resounded with the cries of Indian combat. The villagers fought with the energy of desperation, but were at length obliged to yield to superior numbers, and leave their wives, children and property, in the power of their enemies. Among the prisoners was an Indian girl, betrothed to a young Indian warrior, who had signalized himself by his desperate valour in the defence. The enemy remained for a few days at the scene of their triumph, employed in hunting and fishing, preparatory to their return. On the eve of their departure the moon had risen in a cloudless sky, and was gilding lake and woodland with her light. Every thing on earth was seemingly as peaceful as the heavens. The party, after having, as they thought, secured their prisoners, had lain down to rest ere the march of the morrow. A slight rustling suddenly aroused a warrior, and on looking up, the captive maiden was seen flying like a deer towards the precipice. The alarm was given, and pursuit instantly commenced. The distance between the pursuers and the fugitive was small, when suddenly she appeared to vanish through the solid rock. A few moments of breathless amazement succeeded, when the splash of oars was heard from the water. The brow of the rock was thronged with the dark forms of the savages, gazing into the abyss. Suddenly a canoe, containing two figures, shot from the cave. The whistling of a few unsuccessful arrow-shots, and a shout of triumph from the lake, disturbed for a while the tranquility of nature, and the wilderness again sunk into the silence of midnight.

In after times, the young warrior and his bride returned to the scene of their nocturnal adventure, and painted these figures in commemoration of it. Time has not impaired their work, or their memory, and to this day the spot retains the name of the 'LOVERS' CAVE.'

From the New-England Galaxy and Boston Mercury.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL APPLE-WOMAN.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

It is nonsense to talk of "the learned" as being the only wise part of mankind. There is many an unlettered fellow who can turn his wits to better account than a professor; while there are not a

few of the erudite who have hardly wisdom enough to go in when it rains; not that we are altogether of honest Dogberry's opinion, that "to write and read comes by nature," but the truth is, a man may have a shrewd noddle who never figured among the knowing ones.

I was led into these reflections by contemplating the other day, the philosophical demeanour of an ancient apple-woman on Long Wharf. This relic of the olden days has kept her station there with her vendibles of fruit and gingerbread, time out of mind, and save her diurnal locomotions at morning and evening, she is as much a "part and parcel" of the Boston Pier as one of the posts. She is, in fact, to all intents and purposes, an absolute fixture. She owns four feet square of the sidewalk by prescription. Nobody thinks of ordering her or her table out of the way. She is a Sibyl, and keeps the rabble in good manners with a "stirring spell," as Mr. Willis says. She is a Pythoness, and sits upon her three-legged stool as on a Delphic tripod. She has an absolute immunity from all the vexations, rubs and crosses which are a part of the municipal economy. Constables do not venture to be saucy to her; aldermen make their manners before her; truckmen dare not jostle her; handcartmen are mannerly, and auctioneers dumb in her presence.

"The Noble of nations, there she sits."

This venerable and philosophical female will help you to her catables with the same air of indifference, whether you be a nabob or newspaper editor,—worth a plum, or out at the elbows. It is all the same to her: she puts the Mayor on a level with a market-boy, and makes no distinction between one who owns ships and one who writes verses. What's Hecuba to her? She sells her apples and chesnuts, and he who buys the oftenest is the greatest man in her eyes. I verily believe she would not budge a foot if President Jackson should commence a "searching operation," in person, to root all interloping traffickers in nutmegs and sugar candy, too near those purlieus which are under the special supervision of the Custom House.

She was talking with one of our principal merchants, who stood on the sidewalk near her: he was munching an apple and grumbling of hard times.

"Terrible times Mrs. —, terrible times; people all failing; no money, don't know what we are all coming to."

"Terrible times, indeed, Mr. Snatchcopper. Is that your new ship yonder?"

"Yes, but she has cost me a monstrous sum. I have mortgaged all my real estate, and hired money to build her."

"That's an excellent plan Mr. Snatchcopper. Every man would not have shown so much prudence."

"Yes, yes, I am obliged to pay an enormous interest for the money; but then I expect the voyage will bring me in at least fifty per cent."

"Really, Sir, that is a magnificent prospect; and when you have pocketed all this profit, what will you do with the money?"

"I mean to speculate in real estate, and build a lot of houses which shall clear me twenty-five per cent. upon the capital."

"And when you have got the money—as of course you will, making such nice calculations,—what next?"

"Then I will put into manufacturing stock, and make twenty-five per cent. more."

"And then?"

"And then I will invest it in the Rail Road stock, which will be just about ready to be taken up. I shall clear thirty per cent. more by it."

"And then?"

"And then I will commence underwriter, and in a short time double the whole."

"And then, Mr. Snatchcopper, after you have made fifty per cent. by the voyage, twenty-five per cent. by the real estate speculation, twenty-five per cent. by the manufactures, thirty per cent. by the Rail Road, and doubled the whole by underwriting, what will you do with the grand total?"

"Put it into the funds, and live on the interest."

"How much are you worth now, Sir?"

"They tax me for fifty thousand dollars."
 "All which you are risking upon this chance?"
 "Yes, I really think it is a great plan."
 "So do I Mr. Snatchcopper; but how did you contrive to raise the money so quick for this undertaking?"

"Oh! only by endorsing for a few of my friends, all safe enough."

He had hardly spoken this, when some one came running up—"Oh! Mr. Snatchcopper, have you heard the news? Three failures! P—, and Q— and X—, all gone to the devil!"

"Mercy on me," exclaimed Mr. Snatchcopper, "then I am ruined; I have endorsed for them all." So saying, he was off like a flash of lightning.

"There!" said the philosophical apple-woman, "that is the way it has gone these fifty years! Empires are overturned, and fortunes go to ruin, but my table keeps on its legs. *I spin no projects!*"

MISCELLANY.

QUAKERS.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day, when I meet any of their people in their path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) "to live with them." I am all over sophisticated—with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pipe.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them, may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth—the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmation of the shop and the market-place, a latitude is expected, and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, "You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath." Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth—oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances, is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows, that his syllables are weighed—and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper perhaps to be more than hinted at upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed

self-watchfulness—if it did not seem rather a humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered, in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examination. "You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of those upright Justices to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the Quakers. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances. I was travelling in a stage coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest non-conformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation tendered mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach went off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by enquiring of his next neighbour, "Hast thou heard how indigos go at the India House?" and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

From the Journal of Health.

RULES FOR PRESERVING THE SIGHT.

The preservation of the sight is an object of so much importance to every individual, whatever may be his profession or rank in society, that we have thought a few hints in relation to this subject might be productive of beneficial effects.

It is well known to the physician that nothing more certainly impairs the sense of vision than debauchery and excess of every kind. The individual, therefore, who would preserve his sight unimpaired, must avoid carefully every species of intemperance. This is an all-important rule, a neglect of which will render every other of but little avail.

A long continuance in absolute darkness, or frequent and protracted exposure to a blaze of light, equally injures the sense of vision.

Persons who live almost constantly in dark caverns or chambers, workers in mines, and prisoners who have been long confined in gloomy dungeons, become incapable of seeing objects distinctly excepting in a deep shade, or in the dusk of the evening. While on the other hand, in various parts of the world, in which the light is constantly reflected from a soil of dazzling whiteness, or from mountains and plains covered with almost perpetual snow, the sight of the inhabitants is perfect only in broad day light, or at noon.

Those, also, who are much exposed to bright fires, as black-smiths, glassmen, forgers, and others engaged in similar employments, are considered, by the best authorities, as most subject to loss of sight from cataract.

All brilliantly illuminated apartments have a similar prejudicial effect upon the eyes, though, undoubtedly, not to the same extent. As a gen-

eral rule, therefore, the eye should never be permitted to dwell on brilliant or glaring objects for any length of time. Hence in our apartments only a moderate degree of light should be admitted; and it would be of considerable advantage, particularly to those whose eyes are already weak, if in place of a pure white or deep red colour for the walls, curtains, and other furniture of our rooms, some shade of green were to be adopted.

Reading or writing in the dusk of the evening, or by candle-light, is highly prejudicial. The frivolous attention to a quarter of an hour at the decline of day, has deprived numbers of the perfect and comfortable use of their eyes for many years: the mischief is effected imperceptibly, the consequences are often irreparable.

There is nothing which preserves the sight longer, than always using, in reading, writing, sewing, and every other occupation in which the eyes are constantly exercised, that moderate degree of light which is best suited to them; too little strains them, too great a quantity dazzles and confounds them. The eyes are less affected, however, by a deficiency of light than by the excess of it. The former seldom does much if any harm, unless the eyes are strained by efforts to view objects to which the degree of light is inadequate—but too great a quantity has, by its own power, destroyed the sight.

The long-sighted should accustom themselves to read with rather less light, and with the book somewhat nearer to the eye than they ordinarily desire; while those that are short-sighted should, on the contrary, use themselves to read with the book as far off as possible. By these means both may improve and strengthen their vision, whereas a contrary course will increase its natural imperfections.

Bathing the eyes daily in cold or tepid water tends to preserve the integrity of their functions; provided, however, the individual does not immediately after such bathing enter a warm room, or unnecessarily exert his sight.

From the Parterre.

The mofning of Life is clear and beautiful—not a cloud floats upon the sky, not a breeze fans the earth but brings sweet tidings upon its wings, and is a fresh source of joy. In our youth we look upon Nature with the eye of an enthusiast and drink in the beauties of a landscape as it were a part of Heaven. How often have I strolled out into the woods and along the hills, and given myself up to the full influence of my feeling. I have sat down in the beautiful hour of Twilight, and let my imagination run riot among the glittering throng of clouds that wreathed their golden folds around the setting sun. I have gone out beneath the sky when the stars were lighting up the illimitable space, and felt that every breeze that waved its plumes around me was fresh from heaven—unmixed with earth, and unsullied as a dream of Paradise. Oh there is a pure and blessed influence upon the soul at such an hour, and aspirations, higher and holier than earth can give, go off to the realms of love. Fancy, free and unfettered as the morning breeze, fills the air with forms fairer than the Turkish houri, and paints upon every cloud that rolls in a flood of glory along the west, scenes that can only be realized within the gates of Eden. And every star that looks in beauty from the azure sky, seems a spirit of a better sphere roaming those fields of trackless blue, that hang on high like the canopy of Space.

There are glories in the sky, and the air, and in the fields, which the plodding man of the world never dreams of. There is the melody of heaven in the evening wind—there is a delicious and soothing music in the brawling of a mountain brook, and the gurgling of limpid waters, which he never hears—"a rapture in the pathless woods"—a joy in silent communion with nature, of which he is not susceptible. He does not hear the song of joy that flies upon the winds of spring—he cannot feel that the winds of Autumn as they rustle among the falling leaves, are but the low and melancholy dirge of Summer—He cannot stand upon the mountain's top when the spirit of the tempest is out

when all the bannery clouds are unfurled, the elements at war, and the thunders and lightnings of heaven battling fearfully with the demons of the storm, and feel himself a part of the scene around him, and go off, in the height of inspiration, to ride upon the sea of clouds that are rolling in masses of blackness along the air. No! It is the poet that changes the face of nature. It is the poet whose mind mirrors the beauty of heaven. It is the poet who makes a cloud his car to waft him to realms beyond the reach of human ken. He feels, when the dews of evening are falling upon his throbbing brow, that they are but the incense of heaven, scattered from the bounteous hand; and that the twilight shadows rolling in imperceptible folds across the sky, are but the unseen spirits of the air, waving their shadowy plumes along the unimagined depths of blue, and veiling the sky but to bring to the view of man, beauties unrivalled and undimmed.

There is an inexhaustible source of joy, in the lone and silent communings of the heart with nature! The hand of an unseen being seems to drop balm upon the lacerated mind, when it steals out to worship at Nature's shrine. Breathings of a better world come upon it, and lull the senses into a momentary forgetfulness of earthly thoughts. 'Tis then the aspirations of the soul are pure and unsullied as the first rays of morn; the passions are calmed—the irritated mind is soothed, and the world, with all its troubles and vexations is forgotten.

Though the world should frown upon us, and the clouds of lost hopes, and despair hover round us, like the smoke of desolation round the ruins of a temple, still the contemplative mind will ever take a pleasure in these journeyings to Nature's places of worship. These are the heart's treasures which can never be taken away.

THE DRAMA.

The degree of patronage bestowed upon theatrical entertainments of an intellectual order, has always appeared to us to be a just criterion of the standard of taste among a reflecting people. We shall not, at this moment, enter into an analysis of the many and forcible arguments, which have been adduced by some moral writers to prove the demoralizing tendency of histrionick exhibitions, but shall be content to number ourselves among the subscribers to the principles of many gifted and exemplary men, who have given their testimony in favour of plays, as an entertainment best adapted to the taste and sensibility of a community, distinguished by a love of literature, and a predilection for the fine arts.

The faithful and severe delineation upon the stage of the passions which actuate our natures, the natural and affecting exhibition of the gentle feelings, and the forcible picturing of the sterner ones, must convey to the refined and cultivated, lessons fraught with more enduring precepts than can be forced upon the mind by study or reflection. Organick perception, in every instance, stamps its images upon our memories with a strength and endurance, which can never be impaired by the unaided operations of the intellectual capacity. Relate to a child a most appalling instance of human suffering, and he listens to you with wonder and amazement, but the story calls forth none of the sympathy and sorrow, which spontaneously burst from his heart if he witnesses the agony of a favourite dog. The history of the most destructive battle, does not cause that instinctive shuddering which we all experience, at witnessing the operations of extreme pain in a single individual. So true it is that visual consciousness possesses a far greater power over our sympathies, than mere mental perception.

Then if this be the case, as we think will be accorded, must not the great ethical truths, which are inculcated in every dramatic composition of the highest order, be presented to us from the stage with an efficacy valid and perdurable? But it has been objected to the drama that its presentments are exaggerated pictures of human life and passion. From this assertion, which has been boldly uttered, we must totally dissent. There is not a single being of the great human family, whose private history, if faithfully recorded, would not appear like

the wild and fanciful creations of romance. Nay, we will venture to assert that it would surpass them in marvel. The cause of this denunciation of scenick resemblances is that we see upon the stage the occurrences of a continuous story; we there perceive the completed chain of a period of existence; whereas in real life the concatenation is broken, and consequently the abstract portions present but a feeble image of the whole to our perceptions. If a piece of cunning mechanism were presented to us in its disjointed parts, and we were told that they constituted the noble work which we had but a moment before examined in its perfection, the assertion would at least excite an emotion of doubt and astonishment. So it is with the efforts of the dramatist. Particular incidents in the lives of his characters are connected in an unbroken history, tending to its catastrophe, uninterrupted by the contingencies of existence extraneous to its completion; and the lack of the minor and intervenient events of life, is the cause of the denunciation of his labour as improbable and hyperbolic.

Some plays doubtless there are of great merit, wherein possibility as well as probability is outraged; and these are tolerated not for the accuracy of the whole plot, but for nice delineation of particular character, or for beauty of language and excellence of moral.

But assuming for a moment that dramatick exhibitions are exaggerated pictures of life, and incapable of diffusing a correct moral feeling among a people, let us ask what amusement can we substitute which will be so popular and innoxious? In large cities, there is always a numerous class whose thirst for recreation must be indulged by some means, and many of this description find an attraction at the theatre, which effectually prevents a resort to scenes of vice and dissipation. That the idle and depraved, as well as the industrious and exemplary, may be found at the play-house, is not to be denied, and their presence there constitutes a strong proof in favour of the drama; for be an institution what it may, if it possesses the power to draw one profligate, for a single hour, from the haunts of infamy, it deserves the encouragement of every friend to social order. What has been sown in weakness, may bring forth the fruit of principle; and who will take it upon him to say, that the vicious have not been reclaimed, and the wavering supported and strengthened, by reflections excited by a well acted play?

Retrenchment in the dialogue of many plays is absolutely necessary. Language which, even by implication, can offend the ear of purity, should never be uttered upon the stage. Lax sentiment and innuendo are doubly dangerous when clothed in beautiful and powerful language. The conductors of the drama must apply a pruning hand to its carious branches, and we trust the symptoms of reform in this respect which have already made their appearance, will be prosecuted to a cure.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1829.

[Q] New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

[Q] The Letter of the Rev. Joseph Emerson, which will be found in our masonick department this week, will, we trust, be carefully perused by every reader. In support of a production from so respectable and highly esteemed a source, it would be superfluous to urge a word. We are confident that those who respect the christian character and value the peace of society will receive much profit and much pleasure from its perusal.

PROSPECTS OF ANTI-MASONRY. At the late election in this state, the anti-masons succeeded in choosing twenty-six of the one hundred and twentieth-eight members of assembly, and one of the nine new senators. Their strength in the next legislature will therefore be, in the senate, (composed of 32 members,) three, in the assembly, (composed of 128 members,) twenty-six—being one less, in the former body than last year, and about the same in the latter. Their ma-

jorities at the late election were much less than they were in the same counties at the preceding one; and the change in the public feeling, which their decrease clearly proves, promises an opposite result at the next trial. Their majority in Monroe county, the very hot-bed of anti-ism, is less than half what it was last year. It may reasonably be expected that this healthy change in the popular mind, in the very locus of anti-masonick strength and energy, will exercise a salutary influence in other sections of the "infected district;" and that the decline of the contagion in its old fastnesses will effectually check its progress in other quarters.

This result demonstrates the truth of what we long ago said, that anti-masonick intolerance and proscription are rapidly travelling their downward course, and that the people are returning to their ancient habits of sober thinking, and of honest and patriotic action. These facts must now be evident to every one of common discernment; and however strenuously the interested promoters of discord and confusion may strive to create a different belief, they must even themselves be secretly convinced that they contend against the truth. As drowning men catch at straws, so will anti-masonry cling to, and magnify, every thing, which seems to promise it buoyance for a moment; but as the drowning man sinks in spite of straws, so will anti-masonry sink into its deserved obscurity, in spite of its desperate grapplings; and the current of public affairs will flow as smoothly as if it never had ruffled the surface.

What those elected hope to do, beyond getting three dollars a day of the people's money, and spending them in licentious pursuits, we shall not pretend to say; but it is not a difficult matter to mention a few things which, in all probability they will not do: they will not disfranchise the masonick fraternity, nor succeed in passing any laws by which their civil or political rights shall be in any manner abridged; they will not succeed in establishing anti-masonry as the quintessence of all excellence, nor in proving that those who oppose it are necessarily egregious scoundrels—they will not succeed in proving that the masonick institution had any thing to do with the kidnapping of Morgan, or, if he be dead, with his murder; nor in demonstrating that either was encouraged or sanctioned by masonick obligations: in short, there is no reason to believe that they will be able to re-kindle the excitement by legislative aid, or to procure enactments against the best and most public spirited citizens in the state, merely because they happen to be freemasons; but there is every reason to believe that they will follow the example of their impotent predecessors, and lounge through the session, without either the ability to benefit their faction, or the desire to promote the interests of the state. Anti-masonry, then, can expect nothing from them, and the friends of toleration have as little to fear. A farce will be got up, at which all but the actors will smile, and which, unlike similar scenes at the play-house, will bring contempt upon the Merry Andrews, in the proportion that they contribute to the public amusement.

THE ALBANY THEATRE, which had been closed for some weeks, for the purpose of undergoing repair, and receiving an extra finish from the pencil of a skilful and meritorious artist, was opened for the winter season, on Monday evening last. The interior of the building is indeed brilliant, and it has been said, and repeated, that it equals, if it does not surpass, any place of the kind in the country. As far as our knowledge goes, we without hesitation, subscribe to the same opinion. We shall not, however, anatomize it, nor attempt to describe its effects upon our dazzled and astonished optics. In these matters it is best for every one to judge for himself—they are cases in which the Paul Pry faculties of every individual may be put in motion, without the danger of subjecting him to the imputation of "intruding." We therefore advise the curious to "drop in."

Previous to the play on Monday evening the following Address, written by JAMES LAWSON, Esq. of New-York. was spoken by Mr. FORREST, with his usual energy and correctness:

In earliest days, when, uncontrolled by art,
Each chainless passion of the human heart,
Through every grade of cruelty and crime,
Held sovereign sway, unchecked by law or time;
When Gullt upon a, with dark, malignant frown,
To grasp from Vague's head her spotless crown;

And mad Ambition marched with giant strides
O'er wasted war-fields, red with human tides;
When ruthless Vengeance, and unbloody Hate,
Stalked through the world to blight and desolate;
When Vice and Superstition marked the age,
The actors were Mankind—the Earth, the Stage!

In later times, when sons of Genius rose,
Of murder, rapine, and revenge, the fires,
The stage was then the grove, or sylvan green;
The only actors on the tragick scene
Were the rude sons, to ruder fathers born,
Whose wit and satire held up vice to scorn,
And mimicked deeds of heroes and of kings,
In their unwritten, rude imaginings.

But brighter days came on, and lustre threw
On History's page, for future age to view:
In Greece, the pride and pattern of the world,
The tragick Muse her standard first unfurled;
Euphorion's son struck his enchanting lyre,
In notes that waked Euripides's fire;
And then his rivals, who, in song or field,
Proved both his country's glory and his shield.
Then lived the Comick too, whose wit refined
Was felt, obeyed, the aristocracy of mind:
Next Rome, the haughty Empress of the earth,
Her sons immortal, as of heavenly birth,
Caught the sweet strains the Grecian lyre awoke,
And in undying strains her Drama spoke:
Then swarthy Carthage sent her banded son,
Who for Thalia's crown both strove and won.

But Time rolled onward—the dark ages fled;
Long slumbering Genius woke, as from the dead;
The Drama shed its radiance o'er mankind,
And roused the world from apathy of mind;
The Stage—the Avon-Swan's immortal verse,
Held—holds in magic thralls the Universe!

The Stage: the light of innocence and truth,
The scourge of vicious age, the friend of youth;
The Stage! vast field, where stormy passions pass
In bold review, as in a present glass;
The Stage! where Virtue her fair form may see,
And Vice shrink back before his own deformity.

Patrons! once more our portals open wide,
Your smile our hope, your favour still our pride;
The Drama here shall dignify the Stage,
Amuse, instruct, while it amends the age.

Through the week the house has been well attended and the plays well sustained. Our leisure will not allow us, this week, to dwell upon the merits of the various actors. In general terms, the company is an excellent one; and as the enterprising managers promise a regular succession of "stars," we anticipate a brilliant campaign. Miss EMERY made her first appearance on Thursday evening, in the character of Bianca; and Mrs. STONE, an old and deserved favourite, is announced for Helen Macgregor, in the performance of this evening.

EMIGRATION TO HAYTI. Mr. BENJAMIN LUNDY, senior editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, some months since paid a visit to the island of Hayti, to obtain a settlement for twelve emancipated slaves, and to investigate the condition of emigrants generally, from this country. The result of his visit was highly satisfactory to himself, and the account of his investigations, which he has published, places the black republic in a much higher state of civilization than it has hitherto occupied in the opinion of the rest of the world. At the close of his essays on the "state of things in Hayti," Mr. Lundy makes known the following liberal proposals of several settlers upon that island.

1. General Inginac, who possesses several very fine plantations, a short distance from Port au Prince, offers to hire, immediately, a large number of labourers, (both men and boys,) to whom he will give from five to twelve dollars per month, and furnish each family gratis a comfortable house, together with a lot of ground with it, sufficient for a garden, with the privilege of raising poultry, &c. &c. while they continue in his employment. After working in this way for one year, he will lease land and tools who may be capable of managing well, and shall then be disposed to settle in that manner.

2. Senator Bayard has a valuable plantation near the town of Jacmel, whereon a large quantity of cane is already planted. He offers to advance the price of passage and furnish three months' provisions to emigrants, on a long credit; provide houses for them to live in, with garden lots gratis; give them medical aid, if necessary, and let them have the half of all the sugar and syrup they can make, from the cane thus ready planted, deducting a small portion for expenses in keeping the works, &c. in repair. In fifteen days from the time they commence their labours, they would realize the benefit thereof; and proper labourers would be rewarded with a very handsome profit. The plantation has every thing in readiness to carry on the business, so that the emigrants would incur no expense in procuring working tools, &c.

3. William Doran, an Englishman, who also possesses several sugar estates near Jacmel, one of which is admitted by intelligent men to be the best, in every respect, that can be found in all the West Indies, wishes to engage one hundred or more labourers, immediately, to whom he offers the following terms:—

He will associate them with him for six or nine years—they having the privilege of renewing the contract; pay one-fifth of the price of their passage; furnish them with suitable provisions for six months; medical aid if necessary—for which each family will pay two dollars a year; a building lot, with half an acre of ground for a kitchen garden, gratis; pay one hundred dollars a year towards employing a schoolmaster, who may at the same time be a minister of the gospel, of their own persuasion; and give them one-fourth of the sugar and syrup, made from cane already planted, and one-half of all other productions raised by them, exclusive of those of their private gardens, &c. &c. The sum he is willing to advance, for each person, between fifteen and forty-five years of age, (which must not exceed sixty dollars,) he will expect to be paid

by installments, at a remote period, the first of which will be called for at the end of their second year's labour.

This gentleman also proposes a splendid project for the removal and settlement of slaves from the United States, in addition to the foregoing, which will shortly appear in the columns of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*.

4. William Deas, a very respectable emigrant, from Charleston, South Carolina, offers to employ a considerable number of his coloured brethren from the United States, on the following terms:—

He has six hundred dollars for planting with cane, and attending each piece, until fit to cut—one hundred and twenty dollars to be paid when the planting is done; forty dollars, after the first hoeing; forty dollars, after the second; and the balance, when the cane shall have come to maturity. Should necessity require, however, he would make further advances. He will also lease, upon very favourable terms, portions of his land to those who are prepared to settle and cultivate the same. He has a tract of 4000 acres, situated directly on the sea coast, with sugar works erected thereon. The land is equal in fertility to any perhaps in the world. This tract formerly produced a vast quantity of sugar, coffee, &c. &c.

5. Folson and McCulloch, of Jeremie, the first of which is an Englishman of very good character and standing, wish to employ one hundred labourers, at a sugar plantation, as soon as possible. They propose to pay each labouring man fifty cents per day; (women and children that work, in proportion,) furnish a house and one acre of ground for a garden, to each family, with the privilege of keeping poultry, hogs, &c., and give them medical aid, if sick. They will engage them upon these terms, for nine years; and, if desired, give security for the complete fulfilment of their part of the contract.

6. General Marion, of Aux Cayes, offers to men of capital a sugar estate, now in ruins, on which may be employed at least a hundred labourers. Terms, moderate; all advances to be refunded at a certain period; besides allowing a share of the profits; and the property to be considered as security for the same.

7. Citizen Labastille, of Aux Cayes, has a coffee plantation, consisting of three hundred acres, on which there are now about one hundred thousand coffee trees, ready planted, which he estimates to produce with little care, from one to four pounds each. He will lease it for nine years. If fifty labourers can be engaged to work said plantation, he will let them have the use of it two years gratis; the third year they will pay him one-tenth, and the remaining seven years, one-fifth of the produce.

The undersigned, senior editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, is authorized to attend to the making arrangements for closing contracts with any of the persons named as above, upon the terms mentioned. For further information, application may be made to him or his partner. They may be consulted at any time, at their office, No. 19 South Calvert street, or their boarding house, at No. 135 Market street, Baltimore.

B. LUNDY.

W. C. LITTLE, 67 State street, is agent in this city and vicinity, for the *JOURNAL OF HEALTH*, the prospectus of which was published in our last.

We have received the first and second numbers of the *New-York Palladium*, published at West Troy, by Mr. ANSEL WARREN. It is neatly printed, and is conducted with considerable ability. We heartily wish its industrious proprietor the greatest success.

The third number of *The Parterry*, from which we have this week extracted a tolerable sentimental affair, is embellished with a full length portrait of the editors better half—she resembles the *Flying Dutchman* as much as any thing we know of.

An Anti Masonick Dagger. We were furnished on Friday evening last with a scrap of paper containing the following words from the pencil of one of Avery Allyn's companions, who left here a day or two ago with that juggler, for the purpose of exhibiting, as is said, in Woodstock:

"Mr. Butzer—Sir, I left a Grecian dagger under my pillow on Wednesday evening. I wish you would give it to Mr. Fish—and oblige yours,
E. E. CAMP."

And has it come to this, that in a land of equal laws and rights—among a christian people in a state of profound peace—the cause of anti-masonry is so of hellish a nature that it cannot be propagated but by armed ruffians! We have seen this Grecian dagger, well sharpened and ground to a point; and it made us shudder to think that the owner of it was a favoured conductor of John Bogardus, Jacobus Lefever, Solomon E. Eltinge, and other politicians of that camp in Ulster. If freemasons were to travel about in this manner for the purpose of refuting the calumnies heaped upon him by miscreants like Allyn and Camp, the country would be made to ring with denunciations from the farthest tip of the toe.

[Ulster Sentinel.]

Canal of the Pyrenees. A magnificent canal is about to be commenced in France, connecting the Atlantic and Mediterranean, by running 300 miles, and terminating at Bayonne, its whole length will be about eight inches. Its breadth is to be about seventy feet, and its depth will require 276 locks. Each lock will have a breadth of twenty-two feet, and a length of 114 feet. It is calculated for keeled vessels of 150 tons, and the expense is estimated at about six millions of dollars.

Don Miguel. A correspondent of the *Daily Advertiser* says:—"That according to the late news, the kingdom of Angola, in Africa, one of the most valuable and extensive possessions of Portugal, has thrown off the yoke of Miguel, and proclaimed D. Maria II.; and in this revolt in favour of the proper authorities, one life only, it seems, was lost—that of the Governor, for opposing the public will." [N. Y. Statesman.]

Don Miguel's Ministers. The persons, sent as envoys to represent Don Miguel at the court of St. James and at Rome, have not been acknowledged; but the courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin, says the *London John Bull*, "have admitted ministers from that humane and honourable prince."

Liberia. In a note to the short address of Bishop White, &c. is a most interesting fact, and one full of promise. It states that the Colonists have established friendly relations with so many of the neighbouring chiefs, that they have sent into Liberia as many as a hundred of their children to be educated.

Capitalization of General Barradas confirmed. A passenger in the Louisiana, who arrived at New-Orleans on the 7th, from Vera Cruz, informs us that general Barradas came to N. Orleans in the same vessel with himself, together with several of his officers, for the purpose of

chartering transports, to take his men from Tampico to Havana. General Barradas capitulated on the 12th of September, after five successive engagements, having lost nearly half his men by the combined operation of sickness and the Mexican arms.

Outness Name. One of the Russian Commanders is General Poy.

SCHOOL BOOKS published by E. & G. MERRIAM, Brookfield, Mass. and for sale by O. STEELE, Bookseller, No. 437 South Market street.

THE AMERICAN READER, containing extracts suited to excite a love of Science and Literature, to refine the taste, and to improve the moral character. Designed for the use of Schools. Price 75 Cents.

Recommendations. Having examined the "American Reader," recently published by E. & G. Merriam, of Brookfield, we cordially recommend it, as a School Book to be used by higher classes in common schools. It contains a judicious, chaste, and valuable selection of pieces from standard writers. The moral tendency of the selection we consider highly salutary. While it is calculated to assist the pupil in acquiring the art of reading, it will also furnish him with many valuable hints in regard to the formation of character. The merits of this compilation, when known, will, we think, secure for it extensive patronage.

THOMAS SNELL,
JOSEPH VAILL, Jr.,
ALVAN BOND.

April, 1829.

Letter to the Compiler.

Hadley Nov. 25, 1828.

Dear Sir,

I have examined the copy of the *American Reader* you sent me. The selection of the materials appears to be judicious, and I think it possesses merits superior to any work of the kind which has fallen under my observation.

Preceptor of Hopkins Academy.

From the Massachusetts Yeoman. "The *American Reader* is a handsomely printed duodecimo. It is the greater part of it, a collection of elegant extracts from some of the best English and American writers, in prose and poetry. Many of the pieces are of very recent publication, giving to the book an interest which is wanting in some other similar works. We think it will be found exceedingly well adapted for the use for which it is designed. It is certainly an interesting miscellany for families, and even for literary readers."

From the Boston Recorder. "The character of the book may be estimated by the writers chosen by the compiler. Among the European are Jane Taylor, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Opie, H. K. White, Montgomery, B. Barton and Pollok. Among the American are W. Irving, Dennis, Webster, Griffin, Whippley, Wayland, Dwight, Humphrey, Wilcox, Beecher, Willis, Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Francis. The whole comprises a very judicious and chaste selection."

From a Notice of the Work. "This compilation, in point of moral sentiment, is, in our judgement, superior to any recent publication which we have seen. We recommend the work to the early consideration of School Committees, and hope it may be extensively circulated."

THE FOURTH CLASS BOOK: Containing Lessons in Reading, for the younger classes in Schools. Price 25 Cents.

This little work contains a selection of Reading Lessons, adapted to the capacities of young scholars, and admirably calculated to interest and instruct them.

It has gone through three editions, within fourteen months from its first publication.

THE CHILD'S ASSISTANT in acquiring, Quick, and Practical Knowledge. Price 12 1/2 Cents.

The Book comprises brief, comprehensive and interesting Lessons, chiefly in the form of Question and Answer, on the following subjects:—Geography—History—Astronomy—American History—The United States—American Revolution—Astronomy—Clouds, Winds, &c.—The Human System—Falseness—Reading—Manners and Customs—Natural History—In Justice—Government—Laws of Manners—Obedience—The Ten Commandments—Intemperance—Improper modes of Pronunciation—Ages corrected—Maxims—Etymological Table of Names, important for explaining Texts in the New Testament—Explanation of common French and Latin phrases—New notions of the most difficult words in this book. It also contains Tables of Weight, Measure, Time, Money, &c. &c.

It has been introduced into the primary schools in many of the principal towns in Massachusetts and the neighbouring States.

Recommendations. Extract from a notice of the work, in the Boston Recorder. "This little volume contains information on subjects chiefly practical, and important in the transaction of the ordinary business of life. It is an easy introduction of the young mind to an acquaintance with some of the principles of science, it is calculated to give a taste for learning, which can never be lost. A copy of this little work ought to be in the hands of every child between four and eight years of age. It deserves to be introduced into all our primary schools, and to be deeply engraven on the memory of every scholar."

From the Massachusetts Yeoman. "We have felt the need, in our own family, of just such an 'Assistant' as this little work. It is designed, by questions and answers, to impart to the inquisitive minds of young children, a knowledge of facts important to be understood by them, and fitted to excite the curiosity to know more. With such a book at hand, many a leisure moment may be passed pleasantly to the parent and profitably to the gratified children."

THE AMERICAN PRIMER: Designed as the first book for Children. Price 12 1/2 Cents.

This Book consists of Easy Lessons in spelling and reading, adorned with Cuts, and is well adapted to assist in acquiring the first rudiments of education.

Albany, Nov. 14 41.

LONDON ANNUALS, FOR 1830.

Just received, by W. O. LITTLE, No. 67 State street, "Friendship's Offering," a Literary Album and Annual Remembrancer, embellished with 43 line engravings on Steel, elegantly bound in Embossed Morocco.

"Winter's Wreath," a collection of original contributions in Prose and Verse, illustrated by 13 splendid engravings in the first style of the Arts, bound in Crumson Silk.

"Forget Me Not," a Christmas, New-Year, and Birth Day Present, embellished with 14 highly finished engravings, after original designs, expressly for the work, beautifully bound in fancy paper, with a Case.

The following are daily expected:
"Landscape Annual," with 35 Illustrations. "Keepsake," "Gem," "Literary Souvenir," "Bijou," "Amulet," "Religion's Offering," "Cornick Annual" (by Thomas Hood), "Golden Lyte," "Musical Bijou," "Musical Souvenir," "Lithographic Album," "Juvenile Keepsake," "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," "Ackerman's Forget-Me-Not," "New Year's Gift," "Christmas Box," "Affection's Offering."

JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

POETRY.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

I knew the story of a broken heart;—
A sad tale 'twas, and such an one as some
Of austere brow and cold mysterious eye
Might scarcely deign to hear, or hearing it,
Would gravely smile and then, with solemn air
Shaking the doubtful head, turn back to dust:—
But haply some may learn from it that sadness
By which the heart grows better, for the tear
That falls for woe doth ever purify
The soul that sent it, and returns again
A flood of peace sweet as a seraph's prayer.

They loved,—or thought they loved, for cunningly
Doth the arch god rivet an iron chain
Around one neck, nor lets the sufferer see
How light he wreathes the silken thread that joins
His mated slave to the eternal yoke.
She was a blessed creature;—one may live
From blushing boyhood down to hoary age,
And only once in that long waste of years
Could such a vision come, but never more
To be forgotten:—not the wanton flowers
Laughed to the sunbeam half so gay as she;
The sweet south-west on wings of fragrant gladness
Lingered and sighed at her sweet rivalry:
She was the very dream to light the life
Of a boy-poet in his passionate hour:
There never came a thought, when she was by,
That time would ever ask her to give up
One single sparkle of her glorious eye;
That there was such a thing as time, or death,
Or that one little silken tress of her's
Would ever droop down in the cold, cold dust.

And could she love that strange and moody man,
Who walked among his kind companionless,
A dreamy wayward man?—Her lightest word
Could win him back from musing melancholy;
And when at times a saddening power passed
Along his pale broad brow, and quenched awhile
His eagle-spirit, she would wreath again
Her fairy fingers in his raven locks
And he would kiss her cheek, and smile on her:
She was his hope,—his own,—and without her
Himself had been as nothing. Hand in hand
Up the broad hills together had they climbed
And seen the sun, the glorious summer sun
Unfold the violet's petals; they had stood
Upon the moonlight lea, and day by day,
As that mysterious sadness which partakes
Of such deep joy as nature's communings
Alone can give, stole o'er them, they had wept
The tears that sanctify and bless; together
Had bowed their spirits, and with their pure prayers
Adored high Heaven. What lack they more? They loved:—
O, may not love like this forever mock
At Time and Change and Fate?

Solemn and sad
The cold east wind sweeps by the russet oaks,
And the green liveried forests have put on
Their bridal hues, purple and verdant gold;—
Their bridal to decay: solemn and sad
The cold east wind hath swept o'er her; she too
Makes ready her bridal vestiture,—is she ready
To marry with the grave? O, who that saw
So very fair and beautiful a thing
Lingering thus frail upon the verge of life,
Would marvel if her next low gentle prayer
Should waft her up to paradise? Yet all,
Even to the last, had hope, but still wept on
They scarce knew why: but when the trembling leaves
Dropt from the parent boughs,—and a faint shudder
And a tremulous flush, and in her eye
A most unearthly brightness came and passed,
And she lay there, voiceless and soulless now,
Lovelier than thought, with her bright golden hair
Glimmering amid the violet veins that rose
Upon her holy brow,—you would suppose
They had not deemed of this, so utter was
Their tearless agony.

Far, far away,
Over the wide blue waters long and lone
Roamed that heart-stricken man, nor found he rest,
Nor peace, nor hope, and now he came to die
In his own land. The white sails filled,—away!
The good ship cleaves the created billows free,
Yet his heart felt no bounding spring of joy.
From morn to night his idle eye was fixed
Upon the idle wave, save when at times
The westward heaven grew gladdened with the joy
Of the perpetual sun, and then with arms
Outspread, and eyes agaze would he look long
And wistfully towards that far distant land.

But when the moaning billows roused themselves,
And the pale sickly sun adown the west
Glared white upon the ghastly sea and 'mid
Shrill flying ropes the piping sea-winds shrieked
Till grey-beard sailors shook their hoary heads;
Then he would smile, not proudly nor in scorn,
But as if he had hoped,—had prayed for Death,
And now would hail him a Deliverer. On
The fast ship sends her course, and now he stood
On his own native shore, nor waited he
For welcome or for greeting, till he lay
Along her grave who died, among bright flowers,
Ripe honey-suckle and sweet fairy cap;
And all night long did the cold faithless moon
Shower dew on him,—and laughing morn rose up
As fresh and fair as at young Nature's birth,—
But it was not for him.

From the Boston Statesman.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

Go not in Glory's ways—
Seek not from Fame her unsubstantial dower;
Seek not the sunshine of terrestrial power;
Not to the light that plays
Around ambition's shrines lift up thine eye—
They perish in thy grasp, and thou wilt die!
Turn ye from Glory's ways.

Seek not the minstrel's meed—
Gaze not upon the blue and lonely skies,
Not on the morns that wane—the suns that rise,
The streams that, flashing, speed;
Not on the seasons in their sudden change,
Nor death—for death is never very strange,
Tis but the minstrel's meed!

But bear to earth, and cling
With constant purpose to its worthiest lot,
Despoil young pride—its wing may aid thee not,
Bear on it, ere its sting
Poison the breast that nursed it—and look well
To the main chance—so shall thy pleasure tell,
With joy thy heart's chords sing.

Yon brave old oak—see thou!
With a strange strength it bears against the storm,
It clung to earth, and thus it reared its form,
Unapt in years to bow;
Be thus thine energies aimed—to God—to earth,
Heedless of else that hath a living birth
Time past, to come, or now!

From the United States Gazette.

CHAMOMILE TEA.

Let doctors, or quacks, prescribe as they may,
Yet none of their nostrums for me;
For I firmly believe—what the old women say,
That there's nothing like chamomile tea.

It strengthens the mind, it enlivens the brain,
It converts all our sorrow to glee,
It heightens our pleasures, it banishes pain—
Then what is like chamomile tea?

In health it is harmless—and say what you please,
One thing is still certain with me,
It suits equally well with every disease;
O, there's nothing like chamomile tea.

In colds or consumptions, I pledge you my word,
Or in chills, or in fevers, d'ye see,
There's nothing such speedy relief will afford,
As a dose of good chamomile tea.

Your famed panacea, spiced rhubarb, and stuff,
Which daily and hourly we see
Cracked up for all cures, in some newspaper puff,
Can't be puffed into chamomile tea.

The cancer and cholick, the scurvy and gout,
The blues, and all evils d'esprit,
When once fairly lodged, can be only forced out,
By forcing in chamomile tea.

You all know the story how Thetis's son
Was dipped to his heel in the sea;
The sea's all a farce—for the way it was done,
He was hardened by chamomile tea.

Or if dipped in the Styx, as others avow,
Which I also deny, by the powers—
The Styx it is plain, must in some way, or how,
Have been banked up with chamomile flowers.

When sentenced to die, foolish Clarence, they say,
Met his fate in a but of Malmsey,
He'd have foiled the crooked tyrant, and lived to this day,
Had he plunged into chamomile tea.

Let misses and maidens in tea table chat,
Sip their hyson and sprightly bohea;

It may fit them to scandal, or such things as that,
But its nothing like chamomile tea.

Let tipplers and spendthrifts to taverns resort,
And be soaked in their cups cap-a-pie;
Then champagne and tokay, their claret and port,
Are poison, to chamomile tea.

Why the nectar the gods and their goddesses quaff,
In potations convivial and free,
Though Homer mistakes it—nay, pray do not laugh,
I suspect it was chamomile tea.

Then fill up your goblets, and round let them pass,
While the moments and hours they flee;
And let each gallant youth pledge his favourite lass,
In a bumper—of chamomile tea. D. P. B.

From the Hunterdon Gazette.

WHAT I HATE.

I hate the toothache, when, with maddening jumps,
Like torrent wild it raves among the gums;
I hate the whole dire catalogue of aches,
Distempers, fevers hot, and ague shakes.

I hate mad dogs, snakes, dandies, flax, and bugs,
Tea parties, wild cats, toads, and whiskey jugs,
Hard times, bad roads, spoiled fish, and broken banks,
Stale news, cold soup, light purse, and lawyers thanks.

I hate long stories, and short ears of corn,
A costly farm-house, and a shabby barn;
More curs than pigs, no books, but many guns,
Sore toes, tight shoes, old debts and paper duns.

I hate tight lacing, and loose conversation,
Abundant gab and little information,
The fool that sings in bed and snores in meeting,
Who laughs while talking and talks much while eating.

I hate the sot, who, grappled to my coat,
Sends forth the nasty vapours of his throat,
In senseless jargon, forcing me to smell
His stench emitting reservoir of swill.

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED. The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his patent SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD. This article, yet but imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself, with the size, strength and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the backing. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire—to boarding house keepers—to masters of vessels—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 13 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy. CHESTER JOHNSON. 40:1

NEW LONDON BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS lately received by W. C. LITTLE—

Waverley novels, revised, 4 vols. with plates.
Tilt's Panorama of London.
Constable's Miscellany, numbers sold separately.
Cowbridge's poetical works, 3 vols.
The Young Gentleman's Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, intended as a Holiday or birth-day present, with 35 beautiful engravings.
Franklin's Journeys to the Polar Seas, 4 vols. plates.
Parry's Three Voyages, 5 vols. with plates.
Flowers of Anecdote, Wit, Humour, Gaiety and Genius, with engravings by Landseer.
Buchanan's History of Scotland, continued to the present time by J. G. Watkins, LL.D. 2 vols.
The Englishman's Library.
Symbolical Illustrations of the History of England, with 42 engravings.
Nos. 28 to 37 Jones' Views of London.
Pictorial Egan's anecdotes, with plates.
The Young Lady's Library of useful and entertaining knowledge with engravings.
Walks through London.
Views in Edinburgh nos. 1 to 8 inclusive.
Fisher's Views in Dublin nos. 1 to 5.
Jenning's Views in Paris nos. 1 to 17.
National Portrait Gallery of Illustration, and Eminent Personages of the 19th Century nos. 1 to 3.
Locke's System of Classical Instruction, restoring the method formerly practised in all public schools.
Sharpe's London Magazine, nos. 1, 2, 3.
Hood's Whims and Oddities.
The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society—being descriptions and figures, in illustration of the natural history of the animals in the Society's collection.
Aikin's British Poets, 1 vol.
Sir William Jones's Poems.
Guide through France and Germany.
Belsham's Chronology.

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY FREE-MASONRY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1829.

NO 43.

MASONICK RECORD.

ANTI-MASONRY.

The expedients of political anti-masons to deceive the people, to excite their passions, and gain power, are most extraordinary and revolting. No story is too absurd for them to fabricate, no character too sacred for them to assail, and no feelings too holy for them to outrage. The sanctity of the church, the retreat of domestic happiness, and the elevated walks of public life, are alike defiled by their rude invasions. An aged minister of the gospel, a christian and a patriot, the Rev. Mr. Clinton, of Lewis county, has recently been dragged before the public, and his good name sought to be destroyed, by the "Goths and Vandals" of this enlightened age. An anti-masonick candidate was to be elected; and to do that some "raw head and bloody bone" story must be trumped up about the masons. A vagabond mason was in jail, and of course the people would suppose he wanted to get out. An ingenious method was contrived, which, without being intended to effect his release, was calculated to injure the reputation of Mr. Clinton, and increase the excitement against masons. Some man was found of sufficiently lax morality to be induced to personate the individual in jail, and to write a letter to Mr. Clinton, claiming his assistance on the ground that he was a mason, &c. Immediately the anti-masons set up a shout of denunciation, against masonry—its demoralizing tendency, its horrid oaths; but the truth soon came to light, and the authors of the plot are experiencing a full measure of public odium. The following is the letter which the subject has drawn from the Rev. Mr. Clinton. We recommend its attentive perusal, and we ask of every individual, deliberately to ask himself, whether it is probable that a man on the verge of the grave of Mr. Clinton's probity and purity of character, of his clear and sound understanding, could, under all these circumstances, solemnly declare that he knew of nothing in the institution of masonry contrary to revealed religion; and still its principles be so vile and corrupt as they are represented by anti-masons.

[Oneida Observer]

Lowville, Oct. 21, 1829.

Whereas, a certain hand-bill lately published by the anti-masonick committee, contains a letter addressed to me, purporting to be from Wm. Myers, dated September 24, 1829, I feel it a duty which I owe to community and myself, briefly to reply. About the last of September, or early in the present month, I did receive a letter signed Wm. Myers, and am willing to say, the one published by the anti-masonick committee, though not in every particular exactly the same, is on the whole a pretty fair copy.

On perusing the letter, I thought that it carried upon the face of it evident marks that it was not the composition of Wm. Myers. Possibly it might have been copied or transcribed by him, after the original was prepared for him. I viewed it as a vile trick, a mere artifice to serve electioneering purposes; and said to my wife, "This letter smells strong of anti-masonry." I did not therefore write any answer to Myers, neither did I call to see him when passing through the village of Martinsburg. If I had supposed it came directly from Myers, I should have treated it in the same manner that I now have done. My only wish respecting him has ever been, and still is, that he may have a fair trial by the laws and jury of his country; and I believe every true mason in the country wishes the same; and I am both confident and sincere when I say, that I most firmly believe that masons would be the last class in community to aid any offender to escape public justice.

What I at first believed concerning the letter—that it was an artifice, base mean and wicked, I am now, for sundry reasons, fully confirmed in. I understand that written copies had been secretly and industriously handed about in different parts of this county, among the anti-masons, even before the one sent to me was received by me. These copies, so handed about, were accompanied with false and base insinuations and reports, viz: that the very next morning after I received the letter, I took my horse and went immediately to see Myers. The truth is, I have not seen him to this day. It has also been whispered about that the masons were contriving a plan to help Myers out of jail.

Let me here ask a question. How came the anti-masons in possession of a copy of that letter? Did Myers really write the letter and seal it, as they say, with two seals, for the sake of great secrecy, and deliver it to a trusty person to give to me? Then they must fraudulently have broken the seals, and taken a copy. But when the letter came the

seals were whole, and had not the least appearance of having been broken. The only just, fair, and I think undeniable conclusion is, that they prepared the original, and persuaded Myers to transcribe it, sign his name to it, and forward it to me.

I would now ask another question. Is it not undeniable evidence of a bad cause, when men will resort to tricks, to artifice and falsehood, to support it? I have myself ever been of the opinion that "honesty is the best policy." The conduct of the committee towards me, as an individual, is certainly ungentlemanly, and merits my hearty contempt; towards community, I think it a highhanded imposition, which will merit and receive their contempt also.

I further observe that there are sundry false insinuations in that letter concerning masonick obligations; I will particularly notice this expression—"By our obligations we are to assist each other out of all trouble." But masons are under no obligations to assist each other to escape justice. It is also very often asserted and reiterated, that masons are bound, especially in the higher degrees, to assist each other and keep each other's secrets, murder and treason not excepted. Now I am willing to own that I have taken eight degrees in masonry; but I do declare, and I have reason to believe, that the candid and unprejudiced part of community, who have known my life and conversation, will believe, that I have never taken any obligation, nor has any ever been offered me, nor have I ever known that any mason ever took an obligation which was incompatible with the best rights and privileges of citizens, the nature and ends of civil governments, or the purest principles of revealed religion.

While I am writing, I will mention some other things: It has been reported that masons have assisted masons to escape from justice—that they did actually help Luke Winchell out of jail. The truth is this—the first judge, Silas Stow, esq. with the consent of the district attorney, Ela Collins, did admit Luke Winchell to bail, and Charles Bush was the bail; but neither of them was a mason. The report is also circulated, that about sixteen years ago, a mason informed one Secom, of Denmark, that he was about to be apprehended for robbing the mail, and advised him to run away. The truth, as I am well informed, is this: that no one advised him to run away, but general Dickinson, (who, by the way, is not a mason) did say to Secom—"You will be apprehended for robbing the mail, and if you are innocent, stand your ground." Secom absconded.

And further—a gentleman in high office, I am told, has said that a mason ought not to hold any office, nor sit upon a jury, nor be admitted as a witness; in a word, he said that every mason ought to be proscribed, or disfranchised; and when this was charged upon him, as being inconsistent with the principles of equal rights and privileges, he was wicked enough to deny that he had ever uttered such words; but fortunately for community, though unfortunately for him, it has, as I understand, been proved by creditable witnesses that he did utter the sentiments before mentioned.

Fellow citizens, permit me for a moment to call your attention to the spirit and design of anti-masonry. In an address of Elder Solomon, approved by the anti-masonick meeting, and directed to be published, you find words to this effect—"The sons of the day [anti-masons] shall hold every office, from a path-master's to the president, then shall a law go forth, like that of the Medes and Persians, declaring vengeance to secret societies." Is this consistent with equal rights and privileges? When, in the revolution, I often jeopardized my life, in the militia, at the call of my country, and in sundry instances charged the enemy even to the cannon's mouth, did I expect to live to see a generation rise up who would disfranchise me, and much better than myself, too? But so it is, persecution is relentless, and has no respect to age—is regardless of benefits, and has no gratitude—uses unhalloved means to accomplish its purposes, and therefore knows no justice. "Consider of it, take advice, and speak your minds." ISAAC CLINTON.

KILWINNING.

Kilwinning, a town of Scotland, in Ayrshire, is seated near the Garroch, five miles N. N. W. of Irvine. It is noted for being the seat of the first mason Lodge in Scotland. This was established about the middle

of the 12th century, by the architect and masons who came over from the continent to assist in the building of the famous monastery which was erected here. It was founded in 1140, by Hugh de Moravia, Lord of Cunningham, for monks of the Tyronensian order and dedicated to St. Winnig. It was destroyed at their reformation, and the only entire remains of this monastery, are some vaults, a gable and a tower, on which a spire has been lately erected.

I-COLM-KILL.

When in the year 565, St. Columbo landed at I-Colm-Kill, it was called "Inish Drunish"—"the Island of the Druids"—he received the property of the Island from the Pictish monarch, whom he had converted to christianity. St. Columbo with his followers the *Culdees* (Chaldeans,) [these Culdees continued a distinct order of regular clergy to the 14th century and retained their original manners and doctrines,] established the college or monastery of Iona, which formerly was possessed of a valuable library, which has been destroyed or lost. Boethius relates that Fergus II, who assisted the Goths under Alanick at the sacking of Rome, brought away as part of the plunder, a chest of manuscripts, which he presented to this monastery; and in former times the archives of Scotland and valuable papers were kept here, of these, many no doubt were destroyed at the reformation; but many, it is said, were carried to the Scots college at Douay in France, and the Scots college at Rome; and it is hoped that some valuable papers may yet be discovered. Many ruins of monastic buildings and *Druidical* edifices can yet be traced. After christianity, by the arrival of Columbo and his followers, in Iona, in 565, was diffused throughout the northern parts of Scotland, this Island became a seat of learning and piety. In time it rose to be the head of the christian church in Scotland—whether the young princes of Scotland and Northumberland were sent for instruction; and it was also honoured with frequent visits from the neighbouring potentates of ancient times: while others sought an asylum here from the cares of the world. In the course of the ferocious wars, however, which distinguished that barbarous age, it was frequently plundered both by the Picts and by the Danes. From about the 12th or 13th century, its importance began to decline; and during the rage of the reformation most of its precious relics were destroyed, so that it is now covered with the ruins of its departed grandeur. Since this period, the island has become the property of the Duke of Argyll, and great pains have been taken by this family to preserve the venerable remains of antiquity still remaining on the island from any further dilapidation.

Extract from a book of Architectura, by Mr. Stephen Rion, of Canterbury, a very scarce work:

The holy war gave the Christians, who had been there, an idea of the Saracen works, which were afterwards imitated by them in the west, and they refined upon it every day, as they proceeded in building churches. The Italians (among whom were some Greek refugees) and with them the French, German and Flemings, joined into a fraternity, procured papal bulls for their encouragement, and particular privileges: they styled themselves *Free Masons*, and ranged from nation to nation, as they found churches to be built, (for very many in those days were every where in building) through the piety of multitudes, their government was regular, and where they fixed near a building, they made a camp of hills, a surveyor governor in chief, and every tenth man was called a warden, and overlooked each nine. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood, either out of charity, or commutation of penance, gave the materials and carriage, and hence were called *Accepted Masters*. It is admirable with what economy, and how soon they erected such considerable structures.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

DANGERS OF MASONRY!

At the late "Public Meeting in Boston," to investigate the subject of freemasonry, the following *resolves*, among others, was adopted:—

"Resolved, that the influence hitherto exerted by masonry, in controlling the public press, and preventing a fair expression of public sentiment in relation to masonick subjects, exhibits in a strong light the dangerous character of the institution and its alarming power."

All feelings that are engendered by powerful excitement, will always, by the deliberate and reflecting part of community, be considered as the offspring of distempered minds;—and a stronger or more indubitable evidence of this fact can scarcely be found, than is contained in the above *resolve*. What control, we ask, has masonry hitherto had over the publick press? We have been familiar with the principles

of the institution for many years, and have been intimately acquainted with a large number of its members in various sections of the country, not only during seasons of general tranquility, but during periods of the greatest political excitement which have occurred for the last quarter of a century; yet we have never, in a single instance, known or thought of any controul being exerted by the masons over the public press, either in the capacity of a society, or by individual members of it. If they who, in the heat of a misguided zeal, have not found all the presses at liberty to be employed in the promulgation of abuse and falsehood, designed to injure one of the best institutions ever formed by man, must the public press be proscribed for that very independence which constitutes its value and glory? A large number of presses have been prostituted to the vilification of masonry; and because others, which are under the direction of men of principle and integrity, cannot be controlled by men destitute of both, must they be denounced as corrupted organs or servile hirelings? Let the enemies of masonry establish as many presses as they please, and publish to the world what they please; but let them not with impunity hurl their anathematical resolves at the public press, because they who controul it possess sufficient independence to pursue an honourable course.

The "power" of masonry is known to be great, but it never was known to be "alarming"—unless, indeed, its being a barrier to oppression and tyranny may be alarming to political disorganizers and cruel despots. If the principles and effects of masonry were not the reverse of what its calumniators have represented, its power has long been sufficient to produce the consequences which some seem so much to dread. But the object of masonry is to build up, not to pull down; to increase the happiness of mankind by inculcating social harmony and equitable sentiments, not to diminish it by assuming a prerogative which none can justly claim; to cast a panoply round the shrines of civil and religious liberty, not to jeopard the one or pollute the other by the unprincipled and unhallowed exercise of power never delegated to man.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

At the annual communication of the *Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia*, held at the Centra Masonick Hall, in the City of Washington, on Tuesday, the 3d day of November, A. L. 5829, A. D. 1829, the following officers were chosen, to serve for one year, from St. John's day next, viz:—

John N. Moulder, of No. 10, M. W. Grand Master.
John B. Hammatt, of No. 8, R. W. Deputy Grand Master.
George W. Haller, of No. 5, R. W. Grand Senior Warden.

Pharez Throop, of No. 8, R. W. Grand Junior Warden.
William Kerr, Jr., of No. 9, R. W. Grand Secretary.
William Hayman, of No. 5, R. W. Grand Treasurer.
William Bussard, of No. 5, Grand Visitor and Lecturer.
Rev. Bro. Wallace, of Georgetown, Grand Chaplain.
Levi Hurdle, of No. 2, Grand Senior Deacon.
James A. Kennedy, of No. 9, Grand Junior Deacon.
Jeremiah Elkins, of No. 7, Grand Marshal.
William Martin, of No. 6, Grand Sword Bearer.
Louis F. Smith, of No. 7, Grand Pursuivant.
Thomas Shields, of No. 1, Grand Steward and Tyler.
Attest: Wm. LAMBERT, Grand Secretary.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the Belfast Commercial Chronicle.

HEALTH.

SURE METHOD OF IMPROVING HEALTH &c.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

It is well known that horses which are to run a race, and men who are about to contest in boxing, or in battle, are always previously trained for the purpose of gaining wind and strength; and it is equally well known, that, during this process of training, they become in reality much more powerful, and astonishingly improve in health. I have nothing to do here with training or running a race, or fighting a battle; but it is reasonable to suppose that a process which is universally found of so much service to the bodies of men and animals, when resorted to for the purposes of public contest, would be of equal advantage when employed with a view of promoting the general health and strength in persons following the ordinary pursuits of mankind; and as experience has fully realised this expectation, I think it cannot fail to be beneficial to my readers to explain the art of training for health.* Indeed, training mainly consists in com-

bining the most correct diet with daily vigorous exercise in the open air; and therefore the present section will present, at one view, and in a small space, that diet and regimen which is most powerfully influential both in the preservation and restoration of health.

The art of training for health consists, then, in resorting with steadiness to a correct use of solid and liquid food, exercise, air, and sleep, a little preparative medicine being also generally necessary.

1. PREPARATIVE MEDICINES. In the commencement of training, it is, for the most part, desirable to take a gentle emetic of from 16 to 20 grains of ipecacuanah powder, in water, and in two days after a mild purge, for which purpose I think there can hardly be any thing superiour, in this instance, to two grains of calomel, and five grains of compound extract of colocynth, made into a pill, and taken at bed time. Where the habit is gross, and the secretions particularly unhealthy, this pill may be advantageously repeated to the second or third time, at intervals of a week; but if these circumstances are not present, one purge will suffice. The emetic and purgative now ordered, have the effect of speedily clearing the stomach and bowels, and thus getting rid of any accumulations that may be oppressing those important organs.

2. SOLID FOOD. The diet of persons when trained must be extremely simple, consisting almost exclusively of animal food, stale bread or biscuit, and the most digestible vegetables. Veal and pork are never given, and lamb but seldom. Beef, mutton, and venison, are the chief meats. Most men will live longer on beef, without change, than on any other kind of animal food, and it is the most nourishing;* but mutton and venison are reckoned to be most easily digested. The meat must always be fresh, for if salted it would occasion indigestion and thirst. Fat, being of a greasy nature, fouls the stomach, and must be avoided; but the lean of fat meat is the best. Sometimes, for a change, fowl, rabbit, or partridge, may be allowed once a week. The legs of fowls, being very sinewy, are much approved. No fish whatever is allowed, being indigestible, and deficient in point of nourishment. No cheese is given on any account, and but very little butter, sometimes none. When a good measure of strength has been acquired, eggs may be permitted, very lightly boiled, but not more than one in the day. A little turnip, French bean, or potato, may be taken after the individual has been in training three or four weeks, or more, and the tone of the digestive organs is improved; but they must be laid aside if they create the slightest uneasiness. Soft or new bread is never given. Biscuit is very proper, and, indeed, in most instances, to be preferred even to stale bread.

Pies and puddings are never permitted, nor any kind of pastry. The only condiments allowed are, salt and vinegar. Salt may be taken in moderate quantity, but always short of producing thirst. A little vinegar, also, is not objectionable; especially when there is a tendency to corpulence.

As to the mode of dressing the animal food taken, it is far better to have it broiled than roasted or boiled, by either of which nutriment is lost, and particularly by boiling. Care should be taken not to have the meat too much done.

The quantity of solid food indulged in must be very moderate. This must, in some measure, depend on the circumstances of age, strength of the digestive powers, and nature of the indisposition present; but, as a general rule, the solid food ought not to exceed 16 or 17 ounces a day. The number of meals and times of eating must be regulated according to the principles already laid down.

3. LIQUID FOOD. It is an established rule in

generally introduced instead of medicines, as an expedient for the prevention and cure of diseases, its beneficial consequences would promote his happiness, and prolong his life." [Dr. Kitchiner on Long Life.

"Our health, vigour, and activity, must depend on regimen and exercise, or, in other words, upon the observance of those rules which constitute the theory of the training process."

[Capt. Barclay on Training, p. 239.

* The following fact proves the nutritious qualities of beef. Humphries, the pugilist, was trained by Ripsham, the keeper of the jail at Ipswich. He was sweated in bed, and afterwards twice phlebotomized. He was weighed once a day, and at first fed on beef; but as on that food he got too much flesh, they were obliged to change it to mutton.

[Sinclair's Code of Health.

training, that the less we drink, in moderation, the better; because too much liquid dilutes the gastric juice, in the stomach, (the grand agent in digesting), and encourages soft unhealthy flesh. Much drinking also promotes undue perspiration, which is weakening, if not occasioned by exercise. On no account must the quantity of three English pints, during the whole day, be exceeded, taken at breakfast and dinner, and a little after supper. In many instances, six and twenty ounces is as much as is proper. For breakfast and tea, the liquids may consist of tea or milk; and at dinner and supper, home brewed malt liquor, or wine. In training merely for strength, good old malt liquor, drawn from the cask, is reckoned the best drink at dinner and supper; but in training for health, malt liquor is not always found to agree. The patient must, in a degree, be guided by his own feelings, on this and some other points, although I believe home-brewed malt liquor will, in some cases, be found of much service, particularly after a month's close training. Jackson, the celebrated trainer, affirms, "if any person accustomed to drink wine, would try malt liquor for a month, he would find himself much better for it." Sometimes malt liquor may be advantageously taken with a toast in it. The quantity must not exceed half a pint at dinner, and the third of a pint at supper. If the person trained insists on wine, white wine is preferred to red; and two or three glasses may be allowed after dinner, but none after supper. It may be taken diluted with water, or not, as it is found to agree best.* Spirits are never permitted on any consideration whatever, not even with water. Liquor is never given before meals, unless in cases of extreme thirst. Under thirst, the liquor should never be taken in great draughts, but by mouthfuls, which quenches the thirst better, the chief object required.

No fluid is ever taken hot. The water drunk should be as soft as possible. Toast and water is very proper.†

Conclusion next week.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ROMAN BEGGARS.

The houseless wretch, who has no other resource upon earth, is sure to escape starvation by undertaking a pilgrimage to the Holy City, in which the lucrative professions of singing, praying, and begging, are practised without intermission. There he is sure to obtain a portion of soup and bread at noon in every monastery, and the faster he can swallow his soup and run from convent to convent the more soup he will get. It is ludicrous to see the beggars every day at noon carrying their soup-jugs, and running like mad along the streets. This practice proves the want of a better system and a better police; but it is not unpleasant to reflect that there is one place on earth where the utterly poor and destitute can not perish with hunger. Here the beggar enjoys extraordinary privileges; and, however ragged and disgusting in appearance, he can enter with impunity the most brilliant Cafes when crowded with well dressed people, walk round the circle, and address his petition to each individual. A negative is usually expressed by the phrase, "Non c'e niente!" (I have nothing for you.) Should the beggar persevere, he is never harshly dismissed, but is given to understand by the words, "Iddio vi provedera!" (God will provide for you!) that he has nothing to expect. The usual formula of mendicants is, "Date qualche cosa per l'amor di dio!" (Give me something for God's sake!) and this "date qualche cosa," is eternally resounding in the ears of strangers in every quarter of Rome. Some beggars are extended on the ground, exhausted, and apparently in the very "article of death," and yet still soliciting relief from the passers. Others merely extend their palms, and withdraw them in silence when repulsed with a "non c'e niente!" Most of the Roman beggars exhibit mutilated limbs, and not a few

* In case of training for health, under any severe chronic disease, I think wine, in any quantity, is very generally inadmissible.

† Race-horses get drink twice a day only. Soft water is preferred; and it is given cold, and never hot, except during phlegm or illness. In training game-cocks, the water is got of as soft a quality as possible, and a little toasted bread is put into it, to make it still softer.

* The advantages of the training system are not confined to pedestrians and pugilists alone—they extend to every man, and were training

of them were 'deliberately injured in infancy by their parents, for the purpose of making them objects of charity: thus preserving them alike from the risk of want and the dreaded miseries of labour. The Romans dread the fatigue of labour more than contempt, disease, or even death itself. For every exertion exact an extravagant remuneration, and after performing the most trifling service, they complain long and grievously of the fatigue it has cost them. With this deeply rooted aversion from labour of every kind, it is not wonderful that many of them rejoice in their mutilations, and prefer the passive trade of begging to every useful occupation. So far, indeed, is this hatred of labour carried, that some mendicants do not hesitate to assign it as the ground of their claim upon your compassion. One of them, a robust young fellow, who walks about in a black coat, thus words his petition for alms, "Sono cato dalla scala di pigrezza, ed ho rotto il braccio!" (I have fallen from the ladder of idleness, and broken my arm.) Many people are so much amused with the naive sincerity of this despicable plea, that they give the fellow a trifle for his honesty in confessing a motive which most beggars endeavour to mask under deception and falsehood. A sturdy and powerful youth of nineteen, whom I see every morning on the Corso, holds out a lame, stiff hand, and shouts with the lungs of a stentor, "Non son buono per fatigare!" (I am not able to work!) "date mi qualche cosa per l'amor di dio!"

The income of these beggars bears a relative proportion to their outward infirmities. One of the most distinguished is a well-dressed, corpulent and jovial-looking man, without legs, who crawls daily about the Corso, and by merely holding out his hat, obtains a donation from almost every passer. This mendicant is so well provided for by the want of his legs, that many hundreds of the fraternity regard with envy a mutilation so obvious and so productive. Conscious of his advantages, he says it is better to be envied than pitied, looks the picture of contentment and good cheer, and discusses politics, wind, and weather, with the residents of the Corso, who regard him as a sort of neighbour. Another thriving beggar is a dwarf named Bajocco, who daily posts himself before the Grecian Coffeehouse in the Strada Condotti. Nature has been but a step-mother to this poor fellow, and yet his manifold infirmities and deformities have proved a most productive capital to him through life. In stature a dwarf, and with hands and feet strangely deformed, he appears rather a moving mass of flesh than a human being. He has nevertheless reached the advanced age of eighty-years, and calls himself the poor *antique* Bajocco, an epithet which falls strangely upon ears to which the usual association of the word antique is familiar.

There is also in Rome a class of privileged beggars, who rattle large copper boxes, and collect alms for the souls of the poor in purgatory, on the amount of which they receive a per centage from the monks who employ them. For this service such beggars are selected as are most disfigured by disease or mutilation, or such as, from their cadaverous appearance, look like ambassadors from purgatory, sent back to earth to plead the cause of their fellow sufferers. These ghastly objects entreat your compassion for "le povere anime benedette del purgatorio," and in tones which become more hollow and sepulchral as the day advances, until, in the evening, they are hoarse and exhausted with unceasing repetition.

According to Romish dogma, death brings no relief from suffering, and all good Catholics believe that prolonged tortures await the unfortunate soul which has left no provision on earth to purchase release. This prevalent belief readily opens the hearts and purses of the benevolent, when petitioned to remember the suffering souls of the poor, and thus the priests obtain their dues from the most destitute of the deceased poor, through the sympathy of the living. Even the poorest beggars will often bestow their last copper coin upon this work of christian charity.

Amongst the various stratagems of mendicity in Rome, one is practiced by these agents of the monasteries, which makes so powerful an appeal to the strongest feelings of human nature that it rarely fails to extort a contribution even from the most

destitute. Two beggars, man and woman, place themselves at some distance from each other, and sing in hoarse and powerful voices alternate verses of a tremendous death-song, supposed to be chanted by the dead in purgatory. The aged father beseeches his surviving son, the deceased son his surviving mother, dead youths and maidens their surviving brothers and sisters, to sacrifice a small sum for the peace of their departed souls, and thereby to prove their affectionate remembrance of the dead, and their earnest desire to atone for any unkindness or neglect towards them during life. As this awful appeal to the affections and the conscience may be heard half the length of a street, there are many listeners, and amongst them not a few, who, having lost near relatives, are effectually reached by this imposing formula. There are indeed few families in Rome which have not the loss of a member to mourn for, who was either beloved during life, or became dear after death, and for whose benefit the survivors would eagerly make any sacrifice. And here is a remedy provided to meet this strongest yearning of human nature; to alleviate heart-rending sorrow; to bring healing to the wounded conscience. No zealous, warm-hearted Catholic can resist such an appeal. Windows are opened in all directions for the passage of contributions, and the mites of the poor, carefully folded in paper, are handed to the hoarse and greedy collectors, who receive them with ill concealed exultation, and drop them into their copper boxes. These huge receptacles are emptied every night into the treasury of some convent, which derives a luxurious support by thus preying upon the sympathies of bereaved and mourning relatives.

Often have I heard the hoarse voices of two collectors resounding from each end of the short street in which I reside. Their cry is, "Io sono la tua madre," &c. or "Io sono la tua sorella," &c. (I am thy mother, or I am thy sister, and suffering in purgatory.) These awful words, uttered in deep and hollow accents, which seem to issue from the tomb itself, are well adapted to call up a vivid recollection of loved and lost relations in the minds of the desolate survivors. The success of this ingenious device was never failing. I never looked out of my window without witnessing the donations of my devout neighbours to these truly privileged mendicants.

STATISTICKS, &C.

TURKEY.

STATISTICKS OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE, AND REFORMS OF THE PRESENT SULTAN.

The extent of the Ottoman empire is estimated at 47,744 square miles, of which 10,000 are in Europe. Its European population is, however, calculated in different ways. Balbi makes it 9,500,000, Hassel 10,183,000, while according to some, it is 10,600,000. Of this population hardly more than 2,271,000 are Mahometans: the rest are idolaters, Jews and Christians. Of these, 3,000,000 are Greeks, 300,000 Jews, and 80,000 Armenians. The sum total of the population of Turkey in Europe, Asia and Africa, is 23,650,000 souls.

The amount of the annual revenue of the Empire, is only about 2,900,000*l.* sterling; but the expenditure of the state does not exceed £275,000*l.* The national debt, amounts to between 7 and 8 millions. The *miri* or revenue just mentioned, belongs to the public treasury of Turkey, there is, however, another branch of revenue, derived from presents, inheritances, the imperial domains, and certain forfeitures, which belongs to the *ishk hane* or *klaazneth*, (imperial treasury.) The accumulation of this fund is said to be enormous, and each Sultan is required to add to its bulk by a given sum proportioned to the length of his reign.

Since the destruction of the Janissaries, it is impossible to estimate precisely the military force of the Turks, but before that event, the regular troops amounted to 30,000 cavalry, and 124,000 infantry, and the feudal militia was composed of 120,000 men, of whom the greater part was cavalry. The naval force amounted in 1826 to 21 ships of the line, 31 frigates, 8 corvettes, and 30 gun-boats, carrying altogether about 2990 cannons and 5300

men. This portion, however, of defensive means was crippled at the battle Navarino.

Turkey in Europe contains one town of 500,000 inhabitants, five of 50,000, twelve of 20,000, and twenty of 10,000.

The order of the Crescent was instituted by Selim III. in the year 1697, and is divided into three classes. The reigning sovereign takes the following titles: We, the Sultan, son of a Sultan Shakan, Mahomed II., Kan, son of the victorious Sultan Abdul-Hamed, by the infinite grace of the creator of the world and eternal god, and by the mediation and miraculous act of Mahomet Mustapha, chief of the prophets, whom the benediction of god preserves; servant and master of the cities of Mecca, Medina and Kudi, towards which the eyes of the whole world are turned in the time of prayer, Padishah of the great cities of Stamboul, Edrene and Bursa, whom all kings regard with envy.

The reigning Padishah, or Grand Sultan of the Ottoman Empire Mahmoud II. was born on the 20th July, 1785, and ascended the throne 28th July, 1808. He is the eighteenth generation from Osman I. the founder of his dynasty, and the 30th sovereign of that dynasty. The hereditary Prince is his eldest son, Abdul-Mechid who was born 20th April 1824. He has besides another son two years old, and four daughters.

The following are the most striking and important of the reforms which the present Sultan has introduced into his Empire. These innovations, of which we shall briefly mention the most important, prove that there is a great tendency in the Turkish Empire to new ideas, and that however we have been deceived in our estimate of the Sultan's character, the whole of his opinions accord with the present state of European civilization.

By the hatti-scherif of the 30th June, 1826, the Sultan renounced the right of confiscation, thither assumed by the Porte, of the property of all public officers condemned to suffer death.

He has reformed a number of abuses in the Ottoman marine; introduced a better system of discipline among the sailors, and taken means to ameliorate the education of Cadets in that department, as regards manœuvring and naval evolutions.

He has published a series of ordinances, having for their object the more perfect administration of the police in the capital, the determining of the rights of corporate bodies, and the affording of protection to the rajas, or subjects not Mahometan.

He has established a better arrangement for the prevention and extinction of fires. Formerly the men employed on this service were often themselves the incendiaries, or oppressed those who suffered from the fires by odious exactions and vexations, particularly the rajas.

He has likewise established better order among the street-porters, visiting with punishment all those who are disorderly.

He has erected manufactories of cloth, and of arms for the army.

He has established telegraphs on the heights surrounding the capital.

He has purchased an English steam-boat for the service of the government. It was in this vessel he embarked, when he was last absent for the space of three days from his capital. Before his time no Sultan dared to trust his person on the open sea.

He has founded a school for the education of dragomans or interpreters. The French language has already been taught in this school.

He has attempted to separate the military and civil powers, which are at present united in the persons of the Pashas. The Pashas have hitherto collected the revenues of the provinces in their government on their own account, contenting themselves with merely paying a portion into the imperial treasury, under the name of a contribution. The Sultan has tried to collect these revenues on account of the state, assigning fixed incomes to the provincial governors. The project has not, however, succeeded, having had to encounter too powerful an opposition on the part of the Pashas.

He has established military hospitals and barracks, in which order and elegance are united.

After a previous deliberation with the Muftis and Ulemas he has granted permission to medical persons to dissect human bodies after death, a thing interdicted by law.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the London Literary Magnet.

INSECTS.

There is a species of insects sometimes to be met with on the coast of Kent and Sussex, which has never been described in any system of etymology that I ever saw. Its form is generally very slender; it walks on its hinder legs, with a quick mincing gait; its face is narrow, pale and smooth,—though in some subjects a slight manifestation of something like whiskers may be observed; its teeth are remarkably white, and always exposed; it prattles in a dialect half French, half English; and it wears a broad leaved black French straw hat, a blue round jacket, narrow nankeens, and Spanish leather dancing pumps. These may seem very strange things for an insect to wear, but nevertheless such is the fact, and moreover it emits a strong odour of musk and eau de Cologne, especially in the morning when it first comes out of its hole. It delights to hop and flutter about among the ladies; though it is never seen with one lady alone—probably from an instinctive fear that a single lady might attempt to catch it slyly, and deprive it of its liberty. But whenever ladies congregate in groupes—as on marine parades, or in publick reading rooms, milliners' shops, or bazaars, it will hover about them as though it were quite enamored of their society, and yet, should a man approach the groupe to which it has attached itself; it instantly flutters away to some other groupe, just as a butterfly flutters from one flower bed to another, before the rude presence of the gardener. The ladies, generally, seem to be much pleased with it, and often employ it in various little matters. It will fetch and carry for them;—take their orders to their perfumers; skip to the master of the ceremonies about their ball tickets, read the list of arrivals from the library books to them; monopolize all the newest newspapers, and carry them to their table, whether they want them or not; hop down to the hench and enquire the way of the wind; open and shut their parasols, carry their reticules; string seed-beads; polish muscle shells; and fasten a loose sandal ribbon to perfection; in return for all which small services, they will sometimes (when they have no *he creature* in immediate attendance upon them,) set it astride upon a little pony and let it ride out with them “*of a morning*.” Gentle reader, “dost know this *water fly*?—If thou dost not, the state is the more gracious; for it is a vice to know him,” albeit there are many such to be found, in sheltered places, all along shore, any warm day between the beginning of July and October. I have heard some ladies caress an insect of this kind under the name of Papillon—“*mon cher petit Papillon de mer*!”—But I met with one at Margate, about three weeks ago, that the ladies, there, called *Sipson*; and a very fine one it was, only it lisped so that it could not pronounce what appeared to be its own proper name, and called itself—*Thipth'n*. It had got a hurt in its eye by some—but, gentle reader, with your leave, it shall tell its own tale in its own way; and then you will have a better notion of the thing than you could have by any description of mine.

It came fluttering into Bettison's library, one fine morning,—the upper library in Hawleysquare; and perceiving a bevy of belles busily exchanging their tickets for trinkets, it settled down amongst them—

Good Heavens, *Sipson* (exclaimed the ladies)—why do you wear that green shade over your eye? O Mith Crippth, (it replied)—O Mith Davith! don't atk me. Thipth'nth almoth't dectroyed! O Miththith Miller—you can't conthieve—

Gracious me! conceive what!—Do tell us, there's a dear *Sipson*—tell us how it happen'd—are you seriously hurt?

Voila!—replied the *Sipson*—lifting up its little green shade.

Good gracious what an eye!—poor *Sipson*!—but do tell us, there's a dear!—tell us how it was!

Why the fact ith thow:—I alwayth waith with c.Vindthor thoap you know, and yetherday morn-heal.L left a thquare of Windthor thoap on my wath
* “The advantage of the pugilist”
but, when I went to bed at night, it had taken it away: and—

Dear me!—only think how vastly disreputable! “Pon my *honor* it'th true!”—they had taken it quite away, and put common white thoap inthead of it!—Tho (query, so) I opened my thamber door, and called “Molly!—Molly thambermaid!” but nobody thpoke.

How provoking!—what uncommonly improper creatures they are at these *inns*!

Oh, Mith Davith you have no idea!—but you thall hear:—nobody anther'd me, and I could hear nothing but thumbody thnoeing immenthly.

What, all gone to bed, I suppose?—how supremely ridiculous!

Thret erai, Mith Crippth:—though indeed, it wath rather late, becauth I'd been thitting up copying that thweet keedrill for Mith Finnemore, you know. Well, I called “Molly!—Molly thambermaid!—Molly!”—egthakly in that manner, a great many tim'th: and presently thumbody in an immenth gruff voith, thaid—“What the plague are you bawling about?” “I want my thoap!” thaid I—“thumbody'th taken away my Windthor thoap!”—“confound you, and your thoap too. Go to bed you fool!” thaid the great gruff voith. But I wath determined to perthevere—for I didn't underthand why I thud wath myself with common white thoap;—when I had a noo thquare of Windthor thoap of my own. “Molly!” thaid I again; “Molly thambermaid!—I want my thoap! I want my Windthor thoap Molly.” But Molly didn't come; and I waith juth going to give it up in deth-pair, when I heard a rumbling noith at the far end of the dark lobby, and—“there 'th a lump for you!” thaid the thame gruff voith, and I rethieved it thmack in my left eye!!!

Good gracious, *Sipson*, you dont say so!—and what was it.

Why a lump of thoap—ath I supposed; for I didn't thtop to pick it up then, but got into bed ath thoon ath porthible—tho? I could n't thleep at all, for the immenth pain of it; and thith morning my eye wath all thwell'd up ath you thee, and there wath thith great lump of thoap lying by my thamber door.

Good gracious me!—What a wretch!—Poor *Sipson*! &c. exclaimed the ladies, as they examined the “lump of thoap;” to all which the *Sipson* responded—“Yeth—and it ith n't Windthor thoap neither!—and there I left them.”

CONSTANCY.

From “The Birth-day, and other Tales,” by Elizabeth Frances Dagley.

It was the latter end of October, when the trees were nearly stripped of their leaves, and though a few autumnal flowers still lingered, the garden looked dreary and desolate; but in one sheltered corner there grew a monthly rose, and this shrub alone was fresh and blooming.

The rich colour of its opening blossoms, and the verdant green of its leaves, formed a striking contrast to the faded and withering state of the plants all around.

“What a beautiful flower is a monthly rose!” exclaimed the owner of the garden, as she gathered one of the buds, and placed it in her bosom.

As winter made its advances, the scene became still more forlorn; the bleak winds blew the few remaining yellow leaves from the branches, and but little token of life appeared in the vegetable world. Still the monthly rose looked gay; and at Christmas, when no other flower was to be seen, it still bloomed, and, amidst the branches of holly and bay, the lovely roses, as fragrant as if fanned by the soft breezes of July, and as bright in colour as if beneath the rays of a summer sun, now cheered the eye and enlivened the scene. Again its owner repeated, “What a delightful shrub is this ever-blooming rose!”

In the month of February, a few mild days gave promise of approaching spring; but soon the keen easterly winds prevailed; the earth was again hardened by frost; and the few buds that ventured to peep out were nipped by the inclemency of the season.

But the monthly rose, tender and fragile as it seemed, possessed a strength and hardness beyond those of many plants more vigorous in their appearance; and though its leaves were falling and its buds were drooping under the severity of the

weather, still the stem was of a healthy green, and its flowers, when a gleam of sunshine encouraged them to open, were as brilliant as in summer.

With the most assiduous attention did the mistress of the garden watch the growth of her favourite tree. The root was carefully earthed up, to protect it as much as possible from the cold, the decayed leaves cleared away, and the bending boughs supported.

At length the weather grew more mild and genial, and under the influence of gentle showers and warm sunbeams, the vegetable creation burst forth into life and beauty. The subject of my fable also sent forth fresh shoots, and its buds were daily increasing; but though the lady still admired her beautiful tree, it no longer possessed so much of her notice and care, for other gay and fragrant flowers appeared to share her attention and claim her admiration; and when, in the month of June, all the varieties of Flora's gay assemblage were displayed, the poor monthly rose was totally disregarded, eclipsed by her more beautiful rivals of the same species. The Burgundy rose, with its fairy flowers, so small, and yet so perfect in form; and the moss rose, pre-eminent in elegance and brilliancy, the acknowledged queen of summer; and the lovely blush rose, whose uncertain tints and delicate bloom make it even more attractive than those of a richer colour; while the damask rose, and the white one of Provence, beautifully contrasted, heightened each other's attraction.

In the midst of such splendid candidates for admiration, our poor monthly flower had little chance for attention. Her decayed blooms, instead of being cleared away, were suffered to remain, and the ground beneath was strewn with her faded leaves, the younger branches, were no longer supported, or trained into proper growth; while the blossoms opened and withered, without any one remarking their beauty or decay.

But worse than even indifference or neglect, the poor rose soon experienced contempt; for the mistress, who once cherished and loved it, now regarded the plant as unworthy of holding a place in the garden; and as she compared its fainter hues and less powerful fragrance to the rich and luxuriant flowers that bloomed around, she observed, “What a worthless shrub is the *monthly rose*! its blossoms scarcely open before they fall and litter the ground; and how weak its perfumes to the other roses! I wish something better grew in its place!”

But, as time passed away, again the scene changed. Even before the end of summer the roses had disappeared; and the trees now presented nothing but straggling branches, scantily furnished with leaves, half green, half brown. But though the pride of the garden was nearly over, it was yet rich in variety; for the spicy scent of the carnations now filled the air, and their gay and various tints now charmed the eye; but, when their season was over also, and after a hot and dry summer, the garden presented a parched and withered appearance. The lady was one evening walking round it, and regarding mournfully the altered aspect of what had lately been so fresh and lovely, vainly did she cast her eye on every side, in search of a flower, to keep up the remembrance of the summer gifts, which had so quickly flown, when, chancing to pass the spot where grew the neglected shrub, the verdant colour of its leaves, and the warm glow of a half-opened bud, once more attracted her regard.

“Ah!” cried she, “how foolish and ungrateful have I been to despise this beautiful shrub. It has not, indeed, all the attractive qualities of those fairer, but short-lived blossoms, for whose sake I have neglected it, but it possesses a merit far beyond theirs—it is the true friend—constant in every season.”

There is nothing that requires so strict an economy as our benevolence. We should hnsband our means as the agriculturalist his manure, which, if he spread over too large a superficies; produces no crop, if over too small a surface, exhaurates in rankness and in weeds. [Lacoe.]

Nothing is more laudible or worthy of a great man than placability. [Cicero.]

MISCELLANY.

From the Token, for 1830.

THE SEA.

BY REV. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound of stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Thomson.

"The sea is his, and he made it," cries the Psalmist of Israel, in one of those bursts of enthusiasm and devotion, in which he so often expresses the whole of a vast subject by a few simple words. Whose else indeed could it be, and by whom else could it have been made? Who else can heave its tides, and appoint its bounds? Who else can urge its mighty waves to madness with the breath and the wings of the tempest; and then speak to it again in a master's accents, and bid it be still? Who else could have poured out its magnificent fullness round the land, and

"Laid as in a storehouse safe its watery treasures by?"

Who else could have peopled it with its countless inhabitants, and caused it to bring forth its various productions, and filled it from its deepest bed to its expanded surface, filled it from its centre to its remotest shores filled it to the brim with beauty, and mystery, and power! Majestic ocean! Glorious sea! No created being rules thee, or made thee. Thou hearest but one voice, and that is the Lord's; thou obeyest but one arm, and that is the Almighty's. The ownership and the workmanship are God's; thou art his, and he made thee.

"The sea is his, and he made it." It bears the strong impress of his greatness, his wisdom, and his love. It speaks to us of God with the voice of all its waters; it may lead us to God by all the influences of its nature. How, then, can we be otherwise than profitably employed while we are looking on this bright and broad mirror of the Deity? The sacred scriptures are full of references to it, and itself is full of religion and God.

"The sea is his, and he made it." Its majesty is of God. What is there more sublime than the rackless desert, all surrounding, unfathomable sea? What is there more peacefully sublime than the calm, gently heaving, silent sea? What is there more terribly sublime than the angry, dashing, raging sea? Power, resistless, overwhelming power, is its attribute and its expression, whether in the careless, conscious grandeur of its deep rest, or the wild tumult of its excited wrath. It is awful when its crested waves rise up to make a compact with the black clouds, and the howling winds, and the thunder, and the thunderbolt, and they sweep on in the joy of their dread alliance, to do the Almighty's bidding. And it is awful, too, when it stretches its broad level out to meet in quiet union the bended sky, and show in the line of meeting the vast rotundity of the world. There is majesty in its wide expanse, separating and enclosing the great continents of the earth, occupying two thirds of the whole surface of the globe, penetrating the land with its bays and secondary seas, and receiving the constantly pouring tribute of every river, of every shore. There is majesty in its fulness, never diminishing and never increasing. There is majesty in its integrity, for its whole vast substance is uniform: in its local unity, for there is but one ocean, and the inhabitants of any one maritime spot may visit the inhabitants of any other in the wide world. Its depth is sublime; who can sound it! Its strength is sublime; what fabric of man can resist it! Its voice is sublime; whether in the prolonged song of its ripple or the stern musick of its roar; whether it utters its hollow and melancholy tones within a labyrinth of wave-worn caves; or thunders at the base of some huge promontory; or beats against a toiling vessel's sides, lulling the voyager to rest with the stains of its wild monotony; or dies away with the calm and dying twilight, in gentle murmurs on some sheltered shore. What sight is there more magnificent than the quiet or the stormy sea? What musick is there, however artful, which can vie with the natural and changeful melodies of the resounding sea!

"The sea is his, and he made it." Its beauty is of God. It possesses it, in richness, of its own; it

borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many coloured feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light, rivaling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave steaming behind a milky way of dim, and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters, where it dwells and rests, singing its spells, and scattering its charms on all the coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea?

If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail and spot by spot; if we could, from a flight far higher than the sea eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display! Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain and foam and fire all mingling together; and here, next to this scene of magnificent confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and while the brisk breezes flew over them, clapping their hands for very gladness—for they do clap their hands, and justify by the life, and almost individual animation which they exhibit, that remarkable figure of the Psalmist. Here, again, on this self same ocean, we should behold large tracts where there was neither tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and were it not for that swell of the sea which never rests, motionless. Here we should see a cluster of green islands, set like jewels, in the midst of its bosom; and there we should see broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows and threatening the mariner. "There go the ships," the white robed ships, some on this course, and others on the opposite one, some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some swinging lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and perhaps overwhelmed by the storm; some for traffick, and some for state, and some in peace, and others, alas! in war. Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropicks, and inhaling the almost visible odours which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East; let us observe the track of another, and we should behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, contending with Winter in his own everlasting dominion, striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit point of the globe, where ships may perhaps never visit, and where the foot of man, all daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread. Nor are the ships of man the only travellers whom we shall perceive on this mighty map of the ocean. Flocks of sea birds are passing and repassing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwearied wing and undeviating instinct, or wheeling and swarming round the rocks which they make alive and vocal by their numbers and their clanging cries.

How various, how animated, how full of interest is the survey! We might behold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time on the vast and varied ocean; and it would be a much more diversified and beautiful one; for I have spoken but of a few particulars,

and of those but slightly. I have not spoken of the thousand forms in which the sea meets the shore, of the sands and the cliffs, of the arches and grottos, of the cities and the solitudes, which occur in the beautiful irregularity of its outline; nor of the constant tides, nor the boiling whirlpools and eddies, nor the currents and streams, which are dispersed throughout its surface. The variety of the sea, notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is ever changing and endless.

"The sea is his, and he made it." And when he made it, he ordained that it should be the element and dwellingplace of multitudes of living beings, and the treasury of many riches. How populous and wealthy and bounteous are the depths of the sea! How many are the tribes which find in them abundant sustenance, and furnish abundant sustenance to man. The whale roams through the deep like its lord; but he is forced to surrender his vast bulk to the use of man. The lesser tribes of the finny race have each their peculiar habits and haunts, but they are found out by the ingenuity of man, and turned to his own purposes. The line and the hook and the net are dropped and spread to delude them and bring them up from the watery chambers where they were roving in conscious security. How strange it is that the warm food which comes upon our tables, and the substances which furnish our streets and dwellings with cheerful light, should be drawn up from the cold and dark recesses of the sea.

We shall behold new wonders and riches when we shall investigate the seashore. We shall find, both beauty for the eye and food for the body, in the varieties of shell fish, which adhere in myriads to the rocks, or form their close dark burrows in the sands. In some parts of the world we shall see those houses of stone, which the little coral insect rears up with patient industry from the bottom of the waters, till they grow into formidable rocks, and broad forests whose branches never wave, and whose leaves never fall. In other parts we shall see those "pale glistening pearls" which adorn the crowns of princes, and are woven in the hair of beauty, extorted by the restless grasp of man from the hidden stores of ocean. And, spread round every coast, there are beds of flowers and thickets of plants, which the dew does not nourish, and which man has not sown, nor cultivated, nor reaped; but which seem to belong to the floods alone, and the denizens of the floods, until they are thrown up by the surges, and we discover that even the dead spoil of the fields of ocean may fertilize and enrich the fields of earth. They have a life, and a nourishment, and an economy of their own, and we know little of them, except that they are there in their briny nurseries, reared up into luxuriance by what would kill, like a mortal poison, the plants of the land.

"There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

"There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea."

I have not told half of the riches of the sea. How can I count the countless, or describe as they ought to be described, those companies of living and lifeless things which fill the waters, and which it would take a volume barely to enumerate and name? But how can we give our minds in any degree to this subject; how can we reflect on a part only of the treasures of the seas; how can we lend but a few moments to the consideration of the majesty and beauty, the variety and the fulness of the ocean, without raising our regards in adoration to the Almighty Creator, and exclaiming with one of the sublimest of poets, who felt nature like a poet, and whose divine strains ought to be familiar with us all, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that Leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayst give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good."

We must not omit to consider the utility of the

sea; its utility, I mean, not only as it furnishes a dwelling and sustenance to an infinite variety and number of inhabitants, and an important part of the support of man, but in its more general relations to the whole globe of the world. It cools the air for us in summer, and warms it in winter. It is probable that the very composition of the atmosphere is beneficially affected by combining with the particles which it takes up from the ocean; but, however this may be, there is little or no doubt, that were it not for the immense face of waters with which the atmosphere come in contact, it would be hardly respirable for the dwellers on the earth. Then, again, it affords an easier, and, on the whole a safer medium of communication and conveyance between nation and nation, than can be found, for equal distances, on the land. It is also an effectual barrier between nations, preserving to a great degree the weak from invasion and the virtuous from contamination. In many other respects it is no doubt useful to the great whole, though in how many we are not qualified to judge. What we do see is abundant testimony of the wisdom and goodness of him who in the beginning "gathered the waters together unto one place."

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the centre of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt, which so impregnate its waters, that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes, may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek, the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been ingulged by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

And oh! yet more affecting is the heart and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? What shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb? Where are the bones, the relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, and sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewed in that unwonted cemetery. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but he to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and he heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll and there shall be "no more sea."

THE GATHERER.

CONVERSATION.

Nature hath left man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

SIMPLICITY.

Major R— was not long since riding near a building which presented to his admiring gaze a fine specimen of antique Saxon architecture. Desirous to learn something respecting it, he made some inquiries of a man, who as it happened was the *souter* of the village. This learned wight informed the inquisitive stranger that the building in question was reckoned a noble specimen of *Gothick* architecture, and was built by the *Romans*, who came over with Julius Cæsar. "Friend," said the Major, "you make anachronisms." "No, no, Sir," replied the man, "indeed I don't make anachronisms, for I never made any thing but shoes in my life."

On the day when the news of the decease of Napoleon reached the Tuileries, Louis XVIII. was surrounded by a brilliant court, all of whom, with the exception of one man, received the intelligence with the most unequivocal signs of delight. This man was General Rapp, who burst into tears. The king perceived and noticed it. "Yes, Sire," answered the general, "I do weep for Napoleon; and you will excuse it, for to him I owe every thing in the world, even the honour of now serving your majesty, since it was he that made me what I am!" The king, in an elevated tone of voice, replied, "General, I do but esteem you the more. Fidelity which thus survives misfortune, proves to me how securely I may depend on you myself."

THE COMEDY OF LIFE.

The world is the stage; men are the actors; the events of life form the piece; fortune distributes the parts; religion governs the performance; philosophers are the spectators; the opulent occupy the boxes; the powerful the amphitheatre; and the pit is for the unfortunate; the disappointed snuff the candles; folly composes the music; and time draws the curtain.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted; the violence of our passions abated; the bitter cup of affliction sweetened; all the injuries of the world alleviated; and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the path of life.

Vice needs every discouragement to prevent its seeds from growth, and it would be happy if man would consider, that he can not long enjoy health with a poisoned mind or an upbraiding conscience.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1829.

NEW subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

ANOTHER TIMOTHY MUNRO. Vermont, like New-York, is cursed with a horde of unprincipled fellows, to whom it affords especial pleasure at all times to disturb the peace of society; particularly, if by so doing, they can promote their personal interests. These fellows have taken up anti-masonry, as affording every facility for gratifying their *Wormwood* desires, and have entered upon their filthy labours with a most industrious and persevering spirit. They have enlisted in their cause all the hypocrites and blackguards in the state, and their mouth-pieces expectorate anathemas, falsehood, and billingsgate, in profusion equalled only in the "infected district." One of their recent tricks assumed so much importance as to require legislative investigation; which resulted, as every one will suppose, just as the anti-masons desired it should not result—in the discovery of the truth. The circumstances were these: a convict in the Vermont state prison at Windsor, named Joseph Burnham, died on the 15th of October, 1826, and on the 17th of the same month was taken from the prison and buried by his friends. From this simple and common-place fact, the anti-masons, just previous to the late election in Vermont, manufactured a wonderful tale about "masonick influence," "masonick oaths," &c. They asserted that Burnham was still alive, that he was a mason, and had escaped from prison through the agency of the masons—and that the burial was

a sham display! By dint of telling and dwelling upon this story in their own peculiar, reckless and inflated manner, they succeeded in creating something of an excitement; and the legislature, to quiet the public mind, found it necessary to enter into an examination of the matter. This was what the mass of the people wished for; but it was not what the managers of anti-masonry wished for; and therefore, when the subject was brought before the legislature, they made an effort to have a committee appointed, "with power to send for persons and papers, and report to the legislature a year hence!" The good sense of a majority, however, rejected this plan, and it was fortunate for the tranquility of Vermont that they did so. The anties knew to what an investigation would lead, and it was for their interests to delay it and defeat it, if possible; and defeated it would have been, had they possessed the power and the time they desired to mature their schemes.

The legislature adopted a more prompt method of coming at the truth. A committee of inquiry was appointed, with the anti-masonick candidate for speaker at its head. This committee seems not to have been very desirous of promoting the ends for which it was appointed, and was subsequently discharged from the consideration of the subject, apparently without having even attempted any inquiry. Such, however, is anti-masonick love of truth, and official industry. The committees of the same nature, in the legislature of this state, were little more industrious, and their labours were no more satisfactory. They were in truth, more reprehensible than the Vermont committee, for they not only neglected to tell the truth, but wilfully perverted it.

After the discharge of the committee, three commissioners were appointed, with the same powers, to fulfil its duties. These men were neither masons nor anti-masons, and unlike their predecessors, seemed to understand the purposes of their appointment. The only proofs adduced in support of the story of Burnham's escape were two affidavits, both made by persons of questionable, if not abandoned characters, stating, that the deponents had seen Burnham in the city of New-York, after the 15th of October, 1826. Aaron B. Cutter, one of the deponents, testified that he saw Burnham, in jail, at New-York, on the 17th of October, 1826, two days after he was alleged to have died at Windsor. That Burnham was in the Vermont state prison on the 15th October, 1826, was susceptible of the most positive proof; and the improbability of his travelling a distance of two hundred and fifty miles in so short a time, and getting into jail on a process of debt, for which, it was said, he was confined, would have been sufficient to destroy the testimony of a much better man than Cutter; but independent of this, the commissioners, in their report, say, that "from the character of Cutter, they are of opinion that his statements are not entitled to credit." The only proof that remained, then, in support of the story, was the affidavit of Lyman Mower, alias Joshua Cobb, the other deponent. Mower resided in New-York; one of the commissioners therefore proceeded to that place, and found Mower, who still declared it as his belief that "he had frequently seen Burnham in the city of New-York." The commissioner then offered Mower a reward of five hundred dollars if he would produce Burnham, and promised that Burnham should be pardoned if he would return to Vermont. Mower and the commissioner immediately commenced a search, which resulted on the 24th ult. in the finding of the pretended Burnham, who, instead of being a *Yankee* and named Joseph Burnham, proved to be an *Irishman*, and named Patrick Dolon. After this discovery Mower's memory seems to have been miraculously restored to him: he suddenly and very distinctly recollected, that Dolon was an old acquaintance, and "had wrought for him on a building in New-York, in the spring of 1826!" On further inquiry it was found that Dolon had constantly resided in the city of New-York for the last six or seven years! Mower unhesitatingly made an affidavit, before a public notary, contradicting his former statements; and two gentlemen in New-York, who had known Burnham in Vermont, saw Dolon and certified that he was not Burnham. Thus ended the farce.

This affair has proved to be one of the most bare faced impositions, (and involving as much criminality as any other, excepting the Timothy Munro concern,) practiced upon the

credulous multitude in the whole course of the excitement. There can be no doubt that Cutter wilfully perjured himself; and we shall not be surprised to learn that he has received pay for his villany. It turns out, too, that Burnham was not a mason. In fact, the whole story seems to have been got up without the slightest foundation, for the single, base purpose of affecting the election. The feelings of those who have figured in the anti-masouick ranks in this case, ought to be any thing but easy and enviable; and if they do not meet with universal reprehension, it will reflect sadly upon the morality of the Green Mountains.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK. Our correspondent, in St. John, under date of the 7th inst. writes us, that a Grand Lodge was formed in that city for the province of New-Brunswick, on Wednesday the 4th of November, instant. The following are the officers:—Rev. B. G. Gray, Grand Master; D. B. Wetmore, esq., Senior Grand Warden; S. Frye, esq., M. D., Junior Grand Warden; Alexander Lawrence, Senior Grand Deacon; Thomas Nisbet, Junior Grand Deacon; John Smyth, Senior Grand Steward; W. O. Smith, Junior Grand Steward; Rev. Oliver Arnold and Rev. Jerome Alley, Grand Chaplains; James Robertson, jr., Grand Secretary; Henry Chubb, Grand Treasurer.

THEATRE Mr Roberts made his first appearance at our theatre this season, on Wednesday evening last, and we made our only appearance this week (with the exception of a few minutes) at the same place, on the same evening. The plays were *Rob Roy* and the *Lottery Ticket*—both entertaining pieces, as every one who has seen them knows, and the latter, particularly, containing a fund of merriment. Roberts sustained *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* in the former, and *Wormwood*, in the latter, in his own peculiar and happy style. We doubt if he has an equal in the Bailie—he fairly seemed to be the generous old Scotchman himself. *Wormwood* is a detestable character, and his representative contrived to appear as odious in his deformities, as he was amiable in the Bailie. Mr. Duffy's *Rob Roy* was excellent, and Mrs. Stone's *Helen* was admirable. *Rushleigh* was well sustained by Mr. Webb. *Diana Vernon*, by Mrs. Forbes, was—not so good as it might have been. We really wish we could say something in favour of Mr. Hutchings, but it is quite impossible, if we would preserve our countenance and our credit. He sings tolerably, to be sure; but his acting is cold and spiritless. We wish he would imitate M. Chabert and eat fire for a while.

We have received the first number of a new paper from Utica, entitled *The Mechanics' Press*. It is neatly printed, in the medium quarto form, and is chiefly occupied by matter interesting and valuable to the meritorious class to whose interests it is devoted. It is published by T. M. Ladd and W. Scram; the terms, to mail subscribers are \$2 a year in advance.

Alas, poor Yorick! Sam Patch, the jumper, has, in fact, at last leaped into eternity! He made his last jump on the afternoon of Friday, the 18th inst. from a stage erected on the banks of the Genesee river (just below the falls), one hundred and twenty-five feet above the surface of the stream! His body is not yet found.

The following article relates to a subject which has recently received much attention from the political world, and one which is, or is supposed to be, interesting to every American. With the political notions of the writer we have nothing to do; and in publishing them do not assent, nor object, to their propriety. Mr. B.'s observations on the dimensions, topography, soil, and climate of Texas, will be found new, in some respects, and will add something to every one's information.

From the Daily Cincinnati Gazette.

TEXAS. Mr. Hammond—the article in the Gazette of the 24th inst. extracted from the Village Record, a respectable paper of Pennsylvania, contains one statement that is so exceedingly erroneous as to require correction. The whole essay is written in an impassioned and partisan style, which betrays a feverish excitement in the mind of the writer, and is, of itself, calculated to bring in question, both his facts and his deductions. Thinking men will pause: but all men do not think; and hence it is that error, and delusion, and falsehood, derive and maintain their pernicious domination. I do not presume any wilful misrepresentation on the part of that writer, for he seems to have borrowed his fearful fact from another quarter, and doubtless he believes it to be

true. But the influence of error is not the less mischievous for having its origin in ignorance, or for being disseminated under an honest conviction of its truth. The experience of the world testifies that no opinions are adhered to with more tenacity, or propagated with more zeal, than those which are founded in error.

The statement to which I allude, is contained in the following exclamatory sentence:

"Nine new slave states! Gracious Heavens! Five millions of poor wretches held in slavery!"

These nine new slave states are, as that worthy writer seems to apprehend, to be carved out of the territory of Texas, the acquisition of which he surmises to be the second "point of policy of the new administration." A more egregious error than is couched in this number nine, seldom gains admittance to a newspaper even in high toned party times. I have, as you know, sir, some practical acquaintance with Texas; with its dimensions, topography, soil and climate. I have traversed it from the Sabine to the Rio Grande; and from the Gulf to the mountains; and I am well persuaded that it is not susceptible of any mode of subdivision by which more than four States, of medium size, and fair proportions of natural advantages, could be formed out of it, were it to be incorporated into this Republic. Of these four, two would be maritime, the River Brasos, or the Colorado dividing them North and South; and two would be interior, probably fronting on the old road from the Sabine to St. Antonio de Bexar, and running back to the Mountains. The first two would indeed be rich in agricultural production; and it is an axiom with political economists, that "wealth is power;" ergo: they would be powerful. Each of them would have one, convenient sea port, Galvazion and Matagorda: and these would also be the commercial emporiums for their respective neighbours of the inland. They would certainly possess a soil and a climate that might alarm the cupidity of the British sugar-growers of the western Indies, and excite the envy of the vintagers of southern France for they would forthwith render this nation independent of the one, and in a few years would supplant, in her ample markets, the costly vine of the other. They would enable us to monopolize the Tobacco markets of Europe; to sell, instead of buying, indigo; and would furnish, in any required quantity, Cotton of a peculiar quality, of a staple and texture, about equal distant between the flues Sea Island, and the best Louisiana, a species of material which our manufacturers would find greatly conducive to the variety, and consequently to the value of their fabrics. They would give us inexhaustible quantities of red cedar and of live-oak, adequate to an almost indefinite multiplication, certainly to the perpetual increase of the Navy, which has shed so much brilliant around this nation's character; and would enable the south to utilize more efficiently with the north in supplying and cherishing that potent arm of the nation's defence. They would in a few years, supply us with all the delicious and costly fruits of the Mediterranean, and would present to the skill and enterprise of our farmers, new varieties of agricultural and horticultural productions, which would not only enlarge the sources of individual enjoyment, but would contribute to the national wealth and aggrandizement. In short, they would make this nation, what all nations desire to be, independent of the world for the necessities, the comforts, and, with very few exceptions, the luxuries of life. Their harbours would be as countervails to the formidable Havana, and would render it no longer a momentous matter to these States, into whose hands the island of Cuba shall fall.

The other two would be farming and grazing, and mineral states. They would possess a soil prolific in all the good things of temperate latitudes; and a climate to which the valeudunarians of the north might repair with as much hope in the renovation of their health, as they now seek the bright skies, and the genial temperature, and the corrupting society of Italy. They would invite to their bosoms, emigrants from the staunch old grain-producing states, sober, laborious, practical republicans, who have no desire to multiply the evils of slavery, or to participate in the unwholesome dominion of man over his fellows. Such a population, so located, would be a perpetual bond of union between the north and the south, and would partake of the habits and predilections and sympathies of both.

In the rear of these interior states would be a region of mountainous and barren country, which, in the process of some centuries, when the beasts of the forest shall have been exterminated, the nations of red men become extinct, might possibly claim to be organized into one, and perhaps two, territorial governments. But before these would contain a population that could entitle them to admission into the confederacy, this great Republic will in all human probability, be split into as many separate parts, as was the empire of Alexander, or, as may be found in any equal superficies of Europe. If, happily, she holds together until then, her dismemberment will be of little import to human happiness; for, I ween, the great battle of Gog and Magog will have been fought, and this world, with all its garniture, be nigh unto the appointed confederation.

It is not my intention to descend at large upon the wisdom of this supposed "second point of policy of the new administration;" but, with your permission, I will use the present opportunity to offer some suggestions which may be thought interesting by those whose attention is drawn to this pregnant subject.

There are few countries within the circle of civilization, so imperfectly known as Texas. There is not a single geographer, or writer of travels, or of residences, who has given any thing like a tolerably correct account of it; and therefore it is not strange that erroneous opinions are entertained in relation to its character and extent. I do not design to attempt a geographical description of that beautiful and interesting region, but merely to present some hints that bear peculiarly upon the point of policy in question.

The term Texas, is usually understood to designate the whole tract of country lying between the south-western boundary of the United States, and the river Grande, alias the river Bravo del Norte; these being by different names applied the one to the upper, the other to the lower part of the same stream. Strictly speaking, and according to the political arrangement, Texas does not include the whole of that region. The federal state of Tamaulipas extends to the river Nueces, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico, about 120 miles north of the Rio Grande. The sovereignty of that state spreads over a section of what we call Texas, equal probably to 100 square miles, comprehending the mouth of the Nueces, and the seaboard between it and the Rio Grande. The late Province, now the Department of Coahuila, which, in conjunction with Texas proper, constitutes the state of Coahuila and Texas, also crosses the Rio Grande, and scoops out what is geographically called Texas, a tract of about equal dimensions, with that belonging to Tamaulipas.

The country between Nueces and the Rio Grande, for near 100 miles interior from the Gulf, is one continuous prairie, and, excepting a belt of about 50 miles in depth bordering on the Nueces, it is an arid, sandy, and sterile plain, affording scarcely sufficient herbage to sustain the few deer and wild horses that roam upon it, and appear to be allured more by its abundant salt lagoons than by the quantity or the quality of its vegetation.

The Nueces is a long narrow stream, incapable of any useful navigation, and destitute of a harbour for any thing superior to a shallow. The shores of the gulf where it disembogues, are so flat and shallow, and the anchorage in the offing is so remote, that a marauding invader could not embark without encountering immense difficulty, and appalling hazards; and when he should overcome these, he would find himself in an open campaign country, without a single military point, on which he could rest, or to which he could retreat for repose, or reinforcement, in the event of disaster,

But the Nueces is of sufficient magnitude for a well defined national boundary. It rises near the lower spur of that great cordillera which we call the Rocky Mountains, and which already forms the western barrier of this republic. With the exception of a short artificial line to connect the river with the mountains, such a demarcation would constitute a complete natural boundary, in every respect as good and effective for all international purposes, as the Rio Grande itself; one which could not be encroached upon without manifest wantonness and hostility. It would give to the United States almost every acre of good land, and every other natural advantage that belongs to Texas, in the largest sense; and it would obviate one capital objection, on the part of the Mexican government to a diminution of its territory. The Mexican is strongly assimilated to the Spanish character; and every body knows that Spaniards are jealous. It was the favourite and uncompromising policy of the old government to keep the North Americans as far removed as possible from their populous settlements on the Rio Grande. The same feeling, prompted by somewhat different motives, will influence the present national councils. They will not be willing to bring the hardy and enterprising, and, as they conceive, ambitious population of the Anglo-American Republic into direct and immediate contact with their ancient towns and villages, and their mining districts, that are sprinkled along the Southern shores of the Great river of the north, which they look to, almost instinctively, as the ultima thoale of their native habitations.

On the South bank of the Rio Grande, about forty miles above its mouth, is the city of Matamoros, formerly Refugio. It is the commercial depot for an extensive and populous interior, and imports goods to value of several millions of dollars annually, which are sent on pack mules to Monterey, Saltillo, Chihuahua, Durango, Zacatecas, San Louis, Potosi, and many other minor inland towns. It contains from seven to nine thousand inhabitants, and is increasing with a rapidity that is altogether unexampled in Mexico. The Rio Grande has, in strictness, no harbour. Its mouth is crossed by a bar that does not carry more than five feet of water. The haven of Matamoros is at the Brasos St. lago, which is an arm of the sea, on the north side of the Rio Grande, projected lateral to it, and separated from it by a low narrow neck of land.

It is not conceivable, then, that Mexico ever will consent to relinquish to a foreign power this only harbor so important a place as Matamoros, from whence she derives a considerable portion of her revenue of customs. That she would be unwise to do so, is very obvious. The state of Tamaulipas, in which Matamoros lies, would assuredly never yield her assent to so injudicious an alienation of territory. The acquisition of it would be of no value to this Government: for the country on this side of the Rio Grande, and proximate to the Brasos St. lago, is incapable of supporting even a hamlet of fishermen.

My design, sir, is to state facts, not to argue from them. Motives of delicacy constrain me to leave that matter to others. Your friend, B.

From the Buffalo Republican.

Anecdote. An elderly man from a neighboring town, came into our office, some time since, mistaking the Editor for him of the Buffalo Patriot: he called to give him assurance that he would pay up the balance due on the Patriot in a few weeks. We indulged the worthy anti-mason in his error, by enquiring how the spirit of anti-masonry raged in his town. "It goes," said he, "and I wish, Mr. S. you could see my two boys; one is 19 years old and the other is 16—but true anti-masons as you ever seed." "Do tell if the tender lads are;" was replied to the old man: "Yes: I wish you could see 'Leazer, the youngest; he's what you call a curst, smart boy, and a great genius; 'cause, if you will believe it, he said to 'other day—'Daddy,' says he, 'Daddy,' 'What do you want, sonny?' said I. 'I want to go to Washington, Daddy.' 'What for?' said I. 'Why, Daddy, I've been told that Giral Jackson is a 'tarnal mason, and I want to shute him!' 'Do you think he'd do it?' we asked in astonishment. A faint smile lighted up the features of the farmer while he exclaimed—"Do it? would 'at he? he would: he's clear grit!"

After expressing our opinion, that such a bright lad should be placed in a public institution, to polish his education, the old man departed highly gratified.

Anti-Masonry in New-York. For the benefit of the anti-masons in the west, who are our especial friends, we beg to mention that Russell Comstock, eldest son, nearly beat the whole anti-masouick ticket in this city. Indeed, we had almost forget that such a ticket was run here. [N. Y. Cour. & Enquirer.

MARRIED.

In Kingston, Ulster Co., on the 12th inst., by the Rev Mr. Stillman, SAMUEL CURTIS, jr., Editor of the Columbia Republican, to Miss SARAH MARIA MASTEN.

NEW AND SPLENDID JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS &c.—Just received, a large supply of mosaic, cameo, pearl, to-raz, jet and gold ear rings, of new patterns, diamond pins and finger rings, pearl, cameo and jet do, patent lever, anchor escapement, fine and common gold watches, silver do, and a large and good assortment, ladies watches and establishments, musical, alabaster and marble clocks, and a large assortment of beautiful chains, seals and keys. Also, music boxes, some playing 3 tunes and very superior, now opened and for sale at 456 South Market-st. by

CHAUNCEY JOHNSON. nov. 21. 51.

SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY. W. C. LITTLE 67 State street, has for sale on favourable terms an assortment of all the School and Classical Books, at present in use. Albany, Nov. 21, 1839.

LONDON BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.—The following new English Books and Periodicals, this day received by W. C. Little, La Belle Assemblee for Oct. with a Portrait of the Rt. Hon. Lady Anne Beekit and five coloured engravings of English and French costumes.

London Athenum and Literary Chronicle for September. Garden and Menagerie of the Zoological Society, living Description and figures in illustration of the natural history of living Animals in the society's collection.

Gallery of Shakespeare, illustrations of his dramatic works, engraved from designs by Retsch. Sharpe's London Magazine for September, with an engraving from a picture by Thos. Stothard.

Ackermann's Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1839, embellished with 10 exquisite engravings on steel.

The Boy's Own Book, (a Boston edition in imitation of the London) a complete encyclopedia of all the diversions of Boyhood and Youth—with 200 fine engravings on wood.

Antedeluvian Antiquities, vol. 1. being Fragments of the age of Methuselah, translated by an American traveller in the east.

"The remnant of Giants."—(Moses.)—"Eloquent ruins of nations" (Everett).

Boston Athenum for Nov 15th, Journal of the Franklin Institute, for Nov. Journal of Health, No 5, Nov. 11th.

NOV. 21.

POETRY.

SEASON OF PRAYER.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

To prayer, to prayer:—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love.
Oh then on the breath of this early air,
Send upwards the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the guardian of night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquility on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom,
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirits exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours,

There are smiles and tears in the mothers eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
Oh! hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer,
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through him that died;
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow,
Oh what is earth and its pleasures now?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith,
He has hidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, the rose from this.
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength,
To join that holy band at length.
To him, who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

From the Keepsake, for 1830.

SONG.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Joy to the victors! the sons of old Aspen!
Joy to the race of the battle and scar!
Glorious proud garland triumphantly grasping;
Generous in peace and victorious in war.
Honour acquiring,
Valor inspiring,
Burning, restless, through foemen they go:
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,
Till from the battle proud Roderick retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.
Joy to each warrior, true follower of Aspen!
Joy to the heroes that gained the bold day!
Health to our wounded in agony gasping;
Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray!
Boldly this morning,
Roderick's power scorning,
Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield;

Joy blessed them dying,
As Maltingen flying,
Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
Their death clouded eye-balls descried on the field!
Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen,
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away:
There each fond damsel, her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.
Listening the prancing,
Of horses advancing;
E'en now on the turret our maidens appear.
Love our hearts warming,
Songs the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing;
Love, wine, and song our blithe evening shall cheer.

From "Friendship's Offering," for 1830.

A SCOT'S LUVE SANG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Could this ill world hae been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peaceful bodies wad hae lived,
Released frae a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the wae'fu' case
That man mair hae this teasing mony,
Why see a sweet bewitching face?
—O had they no been made so bonny!

I might hae wandered dale and wood,
Brisk as the breeze that whistles o'er me,
As careless as the roe-dur's brood,
As happy as the lands before me;
I might hae screwed my tunefu' pegs,
And carolled mountain streams so gaily,
Had we but wantit a' the Megs
Wi' glossy e'en sae dark an' wily.

I saw the danger, feared the dart,
The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
An' gat the wound that keeps me waking,
My harp waves on the willow green;
O' wild witch-notes it has nae ony,
Sin' e'er I saw that pawky queen,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

From the Columbian Star and Christian Index.

PASSAGES.

"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and the labour which I had laboured to do.—and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."—Eccles. ii. 11.

The things of Earth,—oh, heed them not!—the glory which they wear
Will fade, as sunset clouds depart, from the warm Summer air;
The charm they yield are lost in change—their light full soon is done;
They die like Autumn's yellow leaves, when storm clouds dim the sun:
The rainbow-tinted dreams of Joy have an ephemeral bliss—
Touched with our dull mortality, they blend with earthliness;
And when the night of ill comes on, their day dreams melt away,
And the fettered spirit sighs to leave its prison-house of clay.
Look not on Earth! its flower-like hopes in the glad bosom spring;
One little hour beholds them rent, and pale, and withering;
In Youth, the unclouded eye is lit—the heart is like the air—
As buoyant and mysterious—as pictured and as fair;
There is no shadow on the soul—and through its stainless skies,
Existence, like an Eden dream, wears an unsullied guise;
Look once again!—and from the lip all winning smiles have passed,
And o'er life's sunny spots have swept, the whirlwind and the blast!
Oh, this is Earth!—A spell it wears, which wakes enthusiast thought,
And in its magic influence, the heart with hope is fraught;
And being seen a scene of Heaven—a picture of the sky,
And like gay birds of Paradise its radiant hours go by;
The sea's glad multitude of waves gance in the unbounded light,
And round its thousand vernal isles, run, melting blue and bright;
And glen, and tree, and fields of green, thrill to the music flung
From Hope's all treacherous lyre of gold, and her persuasive tongue;
And to the heart the world appears in glorious freshness dressed,
As when the dewy robes of Spring lie on the mountain's breast.
Yet over all must sweep the change—the circumstance of Time;
Who may his wanderings withhold, or check his flight sublime!
His troubled pinions bear along the swiftest-brooding cloud,
Where Grief unfurls her banners wild, and sorrowing hearts are bow'd:
Then let the spirit cherish well, midst life's uncertain hours,
The promise of that "better land" with all its deathless flowers;
Where the soul in love meets kindred soul—where pain wrings not the breast,
In that glad—"continual city" where the weary are at rest.

THE RIVER.

River! River! little River!
Bright you sparkle on your way.
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.
River! River! swelling River!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
Over rocks by rose-bank sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.
River! River! brimming River!
Broad and deep, and still as Time—
Seeming still—yet still in motion,

Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.
River! River! headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

SCHOOL BOOKS published by E. & G. MERRILL, *Broadway, Mass.* and for sale by O. STEELE, Bookseller, No. 437 South Market street.

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THOMAS SNELL,
JOSEPH VAILL, Jr.,
ALVAN BOND.

April, 1829.

Letter to the Compiler.

Hadley Nov. 25, 1828.

Dear Sir, I have examined the copy of the American Reader you sent me. The selection of the materials appears to be judicious, and I think it possesses merits superior to any work of the kind which has fallen under my observation.

Prescriber of Hopkins Academy.

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Albany, Nov. 24, 41

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, AT NO. 3 BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

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JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

V

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1829.

NO. 44.

MASONICK RECORD.

From the Buffalo Journal.

POPULAR EXCITEMENTS,

NO. I.

Diseases of the mind, no less than those of the body, affect the conduct of both individuals and nations, and thus control, in a remote degree, the destinies of man. Intellectual pestilence, though it may spare the principle of life, must feed and fatten upon those ties which originally congregated and still bind our race together, in that social compact inseparable from civilized life. When such pestilence, therefore, prevails, it becomes both the duty and the interest of every good citizen, to check the progress of the infection, and, so far as is practicable, restore the community to peace and happiness.

The state of society, at this period, in the section of the country immediately around us, is such as requires the strictest scrutiny. The feverish condition of the public mind, in relation to the well known subject of *Freemasonry*, is the result of causes so powerful in their operation, as to require investigation. To such investigation I here devote my exertions; and I trust that, while the weight and solemnity of the subject will counteract the influence of every unworthy or grovelling attempt to divert my attention, I shall not be found unmindful of that duty which, as a citizen, I owe to my fellow men.

The great body of the population, in every society, and in every country, is not chargeable with wilful error, or intentional wrong. It is the misconceptions of the head, and not the perversions of the heart, which have originally moved the population of districts and of empires, to deeds of rapacity and war. The entire history of our race is but congregated testimony in support of this thesis; and the cause of calamities thus produced, must therefore, be sought in that moving principle which first gave perverse direction to the collective desires of the population. This, indeed, will often be found in the degrading propensities of a diminutive member who, aiming at dominion, grovellingly seeks its attainment by insidious appeals to the better feelings of the heart, until the opportune moment arrive when, by rousing the basest of our passions, the wrong thus done us can be secreted beneath the torrent of rage and wild misrule that may be expected to follow. Of this character is that warfare which now distracts society, upon the question I have mentioned. However degrading the confession, none can longer deny that the crime against our laws, in the case of *Morgan*, is now charged upon the innocent as well as the guilty, for the purpose of political disfranchisement, by a compact of men, if I may be allowed the expression, who are assiduously seeking for personal preferment, under the specious pretext of avenging our instituted laws, and perpetuating our civil institutions. Pretensions of this character have ever been urged by the demagogue who aimed at the subversion of the rights of others. He mechanically adopts that language which virtue has been known to respect, in the hope of concealing his ulterior design, and of claiming, successfully, the good opinion of others for the practice of virtues to which his heart is a stranger. The professions, then, of good and of bad men, are so similar as not to be distinguishable; and hence the imminent danger, in commotions like the present, of leading our aid to wicked men, for purposes we abhor, while we suppose ourselves discharging the most virtuous duties of a citizen. The Roman Emperor Nero, who, to win the populace to his dreadful schemes, could affect to lament that the laws required the punishment of a felon at his hands, did, when occasion served, give force and countenance to the blow of the assassin, when aimed at the life of his own mother. And yet, even this act of parricide he convinced the people was one to which glory and honour should attach, because, in his language, it was perpetrated "for the public good."

It is not my purpose or my province here, to enter upon the merits or demerits of the society of *Freemasons*. Every virtuous citizen must applaud or condemn them upon the same principle that he would any other body of men; and while I candidly admit that I see among them, as among the rest of mankind, much that I condemn, I must also ad-

mit that I see much to approve. Leaving therefore, this abstruse question precisely as I found it, I come at once, to speak of the men who have promoted, and who now sustain that crusade which is fast breaking up and dissolving the very foundations of civil society among us. Their professions being virtuous, we must judge them rather by their acts; and to accomplish this, resort must be had to the history of such popular excitements as have gone before the present, in order to secure whatever advantages may arise from accidental or other similarity of profession and pursuit in the lives of men who have long since passed away. By this light we shall perhaps, be better enabled to read the intentions of such actors, in the existing tragedy, as the plan of my undertaking is designed to embrace. REASON.

NO. II.

The denunciation of "secret societies," has long been the favourite employment of such men as from motives of revenge or aggrandizement, have sought to bring disrepute and suspicion upon those whom their schemes had doomed to such a fate; and as early as the reign of the Roman Emperor Trojan, history informs us that aspirants to state honours and emoluments were so anxious for the public safety, in this particular, that they even persuaded that ruler to refuse the prayers of the city of Nicomedia, for the incorporation of a company of one hundred and fifty firemen, lest so rash a proceeding should endanger the state. The reflecting man of this day will smile at the imaginary fears then expressed, by these guardians of the "public good," and he will also be forcibly reminded, by their reprehensible conduct, of the acts and professions of those who now preside over and direct the popular excitement by which we are at present surrounded.

The condemnatory language applied to the society of *freemasons*, is far from new or strange; even the sacred religion of our God, and the character of the Saviour of man, were subjected to the same reproaches, in their earliest infancy upon earth. The mild constancy and expanded benevolence of our Saviour, amid surrounding sufferings, were insufficient, in the eyes of his accusers, to atone for his want of judicial robes and regal power; and while his calumniators refused to admit his signal triumph over the powers of the grave, they tauntingly insulted his followers, by invidious references to the ignominious death to which their leader had been subjected. The seekers of authority, distrusting the force of such ungenerous ridicule, soon chose to add to it the more serious charge of impiety, which they accordingly brought against the disciples of Christ. The sublime idea which the early christians entertained of the Supreme Being, escaped the gross conception of the Pagan multitude, and by the ingenious devices of the exclusive guardians of public order, malice and prejudice were brought to concur in representing the whole body of christians as a society of atheists, who, by their daring denial of the religion of the empire, had merited the severest penalties of the laws. So in the present instance: the loose, the vulgar, and the profane, have been called upon by appeals to their grossest appetites, to ridicule, scandalize and condemn those against whom no specific charge can be brought; while the more exemplary portions of society are urged, in the name of piety alone, to wage unceasing war against the same people, for alleged but indefinite profanity, of both thought and deed.

Unfortunately for the character of our race, the machinations of those guardians of "public good," who first put in motion the passions of the multitude in opposition to the principles of Christianity, were rendered so far successful, by the repeated public declarations of the movers that they were actuated only by a desire to preserve the endangered civil institutions of their country, that even rulers themselves were deceived, and "about four score years after the death of Christ, his disciples were punished with death by the sentence of a proconsul of the most amiable and philosophical character, and according to the laws of an emperor distinguished by the wisdom and justice of his general administration." The aspirants, finding their schemes so far successful, were encouraged to proceed; and the Christians, through fear of greater evils, were induced to hold their meetings in secret. This innocent transaction was instant-

ly seized upon, and by means of due consideration, at preconcert, it was made to "afford an opportunity for malice to invent, and for auspicious credulity to believe, the horrid tales, which described the Christians as the most wicked of human kind, who practiced, in their dark recesses, every abomination that a depraved fancy could suggest, and who solicited the favour of their unknown God, by the sacrifice of every moral virtue. There were many who pretended to confess or to relate the ceremonies of this abhorred society. It was asserted that a new born infant, entirely covered over with flour, was presented like some mystick symbol of initiation, to the knife of the proselyte, who unknowingly inflicted many a secret and mortal wound, on the innocent victim of his error; that as soon as the cruel deed was perpetrated, the sectaries drank up the blood, greedily tore asunder the quivering members, and pledged themselves to eternal secrecy, by a mutual consciousness of guilt."

Such is the language in which the authentic pages of history are clothed when portraying the horrid consequences of a popular excitement against the Christian religion, engendered seventeen hundred years ago; and which was urged onward by the honest zeal of the populace, who were betrayed into the belief that such a course could alone preserve their national institutions. One can scarcely resist the belief that the movers of the present commotion around us, originally resorted to the annals I have quoted, for the sophistry, the sneers, and the reviling epithets of disgrace, which collectively constitute both the armour and their present warfare. REASON.

ANTI-MASONICK SLANDER.

From the Morristown (N. J.) Anti-Masonick Palladium.

MORE OF THE BEAUTIES OF MASONRY! In our boration of the testimony of Mr. John E. Mulford, and many others in various parts of the country, whose publick attention has been awakened, we now have it in our power to present the following case:—

Last week came on to be tried before Justice Freeman, in this town, the case of George Templeton against James Baxter, for trespass. It may be necessary here to observe, that the above defendant is a youth under age, and the cause was supported by his father, George Baxter, a member of the masonick fraternity. The defence was conducted by an attorney of the same kidney. A jury was impanelled, consisting of the following persons, viz:

Jeremiah Betts, John W. Cortelyou, John Burnet, Lewis B. Skiles, Elias Jagers, John Crow, Jacob Fairhewer, James Cory, Moses L. Guerlin, Henry A. Halsey, Aaron Bonnell, and Uzal Condit.

The following evidence was received, from Ezra and Mary Moore, on the part of the plaintiff, viz: that Mr. James Baxter, confessed he had broken all the glass in the plaintiff's house, except one window, and that he intended to go and break that also. On the part of the defendant, Henry Moore testified that when he left the house, there were nearly one hundred light of glass and candles, all whole, but that a short time after he observed they were all broken. Ephraim Young and Joseph Mount, being sworn, also corroborated the fact, that the said glass had been broken, but by whom was unknown to them. The defendant's attorney, on summing up the cause, took occasion expressly to declare that his client (to use his own words, *was a good man*). The cause being regularly committed to the jury, they retired to their room.

Upon such a plain case, no person, among the bystanders, and but one of the jury, expected any difficulty in finding the plaintiff without a moment's delay: but upon consultation with one of the jurymen, to the utter surprise of all the rest, was found to object to a verdict; and at once positively declared he never would agree with his fellows. In this resolution he steadily persisted in the teeth of every reason and persuasion, from about 7 o'clock in the evening until about 9 o'clock the next day. In the course of this time the defendant, George Baxter, was distinctly noticed by the jurymen, in front of the window, exchanging the Masonick signs and stanzas, with the several jurymen, until every other person on the panel became fully satisfied of the corruption that was going on, and so openly expressed themselves, until their man of secrets consented to yield. But on going before the Magistrate and receiving from his masonic brother some further injunctions, he again determined to resist a verdict, and when called upon personally, by the magistrate, firmly gave in his negative, to the perfect astonishment of all present. The jury had then again to retire, and were further detained for two hours longer. At this time the eleven honest men became so completely disgusted with this species of corruption, that they all agreed in justice and thankfulness to the public welfare to make a full publication of the facts of the case, that measures might be adopted to arrest in future, such practices of iniquity, by which the property, nay the liberty and lives of their fellow-citizens became jeopardized. Seeing that a public exposure was likely to result from further obstinacy, the gentleman of secrets finally yielded up his masonick character, and submitted, with the most perfect reluctance, to sanction one of the plainest cases that was ever perhaps committed to the decision of a jury.

Do the public still want further evidence of the truth of the disclosures that we have given, and the positive declaration by more than one hundred and fifty members of the gospel, together with being two thousand other reputable citizens, who have honestly seceded from the institution of *Masonry*, that this combination is in fact nothing less than a com-

racy against the rights and interests—the lives and liberties of all undisciplined citizens?

Since this barefaced transaction, we are informed that the fraternity are going about denying that the worthy jurymen is a Mason. That some desperate measures would be adopted to rid themselves of this positive evidence against the institution, there could be no doubt; but the declaration of the fraternity, or even the oath of the offender, cannot avail much, after the fact that this jurymen has publicly declared before many witnesses, at the exhibition of Hanks & Allyn, that he was a mason, and that their exhibition varied but little from his knowledge of the mysteries; and still further, that he so understood not only the signs and the nature of their obligation, as intelligibly to exchange them on the one hand with the defendant on this trial and to adhere to the other in violation of his oath before the magistrate.

THE REFUTATION.

From the *Morrisstown* (N. J.) *Jerseyman*.

We have transferred the foregoing article in our columns in order to afford to our distant readers a specimen of political anti-masonry in Morris county. We did expect that the exposition of the Seward case, with their sixteen Masons in the Legislature, would be the last, but their Assylum for infamy and slander of the 28th October, has put its former numbers to the blush.

It does appear to us that certain men in this Town strive to invent the greatest falsehood to support a sinking cause. Not content with privately circulating slander, hatched at midnight caucuses against their opponents, their press weekly groans with absurd and disgusting emanations from their pens. The law case as above reported in the *Palladium*, for lack of truth and common decency, is not surpassed by any article in that paper for six months past. With their caption "*More of the Beauties of Masonry!*" it pretends to give a detailed account of the evidence, and of the conduct of the Jury during the whole course of the trial. The Editor of that paper was not present during any part of the trial, and must have received his information from some of the Jurors—who those Jurors are, and the credibility of their statement, must be judged by an honest and impartial community, for deceit and falsehood will no longer be considered as plain matter of fact.

If the conduct of the "jurymen" as above detailed was true, or even half of it, he would be most deservedly disqualified from ever serving in that capacity again. We have made diligent enquiry for the "Mason" on that Jury, and can find none. Not satisfied with this, we wrote the following Certificate and obtained the signatures of the following eight Jurors. Mr. Vanhouten, whose name is published in *italics*, and who the writer of the editorial article for the *Palladium* wishes to be considered as a Mason, it will be perceived has signed it, and no one acquainted with him will dare charge him with certifying to a falsehood. The four who refused to sign the certificate, viz: Lewis B. Stiles, Jas. Coyle, Aaron Bonnel, and Uzal Condict, with some who have, are amongst the most virulent antimasons in the state. We cannot account for their refusal to sign the certificate in any other way, than that they were unwilling to publicly prove their printer a base prevaricator of the truth, or their having witnessed the performance of Hanks and Allyn they may be considered as Masons and cannot conscientiously sign it, thereby taking upon their own shoulders an infamous crime they would willingly cast upon an innocent individual.

Presuming that people at a distance are as well satisfied as all in this neighborhood that none of these four are masons, we will give the Certificate of the remaining eight Jurors:

We the undersigned, Jurors in the cause of *George Templeton vs. James Baxter*, as reported in the *Palladium* of the 28th October, do hereby solemnly declare that we are not Free-Masons, nor have been initiated in the mysteries of it at order in any one of the Degrees. Dated October 26, 1829.

JEREMIAH BETTS,
JOHN W. CORTELYOU,
JOHN BURNET,
ELIAS JAGGERS,
JOHN CROWELL,
JACOB VANHOUTEN,
MOSES L. GUERIN.

I certify that I am not a Free-Mason, or ever have been initiated in any of the mysteries of the society to my knowledge.
HENRY A. HALSEY.

What now will be said by the base libeller who furnished the account for the *Palladium*? Will he still assert there was a Mason on that Jury? One thing he may assert, and with truth, that George Templeton, the plaintiff, and seven of the Jurors were made Masons by Hanks and Allyn, who went about the country manufacturing them for two shillings a head! The plain statement of the case is this. Templeton is a leading Anti-mason, and so were seven of the Jury. Baxter, the father of the defendant, (who is a minor,) is a mason. In pettifoggery his own case Templeton alluded to Baxter's having "been on the grid iron," that he might create a sympathy in the breasts of his anti-masonic brethren. The defendants counsel resented the allusion, as being manifestly improper and unjust. Out of five of the jurors who were neither masons or anti-masons, four were willing to agree with the seven in a verdict, but one of them being well acquainted with Templeton's character, and disbelieving some of his witnesses, refused, and held

out all night. Here then we trust these gentlemen reporters are refuted and nailed to the counter like base coin. But as the affair is to be ended in the county court, it will be proper to suspend any opinion as to the merits of the case until December term, when the whole will be made public, as well as Templeton's threats to some of the witnesses.

Some of our readers may now suppose that the accusation set forth in the *Palladium* is disarmed of its sting, but they are sadly mistaken. That article is destined to be hurled like a fire brand into distant communities, to inflame the ignorant and distract the wise. It is to be published and re-published with notes and comment, and to be bandied about from print to print, where the refutation can never come. It is to form one link in the grand system of defamation which embraces the whole northern section of our country. In this way the falsehoods published against a late masonic Sheriff, the absurd trash of John R. Mulford, carrying the lie on the face of it, the dastardly attack on an absent Clergyman, the reported conspiracy to set at liberty the prisoners in our jail, and numerous similar charges, have all gone their rounds, (as will also the recent case of Seward,) and served the ends for which they were invented. But "truth is mighty and will prevail." The recent elections in this county and in the state of New-York, loudly proclaim to the world that a vast majority of the people are sensible that anti-masonry as it now exists, is more dangerous than all the secret societies extant. The trial of which we are speaking is a proof of this—else why would several anti-masonic jurors attempt to compel one of their number who was not anti-mason to bring in a verdict for an anti-masonic plaintiff? Why attempt to gain their ends by alternately threatening and coaxing this Juror, who at length was obliged to resist their importunities by personal strength? There probably never was a more disgraceful scene transpired among jurors, than some of these anti-masons were guilty of. We should never have said a word on the subject but for the impolite course pursued by their *honest* Editor; and since he has so recently and publicly declared that he never published a falsehood, knowing to be such, we hope he will sustain this hard-earned appellation for veracity by contradicting this last falsehood.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the *Belfast Commercial Chronicle*.

HEALTH.

SURE METHOD OF IMPROVING HEALTH &c.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

(Continued.)

4. **EXERCISE.** Trained men should always begin their exercise early in the morning; in summer at six, and in winter at half past seven, or as soon as it is light. The best exercises are walking, riding on horseback, friction with the flesh brush, fencing, quoits, tennis, playing at shuttlecock, and the use of the dumb bells. These are used alternately, as convenience serves, but no day must be suffered to pass without one of the first two being used as an out-door exercise, and also one of the remainder as an exercise at home. The time of exercise abroad is never to be less than four hours, and should generally be from five to six, taken at twice or thrice; the period of the in-door exercise being at least one or two hours. If a muscular man, during his training, gets much thinner, his exercise must be reduced; but if he gets fatter, or more muscular, it is a proof that it agrees with him.

Captain Barclay says, "Besides his usual or regular exercise, a person under training ought to employ himself in the intervals in every kind of exertion which tends to activity, such as cricket, bowls, throwing quoits, &c. that during the whole day both body and mind may be constantly occupied."

The great object of exercise is to increase and regulate all the secretions and exertions, more particularly the secretions of the stomach, intestines, and liver, and the excretions by the skin and kidneys; to augment the size and power of the muscles; to impart tone to the nerves; and where the habit is corpulent, to take off the superfluities of flesh and fat, to reduce the quantity of blood, and to make it thinner and lighter. By these means a person gains a good appetite, a quick digestion, serenity of mind, and a surprising increase of wind and strength.

Exercise, on the whole, is undoubtedly the most essential branch of training. It is a general rule that perspiration from exercise never weakens.

The union, however, of vigorous exercise and

pure air, is the grand secret for the acquisition of strength. Diet itself seems to be but a secondary consideration, provided the quantity of food is small.

5. **AIR.** The necessity of pure air is uniformly insisted on in every kind of training. The more man is in the open air, the firmer his flesh becomes; and trained persons soon learn almost to disregard the weather, only they must change their cloths if wet. Rising early in the morning is considered indispensable,—in summer, at 5 or 6, and in winter, at seven.

Among the ancients, to be exercised in a pure salubrious air, was deemed of essential importance. The principal schools of the Roman athletes, were accordingly established at Capua and Ravenna, places the air of which was reckoned the most pure and healthy of any in Italy. They carried on their exercises in the open air, in all sorts of weather, the changes of which soon ceased to effect them.

Under training for health, it is indispensable to breathe the open air for four hours a day, at least

6. **SLEEP.** Persons trained for health and strength ought to go to bed early (at ten o'clock precisely), and are allowed from seven to eight hours sleep. As they take a great deal of exercise, they require rest, and eight hours sleep may be safely allowed, but very rarely more. Under a proper system of training, the sleep is sound, almost unbroken, and therefore exceedingly refreshing.

In addition to the preceding rules, it should be observed, that great cleanliness of the person is necessary, and therefore bathing is recommended. But bathing either in tepid or cold water, has also considerable effect in strengthening the body, and may, consequently, be used twice or thrice a week, when practicable. For very weakly persons, the tepid bath at about 93 degrees brought down gradually to 90 degrees is to be preferred, especially in cold weather; but stronger patients may use the cold bath. The cold or tepid shower bath is very useful. When the bath can not be had, I recommend sponging the whole body with water, (the chill hardly taken off,) every morning, on getting up, following it quickly with a good deal of rubbing with a hard towel.

Keeping the feet perfectly dry at all times is highly necessary.

EFFECTS OF TRAINING ON THE BODY. All my readers will readily perceive that the training now described must invariably have great and important effects on every part of the body, and especially on the head, the stomach, the lungs, the skin, the bones, and the nerves.

In regard to the head, a man in the best ordinary health, when he strikes or receives a few blows, becomes giddy; but this defect is corrected in the course of training, and giddiness is prevented. Severe blows on the head are also soon recovered.

Its beneficial effects on the stomach and lungs are remarkable. The appetite sharpened, and the digestive powers so improved, that all sense of uneasiness and oppression at the stomach are removed by it, and the food taken is digested easily and perfectly. Jackson the trainer, states that a course of training is an effectual remedy for bilious complaints.

By improving the condition of the lungs, training insures a free and powerful respiration; which is a sign of good health, and is essential to a fresh colour of the face, to lively spirits, to cheerful feelings, and to the healthy and vigorous action of the body. The chest is made much more open by it. Boxers, when trained, surprisingly improve their wind, as it is said; that is, they are enabled to draw a deeper inspiration, to hold their breath longer, and to recover it sooner, after it is in a manner lost.

It has likewise a great influence on the skin: which it renders clear, smooth well coloured and elastic, although formerly subject to eruptions. Even the skin of a fat person, when he grows leaner under training, does not hang loose about him, but becomes elastic and tight.

On the bones and nerves training has considerable effect. The former become much harder and tougher; indeed, it is well known that the bones of race horses, for example, are as hard as ivory,

and that the bones of boxers are very seldom broken, even under the violent blows they receive. The nerves are most effectually strengthened by it; so much so that it is asserted that no trained person was ever known to become paralytic, or to continue under nervous depression.

The shape, likewise, is greatly improved; the belly, in particular, is reduced, which is absolutely necessary for a freer respiration; the chest is expanded, and different muscles and parts which are unduly enlarged, are reduced, while those which are preternaturally small gain an increase of bulk. We have a proof of this in the fact, that persons who are regularly and constantly exercised, as fencing masters, &c. retain their appearance, carriage, and shape to the last, which is much in favour both of their health and longevity.

Such is the nature, and such is the effect of training. By the process described, as an able writer correctly remarks, the nature of the human frame is totally altered; and in the space of a few months, the form the character, and the powers of body, are completely changed, from gross to lean, from weakness to vigorous health, and from a breathless and bloated carcass, to one active and untiring; and thus, the very same individual who but a few months before became giddy and breathless on the least exertion, has his health not only improved, but frequently is enabled to run many miles with the fleetness of a greyhound, or in a shortness of time hardly to be credited, to walk above a hundred.*

But these effects are not only remarkable, they are also permanent. In training for wrestling or fighting, indeed, men are brought to the very top of their condition, as it is termed, in a very short period, by carrying the process to an extreme, and it is found they can not be kept in that condition for any length of time; but in training for health, our objects are different, and, therefore, the mode of proceeding is in some measure different; we proceed in as certain, though a less forcible manner, in order that the effects should be both great and lasting.

In conclusion, I would express my hope that the hints here given respecting the uses of training may be found of advantage, not only by my unprofessional, but likewise my professional readers. Medical men pay far too little attention to it in the treatment of chronick diseases.

* "This training art has arrived to such great perfection in this country, as to throw new lights on the physical changes which the body is capable of receiving from preventive measures, even in advanced years. Its vigour is thereby augmented, the respiration improved, by lessening the size of the belly, and the skin cleared from its impurities, and so much improved in elasticity, colour, and tone, in the space of two or three months, as to denote the perfection of the art."

[Dr. Jameson on the Changes of the Human Body, p. 342.]

HISTORICAL.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

The original policy of Spain as to her colonies was unquestionably mild, but the practice was widely different. This observation applies equally to all of them. New Spain was governed by a viceroy, endowed with all the prerogatives of royalty, having the only immediate check in the *Audiencia*, which had the right of direct communication with the sovereign at home, and with the powerful council of the Indies. So great, we have understood, was the veneration with which the Indians regarded the representative of majesty, that at no very remote period they were in the habit of prostrating themselves whenever he appeared in public. The "divinity with which he was hedged" was in a great degree kept up by the policy of the Spanish court, which, among other means, prohibited him, as well as the members of the *Audiencia*, from marrying a Creole, engaging in traffic, or holding property in the country over which they presided. In the event of the death of the viceroy, the government was held by the chief officer.

Although the *Recopilacion de los Leyes de las Indias* was originally simple enough, yet the multitude of decrees that have been progressively added to it rendered it a rare mass of contradiction and confusion, and consequently an admirable instru-

ment for the corrupt administration of justice. Especially privileges too, of endless multitude, which were chiefly enjoyed by Europeans, furnished abundant grounds of complaint. The chief, if not the sole protection of the great mass of the people, was afforded by the local municipalities, which maintained a larger share of independence than their prototypes in the mother country.

In the ecclesiastical establishments the Pope was nothing compared with the King of Spain, every thing being done by the authority of the latter, as the head of the American church, formally recognized by a bull of Alexander VI. To the King, therefore, all looked, as the only source from which honour and wealth could flow. And the distinctions of caste, as well as these of European and Creole, were sedulously kept up. From the situation of viceroy, down to that of the lowest custom-house officer, Creoles were practically excluded; and it was only very shortly before the revolution that the door to preferment was opened to them. In fact the European Spaniards formed a privileged caste, who enjoyed every advantage that could be commanded, among which the profits of corruption did not rank in the least prominent situation. The viceroys, with some few honourable exceptions, set the example of enriching themselves, without the least regard to the means employed; while the select few who could thus profit, by forming a separate and commanding interest, set inquiry or correction at defiance.

The operations of the Inquisition, too, had their full share in upholding the system of exclusion, ignorance, and oppression. While these political distinctions excited violent heart-burnings, the commercial monopoly exercised by the old Spaniards, and the imperious orders to restrict the industry of the colony to such productions as could not interfere with those of the parent state, produced a restless irritation, which could only have been kept down by the most soothing and conciliatory measures. Such was the state of affairs when the invasion of Spain by Napoleon took place, in 1808. A succession of events had lessened the almost superstitious veneration with which the Americans had regarded their sovereign, who was in fact the only link that connected them with Europe. The assumption of authority by bodies of which they knew nothing (the Cortes), and the ill-judged and inconsistent proceedings of these bodies,—at one moment extending the rights of Spanish citizens to all their transatlantic brethren, at another revoking those acts of wisdom and justice,—all tended to loosen the bonds of a connexion which had previously been mainly upheld by the force of opinion. Mr. Ward has traced with much ability the progress of these feelings. In speaking of the formation of juntas in the different governments in America, professing attachment to the parent state, he well observes, that "it is difficult to ascertain how far these professions of attachment, on the part of the new governments, were sincere. Many of their members undoubtedly aspired to independence from the first; but the majority would have been satisfied with moderate reforms; and it was, perhaps, the necessity of conciliating these, as well as the great mass of the people, (who certainly were not prepared to throw off their allegiance at once,) that forced the bolder spirits to temporize, and to disguise their real designs under the mask of devoted loyalty."

The same causes appear to have had almost simultaneous effects throughout the whole of the Spanish colonies, although so widely apart, and each in a state of entire ignorance as to what was going on in the others. The truth is, that the oppression was the same in all, and the effects were only modified by the diversity of temperament on which it acted. Each therefore, individually, pursued its object, unconnected with the rest; and each was obliged to cope singly with whatever force Spain could bring to bear against it. Mexico appears to have retained her attachment to the last;—but she, too, laboured under the excitement of the period, and although in some instances peculiarly favoured, had enough to complain of, at the time of which we have been speaking. Such was the feverish state of Mexico in 1808, when Iturrigaray succeeded to the viceroyalty. The distracted situation of Spain produced a burst of loyalty

from the native Mexicans; and as their interests were supposed to be protected by the Viceroy, the *Audiencia*, regardless of the signs of the times, determined to arrest and depose him; a resolution which was carried into effect by a number of European Spaniards. Various reasons were assigned for this rash measure; but the Creoles considered it rightly as an indication of their continued vasalage. This conviction, confirmed by the intemperate conduct of the Spaniards, excited some slight commotions, which, though repressed, were only the prelude to a most formidable explosion.

Don Miguel Hidalgo Costilla, Parish Priest of Dolores, was the first who lighted the train. He had been considerably irritated by the check given by the government to some improvements he had introduced in his neighbourhood, and he viewed the measures of the Spanish party as part of an infamous system of Creole debasement. He is described as a man of considerable reading, strong understanding, and great firmness of character. He does not, however, appear to have been very circumspect in his proceedings, for his schemes became known to the government in the city of Mexico, and orders were received by the Intendant, on the 13th September, 1810, to arrest him, with Allende, Aldama, and Abasolo—three Creole officers then at Guanajuato—in consequence of its having transpired that it was their intention to surprise the whole of the Europeans on the 1st of October, and that they had seduced some non-commission officers to join them. Being apprized of the intention of the Intendant, on the 19th September Hidalgo and his confederates, with ten followers, arrested seven Europeans resident in Dolores. This trifling success led such numbers to his standard, that, in an incredibly short space of time, he took possession of San Felipe and San Miguel el Grande; and with the plunder of the Europeans he satisfied the wants of his tumultuary followers. He next summoned Kiano, the Intendant in Guanajuato; but that magistrate shut himself up in the public granary, and defended it with great vigour until he was killed, when the gate was forced and a most merciless carnage made. Mr. Ward mentions that he knows an individual (whom we also knew), of whose family no less than seventeen perished on that fatal day. It is impossible to convey a more adequate idea of the ruthless destruction effected by the Indians, than by stating the fact, that although the capture was not completed until five o'clock on Friday evening, not one house belonging to any European was left standing on Saturday morning.

Hidalgo is supposed to have encouraged these atrocities, to render the contest one that could never terminate amicably. The Viceroy, D. Francisco Xavier Venegas, had been at first disposed to treat this insurrection of the natives with contempt; but he was soon disabused, and forces were collected from all points to put down what he considered an audacious rebellion. While these important proceedings were going on, the aid of the spiritual arms was also called in, and Hidalgo was excommunicated, both by his Diocesan and the Metropolitan. Regardless of these fulminations he proceeded, with a large accession of force, to Valladolid, where he received fresh reinforcements, and the invaluable co-operation of Don Jose Maria Morelos, the Priest of Necupetaro, whose talents place him in the first rank of Mexican patriots.

To be continued.

There are some characters who appear to superficial observers to be full of contradiction, change, and inconsistency, and yet they that are in the secret of what such persons are driving at, know that they are the very reverse of what they appear to be, and that they have one single object in view, to which they as pertinaciously adhere, through every circumstance of change, as the bound to the hare, through all her mazes and doublings. We know that a windmill is eternally to work to accomplish one end, although it shifts with every variation of the weathercock, and assumes ten different positions in a day.

It was observed of a philosopher who was drowned in the Red sea, "that his taste would be suited, for he was a man of deep thinking, and always liked to go to the bottom."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From Sharpe's London Magazine, for September.

THE BETROTHED*.

"I never heard
Of any true affection, but was inspired
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book—the rose."
Middleton.

"Lucy! Lucy dear! do come down, if it is only for a minute! I have something very particular to say to you," but Lucy made no reply. "Lucy Morgan, Lucy dear—It is I—Cynric Owen." He threw a pebble at the window; and, presently, it was gently opened, and the figure of a young girl appeared, gazing cautiously around. "My dear Lucy, can't you come down to me?" exclaimed Cynric, as his dark eye sparkled in the moonlight with joy at the sight of his cousin.

"Gracious Heaven—Cynric! Is it you? In the name of all that is rash, what has brought you here?"

"What should bring me here but my true love for you, Lucy? But come down, and I will tell you all."

Lucy hesitated a moment before she consented; but she *did* consent; for, although she well knew that her cousin Cynric was one of the wildest lads on the hill side, she knew also that he loved her with all the warmth and sincerity of his impetuous spirit; and, notwithstanding all his errors, her heart told her too truly that she loved him as fervently. So, throwing a cloak over her dress, she joined her impatient lover.

It was a beautiful night; and of that sweet season when twilight has scarcely merged into darkness before day begins to dawn. It was not yet ten o'clock, for Pryce Morgan, Lucy's father, was an utter enemy to any innovation upon the usages of his ancestors; and as the sun rose scarcely earlier than he did, so did the God of day descend not into the sea long before our Welsh squire retired to his dormitory. This Cynric was well aware of, and he knew that his uncle was now soundly wrapped in sleep.

Lucy was the first to speak—"For heaven's sake, Cynric, why do you run this risk, when you know that there is a warrant out against you for that affair at Duffryn? Indeed, indeed you are too venturesome."

"Never mind, Lucy; so that I see you, and press this kiss upon those sweet lips, I care not much about the risk. And how have you been, dear, and how is my worthy kinsman your father?"

"We have been but sadly, Cynric—all of us. My father grieves deeply about you, and seldom goes out now."

"Grieves about me, Lucy! Oh, no! he who has injured me so deeply, cannot care much about the welfare of his victim."

"You do him wrong, Cynric, indeed you do. My father always loved you as a son, would that I had only loved you as a brother! It was your own impetuous, ungovernable spirit that brought this evil on you and on us. Oh, Cynric! I wish we had never known each other!" and Lucy's tears fell fast, as she hung weeping on her cousin's shoulder.

Cynric bit his lip, as he endeavoured to restrain one of those ungovernable gusts of passion, which so often possessed him. "This is no time for reproach or explanation, Lucy," he muttered; "I came here," and now his voice was loud and hurried, "to tell you that I love you better than ever: and by Heaven I swear!"

"Swear nothing now, Cynric!" interrupted Lucy, exceedingly alarmed at the vehemence of her lover. Remember that I am here alone with you against my father's express commands; and at an hour when I ought to be in my chamber. If you do, indeed, love me, be calm, I beseech you, Cynric."

"I will! dearest, I will; I am a fool, Lucy, a mad-brained, thoughtless fool! But you must promise me one thing; that you will give me a meeting to-morrow evening at dusk at Lowry Pugh's cottage."

* The facts, upon which the following Tale is founded, occurred in a family of considerable note in North Wales.

"I do promise," was Lucy's faint answer.

"And that you will come alone?"

"I will."

"Then, for the present, farewell! and may God shield you from all sorrow!"

"May he shield you, Cynric, from all harm; farewell!" and so saying, the lovers kissed each other, and Lucy entered the house, while Cynric stood gazing eagerly and anxiously at her chamber window, till he saw by her shadow passing between it, and the light of her candle, that she had safely reached her apartment. He murmured a short prayer for her happiness, and then bent his steps towards a lofty ridge of hills, that skirted the horizon from east to west, lying on the face of the green earth, like a huge land-leviathan.

The situation of Cynric Owen was unfortunate in every respect; and the shadow of a dark and evil destiny had shrouded him even from his cradle. Born of a widowed mother, who had offended her kindred by marrying a profligate young man, he came into the world, unwelcomed by those glad festivities, which commonly ushered in the birth of his kindred. On the contrary, he was received by his broken-hearted and disordered mother with tears and with bewailings: for what comfort had she in the birth of such a babe? and five years afterwards, when the hand of death was upon her, the bitterness of the last hour was poignantly sharpened by the conviction that her infant son was to be thrown upon the cold charity of unkind kindred. But there was one amongst her numerous stock of uncles, aunts, and cousins, who was possessed of that infirmity—a kind and compassionate heart; and, while he soothed the agony of her dying hour, he still farther comforted the poor widow by promising to protect her child. This was her cousin Pryce Morgan, who took home the boy, a mischievous urchin of five years old.

Pryce Morgan was himself a widower, with one child, and that a daughter. He had loved his wife so dearly, that her death, while yet in the full fragrance of youth and loveliness, rendered him morose, irritable, and unhappy. Thus constituted, he was of all persons, the most unfit to rear so wayward and unbending a spirit as Cynric Owen's. It required infinitely more skill and patience than the squire possessed, to bring into proper subjection and control the fierce will of his kinsman; and, from the very moment of his domestication at Garthmeilan, his impulses were left to take their own course, not uncontrolled entirely it is true, but controlled in such a manner as to render their possessor only more vehement, wild, and impatient of correction.

As Cynric approached towards manhood his disposition assumed a more determined character, and his manners a more decided tone. Impetuous as the mountain torrent, and swift in resolution as its flashing waters, his purposes were executed without a single reflection as to their expediency or consequences. "Uncle!" he would say to his guardian, "I am going to Chester fair to-morrow. I know that the snow is deep in the valleys, and that the road is pathless and perilous; but I have promised Lucy a fairing, my word is pledged to it, and I *must* go." And before he was sixteen years old has he ventured forth from the middle of Merioneth shire on horseback to Chester, in the depth of winter, and in such weather, as the boldest shepherd dared not encounter. It was useless, and worse than useless, to remonstrate with him, and so his kinsman never attempted it, and he was permitted to do as he pleased, unchided, and often unquestioned.

One being, one gentle being, there was at Garthmeilan, who could assuage the fierce passion of Cynric Owen, sometimes even in its hottest moments. Need I add that Lucy Morgan was that gentle being? With a beauty more winning than commanding, more confiding than imposing, and with a disposition so sweet and gentle, yet resolute enough upon occasion, Lucy presented a direct contrast to her cousin. Yet was she, of all persons, the best calculated to manage him; and often, when his soul was fearfully shaken by the ungovernable mastery of his stormy feelings, has she soothed him even to tears: but even she could not always succeed in allaying the fury of his passion, which burst forth like a mountain-flood crushing,

and overwhelming, and scattering abroad every obstacle opposed to its vehemence.

These natural evils were in some degree neutralized by acquirements of a character well suited to his rank, but capable of misuse and misdirection. Those manly accomplishments which become the mountaineer, and which constitute so considerable a portion of his pastime, were by Cynric Owen exercised only among persons of low condition at the fairs and wakes about the country. With such associates, it is true, he reigned paramount; and while their adulation flattered his vanity, their servile submission accorded well with that love of mastery, which so materially governed his conduct.

It was at one of these meetings at a fair in Duffryn, a secluded mountain district beyond Barmouth, that the "unfortunate affair," alluded to by Lucy, took place. During a wrestling match between Cynric's party, and some mountaineers from Caernarvonshire, a dispute arose as to the fairness of one of the throws. Words grew high, as they always do when Welshmen quarrel, and each party became more strenuous in maintaining its point. From words the transition was easy enough to blows, and before the fray ended, one of the Caernarvonshire men was knocked on the head and killed. It was said that the blow was given by Cynric; at all events, he, as the leader, and most important person of the party, was fixed upon as the offender, and a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. Since this event he had not been at Garthmeilan since the night we have mentioned; and Mr. Morgan and Lucy were much alarmed at his absence, as they had been fully apprized of the transaction. They concluded, however, that he was concealed somewhere up in the mountains; but they had in vain endeavoured to discover his retreat, as none of his usual associates knew any thing about it.

Faithful to her promise, and full of agitation, Lucy, at the appointed hour, sought Lowry Pugh's cottage. Lowry was one of those aged pensioners, who are to be found attached to the demense of every Welsh squire: her best days had been spent in the service of the family; and her old age was now petted and protected by its members, in return for the fidelity of her attachment. The old woman, now more than "threescore years and ten," was very comfortable, and all that she wanted, she said, was to see her dear Miss Lucy happily married. Lately Lucy had spent a good deal of her time at old Lowry's cottage; for she had made the old woman a confidant respecting that which, by the way, every one about the house sufficiently knew, namely, her love for Cynric; and she delighted to talk of him, especially now that his fate was so uncertain and overshadowed. It was, therefore, no cause of alarm to Lowry to see Lucy enter her humble dwelling after sunset; although her agitation on the present occasion did not long escape her notice. "Dear child," said the old woman, "you are not well: tell me, what is the matter?"

"I have seen him, Dowry," murmured poor Lucy; "and he will here to night."

"Here!" echoed the old woman, "here! Then he is safe! But when did you see him?"

Lucy told the old woman the adventure of the night before; and she had scarcely concluded, before the door of the cottage was darkened by a shadow, and the next moment Cynric sprang into the apartment.

"It is very kind of you, dear, to keep your promise with me," said he, as he pressed her to his heart. "It is not every one that would have been so mindful of me in my trouble."

"It is not every one that loves you as I do, Cynric. But tell me, for heaven's sake tell me, where have you been since you left us?"

"Hiding among the hills, love, and often, Lucy, nearer you than you supposed."

"But how have you subsisted?"

"I am not without friends, and they feed me."

"I fear, Cynric, that those friends, as you call them, would lead you into deeper guilt. These arms," glancing with a shudder at the pistols in Cynric's belt, "are for purposes of further outrage; and with your hot blood and daring spirit are doubly dangerous."

"Guilt!" said you, Lucy—"guilt!" I am not

guilty. Foolish I have been, hot and headstrong I have been; but, by heavens, I am not guilty!"

"Speak those words again, Cynric—say them again!" hurriedly exclaimed Lucy, as her eyes beamed with transitory delight. "Oh! how I have sorrowed and suffered, Cynric, when I thought that your hand was stained with the blood of a murdered man; and that the doom of a murderer was hanging over you. Why—oh! why did you not tell us this before?"

"I did not think that you, Lucy, would believe every idle tale that the wind might blow to your ears; and I did think that you knew me better than to suppose me guilty of such a crime. I was, it is true, engaged in the fray; but the fool fell not by my hand."

"Then why not return to us? My father has some influence with the magistrates; and you, at least, might be cleared of the crime. Come back to us, dear Cynric—return with me to-night, even now!"

"To-night, Lucy! did you say to-night, and now?" He rose from his seat, and paced the floor in a fit of gloomy abstraction. Suddenly he started, as if from a dream, and exclaimed, while his eye flashed fire,—"No, Lucy, no! I will not return. To exculpate myself I must criminate others. I must turn informer and betray my friends, those friends who have succoured and shielded me. Chance has fixed this crime upon me; and I will not by accusing others clear myself—I will die rather!"

"You say you love me, Cynric," said Lucy, mildly; "and you have often said you prize my love. For my sake then—for her sake, who has loved you through all the changes of your wayward spirit, and who loves you still—God knows how fondly! cast off this foul blot upon your character, clear yourself of this dreadful charge, and we shall all be happy again."

"You know not what you ask, Lucy—I cannot, I dare not clear myself."

"You dare not, Cynric! You, who have dared so much! Alas! you must be leagued with fearful men, if such a feeling holds you from the truth."

"Urge me no more, Lucy—as you value my existence, urge me no more!" He paced the cottage hurriedly, with flashing eyes and folded arms. Then suddenly gazing out upon the hills, he continued:—"The evening star has risen, and shines over the Cribyn. I must leave you, and that instantly."

"Leave me, Cynric—and so soon! Cruel, cruel Cynric!" and poor Lucy sank sobbing upon old Lowry's neck.

Cynric was fearfully—terribly agitated; and his dark eye, restless even in his calmer mood, was now darting fire, as his proud heart was torn by the conflicting emotions, which filled his breast. There was his love for Lucy on the one hand, and on the other, his duty to those who had shielded him from peril.

"It cannot be, Lucy—it must not be," he muttered. "Another time, perhaps, I may,—I will grant your request;—but to-night—it is impossible."

"I did not expect this from you, Cynric," said Lucy, as rising from her weeping posture, she assumed an air of offended dignity. "Had I urged you to the commission of some deed of darkness, I might have better borne your refusal; but to deny me this argues little for your love."

Lucy had touched the most sensitive string of Cynric's proud unbending heart. To be suspected of not loving her with all the enduring fervour and undiminished constancy, of which his ardent nature was capable—and by herself, too—was a stab—that made him writhe with agony.

"Love you, Lucy!"—he burst out. "You know I love you—deeply—fondly—daringly love you! And I swear that no peril or pain, no joy or woe, shall ever change that love! And, now, reproachful girl!—swear you the same to me. Swear—that whatever may be my fate you will be mine, mine only, and mine for ever!"

Lucy trembled before her agitated lover, and fearful of adding to his agitation, she murmured, as she sunk once more upon old Lowry's bosom. "I do swear, Cynric; and may God grant a happy issue to our 'BETROTHING!'"

Cynric raised her from her drooping posture and, clasping her in his arms, kissed her again and again, as he called his own Lucy, his beloved, his betrothed Lucy. The frenzy of his impetuous spirit was instantly assuaged by the readiness of Lucy's assent; and he was now as calm as when he first entered the cottage. "We part now," he said, as he led her towards the door—"soon to meet again. Give me this token of our betrothing, Lucy, and I will give you this." He drew an antique gold ring from Lucy's finger, which he put into his bosom; and gave her in return an old gold coin; which had hung round his neck since infancy. And—impressing another kiss upon her lips, he rushed out of the cottage, leaving Lucy to watch his lessening form, as he ascended the hill side in the gathering darkness.

To be continued.

CHARACTER.

THE ESSENES.

The following beautiful description of the ancient religious sect, the Essenes, is extracted from a History of the Jews, which forms the sixth number of The Family Library, now in the press at Murray, London.

At a considerable distance from the metropolis, in some highly-cultivated oases, amid the wilderness on the shores of the Dead Sea, were situated the chief of the large agricultural villages of the Essenes. According to Philo, their number was about 4000. Almost in every respect, both in their rules and in the patient industry with which they introduced the richest cultivation into the barren waste, the Essenes were the monastick orders of the Jews. Among groves of palm-trees, of which, according to the picturesque expression of Pliny, they were the companions, and amid fertile fields won from the barren wilderness, they passed their rigid and ascetick lives. They avoided populous cities, not from hatred of mankind, but from dread of their vices. In general, no woman was admitted within their domains. Some of the inferior communities allowed marriage, but only associated with their wives for the procreation of children; the higher and more esteemed societies practised the most rigid celibacy, and entirely foreswore all communion with the other sex. Wonderful nation, says the Roman naturalists, which endures for centuries, but in which no child is ever born. They were recruited by voluntary proselytes, or by children whom they adopted when very young, and educated in their discipline. Among the Essenes all pleasure was forbidden as sin; the entire extinction of the passions of the body was the only real virtue. An absolute community of goods was established in their settlements: even a man's house was not his own; another person might enter and remain in it as long as he pleased. The desire of riches was proscribed; every lucrative employment, commerce, traffick, and navigation, were forbidden. They neither bought nor sold; all they had was thrown into a common fund, from which each received the necessities of life; but for charity, or for the assistance of the poor or the stranger, they might draw as largely as they would on this general revenue. They were all clothed alike in white garments, which they did not change till they were worn out; they abhorred the use of oil; if any one were anointed against his will, he scrupulously cleansed himself. Their lives were regulated by the strictest forms; they rose before the sun, but were forbidden to speak of any worldly business, and devoted all the time till break of day to offering up certain ancient prayers that the sun might shine upon them. After this they received their orders from the superior, and went to work, according to his commands, at the labour or craft in which they were skilled; but their artisans might only work on articles used in peace, by no means on swords, arrows, or military weapons,—though they carried arms when they travelled, to defend themselves against robbers. Having worked till the fifth hour, eleven o'clock, they assembled for refreshment. First, however, they washed, and put on a linen garment; they then went into a room which no one might enter who was not of their sect. After that, they entered the common refectory as if it were a sacred place; there in silence waited till grace was said; then

each received his portion, from the baker and the cook, of bread, salt, and hyssop; another grace closed the meal: then, putting off the sacred garment, they returned to their toil till evening, when they assembled to supper. No noise or tumult was heard; they spoke only by permission and in turn: on other occasions, if ten were met, one could not speak without the consent of the nine. In company, they were to avoid spitting either before them or to the right hand. They observed the sabbath with the strictest precision, not even the lighting a fire or performing the necessities of nature. At all other times they concealed their excrements with scrupulous care, digging a pit of a foot deep, lest the holy light should be defiled. They then washed themselves with great care. On the sabbath they all met in their synagogues, where the elders interpreted the sacred writings, explaining them chiefly by parables. In their religious opinions they differed from their countrymen; though they sent their gifts to the Temple, they offered no sacrifices there. They were strict predestinarians. They believed the body was mortal, the soul immortal: that the soul, emanating out of the noblest and purest air, is imprisoned in the body, where it is subjected to several trials; when released from its corporeal bonds, it escapes as it were a long servitude, and soars back rejoicing to its native element. They believed, with the Greeks, in a delightful region beyond the ocean, in which souls of the good dwell for ever. There rain, and snow, and parching heat, were unknown, but the air was continually refreshed with balmy and gentle breezes from the sea. The souls of the wicked were doomed to a cold and gloomy place of everlasting punishment. They were great students of their sacred books, and especially of the prophetick writings. Many were endowed, according to Josephus, with that gift. They studied likewise the nature and cure of diseases, and the medicinal properties of herbs and minerals. Their morals were rigid in every respect. They were bound, by solemn vows to worship God, and to be just to men; to keep inviolable faith; if intrusted with authority, to abstain from all wrong, and from splendid apparel: to love truth, and hate liars; to communicate only to the members of the society the tenets of the sect; to preserve their sacred doctrinal books, and the names of the angels. They paid the highest veneration to age; many of them, from their temperate habits, lived to more than one hundred years. They abstained from all oaths considering an oath as bad as perjury. They abhorred slavery, as an infringement of the natural liberty of men. In their civil constitution, they were all equal as regards their rights, but divided into four classes; of which the superior class looked down so much on those beneath them, that if touched by one of a low order, they were defiled, and washed themselves. There were stewards who managed the common stock, and officers who took care of all strangers who might enter their towns. No one was admitted into the society without the strictest probation; the proselyte received a small pickaxe, linen garments, and a white dress, and so commenced his year of novitiate. After having given satisfactory proof of continence and temperance for that period, he was admitted to closer intimacy, and to wash in the holy water; yet for two years longer he remained on trial, and only at the end of that time was admitted to the common refectory. Whoever was guilty of any great crime was expelled from the society—a fearful doom! for having sworn that he would receive no food but from his own sect, the outcast fed, like a beast, on the grass of the field, till at length he perished with hunger. Sometimes, if at the last extremity the criminal shewed sincere repentance, he was readmitted, from compassion, within the society. But this awful fate was inflicted with great reluctance; for justice was administered with the utmost care; and no verdict could be given unless a hundred were present; it was then irrevocable. The Essenes were cruelly persecuted by the Romans, who probably entered their country after the capture of Jericho. They were tortured, racked, had their bones broken on the wheel, in order to compel them to blaspheme their lawgiver, or eat forbidden meats. They did not attempt to appease their tormentors; they ut-

tered no cry, they shed no tear; and even sunk in the worst agony of torment; and in steadfast reliance on the immortality of their souls, departed, rejoicing, from life.

LAST HOURS OF GOV. LINCOLN.

The last number of the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette contains an article on the late Governor Lincoln of Maine, some interesting extracts from which are given below.

"He was not afraid of death—after he knew that death was inevitable; nor was he afraid of it before, properly speaking, though he would have resisted the approach, and avoided the presence of unworthy danger, like every other rational man, if he had been able to do so. He conversed on the subject hour by hour, and with perfect composure—nay, with a sort of strange, mournful pleasantry: for it so happened that one day, as he and the adjutant-general of the state, an old and very intimate friend, were sitting together, he remarked that he should have to stay with him; to which the general, who had no idea of his danger, and who saw nothing in the observation but a desire to converse on a favorite though dangerous theme, replied—Well, well, governor, we can give you a good tomb here. The next day or the day after, finding that he could keep no food upon his stomach, not even a light broth, the governor turned to the general's wife, as she sat near, and said with a smile, which never quite abandon his mouth, Well madam, I believe I shall have to accept your husband's invitation.

But one of the most remarkable circumstances that attended his death was this. During the whole of his delirium, he never uttered an equivocal sentiment, nor an improper word. Nay more, he never lost sight of his own personal dignity—nor of what he owed as a man to the presence of a female: for in his nercest paroxysms, he would suddenly recollect himself so far as to wrestle down, with overmastering power, the spirit that shook him, and apologize in the language of a gentleman for the unhappy 'hallucination,' as he termed it, which he had been partially subdued by.

On one occasion he insisted on getting up. The general remonstrated with him, and urged him to lie down. But he refused—he would not be controlled. You may have physical superiority, said he, but you shall not control my mind. The general saw it was vain to argue with him in the usual way. Governor, said he, you are a philosopher, and will not contend with what is inevitable. The poor delirious man looked at him—smiled faintly—and lay down like a child at the bidding of his mother. And not long before he breathed his last, as an elder son of the general sat watching by him, he took it into his head to get up. The young man argued with him, and putting his hand upon his shoulder, told him he must lie down. Must—there is no such word for me. I will not be controlled sir. But, continued the other, alarmed at the probable consequences, I entreat you, I beg of you to lie down, O, said the governor, this is another affair; that is talking rationally; and he lay down as quiet as if nothing were the matter, although unquestionably delirious at the time. These facts are not mentioned lightly—they help to show the man's character; he would not be dealt with by any body, or any thing, to the abridgment of his liberty. No outrage affected him in health like that of one person daring to exercise improper dominion over another. And weak though he was—a small man of a slight frame, he would have resisted even to death the oppression of brute force over any body. But the last scene of all was yet more striking—he addressed the troops in eloquent and powerful language, though it was occasionally incoherent; and the last words he spoke were—Gentlemen, I call you all to witness that I die in the presence of Franklin—after which he appeared to forget himself—to sink into a lethargy—and then he revived, and added, as if communing with a congress of shadows—A sacred and solemn scene. And with this, the spirit of the sufferer prepared for departure—and his last hour was an hour of untroubled sleep."

There are many that despise half the world; but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1829.

99 New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

AGENTS FOR THE MASONICK RECORD.

Mr. A. Andrews, St. John's Hall, city of New-York.
L. V. Lawrence, esq. Hudson, N. Y.
George Plitt, esq. Editor of the Independent Republican, Downingtown, Pennsylvania.
D. Buckwater, P. M., Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.
E. P. Langdon and George Strawhaver, esqrs. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Woodbridge Parker, Salem, Indiana.

MORGAN TRIAL. The trial of Elihu F. Mather, charged with a participation in the abduction of Morgan, came on at the last session of the circuit court in Orleans county, and resulted in the acquittal of Mr. Mather. The trial was the longest ever known in that part of the state; it commenced on the 11th and ended on the 21st instant—having occupied each day from 9 in the morning till 10 at night. The jury rendered their verdict after a deliberation of about three hours. The first six days of the trial were occupied in obtaining a jury. The special counsel made an attempt to exclude two of the panel, because they were free-masons; but, after a full argument, the court decided that the cause was not sufficient; both were, however, subsequently excluded on other grounds. The special counsel was assisted by Albert H. Tracy, the newly elected anti-masonick senator; and though the jury was undoubtedly anti-masonick, they have resolved not to abide by its verdict, but to make out a case and submit it to the decision of the supreme court. The special counsel has heretofore professed himself a neutral; but his unwearied and partisan attempts to exclude masons from the jury look like any thing but impartiality.

LITERARY. We have before us a beautiful little Christmas and New-Years's Gift, called *THE YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE*. It is just published, by Messrs. Carter and Hendee, of Boston, and is said to have been edited by the Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD. It is illustrated with six very pretty engravings, and a number of wood cuts. Among the contributors are the editor, N. P. Willis, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Gilman of Charleston, S. C., and other highly gifted writers. The Youth's Keepsake, was originally designed for the amusement and instructions of children; some of its contents, however, are not without interest for maturer minds. *The Torn Hat*, by Willis, (which has already been extracted into a number of publick prints) is the very best thing his muse has produced for a long time. *The Child's Wish in June*, by Mrs. Gilman, and *The Savoyard's Song*, (Anonymous) are chaste and pretty effusions. Among the prose articles are many exceedingly well adapted to the improvement of young minds. *The Childhood of Jesus*, by the editor, and *A Short History of Bees*, by A Mother, are worthy of particular approbation. There is not, however, in the volume an article that may not be perused with pleasure and profit by a young reader; and we heartily commend The Youth's Keepsake to the patronage of parents and those for whose benefit it is intended. It is on sale at the Bookstore of W. C. Little, 67 State street.

THE THEATRE. It can hardly be expected that we shall enter into a regular and systematic criticism of all the performances which take place at our Theatre. Neither the time nor the space which we may fairly devote to the subject will allow of it. Every citizen is undoubtedly interested in the manner in which places of publick amusement are conducted; for they unquestionably exercise a powerful influence upon the character of society, and exalt it and enlarge the means of happiness, or debase it and extend the dominion of vice and misery, in the proportion that they honestly, faithfully, and zealously pursue their legitimate purposes. But whether it be "the error of the moon," the weather, or something else, it is not the less a fact, that only a very small portion of this community seem to be at

all solicitous as to the character or the fate of the drama. We shall not say whether this fact is honourable or dishonourable the city; but every one knows that it is a very common idea that a well conducted and well supported Theatre is an evidence of intelligence and liberality; and without attempting to argue the contrary from the contrary, we honestly wish that matters were otherwise than they are.

During the past week there have been some excellent plays presented—some of them not only interesting, but efficient agents in the cause of virtue.

On Monday evening was performed the tragedy of *The Gamester*. We were not present, but are informed that Beverly by Mr. Webb, Stukely by Mr. Duffy, and Mrs. Beverly by Mrs. Barnes (the most excellent actress, in tragedy, we think, in the country), were well sustained.

On Tuesday evening, *Speed the Plough*, and *Simpson & Co*. The part of Farmer Ashfield, by Mr. Roberts, was excellent, we have no desire to see it done better. Mr. Webb appeared as Sir Phillip Blandford. This gentleman has few if any superiors in the serious parts of genteel comedy, and his performance of this evening fully sustained the high opinion of his friends. Sir Able Handy, by Mr. Page, was good, and we should have esteemed it better, had we not been already acquainted with his tenacious adherence to one walk, one set of gestures, and one cadence. Bob Handy, by Mr. Duffy was well conceived and executed with spirit. Mr. Forest, as Henry, displayed much feeling and acquitted himself with credit, throughout. The female characters, particularly Dame Ashfield, by Mrs. Walstein, were well done. The farce went off with spirit, with Miss Emery in Mrs. Simpson, and Mrs. Stone in Mrs. Bromley.

On Wednesday evening *The Soldier's Daughter*, and *Theresa*. Timothy Quint, by Mr. Roberts, was quaint enough, in all conscience—the man looked as if he never had a smile upon his countenance. The Widow Cheerly, by Mrs. Barnes, was lively, liberal, cheerful, and just as she should be. The other characters in the play were well sustained; particularly Malfort, jr. by Mr. Webb. In the afterpiece, Mrs. Barnes personated the innocent and persecuted orphan with the same success which almost invariably attends her performances. Mr. Duffy's Carwin was passable, and in some scenes very successful, but, taken as a whole, it was not so good as some of his other personations.

On Thursday evening *Rob Roy* was repeated, with a change only in the part of major Galbraith, which was performed by Mr. H. Knight—this is an improvement. The farce was a new one for this city—*Master's Rival*. We have no time to speak of the plot, nor particularly of the performance; it went off with spirit, and Paul Shack by Mr. Vernon, Peter Shack, by Mr. H. Knight, Mr. Aldgate, by Mr. Page, and Tibby Postlethwaite, by Mrs. Vernon, were very well done.

Last evening a new drama was produced, called *The Lear of Private Life*. We did not see the whole of it, but from what we did see of it, we think the author had too much business upon his hands. The first half is too much hurried, rather heavy, and not very natural. The denouement is happy, and the plot has a moral. Mrs. Barnes played a part that she did not seem to like much, and the whole performance was liable to objections which may be urged with more justice against a second representation, should they then exist.

Miss Emery will take her benefit this evening—her bill is a very attractive one.

Mr. Roberts' benefit will take place on Monday evening. The plays announced are *Richard III.* and *Master's Rival*. Richard and Paul Shack by Mr. Roberts.

99 Our readers must not forget that Thanksgiving will take place in this state on Thursday next. The anti-masonick oracle in this city is out against it—which is very proper, the whole posse of proscriptionists having made over their little souls to the arch-fiend, long ago.

METHODISM AND ANTI-MASONRY. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted at a recent meeting of the New-England Methodist Conference, held at Portsmouth, New-Hampshire. They contain the sentiments of a vast majority of that numerous and exemplary sect throughout the Union, and express a determination not to

suffer the church to be made partizans in the proscriptive and anti-christian warfare which is now carried on by the vicious against the masonick institution.

Whereas, much agitation is at this time experienced in different sections of the country on the subject of *speculating freemasonry*, and in consequence of it, and the considerations put upon it, are productive of much evil to the church of Christ and the community at large; therefore,

Resolved, by the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church—

1. That we will have no *correspondence*, whatever, with the *speculating*; and this Conference will consider any member who disobeys this resolution as obnoxious to the authority of the Conference.

2. That we consider ourselves bound as ministers of the gospel of Christ, to avoid all such questions, for or against *speculating freemasonry*, as producing excitement, and stirring up strife among the people.

3. That we hereby earnestly exhort our people throughout this Conference, to pursue the things whereby one may edify another, by mutual forbearance and Christian candour, and that while we disclaim, on our part, all connection with freemasonry, they on theirs, are exhorted and affectionately advised to receive such preachers as in the Providence of God shall be appointed to labour among them, whether they have been *speculators* or otherwise—not as partizans on either side of this perplexing question, but as they profess to be, and as they hope by their spirit and labours to prove themselves to be, the *ministers of Jesus Christ*.

THE LAST THROES OF MALIGNANCY. The "poor forsaken" anties of Madison county, finding that they are going down hill, at a pace that threatens them with speedy political annihilation, have put all their desperate faculties in operation, to appropriate to their own use such of the "loaves and fishes" as unfortunately still remain within their reach. The "whole hog" board of supervisors of that county last week removed from office the county treasurer, and the superintendents of the almshouse; and delivered these public trusts over to the clutches of a few of their brother "patriots." The proscribed officers were not, we understand, guilty of the heinous offence of being masons, and we are not sure that they had any particular claims upon the elegant title of "jacks," but they were honest and responsible men, and consequently not the most proper persons in the world to do the dirty work of anti-masonry. In taking the poor house into their keeping, the anties undoubtedly had in view the future necessities of their party: the act may therefore be ascribed to a desire to provide for "the household of their faith." The treasurer was removed to make room for a man who, according to the Madison Observer and Recorder, has done little else than *visit taverns*, for ten or twelve years past. By one means or another he once obtained the office of *crier* of the county court; but having collected the judges' fees, and kept them, he was turned out: and loving the tavern, or some other place, rather too fervently for the public good, he was discharged from the office of librarian in the village of Morrisville because he neglected his duties! No one can doubt that such a man is just the one to take care of the people's money in a purely anti-masonick manner.

Dr. GREENE, late editor of the *Berkshire American*, whose humorous originality has gained him a high reputation with the reading public, has, in conjunction with a Mr. Clark, commenced in the city of New-York, a weekly publication, under the title of *THE CONSTELLATION*. From the size and neatness of the sheet, we doubt not that it is issued under favourable auspices; and from the character of its contents and the talents of the Doctor, we are confident it will meet with ready and ample encouragement.

We have received five or six numbers of *The Dramatic Mirror*, published daily, by John H. Eastburn, 60 Congress street, Boston. It contains "critical remarks on the performances of every night, in the city of Boston, with bills of the play." The critiques are written with much ability, and the only objection urged against them is, that they are sometimes sufficiently severe—a fault which editors are seldom guilty of when treating upon the same subject. The price of *The Mirror* is one dollar a month, in advance.

We have received the second number of *The World in a Nutshell*, a quizzical little thing, published at Portland, Maine. The editors are good natured wags, if we may judge from the specimen we have of them. *The Nutshell*, before us makes several attempts to burlesque the style of John Neal.

We have received also from Portland, Maine, a number of the *Family Visitor*, conducted by Mr. Seba Smith. This, too, is a Tom Thumb sort of affair, in appearance, but is nevertheless very creditable to Mr. Smith's head.

Albany Institute. At a special meeting of the Albany Institute, held November 23, 1-29, the following letter from Charles A. Clinton, esq. to Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, was presented and read.

"New-York, November 6, 1829.
"Dear Sir—I have recently purchased a statue of my father, by Mr. Launitz of Rome, a young artist of great merit. I cannot dispose of it in a manner more gratifying to my feelings, than to present it to the Albany Institute; which I request you to do in my name.
"With great regard, sincerely yours,
"C. A. CLINTON."

"To Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, Albany."

Whereupon the following resolutions were unanimously adopted—
Resolved, that the thanks of the Institute be presented to Charles A. Clinton, esq. for the donation of the beautiful statue of his illustrious father; which, while it presents an interesting example of skill in the due art, at the same time exhibits a vivid image of an individual whose memory is affectionately cherished by the members of this society.

Resolved, that this society will place the statue in a conspicuous place in one of the rooms of the society, in the Albany Academy.

Resolved, that the corresponding secretaries communicate the foregoing resolutions to Mr. Clinton; and that the same be published in the newspapers of this city.

Anti-Masonic Calculations. If the Livingston Register does not mean to lead its readers astray, it would do well to adhere a little closer to facts. In speaking of the election of speaker of the Pennsylvania assembly, it says "N. Middeworth received twenty-four votes out of 90. This shows the number of anti-masons that were elected in that state to the legislature." In Niles' Register of Nov. 14, the final vote for speaker is given thus—"for Mr. Smith, forty six; Samuel Workman, twenty eight; for Mr. Smith, thirteen; Henry Peukens, three." This clearly was the vote which tested the strength of anti-masonry; and this corresponds with the statements in the Pennsylvania papers as to the election, the thirteen were elected.

In this state, the Register claims the elected members of Columbia county as anti-masons. It might as well claim the members of any other county. These members were regularly nominated and elected by the republican party, having received an average majority of about 75% votes. Becker, the anti-masonic candidate for senator, received in the whole county of Columbia 323 votes. And yet the *Solomons* of anti-masonry say the ticket with 750 majority could not have been elected without their votes!

The Register also says—"We perceive their majorities in the eastern counties are generally small." It is very evident that this editor, if he looks to the east, does not see things as they are. The third senate district has given 11,000 republican majority—the fifth nearly 6000—the sixth, more than 5000—and the seventh, more than 3000. In the fifth and seventh senate districts, where the anti-masons succeeded last year, the republican gain is 10,700 votes. And in the fourth district, Lieutenant Governor Chazy is 6333 votes behind the republican candidate, color of Gore, and 3434 less than Livingston, the Adams candidate. Yet the keen perception of the editor of the Livingston Register enables him to "perceive that the majorities in the eastern counties are very small!"

This veracious paper at Albany, last year, gave "more than 6000 majority over the anti-masonic ticket"—and adds, "this year it is reduced to 2000." Now it is well known that the fair test last year, in Onondaga, was between Judge Mosely, nominated by the republicans, and Mr. Mather, nominated by the anti-masons, as candidates for the senate—and by the official canvass it appears that Judge Mosely had 3942 votes, and Mr. Mather 3625—being a majority over the anti-masonic ticket of 317. This year, Mr. Armstrong, the republican candidate for the senate, has 3000 majority over Mr. Benj. man, the anti-masonic candidate—being a republican gain, in that county, of 2833. In stating this year's majority at 2000, the editor must have innocently erred—but in magnifying the majority of last year in order to give the appearance of a great anti-masonic gain, if he was not deceived himself, he must have intended to deceive others.

To cap the climax, this self-suffering modesty charges his opponents with "misrepresentation and falsehood."

King Rothschild! The following curious extract, says the London Court Journal, is from a private letter from Smyrna. We give it without note or comment—"The confidence of the children of Israel in the words of the prophet has not been in vain; the temple of Solomon will be restored in all its splendour. Baron Rothschild, who was accused of having gone to Rome to abjure the faith of his fathers, has actually passed through that city on his way to Constantinople, where he is about to negotiate a loan with the Porte. It is stated on good authority that Baron Rothschild has engaged to furnish the Sultan the enormous sum of 350,000,000 piastres, at three instalments, without interest, on condition of the Sultan's engaging, for himself and his successors, to yield to Baron Rothschild forever, the sovereignty of Jerusalem, and the territory of ancient Palestine, which was occupied by the twelve tribes. The Baron's intention is, to grant to the rich capitalists who are scattered about in different parts of the world, portions of that fine country, where he proposes to establish seigniorial rights, and to give them, as far as possible, their ancient and sacred laws.

"Thus the descendants of the Hebrews will at length have a country, and every friend of humanity must rejoice at the happy event. The poor Jews will cease to be the victims of oppression and injustice. Glory to the great Baron Rothschild, who makes so noble a use of his talents."

"A little army being judged necessary for the restored kingdom, measures have been taken for recruiting it out of the wrecks of the Jewish hallelujah raised in Holland by Louis Bonaparte. All the Israelites who were employed in the various departments of the Dutch Administration are to obtain superior posts under the government of Jerusalem, and the expenses of their journey are to be paid them in advance."

It is with the most unfeigned and heartfelt regret that we have to record the death, in St. Thomas, West Indies, of JAMES WILLIAM MILLER, former editor of the *Boston Literary Gazette*, and one of the sweetest poets New-England has produced.

Like too many of the sons of genius—whose feelings are lifted up from the dull reality of life, and from whose dazzled vision the puits of worldly prosperity are hidden—Mr. Miller had become embarrassed in his prospects; and to ameliorate them, went in command of a trading vessel to Liverpool, whence he sailed to St. Thomas, and after a brief illness, accelerated by depression of mind, went from a world of sorrow to the bosom of his God.

Mr. Miller was in the bloom of life; and was by the united endowments of nature and art, one of the most accomplished and fascinating of men. His friends—and he had many—have by means of his death, found in their hearts, an "aching void;" society has lost a cherished ornament; and the temple of our country's literature, one of its holiest worshippers.

Proc. Phœnix.

Poor Sam Patch was for several years a mule spinner in Messrs. T. Green and Sons' factory in Pawtucket. He commenced in June, 1827, from the bridge and the yellow factory. Subsequently he went to the Patterson factories, where his jumping attracted much attention, and he gave up mule spinning for this idle employment, until his vaulting ambition overleapt itself, and the loss of his life has been the consequence. Sam is less to be blamed than those who encouraged him to

exhibit his feats. His mother resides in Pawtucket. It is said that he requested the contributions made at his last jump should be sent to her, and it is hoped the request will be complied with. [*Proc. Dai. Adv.*]

It is calculated that Samuel Patch, in falling 125 feet, must have reached the water in about three seconds; and supposing he weighed 100 pounds, must have struck the water with a momentum equal to 8000 pounds.

MARRIED,

In Berlin, Conn JOHN D. WILLARD, esq. of Troy, to Miss LAURA BARNES, of the former place.

LADIES' MAGAZINE, conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published monthly by Putnam & Hunt, 41 Washington st. Boston at Three Dollars a year.

Contents of No. XI. Vol. II. for November, 1829. *Original Miscellany.* To Cælebs, Canine—Translated from the French; Accomplishments; Recollections; Eleanor Wakefield; An Appeal to the Ladies of the United States; Sketches of American Character; The Thanksgiving of the Heart. *Original Poetry.* Remembered Affection; Peter's Release; The Mother and the Son; Cheerfulness; Parting of Friends; November. *Literary Notices.* The Annuals; The Token; The Atlantick Souvenir; The Pearl, or Affection's Gift; The Youth's Keepsake; Peter Parley's Geography for Children; The Little Philosopher, or Infant School at Home; Errata

W. C. Little, Agent, Albany.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW is published in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the close of every month. Each number will contain 5 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages.

Contents of No. 5. Vol. III., for November. *Presbyterian Ordination; Essay on Shakespeare; M. Villemain's Lectures, &c.; Opinions in Europe.*

W. C. Little, Agent, Albany.

W. C. LITTLE receives subscriptions to the following American and Foreign Periodicals.

North American Review,
American Quarterly Review,
Southern Review, Quarterly,
Silliman's Journal of Science and Art,
Museum of Foreign Literature and Science,
American Journal of Education,
Journal of the Franklin Institute,
Athenæum or Spirit of Eng. Magazines,
Western Monthly Review,
Spirit of the Pilgrims,
The Christian Spectator,
The Christian Observer,
The Religious Magazine,
The Christian Advocate,
N. Y. Medical and Physical Journal,
Medical Chirurgical Review,
American Journal of Medical Sciences,
North American Medical and Surgical Review,
American Medical Recorder,
Monthly Journal Foreign Medicine,
Boston Medical and Surgical Journal,
Library of Useful Knowledge,
Edinburgh Quarterly Review,
London Quarterly Review,
Foreign Quarterly Review,
Blackwood's Magazine,
London New Monthly Magazine,
Brande's Journal of Science,
Revue Encyclopédique,
American Jurist,
Mrs. Beecher's Magazine,
The Yankee or Boston Intelligencer,
The Juvenile Miscellany,
Will's Monthly Magazine,
Sharpe's London Magazine,
Medical Repository,
La Belle Assemblée,
Ackerman's Repository of Fashions,
Encyclopedia Americana, a Popular Dictionary of Arts Sciences Literature, History, Politics, and Biography; brought down to the present time, including a copious collection of Original Articles, in American Biography, on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Edited by Francis Lieber and E. Wiggesworth.

Published Quarterly in Philadelphia, at \$2.50 per Vol.—Vol. 2, will be published in December. Albany, Nov. 28, 1829.

MONTGOMERY HOUSE, No. 358 Broadway, New-York WILLIAM C. SLOAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above establishment, where he will be always happy to supply them with the best *wineries and liquors* that can be had in the City. Ward, Military, Masonick and Religious meetings and Committees and Arbitrations can be had on very accommodated. Dinner and Supper Parties furnished at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. Boarding and Lodging at the usual prices. W. C. S. hopes by prompt attention, and unflinching exertion to secure a share of public patronage. New-York, November 1829.

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED. The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him (the subscriber), and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to the elegant *SOFA AND ÉTÉE BEISTEAD*. This article, yet to be respectively known to the public, is essentially different from any other attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength and convenience of the ordinary four legged Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlor Sofa or Settee. The bed and lodging are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease, and with out troubling them from their place on the bedstead. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a park fire—to boarding-house keepers—to masters of themselves—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfect invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 123 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to serve all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to procure comfort and economy. CHESTER JOHNSON. New-York, 1829.

POETRY.

From the Ladies' Magazine, for November.

NOVEMBER.

BY MRS. HALE.

Borne on a car of storm-wrought gloom,
And ushered by the tempest's song,
Her robe like mist from caverned tomb,
November sweeps along.

She is a very tyrant throned
—Her subject days are sad with fear;
Their brightness veiled, and voices toned
Like mourners round a bier.

By terrors would she prove her sway,
And make all nature feel her power;
While from our grasp she rends away
Some treasures every hour.

The leaf, she can not sear, is brown,
And every little flower she finds,
Spared by the frost, with ruthless frown,
She scatters to the winds.

And this is why we dread her chain,—
She wields her sceptre to destroy,
While summer's gentle, generous reign
We hail with songs of joy.

A moral nature ever blends—
And thus the season's tones express
How love beneficence attends,
And hate on selfishness.

The selfish, like November, gather
The clouds of fear and storms of wrath,
And by their cruel coldness wither
Hearts that would bless their path.

Hast thou ne'er dreamed, "were fortune mine—
How I would use the glorious power!
I'd bid the sun of bounty shine,
And raise each drooping flower!

How blest to brighten sorrow's face,
And drive despair's dark griefs away,
And see the orphan's tears give place
To hope's benignant ray!"

But dreamer—while such fancies glowed,
And winter's storms were gathering near—
Didst thou seek misery's chill abode,
And give—the plying tear?

From the Providence Patriot and Columbian Phoenix.

THE GRAVE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

Come with me, thou child of sadness,
Mourning for thy loved one, dead,
And a ray of shadowed gladness
Gather from her quiet bed:
Sorrow there their wings are furling,
And the playing sunbeams sleep,
And the rose's leaves are curling,
And the vines in beauty creep.

Come with me—the sun is stealing
Through the blue and quiet sky;
And the glossy birds are wheeling
With their precious music by;
Yonder leafy woods are bending
To the pressure of the breeze,
Waves and winds their voices blending,
Where the harmonies like these!

Friend of mine! the sacred willows
Whisper where thy loved one rests;
While the generous sun, in billows,
Leaves his radiance on their breasts;
Roses blooming o'er her slumber,
Cheat her for thee, of the sky,
And her spirits pinions cumber
From their journeyings on high.

Werpest thou, sad one, above her?
Tears like those are not for thee,
Nay, as thou didst truly love her,
Let thy thoughts of gladness be!
For her path was dark with sorrow,
But her way is quiet now,
And the shadows of to-morrow
Bring no shadow on her brow!

Didst thou truly love that maiden,
Than thyself of dearer worth?
Look! the sunbeams are not laden
With the shades and cares of earth!
Look! how free they cleave the azure,
Tinging clouds with gold and red;
So thy loved one's spirit-treasure
Started from her dying-bed!

It may be these clustered roses
Keep the essence of her soul—
That the hue which there reposes
From her lips the goddess stole!
Gather them, and love, and cherish,
Keep them, slumbering, by thy head,
And when all their odours perish,
Know her thoughts to heaven are fled!

I would not thy way were lonely,
As I sadly see it is;
I would have thee joyous only
O'er a scene so sweet as this!
Here are flowers and sun; and yonder
Flows a stream with flashing sweep;
And not to the deafening thunder
Wakes thine angel from her sleep.

Calm thy thought! the grief of ages
Would not call the lost one back;
Of that balm which wo assuages
Perish thou not for the lack;
Where yon snowy cloud is driven,
In the sunlit blue afar,
On the confines of high heaven,
Shines thy treasured one—a star!

From Sharp's London Magazine.

I'D BE A PARODY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

I'd be a Parody, made by a nunny
On some little song with a popular tune,
Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon;
I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,
(Who cares for sense at St James' in June?)
I'd be a Parody, made by a nunny,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,
I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,
Turning his rhymes into extravaganzas,
Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings!
When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza
A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings!
Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza,
Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings!

What though you tell me each metrical puppy
Might make of such parodies two pair a day;
Mocking birds think they obtain for each copy
Paradise plumes for the parodied lay:
Ladder of fame! if man can't reach the top, he
Is right to sing just as high up as he may;
I'd be a Parody, made by a puppy,
Who makes of such parodies two pair a day!

From the London Literary Gazette.

STANZAS.

(Never before published.)

BY JOHN KEATS.

In a dream-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In dream-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle Girl and Boy!
But were there ever any
Writted not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

The following example of very clever hyperbole is from the Opelousas Gazette.

TO ANN.

Miss Ann, you are, it seems to me,
An essence all ethereal;
The brightest being that can be,
Entirely immaterial.

A pencil tipp'd with solar rays,
Your charms could scarcely blaze;
Contrasted with your beauty's blaze
Bright Sol's a pewter basin.

Transcendent little sprig of light,
If rhymes are always true,
An angel is an ugly sprite,
Compared to sylph like you.

SCHOOL BOOKS published by E. & G. MERRIAM, Brookfield, Mass. and for sale by O. STEELE, Bookseller, No. 437 South Main street.

THE AMERICAN READER, containing extracts suited to excite a love of Science and Literature, to refine the taste, and to improve the moral character. Designed for the use of Schools. Price 75 Cents.

Recommendations. Having examined the "American Reader," recently published by E. & G. Merriam, of Brookfield, we cordially recommend it, as a School Book to be used by higher classes in common schools. It contains a judicious, choice, and valuable selection of pieces from standard writers. The moral tendency of the selection we consider highly salutary. While it is calculated to assist the pupil in acquiring the art of reading, it will also furnish him with many valuable hints in regard to the formation of character. The merits of this compilation, when known, will, we think, secure for it extensive patronage.

THOMAS SNELL,
JOSEPH VAILL, Jr.,
ALVAN BOND.

April, 1859.

Letter to the Compiler.

Hadley Nov. 25, 1859.

Dear Sir,

I have examined the copy of the American Reader you sent me. The selection of the materials appears to be judicious, and I think it possesses merits superior to any work of the kind which has fallen under my observation.

GEO. NICHOLS.

Preceptor of Hopkins Academy.

From the Massachusetts Yeoman. "The American Reader is a handsomely printed duodecimo. It is the greatest part of it a collection of elegant extracts from some of the best English and American writers, in prose and poetry. Many of the pieces are of very recent publication giving to the book an interest which is wanting in some other similar works. We think it will be found exceedingly well adapted for the use for which it is designed. It is certainly an interesting miscellany for families, and even for literary readers."

From the Boston Recorder. "The character of the book may be estimated by the writers chosen by the compiler. Among the Europeans are Jane Taylor, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Ope, H. K. White, Montgomery, B. Barton and Pollok. Among the Americans are W. Irving, Denham, Webster, Griffin, Whippley, Wayland, Dwight, Humphrey, Wilcox, Berchard, Willis, Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Francis. The whole comprises a very judicious and choice selection."

From a Notice of the Work. "This compilation, in point of moral sentiment, is in our judgment, superior to any recent publication which we have seen. We recommend the work to the early consideration of School Committees, and hope it may be extensively circulated."

THE FOURTH CLASS BOOK: Containing Lessons in Reading, for the younger classes in Schools. Price 25 Cents.

This little work contains a selection of Reading Lessons, adapted to the capacities of young scholars, and admirably calculated to interest and instruct them.

It has gone through three editions, within fourteen months from its first publication.

THE CHILD'S ASSISTANT in acquiring Useful and Practical Knowledge. Price 12 1/2 Cents.

The Book contains brief, comprehensive and interesting lessons, chiefly in the form of Question and Answer, on the following subjects:—Geography—History—Aborigines of America—American History—The United States—American Revolution—Astronomy—Cooks, Winds, &c.—The Human System—Falsehood—Reading—Blasphemy and Customs—Natural History—Industry—Government—Intemperance of Manners—Obedience—The Ten Commandments—Lying—Proper mode of Pronunciation corrected—May—Fifty—Proper Table of Names, important for explaining Texts in the New Testament—Explanation of common French and Latin phrases—Definitions of the most difficult words in this book. It also contains tables of Weight, Measure, Time, Money, &c. &c.

It has been introduced into the primary schools in many of the principal towns in Massachusetts and the neighbouring States.

Recommendations. Extract from a notice of the work, in the Boston Recorder. "This little volume contains information on subjects chiefly practical and important in the transaction of the ordinary business of life. By an easy introduction of the young mind to an acquaintance with some of the principles of science, it is calculated to give a relish for learning, which can never be lost. A copy of this little work ought to be in the hands of every child between four and eight years of age. It deserves to be introduced into all our primary schools and to be deeply engraven on the memory of every scholar."

From the Massachusetts Yeoman. "We have felt the need, in our own family, of just such an 'Assistant' as this little work. It is designed, by questions and answers, to impart to the inquisitive mind of young children a knowledge of facts important to be understood by them, and fitted to excite the curiosity to know more. With such a book at hand, many a leisure moment may be passed pleasantly to the parent and profitably to the gratified children."

THE AMERICAN PRIMER: Designed as the first book for children. Price 12 1/2 Cents.

This Book consists of Easy Lessons in spelling and reading, adorned with Cuts, and is well adapted to assist in acquiring the first rudiments of education.

NEW AND SELECTED JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS &c.—Just received, a large supply of mosaic, cameo, pearl, jet, and gold ear-rings, of new patterns, diamond pins and finger-rings, pearl, cameo and jet, patent lever, anchor escapement, for ladies and common gold watches, silver do, and a large and good assortment, ladies watches and establishments, musical, slabster and marble clocks, and a large assortment of beautiful chains, watch and key. Also, music boxes, some playing 3 tunes and very superior, now opened and for sale at 456 South Market-st. by

CHAUNCEY JOHNSON.
N. B. Clocks and watches repaired as usual. nov. 21. 59.

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD,

AT NO. 3 BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, in ADVANCE—otherwise, Three Dollars.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1829. NO. 46.

MASONICK RECORD.

From the Buffalo Journal.

POPULAR EXCITEMENTS.

NO. III.

The charges against the early christians which were narrated in my last, proved the precursors to other enormities, to which the heated and disordered state of the public mind was peculiarly favourable. To fan the flame against this sect "which was every where spoken against," the instigators of the popular clamour became so anxiously jealous for the public safety that they charged the christians, collectively, with attempts to subvert the existing authorities by general conflagrations. Calamitous fires and bloody murders were, for a long period, seldom charged upon any other than the christians, whose collective acts these crimes were alleged to be; and their origin was pretendedly traced to the principles and precepts inculcated by that order. In the reign of Diocletian and Galerius, the bed chamber of the former Emperor was twice on fire, and the ingenuity of aspirants seconded by the rage of popular phrenzy, caused great numbers of the christians to be imprisoned, tortured, and finally consigned to the hands of the executioner, as the supposed authors of the desperate deed. Yet, when this phrenzy of feeling, and the more reprehensible selfishness that produced it, had passed away, the historian of the event informs us that the fire was the work of the associate emperor Galerius, who stood prominently forth in the ranks of the persecuting party. The sufferers, upon these occasions, appealed, with all the intrepid serenity of innocence, from the over-varying noise of popular rumour to the more definite forms of specific testimony. They urged that the charges alleged against them were not less devoid of probability than they were destitute of evidence in their support; and, at a time when reason was stilled by a whirlwind of unrestrained passions, they calmly inquired with a commendable candour, whether it was probable, or, in the absence of all proof, if it should be credited, that a large society had resolved to dishonour itself in the eyes of its own members; and that a great number of persons, of various ages and rank, should become so far insensible to the fear of death or infamy, as to consent to the violation of those principles which nature and education has combined to imprint most deeply in their minds. But this and similar appeals were ineffectual; for a species of fanaticism was abroad which argument could not approach, and which it was the province of aspirants to perpetuate. The test of investigation was never sought, and rarely allowed, by the abettors of the popular tempest, and as often as the public mind exhibited the faintest signs of returning sanity, recourse was had to high wrought appeals from chosen orators, to the tumultuous assemblies, upon festival and other gala occasions. Upon these occasions, says the language of history, "If the empire had been afflicted by any recent calamity, by a plague, a famine or an unsuccessful war; if the Tiber had, or the Nile had not risen beyond its banks; if the earth had shaken, or if the temperate order of the seasons had been interrupted, the language of the populace was, that the crimes and the impieties of the christians, who were spared by the excessive lenity of the government, had at length provoked the Divine Justice." It was not among a licentious and exasperated populace, that the forms of legal proceedings could be observed; it was not in an amphitheatre stained with the blood of wild beasts and gladiators, that the voice of compassion could be heard. *The impatient clamours of the multitude* denounced the christians as the enemies of gods and men, doomed them to the severest tortures; and, venturing to accuse, by name, some of the most distinguished of the new sectaries, required, with irresistible vehemence, that they should be instantly apprehended and cast to the lions.

Even the philosophers of the age (so extensively had the infection pervaded the public mind) assumed the unworthy office of directing the blind and furious zeal of persecution; and while the christian might be accused, even by a vagrant or a beggar, of the most enormous crimes, yet he could not obtain permission to lodge a complaint against his oppressor for any injury, however great, that he might have

suffered; and thus the whole order of christians stood exposed to the severity, while they were excluded from the benefits of public justice.

The striking similarity of the entire history of this popular excitement, to the one now prevailing, is so palpably obvious as to require but little illustration. There are men now as there were formerly, who readily accuse, without waiting for proof, an entire body of their fellows, embracing those of perhaps every grade in society, of collectively perpetrating the blackest crimes; and if we have not the festive assemblages of the Romans, into whose ears to pour, at an unguarded moment, the deadly poison of suspicion, the gathering together of our population at courts, at our popular elections, or when called upon to perform the rites of sepulchre for a stranger cast dead upon our shores, have all been deemed fit occasions for the demagogue to perform this unhallowed service.

REASON.

NO. IV.

Without dwelling longer upon the factious and reprehensible treatment received by the early Christians, from those whose thirst for public office and power had driven them to the commission of acts which, in less heated moments, they would themselves have condemned, I shall now pass to other portions of history, of dates far more recent than have hitherto engaged our attention. To detail all that could compare with the present excitement, in the annals of our race, would be to write an entire history of man; detached examples, therefore gleaned from the inexhaustible mass of material, are all that can be embraced in my present plan.

We have seen upon what pretensions Christianity, on its first introduction into the world, was opposed: we are now to witness how readily, in after ages, the promoters of popular excitements have seized upon this same christianity, as a means of carrying their schemes into effect. As examples from history, rather than connected history itself, are alone applicable to my plan, I shall pass over the long period of time between the introduction of christianity at Rome, and the accession of Cromwell to the English throne, without availing myself of the rich fund of material which it furnishes for my present investigation. The cause of this man's power was "his peculiar fitness to gain the confidence of the unreflecting, but what was mean, vulgar, or ridiculous, in his character." Such is the language by which the historian has designated a man who, when he had raised the storm of civil commotion by appealing, successively, to religion, prejudice, and passions, was able to mount the whirlwind and, for a time, direct its devastations. Later periods in the history of the English nation furnish lucid demonstration of the evil consequences of popular commotions, when moved by principles such as sustain their present one. The famous commotion of the populace in 1678, is well known, and its history is replete with evil. The "guardians of the public good," having been long preparing the public mind for suspicion, at length found its temperament suited to their purpose; and "while in this timorous, jealous disposition, the cry of a *plot*, all of a sudden struck the people's ears: they were awakened from their slumber; and, like men affrighted, and in the dark, took every figure for a spectre. The terror of each man became the source of terror to others; and an unusual panick being diffused, reason and argument, and common sense, and common humanity, lost all influence over them. From this disposition of men's minds we are to account for the progress of the Popish Plot, and the credit given to it; an event which would otherwise appear prodigious, and altogether inexplicable." The mover of this commotion was one *Oates*, a man who was alike despised and despicable. Previously to his assuming the guardianship of the public morals, and the protectorate of the national freedom, he had been once indicted for perjury, but was not convicted; and afterwards dismissed from a station in the national fleet, for conviction of an unnatural practice not to be named. His whole life was one mingled scene of filthy and unrestrained depravity. He lived, at the time of his disclosure, in both obscurity and want; and still "this man, in whose breast was lodged a secret [the plot], involving the fate of Kings and Kingdoms, was allowed to remain in such necessity that a friend was obliged to supply him with daily bread;

and it was a joyful surprise to him, when he heard that the council was, at last, disposed to take some notice of his intelligence." Such was the man. The nature of his information was, that a *secret society* had been formed among the Catholics, for the purpose of murdering the king and subverting the civil and religious institutions of the country. Among other statements, he said that two persons had been employed by this confederacy to shoot the king, with silver bullets; that one of them was to receive fifteen hundred pounds, in money; and the other, being a pious man, was to be rewarded with thirty thousand masses, which, estimating them at one shilling each, would amount to the same value. In moments of dispassionate reflection, the rational man can scarcely give credence to the fact that so idle inventions as these could be credited; but even after the detection of *Oates'* imposition, and the discovery that he had never seen those persons with whom he had claimed the closest acquaintance, and consequently that his whole story was a fabrication, having nothing more to give rise to it than an assault committed on two or three persons, from which he might possibly have gathered his hint, still the story was kept alive by designing men, and the credulous were long after taxed with donations to a fund to be expended in repelling the evil consequences of a plot which never existed.

The death of a magistrate, by the hands of a ruffian, at a time when this disturbance was about to subside, gave fresh occasion to the guardians of public good once more to excite the honest populace. The murder was instantly recognized, by designing men, as a part of the plot, which was to be carried into immediate execution by the catholics. "The voice of the nation united against that proscribed sect, and each hour teemed with new rumours and surmises. Invasions from abroad, insurrections at home, even private murders and poisonings were constantly apprehended. To deny the reality of the plot, was to be an accomplice; to hesitate was criminal; royalist, republican, churchman, secretary, courtier, patriot; all parties concurred in the illusion."—"To propagate the popular phrensy, several artificers were employed. The dead body of the murdered magistrate was carried into London, attended by vast multitudes. It was publicly exposed in the streets, and viewed by all ranks of men; and every one who saw it went away inflamed, as well as by mutual contagion of sentiments as by the dismal spectacle itself. The funeral pomp was celebrated with great parade. The corpse was conducted through the chief streets of the city; seventy-two clergymen marched before; above one thousand people of distinction followed after; and at the funeral sermon, two able bodied divines mounted the pulpit, and stood upon each side of the preacher, lest, in paying the last duties to this unhappy magistrate, he should, before the whole people, be murdered by the papists." "At such a time," observes the historian, in conclusion, "and in such a state of public feeling, the voice of reason could no more be heard than a whisper in the midst of a most violent tornado."

If the historical details which are here given of the funeral and other ceremonies attendant upon the death of this magistrate, shall appear, at first impression too strikingly similar to those in the case of Timothy Munroe, a moment's reflection will enable the reader to account for the coincidence by the fact, that human nature is now what it ever has been; and that, consequently, if men who could hope for preferment by no justifiable means, were successful in deceptions of this character, in 1678, all surprise ceases when we advert to the mingled protestations of private grief and of public danger, which so recently resounded at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek.

REASON.

NO. V.

After the historical transactions detailed in my last, as connected with the popish plot, the public mind was scarcely suffered to cool, ere it was again assailed. "The nation had gotten so much into the vein of credulity, and every successful villain was so much incited by the success of *Oates*, that the people were not allowed to remain in tranquillity. There was one *Dangerfield*, a fellow who had been burned in the hand for crimes, transported, whipped, pilloried four times, fined, or exiled, outlawed for felony, convicted for coining, and exposed to all the public infamy which the laws could inflict on the basest and most shameful criminals. The credulity of the people and the humour of the times, enabled even this man to become a person of consequence. He was the author of a new incident, entitled the meal tub plot, from the place where some papers relating to it were found." This miserable

being, for want perhaps of native invention, adopted for his general plan the scheme of Oates, namely, a *secret society* among the Catholics, for purposes of murder, conflagration and tyranny. The object of the wretched contriver of this affair, was bread; but political partisans, for widely different purposes, entered with spirit into its support, and strenuously maintained the general existence of the plot, while they industriously aided in establishing its numerous details. By the influence of private, but aspiring individuals, it was finally carried into parliament, and the hitherto quiet halls of legislation were subjected to the disgraceful influence of this "culprits' false." The house of Commons, by a heavy vote, declared the existence of the plot in its fullest extent "and, in order the more to terrify the people, they even asserted that, notwithstanding the discovery, the plot still subsisted." They even went so far as to expel two members of their own body for presuming to avow a disbelief in the existence of the iniquitous combination; and they lamented, in official wallings, the death of a wretch named Bedloe, whom they called a national witness. This person had been a witness in the Oates affair, when he gave positive testimony against some of the first men of the nation. Failing sick, at Bristol, he sent for the Chief Justice, and to him confessed that all he had sworn against the Queen and a Duke he mentioned, was false, but that the remainder of his story was true. This interview was closed on Bedloe's part, by a request for money, to reward his services. He died soon after: "and," says Hume, "the whole party triumphed, extremely, in these circumstances of his death; as if such a testimony could be deemed the affirmation of a dying man; as if his confession of perjury in some instances, could assure his veracity in the rest; and, as if the perseverance of one profligate could outweigh the last words of so many men, guilty of no crime but that of popery."

Dangerfield's story had now become so important to the political preference of those who were kindly labouring to preserve the nation from plots and ruin, that "the public good" required them to remove, if possible, some portion of the load of infamy which rested so heavily upon its author, in order, if possible to give greater currency to the story itself, and to gain believers from that portion of community whose standing in society would render them serviceable, and whose doubts were still wholly unconquered. For this purpose every effort was made to restore to Dangerfield so much of his lost reputation as would render him a competent witness. For this purpose, a host of informers, less known, and of course, apparently less infamous, was assembled, and some of them corroborated the statements of the man who could not be sworn. The testimony of these men, "however frivolous or absurd, met with a favourable reception: the King was applied to, in their behalf, for pardons and pardons, their narratives were printed, with that sanction which arose from the approbation of the house; and one of them, a Dr. Tongue, was recommended for the first considerable church preferment, which should become vacant. Considering men's determined resolution to believe, instead of wondering that palpable falsehood should be maintained by witnesses, it may justly appear surprising that no better evidence was ever produced."

The public ear becoming, at length, wearied with the monotonous cry of secret society, plots and treason, it was found necessary to proceed to extremities, or give up the delusion. The former course was preferred: Oates was again sought out in his native obscurity, and, with others, was brought, in 1680, to charge Viscount Stafford with participating in the plot: which put him upon trial, as a prisoner of state. He proved, by witnesses wholly above suspicion, that he was not in the guilt at the times specified; and, in short, that the entire story of his plot or of his knowledge of the alleged crimes, was fabricated by his accusers or their associates. But "the torrent of prejudice was still running furiously; reason was exiled from her dwelling; malignant wickedness, on the one hand, and criminal credulity upon the other, destroyed the last hope of the innocent victim, and he paid the forfeit of his head for the misfortune of having lived at a time when virtue had no protector, and honesty was sacrificed upon the altar of political preference." Such, in this instance, was the dreadful consequence of the causes I have enumerated. This tragical scene, however, opened the eyes of the populace, who now accused themselves of having acted too readily, and such was its effect that the charm was broken, and "Stafford's is the last blood which was shed on account of the popish plot: an incident which, for the credit of the nation, it were better to bury in eternal oblivion; but which it is necessary to perpetuate, as well to maintain the truth of history, as to warn, if possible, posterity, and all mankind, never again to fall into so shameful and barbarous a delusion." REASON.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

From the Journal of Health.

WATER.

Health can as little be supported without pure water, as without pure air. Where either these fluids is deteriorated by admixture with foreign matters, disease will be a common if not constant resident. The ancients were well aware of this fact, when they went to such expense in procuring good water from great distance. At this day Rome, though fallen from her high estate, is supplied with copious streams of water, conveyed for many miles, by means of aqueducts, built in her days of early splendour and dominion. While we smile with mingled feelings of pity and contempt, at the ancient Romans, who were often regulated by the opinions of the augurs and soothsayers, in their military expeditions and important transactions, we ought not to forget that at other times, their consulting the appearances presented in animals, was an evidence of practical wisdom, when this process was conducted with a view of ascertaining the state of the air and water; in living beings. Vitruvius informs us that the livers and spleens of animals were inspected, in order to judge from them of the nature of the waters of a country, and the salubrity of its alimentary productions and to regulate accordingly their choice of sites for the construction of their cities. The size and bad state of the above mentioned organs, are in fact a pretty certain sign of the insalubrity of the pastures, and of the bad quality of the waters, which especially if they be stagnant, produce in cows,

and above all, in sheep, fatal diseases, the seat of which is often in the liver: the rot, for example, is a disease of this organ, which frequently destroys whole flocks, in marshy countries. The inhabitants of a country exposed to the double influence of bad water and impure air, suffer in a similar manner. The latter will even be comparatively innocuous, if pains be taken to improve the quality of the former. Families, and military officers in quarters in the island of Zealand, that grave of Holland, have enjoyed good health throughout the year, though exposed as usual to atmospheric distemperatures—merely by using water carefully filtered, or to which light wines had been added.

Painfully and unseemly eruptions of the skin, indigestion in its worst forms, and scurvy, have all been caused by the long use of bad water, and have been promptly cured by a substitution of this beverage in a purer state.

The common division into *soft* and *hard* is generally recognised in speaking of water, when used for domestic purposes and the arts. The first, or *soft*, rain, river, and snow water; the second, or *hard*, is that generally obtained from springs and wells. Water perfectly pure, that is, free from all mineral or saline impregnation, is scarcely ever met with in nature. Good water ought to be perfectly inodorous, transparent, and give no other taste than that of softness: it should readily mix with soap, so as to form a homogenous, opaline fluid, which will not be decomposed for several hours: when poured out of one vessel into another, it should send out air-bubbles: peas, beans, and other pulse, and also the fibres of animal substances, ought to be more readily softened in it by boiling, than they would be in hard water. The taste of pure rain and river water, as contrasted with the vapidity of that which has been boiled and distilled, proceeds from its containing atmospheric and fixed air, that is to say, the air such as we commonly breathe, and that which is given out in the process of fermentation, and which we esteem so grateful in artificial mineral or soda water, as it is often called. A hundred cubic inches of good river water will contain about 2 1-4 of carbonic acid, (fixed air) and 1 1-4 of common (atmospheric) air. These are necessary ingredients in water to be used as a beverage; hence if we boil or distil it, to clear it of earthy matters and salts, or obtain it from melted snow and ice, we must, in order that it may lose its vapidity and recover its taste, expose a large surface of it to the air, or agitate it by free stirring. River water, even of the best quality, will contain different kinds of salts, but in such very minute portions, that it is not necessary to take any account of them, except in chemical experiments.

Almost all spring waters possess the property termed *hardness*, in a great or less degree. This depends chiefly on their holding in solution super-carbonate of lime, (chalk) or sulphate of lime, (plaster of Paris) or both. A very small proportion of one of these salts is sufficient to give the water the character of hardness, whereby it curdles in place of dissolving, or intimately mixing with soap. Mr. Dalton, the celebrated chemist, has shown that one grain of sulphate of lime contained in two thousand times its weight of water, converts it into the hardest spring water that is commonly met with.

The purest river water is that which runs over a gravelly or rocky bed, and with a swift course. The purest springs are those which occur in primitive rocks, or beds of gravel, or which filter through sand in silicious strata.

We shall speak in a future number of the peculiar properties and impregnations of the waters of some of the most celebrated rivers, and of those obtained from springs, rain, and snow; and also of the different methods employed to soften and purify hard and muddy waters.

Charles the Fifth asked Michael Angelo, one day, in what estimation he held Albert Durer: when, with all the noble frankness of a man of genius, who knows how to appreciate superior talents, he instantly replied—"I esteem him so highly, that I would, if I were not Michael Angelo, much rather be Albert Durer than even the Emperor Charles V."

HISTORICAL.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

(Continued.)

Hidalgo continued his advance to the capital, and overthrew a hostile body, in which Iturbide held command, on the road from Toluca. But after advancing within sight of Mexico, he retired without an effort. In his retreat he encountered Calleja, the Spanish general, who had pressed on his rear with a considerable regular force. In the plain of Aculco, on the 7th November, 1810, Calleja was completely victorious, and Hidalgo hastily fell back on Valladolid, while Allende, his second in command, took the road to Guanajuato. On being compelled to abandon this town, a series of atrocious murders was commenced by the insurgents, which led to meet terrific retaliation on the part of the Spaniards. Two hundred and forty-nine Europeans were murdered in cold blood on the very morning that the Spanish general entered the town. He immediately issued orders to give no quarter; but he soon retracted them, and eventually contented himself with decimating the inhabitants. Hidalgo retired to Guadalajara, where he, too, murdered between seven and eight hundred Europeans, with a secrecy that rendered the act more revolting. A second battle, at the bridge of Calderon, was equally unfortunate for the insurgents with that of Aculco, although the Indians fought better. The levies were then left under the command of a new chief, Don Ignacio Lopez Rayon; and Hidalgo, with his three original colleagues, determined on entering the United States, for the purpose of completing their military stores. On the 21st March, 1811, when on the road, they were apprehended, through the treachery of a former associate, Don Ignacio Elizondo. Their trial, which was protracted till July, terminated in their conviction and subsequent execution.

Rayon retained his command, and while insurrectionary movements were making in various quarters, proceeded to establish a Junta of Government, which was effected, at Zitacuaro, on the 10th September, 1811—within less than twelve months after Hidalgo's first rising. This Junta professed a readiness to acknowledge Ferdinand VII. as their sovereign, provided he would establish himself in Mexico; but there is reason to believe that the professions thus made were "false and hollow." One of the most memorable acts of this body was to draw up and transmit a manifesto to the Viceroy, containing proposals either for peace or war; but it was unavailing, and the capture of Zitacuaro on the 2d January, 1812, by General Calleja, then Conde de Calderon, obliged the members to make a hasty retreat to Soltepec.

While these proceedings were going on in the north, as has been already said, Morelos, the Parish Priest of Necupetaro who had been brooding over the wrongs of his country, had declared in favour of the insurgents; and in October, 1810, left Valladolid with a commission from Hidalgo as Captain General of the South Western Provinces, for which he set off, accompanied by a few servants armed with six muskets and some old lances. His forces were strengthened by the accession of a body of African slaves, and the declaration of two brothers Jose and Antonio Galeana, for the cause of independence. Within a month, his small army was increased to a thousand men, with whom he had advanced to and invested Acapulco, so long the resort of the galleons from Manilla. A victory obtained on his way thither, in a night attack, over the Spanish commandant, inspired his raw levies with confidence, and made him master of a most seasonable supply of the munitions of war, and of a considerable sum of money.

Fresh adherents flocked to his standard; among whom were two Bravos and the Priest Metamoros, who afterwards made a distinguished figure during the short but brilliant career of his chief. Success crowned his arms during a succession of engagements; so that by the month of January, 1812, the insurgents had arrived at and captured Tlaxco, within twenty five leagues of the capital. In another month, the advanced guard arrived at Chalco, distant not more than three leagues from it.

Calderon having been recalled from the north, where he had succeeded in re-establishing the Spanish supremacy, prepared to attack this formidable assailant. Morelos determined to encounter him at a small open town, Cuantla Amilpas, about twenty-two leagues from the capital. Calderon's first attack was made on the 19th February, and successfully repelled; but after maintaining a gallant though unavailing defence till the 2d May, being pressed by famine and disease, Morelos conducted his troops in safety between the Spanish batteries, and after dispersing them, ordered a rendezvous, of the whole at Izucar; this last feat was achieved with a loss of only seventeen men—but, unfortunately, in that number was Don Leonardo Bravo, whose fate excited pity for himself, and admiration of the chivalrous generosity for his son, the present General Don Nicolas Bravo. According to the usual practice at that time, Don Leonardo was sentenced to die: his son offered in exchange for him 300 Spaniards, then his prisoners; his offer was refused, and the unhappy parent suffered his punishment. His son instantly liberated his captives, for fear he should be tempted to retaliate in the same spirit that had influenced his enemies.

Morelos, having recruited his forces, successively defeated some Spanish corps, occupied Tehuacan and Orizava, and by the month of November was on his way to Oaxaca. We have omitted to state in the proper place, that at the commencement of the siege of Cuantla Amilpas, General Victoria, afterwards first President of the Republic—at that time named Don Jose Maria Fernandez—became known. Hereafter we shall have occasion to say something more of him. Morelos, on arriving before the city of Oaxaca, immediately invested it; and his artillery was directed with great success by Don Manuel Mier y Teran, one of the most able among the native officers, though envy and jealousy have hitherto conspired to keep him in the shade. The capture of the city, which was followed by that of Acapulco, facilitated the formation of a National Congress—which was always an object very near to the heart of the revolutionary leader. This assembly, which was composed of the members of the Junta of Zitacuaro; the deputies elected in Oaxaca, and others selected by them to represent the other provinces, opened its sittings on the 13th September, 1813, in the town of Chilpanzingo—by which title it has been distinguished. In two months after the first meeting, the absolute independence of Mexico was formally declared.

While the chief was thus employed, his lieutenants, Bravo and Matamoros, were actively pushing the interests of the cause in the eastern provinces; but the former being at last forced to abandon Vera Cruz, rejoined Morelos in Oaxaca. Matamoros too whose progress had been marked by the most brilliant success, was at last obliged to rejoin his leader, who was then concentrating his forces at Chilpanzingo, in order that he might move on Valladolid, where his communications would be facilitated with the insurgents of the south and the interior, among whom Guerrero (the president elect) had distinguished himself even at that early period. The expedition to Valladolid was most fatal, for there Iturbide, afterwards the liberator of his country, was stationed, and after a severe contest, completely routed the insurgent army. Morelos retreated to Puruaran, where he was again beaten. Matamoros was taken and shot. After this, the bloody system, of reprisals was unrelentingly carried on. This was the commencement of a long series of misfortunes to the republican cause. Another Bravo and Galeana perished by the hands of the executioner; the congress was dispersed; but, undismayed, re-assembled in the forests of Apatzingan, and sanctioned the constitution known by the name of their retreat. Iturbide's activity surprised and nearly annihilated this body.

Morelos, in attempting a junction with Teran and Guerrero, his own force having been reduced to 500 men was surprised by Don Manuel Concha an active Spanish officer, and after vainly seeking death, was taken prisoner. He was brutally used by the soldiery, but Concha behaved to him with the kindness due to a brave man in adversity. He was conveyed to San Augustin de las Cuevas, where he was examined by the Oidor Battaller,

who had long rendered himself odious to the Creoles, by declaring, that "so long as there was a Manchegan mule or Castillian cobbler in New-Spain, no Creole was fit to govern it." With such a magistrate little ceremony was used, and Morelos was shot on the 22d of December, 1815, dying, as he had lived, with a most dignified firmness. His dying address to his Creator was brief and touching. "Senor, si he obrado bien, tu lo sabes; y si mal, yo mi acojo a tu infinita misericordia." (Lord, if I have done well, thou knowest it; and if ill, I trust to thy infinite mercy.)

To be continued.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the Journal of Health.

TIME FOR SLEEP.

Sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," is well known to be essential to the existence of man. Those who are long deprived of a necessary proportion of it, have their health impaired, and not unfrequently the period of their existence abridged.

Many would appear to imagine that provided a certain number of the twenty-four hours be passed in sleep, it matters little how or where such repose is obtained. This, however, is a very gross error. The accommodations of the night, equally with the occupations of the day, exert a very powerful influence upon the health and well-being of the system.

Night is evidently the period appropriated by nature for repose, and general experience has proved that it is the only one during which we can with certainty obtain that sound, sweet, and refreshing slumber, so necessary for the preservation of health. Sleep during the day is, indeed, on many accounts a pernicious practice, which should be carefully avoided, excepting under particular circumstance, of disease, or when a sufficient amount of repose cannot be obtained at the natural periods. This, however, does not apply to infants. For the first months after birth, a healthy child sleeps full two-thirds of its time. This propensity requires to be indulged by day as well as by night; but, with judicious management, it may be brought in a short time, to require and enjoy repose during the latter period only. Young children, when fatigued by exercise, will also, in general, be found inclined to sleep during the day from indulging them in a short repose, under such circumstances, no bad effects can result, provided their clothing be perfectly loose, so that every part of their bodies is freed from bands or ligatures.

The popular maxim, "early to bed and early to rise," is one which should be rigidly observed by every individual. It has been remarked that, in the natural state, the disposition to sleep usually comes on soon after the commencement of darkness; and according to the oldest and most accurate observers, three or four hours sleep before midnight is very nearly as refreshing as double that portion in the morning. Persons who spend the day in manual labour, or active exercise in the open air, with great difficulty keep awake for a few hours after the night has closed in; and this disposition to early sleep is, perhaps, one of the strongest indications of perfect health.

The studious are noted for their disregard of "the regular hours of rest." The solemn stillness of night, inviting to those pursuits which require a fixed attention, and a connected series of thought and reasoning, leads the first into the habit; which is subsequently strengthened by the circumstance of intense application of the mind, uninterrupted by sufficient and appropriate exercise, producing a state of nervous irritability inimical to sleep. Hence the student first to leave his midnight lamp for a couch which he can only occupy in a state of restlessness. Let him, however, relinquish his nocturnal studies, at seek, during the natural period, that repose which his mind and body alike demand—appropriating "the hours of early morn" to study, and the residue of the forenoon to exercise, and we are well-served, that while his progress in the pursuit of knowledge would be in no degree retarded, he will be the gainer, not merely in the enjoyment of more perfect health, but in the increase of clearness and vigour of his intellectual faculties.

It has been very correctly remarked "that the atmosphere of the night is always more vitiated, and consequently less fit for respiration, than that of the day; and as we respire a greater portion of air while awake than in a sleeping state, it follows that from these, independent of other causes, the system is more liable to injury in the former than in the latter state."

Early rising is equally important to the health of the system as early rest. On no account should any one permit himself to again slumber, after the moment of his first awaking in the morning, whether this happen at the early dawn, or before the sun has risen; even though from accident or unavoidable causes he may not have enjoyed his six or eight hours of repose. It is much better to make up the deficiency, if necessary, at some other time, than to attempt taking another nap. Whoever shall accustom himself thus to rise, will enjoy more undisturbed sleep during the night, and awake far more refreshed, than those who indolently slumber all the morning.

Even this second nap is, however, by no means so injurious to health as the practice of continuing in bed of a morning, long after waking; nothing tends, especially in children, and young persons generally, more effectually to unbrace the solids, exhaust the spirits, and thus to undermine the vigour, activity, and health of the system, than such a practice.

Let any one, who has been accustomed to lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by five or six, spend an hour or two in walking, riding, or any active diversion in the open air, and he will find his spirits more cheerful and serene throughout the day, his appetite more keen, and his body more active and vigorous.

Rees, in his life of Dr. Kippis, attributes the uninterrupted health of the latter, to habits of early rising, as well as to the uniform regularity and temperance to which he had been accustomed from his youth. It may be added, that, however different in other respects may have been the habits of those who have been remarkable for their longevity, they were all early risers.

The habit of early rising is one of great importance in reference to the health of young persons: when commenced in the first years of life, it will be persevered in from choice. "Hence," to use the language of an experienced writer, "while under the eye of parents and guardians, children may be taught to rise constantly at a certain hour, which will render it more easy for them to persevere in the habit, after they are removed from under that controul. If no disease or accident intervene, they will need no further repose than that obtained in their first sleep, which custom will have caused to terminate, of itself, just at the usual hour, and then, if they turn upon the other ear to take a second nap, they will be taught to look upon it as an intemperance, not at all redounding to their credit."

No one should retire to rest immediately after a full meal, or in an agitated state of mind. Indeed, after a light supper, at least two hours ought to elapse before bed-time; and as a requisite for sound and invigorating repose, it is necessary to banish all anxious, gloomy, or depressing ideas and thoughts, and every species of mental exertion. To the same intent, every circumstance calculated to excite the senses should be removed. The pernicious practice, adopted by many, of reading in bed until they fall asleep, is particularly to be avoided. In place of this dangerous expedient to invite sleep, it would be more salutary to walk up and down the room for a few minutes, or to partake of any other gentle exercise. Fortunately, however, the individual who lives a life of temperance and virtue, and partakes daily of sufficient active exercise; requires no opiate to lull him to repose:

— "On him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double sweetness descend."

PRIDE.

Diogenes, being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards, meeting with some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "And this also is pride."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From Sharpe's London Magazine, for September.

THE BETROTHED.

(Continued.)

Cynric pursued his way in loneliness and gloom. He had parted from Lucy—perchance—for ever! and was, at that moment, bent upon an adventure, which might end in bloodshed and murder. Lucy was right when she said that he was leagued with fearful men. He was, indeed, connected with a gang of smugglers, whose daring exploits held the inhabitants of the hills in terror, from Aberdowen to Aberdovey,—a wild upland tract extending several miles on the south-east coast of Merioneth-shire. It was to meet these lawless men that he was now hastening: for they had fixed upon that night to run a valuable cargo of spirits. Cynric's acquaintance with these men had been of long standing; and he had frequently connived at their illicit dealings, by allowing them the occasional use of his uncle's barns and outhouses; and it was rumoured among the peasantry, that he had actually been out with them on more than one perilous expedition. It is very certain that he was exceedingly attached to all marine exercises; and it was a strong trait in his character, that he delighted to sail about the beautiful river Maw, in stormy weather. In spring-tides, as soon as there was sufficient water to lift the little skiff, which belonged to his uncle; and, when the wind was blowing hard off the land, alone and unaided, he would seek the middle of the river, and there buffet the breeze in all the daring hardihood of his daring nature; taking about, and sporting hither and thither in imitation of the swift and buoyant circlings of the sea birds by which he was surrounded. In all the mysteries of boating, "Wild Cynric," as he was called, was an especial adept; and at Barmouth, when the hardy fishermen of that little port were afraid to venture out, he has gone over the Bar, and back again, despite their anxious endeavours to restrain him.

It is probable that Cynric's acquaintance with the smugglers would never have ripened into a closer intimacy, but for the unfortunate affair at Duffryn; or some other wild adventure, which would have driven him into concealment. As soon as he knew that there was a warrant out against him, rather than implicate his comrades in the fray, he fled at once to claim the protection of those whom he had himself so often befriended; and this he did the more hastily, in consequence of a quarrel he had recently had with his uncle, respecting Lucy. He was, as may be expected, received with open arms by the gang, who sympathised very cordially in his misfortune, emphatically imprecated his prosecutors, and very heartily wished all magistrates and their minions at the devil.

The place of rendezvous, on the present occasion, was in a wild ravine, just below that most wretched of all wretched hamlets—Llwyngwrl, and about six miles from Garthmeiran. This was a noted haunt of the gang; but it was so inaccessible, that *there* they were always secure. The ravine ran up from the water's edge between two lofty and rugged ridges of rock, terminating at the base of a very abrupt and lofty cliff, round which wound a path so narrow, that none but a wild goat, or a practised cragsman could safely tread it. At high water the tide ran up the ravine to a considerable extent; and a broad ledge of rock on each side served as a very convenient quay for the purposes of the smugglers. Nature still farther contributed to their convenience by the formation of a natural cave or hollow in the rock on one side of the ravine, which no great labour enlarged, so that it constituted a habitation, and a storehouse admirably calculated for its lawless occupants.

There was a wild beauty in this lonely spot, on the night to which we have referred. As the night advanced, the tide rapidly increased; and with it the wind arose, at first, moaning plaintively among the rocks, and then rushing in swift gusts up the ravine, and dashing the foaming breakers against its rugged boundaries. The smugglers had lighted torches, the bickering flames of which, as they were blown about by the wind,

cast a fitful and lurid glare upon the uncouth forms that were moving about by the waterside. At the mouth of the cave, which was just beyond the high water-mark, they had kindled a bonfire of brushwood and gorse, and this crackled and blazed, as it was fanned by the night wind, which sent the flame higher and stronger as the fuel became more extensively kindled. The vessel, a small schooner, called "*The Kite*," was moored as high up the ravine as the water would allow, with her cargo on board, and every thing ready for sailing at a moment's notice; and the creaking of her timbers, mingled with the screams of the cormorants and sea-gulls, did not detract aught from the wildness of the scene.

The anxiety for Cynric's arrival was increased as the hour of embarkation drew near. Already was the tide at the full, before he was seen slowly descending the path which led from the hills to the defile; and no sooner had they caught a glimpse of his darkened figure, than the vessel was instantly manned; and in less than five minutes, Cynric and his crew being all on board, she was under weigh, with all her canvass crowded, and right before the wind, sending the spray from her bows, as she bounded through the waves, in a shower of liquid silver.

In rather more than an hour "*The Kite*" neared the point Abermenai, a mile westward of which was the miserable hamlet, destined for the reception of her cargo; and, without any obstacle to their progress, the smugglers cast anchor in the little bay, which bounded the hamlet on the side nearest the sea. Their vessel was anchored in such a situation as to enable them to land their cargo without the assistance of the boat, by forming a line from the ship to the shore. The business of unloading began, and was conducted with all possible celerity and secrecy. Tub after tub was handed to their comrades on the strand, and deposited safely in the carts which had been brought to receive them. Nothing was ever managed so skillfully, or seemed to promise so well; when, just before they had finished, the glare of a torch which had been lighted, flashed upon one of the men on the beach, and revealed to the astonished smugglers the person of a well known revenue officer! Fifty hands were clutching at his throat in an instant; and cutlasses flashed in the dubious torch-light, while some cocked their pistols to revenge upon this bold intruder the stratagem which he had thus daringly used. No sooner, however, was this anticipated discovery made, than a large posse of officers, without a dozen soldiers, rushed forward, and, rescuing the gauger, stood ready to defend the prize of which they had so cleverly possessed themselves. But the smugglers were not inclined to give it up so readily, and they, also, hastened towards the beach to regain their goods.

Cynric, whose hot blood was quickly on fire, stood foremost amongst his comrades, and was immediately recognised by some of the opposite party. The gauger, a daring fellow from Pwllheli, opened the parley. "Now, I tell you what, my fine fellows, we don't want to touch any of your lives, or harm your limbs; all we want is the tubs we have heled you to run; and you shall have your schooner into the bargain—so take yourselves quietly off, and leave us the cargo."

"We will see you d—d first!" bawled a dark-mouthed fellow; "and if you don't give up the goods you have cheated us of, we'll pepper your jackets with a few pills that you won't like."

The gauger whispered to those who stood near him, and then addressed himself to Cynric. "We did not expect to find you in such company, Mr. Owen; but you may be of service to these men, if you will persuade them to take the terms we offer. You see our party is strong, and well prepared for the worst; and I suppose you know the penalty of resisting his majesty's officers in the execution of their duty?"

"His majesty's devils!"—shouted the former speaker, before Cynric could reply. "We don't care for his majesty, or you either; and so, my lads, let's to work, and have a whack at the gauger!" He made a rush forward as he spoke, followed by one or two of his comrades, and the next instant he fell weltering in his blood, and completely transfixed with the excise-man's cutlass. All

further parley was at an end, and the conflict became general. The uproar that ensued was wild and terrible. The crowded state of the combatants—their irregular and impetuous mode of fighting, with the curses and yells, mingling with the clashing of swords, and the occasional report of fire-arms, created a scene of horror and confusion. It was some time before the soldiers could form themselves into line; but when they did so, they commenced a regular fire, which proved awfully fatal to the smugglers. Several were killed, many were wounded, while those, who could, fled to the schooner, and were allowed to escape. On the other side, two men were slain, and several wounded, but the gauger, who was a very devil in the *melee*, escaped unhurt. Not so, our unfortunate friend, Cynric. A musket ball passed through his arm, which, although it did not break the bone, caused him nearly to faint from pain and loss of blood. He was, of course, with many others, apprehended; and, before morning, he was safely lodged in the strongest dungeon of Caernarvon Castle, a part of which was at that time used as a county jail.

The intelligence of this adventure spread rapidly among the hills, and was conveyed—with all the marvellous additions, which it had acquired on its journey—safely to the knowledge of Lucy Morgan. Poor Lucy heard the account with dismay; but not with astonishment. Sad forebodings had haunted her mind, since her last interview with Cynric; and now that her suspicions were confirmed, and the dreadful result revealed, although she bore the shock better than if it had been entirely unexpected, still her heart could not bear up entirely against the torrent of grief which now overwhelmed it. "I do not—I cannot hate him," she said, as she rose from old Lowry's arms. "He is Cynric—my Cynric still; and all this crime has been brought upon him by others, and not by his own heart. I am pledged to love him; and love him I will, even to—" she could not proceed, but sinking shudderingly on Lowry's bed, she sought, in a troubled slumber, a temporary alleviation of her sorrow.

Time passed on, and the summer assizes drew near. Never before or since was the great town of Caernarvon so crowded with company on such an occasion; for Cynric's situation had excited the interest of all classes. At length, the important day arrived, which was to decide Cynric's fate in this world; and he stood at the bar in a situation than which none can be more terrible. I have heard my aunt Martha say—for she, with many other ladies, was in court—that she had seldom looked upon a handsomer man than he was; although confinement and the workings of his proud spirit, had somewhat dimmed the sparkling fire of his dark eye—and cast a shade of shame and melancholy over his fine and manly features. He stood erect and firm, and pronounced, when challenged, the words "Not Guilty," in a tone which would have carried conviction to the hearts of all but a judge and jury. In less than three hours the trial was at an end; and the jury, without retiring, gave in their verdict—"Guilty!" There were many tears shed in court that day. The foreman of the jury sobbed when he pronounced the fatal word; the judge was moved when he heard it; and, in his charge to the unfortunate prisoner he wept, as my aunt said, like a tender maiden. Amongst them all the prisoner himself was unmoved—even the sentence itself, pronounced as it was with the tremendous faltering of strong agitation, caused no other emotion than a slight compression of the lips and a momentary flashing of that still sparkling eye. There was no blanching of the cheek—no hurried beating of the heart—although only one short week remained between Cynric and the scaffold.

All this time poor Lucy had been suffering severely from sickness. A violent fever, the result of all this misfortune, had kept her hovering between life and death; and she had but just begun to leave the house when Cynric's trial took place. Of its result she had no doubt; she had made up her mind to the worst; and all that she wanted was to see him once more before a violent and disgraceful death should destroy him. Her father had been with him very often; and if Cynric did entertain

any hostile feeling towards his kinsman, it was now completely eradicated by that kinsman's unwearied kindness.

Pryce Morgan did not attempt to dissuade his daughter from visiting her condemned lover; and he obtained permission from the magistrates to allow their interview to be private. Cynric was apprized of the day, and even of the hour; and he waited in fearful impatience for its arrival. Lucy came—but an! how changed and wasted! Her features—“pale as monumental marble”—and appearing almost deathly from the contrast of her deep mourning—were expressive of the most withering sorrow. Her form, still, indeed, beautifully graceful, was but the shadow of its former self; and her blue eye, once the betokener of love and joy, was now dimmed and faded, and spoke only of hopes withered, and of happiness destroyed. We will not profane the sanctity of that meeting, by intruding upon its privacy. Supported by her father, Lucy entered the cell, and supported by her father she quitted it; and many a weary day passed by before a smile was seen to play again upon her melancholy and care-betokening features.

The day of execution was fast approaching, and Cynric seemed perfectly reconciled to his fate. “Hope” had long since—“withering, sighed farewell!”—and the Bangor Gazette was full of commiseration at the magnanimity and resignation of the prisoner. At an early hour on the morning of the fatal day, the gaoler, accompanied by the clergyman, who had been assiduous in his attendance on Cynric since his condemnation, repaired to his cell—but it was empty—Cynric had escaped!

Concluding next week.

MISCELLANY.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

THE UNICORN.

In the physical world, some of our secrets are disappearing; and though Captain Parry failed to find out the pole, and we believe, with that worthy navigator, that the world have been dreaming from the beginning, and that there is no pole; and though Captain Ross will go further and farther, yet things are turning up now and then that our most benevolent scepticism cannot resist. But among other plunders of the imagination, they are going to rob us of the unicorn. For two thousand years and upwards, a short date in the history of human quarrel about nothings, the sages of this world have been doubting and deciding on the existence of this showy creature. Pliny would have sworn to his having all but seen it, and he would have sworn that too, if any one had taken the trouble to ask him. Kircher, and a few of the German naturalists, and black-letter fools—every naturalist and black-letter man being more or less a fool—dug up the question out of the pit of Teutonic dullness, and ever since, every traveller beyond the Needles, has had his theory, which was quite as good as his fact, and his fact, which was quite as good as his theory.

The topic perished in Germany, being stifled under Professor Bopp and Sanscrit, Professor Seidler and Scepticism, Professor Jahn and Jacobinism, and the whole was feather-bed suffocation of Professor Kotzebue and Comedy. But in England it was endeared to us by associations “dear in every truly British hear,” as the chairmen of our tavern parties say over their third bottle. We had seen it for ages gallantly climbing the slippery heights of the kingly crown on show boards, carriages, transparencies, theatres, and the new, matchless, hydro-pyrick, or fiery and watery fairy palace of Vauxhall. It met us in every material from the gilt confitures of Bartholomew fair, to the gold plate of the “table laid for sixty,” at St. James’s. All the dilettanti were immersed in the great national question of its shape and features. Mr. Barrow, in a journey of exploration, which extended to three miles beyond the cape, believed that he saw it, but strongly doubted its existence. M. Vaillant never saw it, nor believed that any one ever did, but was as sure of its existence as if it had slept in his bosom, and been unto him as a daughter. Mr. Russel had one which he milked twice a day, and drove in a carriage to visit the

Queen of Madagascar. Doctor Lyall is writing a quarto from Madagascar, to deny the statement in toto; admitting, however, that there is a rumour of the being of some nondescript of the kind in the mountains, somewhat between the size of the elephant and the Shetland pony; but that he and we think the subject matter will turn out asinine. But how a Mr. Ruppell, after a long sojourn in the northeast of Africa, comes at once to cheer and dishearten us by the discovery, that in Kordofan, if any one knows where that is, the unicorn exists; stated to be of the size of a small horse, of the slender make of the gazelle, and furnished with a long, straight, slender horn in the male, which was wanting in the female. According to the statements made by various persons, it inhabits the deserts to the south of Kordofan, is uncommonly fleet, and comes only occasionally to the Koldagi Heive mountains on the borders of Kordofan. This, it must be acknowledged, is a sad falling off from the rival of the lion, that we have honoured so long in the arms of England. But we sincerely hope, that by the next arrival, it will not degenerate into a cow, or worse, a goat. But he tells us, that to our knowledge of the giraffe he has added considerably. He obtained in Nubia and Kordofan five specimens, two of which were males and three females. He regards the horns as constituting the principal generic character, they being formed by distinct bones, by a very obvious suture, and having throughout the same structure with the other bones. In both sexes one of these abnormal bones is situated on each branch of the coronal suture, and the male possesses an additional one placed more anteriorly, and occupying the middle of the frontal suture. The anomalous position of this appendage furnishes a complete refutation of the theory of Camper with regard to the unicorn, that such an occurrence was contrary to nature, and proves at least the possibility of the existence of such an animal. Professor Camper is an ass, of course; but when are we to expect any thing better from the illustrious of the land of sour-kroust? Give a Doctor Magnificus his due allowance of the worst tobacco, and the worst beer in the world, with a ream of half-brown paper, and a Leipzig catalogue to plunder, and he will in three months write any subject dead—smother the plainest truth with an accumulation of absurdity, astonishing, as the work of a creature with but two hands—and prove that the earth is but a huge oyster in which Germany is the pearl; or that man is only a reclaimed baboon, of which all the wit is centered in Weimar.

ILLUSTRATION OF SOME OLD PROVERBS, &c.

“*Az*.” To ask. This word which now passes for a mere vulgarism, is the original Saxon form, and used by Chaucer and others. See “*Tyrwhitt's Glossary*.” We find it also in Bishop Bale's “*God's Promises*.” “That their synne vengeance *azed* continually.” Old Plays i 18. Also in the “*Four P's*,” by Heywood, “And *azed* them this question than.” Old Pl. i. 84. An *azing* is used by Chaucer for a request. Ben Jonson introduces it jocularly:

“A man out of wax,
As a lady would *az*.”

Marques, vol. 6, p. 85.

“*Between the Cup and the Lip*.” The proverb that many things fall out between the cup and the lip, is a literal version of one in Latin. *Multo inter pocula ac libra cadunt*. The origin of which was as follows:—A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he should never taste the wine produced in it. The monarch disregarded the prediction, and when at an entertainment he held a glassful of his own wine made from the grape of that vineyard, he sent for the slave, and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now; to which the other replied, “Many things fall out between the cup and the lip,” and he had scarcely delivered this singular response, before news was brought that a monstrous boar was laying waste the favourite vineyard. The king, in a rage, put down the cup which he held in his hand, and hurried out with his people to attack the boar; but being too eager, the boar rushed upon him and

killed him, without having tasted of the wine. Such is the story related by some of the Greek writers, and though evidently apocryphal, it certainly is productive of a good practical moral.

“*In the merry pin*.” This is said of those who have drunk freely and are cheerful in their cups. Among the ancient northern nations, it was customary to drink out of large horns, in which were placed small pins, like a scale of distances, and he who quaffed most was considered as a toper of the first magnitude, and respected accordingly. The merry pin was that which stood pretty far from the mouth of the horn, and he who, at a draught, reduced the liquor to that point, was a man of no ordinary prowess in bacchanalian contest.

“*Under the Rose be it spoken*.” The rose being dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, to engage him to conceal the amours of Venus, was an emblem of Silence; whence to present it or hold it up to any person, in discourse, served instead of an admonition, that it was time for him to hold his peace; and in entering rooms it was customary to place a rose above the table, to signify that what was there spoken should be kept private. This practice is described by the following epigram:—

Est rosa floris Veneris cuius quo facta laterunt,
Harpocrati matri dona dicavisti Amor;
Inde rogamus moniti hoc per te sapienter amicus
Convivitis et sub ea dicta tacenda scitis.

Potter's Ant. Græcæ.

“*Cant*.” This word which is now generally applied to fanatical preachers, and hypocritical apprentices in religion, derives its name from two Scotch Presbyterian ministers, in the reign of Charles II. They were father and son, both called Andrew Cant; and Whitelocke in his “*Memoirs*,” p. 511, after narrating the defeat at Worcester, in 1651, says, “Divers Scotch ministers were permitted to meet at Edinburgh, to keep a day of humiliation, as they pretended, for their too much compliance with the King,” and in the same month, when Lord Argyll had called a parliament, Mr. Andrew Cant, a minister, said in his pulpit, that “God was bound to hold this parliament, for that all other parliaments was called by man, but this was brought about by his own hand.”

“*An't please the Pigs*.” In this phrase there is not only a peculiarity of dialect, but the corruption of a word, and a change of one thing for another. In the first place, *an* in the midland counties, is used for *if*; and pigs is evidently a corruption of *Pyx*, the sacred vessel containing the host of Roman Catholic countries. In the last place, the vessel is substituted for the power itself, by an easy metonymy in the same manner as when we talk of “the sense of the house,” we do not mean to ascribe intelligence to a material building; but to the persons in it assembled for a deliberate purpose; the expression therefore signifies no more than “*Deo volente*,” or God willing.

“*Bumper*.” In many parts of England any thing large is called a bumper. Hence a bumping lass is a large girl of her age, and a bumpkin is a large-limbed, uncivilized rustic; the idea of grossness of size entering into the idea of a country bumpkin, as well as that of unpolished rudeness. Dr. Johnson, however, strangely enough deduces the word bumpkin from bump; but what if it should prove to be a corruption of bombard, or bombard: in low Latin, bombardus, a great gun, and from thence applied to a large flagon, or full glass. Thus the Lord Chamberlain says to the porters who had been negligent in keeping out the mob,

“You are lazy knaves:
And here ye lie, bawling of bombard, when
Ye should do service.”

Shakespeare, Hen. VIII, Act. 5. Scene 3.

“*Baiting of bombard*” is a term for sitting and drinking, which Nash in his “*Supplicacyon to the Deuyll*,” calls by the like metaphor, “*bear baiting*.” So Shakespeare again in the “*Tempest*” says,

“Yond same black clud, yond huge one,
Seems like foul bombard, that would shed his liquor.”

Temp. st, Act. 2. Scene 2.

Which Theobald rightly explains thus: “A large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called.”

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE IDIOT.

The heart, in many instances is a better judge, even of propriety of manners than the judgement. The judgement, in cases touching the conduct of individuals, is perhaps often too severe; for example, we are apt to regard with equal contempt the behaviour of the weak and the silly, without considering, that under the zero of reason there are many degrees before the human intelligence sinks to that of the animal instincts. At least it is charitable to believe so, and it cherishes amiable sentiments to inculcate that doctrine.

Every reader of dramatick history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madam Chairon, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French stage by his representation of the father struck with fatality on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms. Perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionick tragedy is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding, amidst the gradations of idiocy. The various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility which lie there unknown, Genius, in some gifted moment, may discover. In the meantime, as a small specimen of its undivulged dramatick treasures, we submit to our readers the following little anecdote.

A poor widow, in a small town, in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to danger or self-defence.

He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried the table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature, so far below the standard of humanity, was nowhere ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal.

He was sensible of his mother's kindness and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, as he kissed them, numbed a kind of a mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way he held her firmly back and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her Idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sung the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" in a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from

the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifted two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sang with a wild and heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal pal-lal."

THE GATHERER.

THE LOST DRAGOON.

It is not generally known that underneath the walls of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a range of gloomy vaults in which are entombed many of the illustrious dead of the Irish capital. This cemetery has been for many years shut up; and about the time when it began to be disused, the melancholy and affecting circumstance happened which I am now going to relate. An officer of the 4th Dragoons who had enjoyed the affections of a fair Hibernian maid, and whilst every preparation was making for that consummation most devoutly to be wished for by an attached and youthful pair, chanced to be on guard at the Castle. Lounging about in his uniform, and exhibiting to the admiring eyes of many a love sick damsel his handsome person, set off with all

"The pomp and panoply of glorious war,"

a funeral procession passed him; and seeing that the remains of some person of consequence were about to be consigned to their parent earth in a private and unostentatious manner, curiosity prompted him to follow in the melancholy train. The procession took the direction of the College, and, passing under the archway, arrived at the entrance to the vaults. Here was seen the last of a gallant soldier. He was missed from his guard; his place at the mess-table (which he used to enliven with his hilarity and good humour) remained empty that evening. The following morning his mistress, in the figurative language of the East; "dropped the anchor of hope in a harbour of anxiety;" and conjecture was at a stand still to account for his protracted absence. Months, rolled, a year passed, still no tidings of the absentee. At last another funeral wended its way to the Trinity vaults. The mourners descended into their dark recesses. In passing along one of the sepulchral galleries, their feet crushed the mouldering bones of a skeleton. Imagine their astonishment when they observed beside it a steel casque and rusted sabre. On examining the bones, the flesh seemed to have been eaten off them by voracious rats. The sword belt and pouch were also nearly devoured, and after a great deal of speculation as to the identity of the unfortunate individual, who evidently had strayed into the vaults on a former occasion, and lost himself in their gloom, had been starved to death, and finally devoured, it was eventually found out to be the young and ill-fated dragoon.

A TRESPASS ON TIME.

Doctor S. of Massachusetts, was a very eccentric old fellow. He had one day set out to visit a sick man who lived at some distance, and got nearly half his journey, when, in conversation with the person who had been sent for him, he chanced to inquire the age of the patient. "He is eighty years old," replied the other. "Is he so old?" rejoined the doctor; "then he has already lived ten years upon trespass, and I won't go another step." He coolly turned about his horse, and in spite of all the entreaties and remonstrances of the other, went home without seeing the patient.

[N. Y. Constellation]

EQUALIZATION.

A ragged Irish emigrant, a few years since, was arguing strongly in favour of an equal division of property in this blessed land of his adoption. "Well, suppose such a division should take place," said his opponent, "how much do you think would fall to your share?" "Why, I don't know justly," replied Teague, "but I should suppose something like two thousand dollars, more or less." "Well, what would you do with your portion when you

had got?" asked the other. "Why, I 'm the man that would live well on 't, wouldn't I?" rejoined the Irishman. "And when that was gone, what would you do next?" demanded the other. "What would I do next?" returned the equalizing philosopher, "why, what should I do, my jewel, but be after having another division?" [Lb.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1829.

30—New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

AGENTS FOR THE MASONICK RECORD.

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George Plitt, esq. Editor of the Independent Republican, Downingtown, Pennsylvania.
D. Buckwater, P. M., Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.
E. P. Langdon and George Strawhover, esqrs. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Woodbridge Parker, Salem, Indiana.

TRIAL OF ELIHU MATHER. The result of this trial, of which we informed our readers last week, has put to flight some of the most sanguine and longest indulged expectations of the proscriptionists. Their fruitless attempt to establish a precedent against the civil rights of members of the masonic fraternity, and their utter failure to maintain the slightest of their slanders against the character of the institution, have turned their most plausible theories topsy turvy, and brought confusion upon all their calculations. To have excluded masons from the jury, because they were mason, without any other disqualifying circumstance, would have gratified their fondest hopes—it was a measure by which they sought to, and imagined they could, under the protection of the law, cheat honest men of their rights, and by strengthening the prejudices of the people, sustain their own political fortunes; but they were disappointed—they were confounded, beaten, routed, by their own forces and with own weapons.

The trial of Mather, to his serious injury, was delayed from time to time, evidently with the view to afford his persecutors, and the enemies of masonry, an opportunity to gather together their strength,—and the systematick opposition persevered in towards such of the pannel as were masons, shows that the opportunity was improved. Seeding masons were brought forward to testify concerning certain features of masonic obligations, in the hope that they would sustain the construction put upon them by anti-masons—but they did not—their testimony, and all the testimony elicited relative to masonry, was directly favourable to it. The result proved that those who cry out against the institution for political purposes, will not maintain their assertions when under oath.

There is a report of all the important features of this trial in the Rochester Craftsman, the whole or a part of which we shall publish next week.

THEATRE. A splendid and interesting drama, called *Masaniello*, and founded upon the extraordinary story of the Neapolitan fisherman of that name, has been twice performed at our Theatre, the present week; and it affords us much pleasure to say, that it proved sufficiently attractive to draw goodly numbers to both pit and boxes. The scenery is rich and beautiful throughout the play, and during the last act, at the close of which is a representation of Vesuvius during an eruption, it is grand and imposing. Our readers are undoubtedly familiar with the story of *Masaniello*, and they will have a tolerable idea of the drama founded upon it, when we inform them that its most interesting and wonderful incidents are introduced upon the stage. The part of *Masaniello* was sustained very creditably by Mr. Webb, though we think there was much room for improvement, and we have too high an opinion of that gentleman's talents and ambition, to believe he will remain stationary far short of perfection. The part of *Fenella* (the dumb sister of *Masaniello*) was admirably performed by Ms. Barnes, (this lady, it is allowed, is equal, if not superior, to any actress upon the American stage; and it seems that

little strange to us, that, generally speaking, the theatre has been poorly attended during her engagement. We understand that she will take a benefit on Monday evening, and we hope, our citizens will brush up their wonted liberality, and give her a bumper.) The character of Giuseppe Aniello was sustained by Mr. Vernon, with the genuine humour for which he is distinguished; we can find fault only with his singing—the song is a very good one, and he had a desire to sing it as it should be sung, but his voice would not let him. We cannot say any thing in favour of Mr. Fielding's Alphonzo; but the Sergeant, by Mr. Forrest, was very well done.

We did intend to speak of some other performances, but "time and tide wait for no man," and therefore we can not do it. We may however say that Roberts had a very good benefit on Monday last, considering that the day was a rainy one. He burlesqued Richard third, and played Paul Shack. His burlesque called forth thunders of applause—which seemed to imply that every body thought it was good. It was a medley of seriousness and humour, the novelty of which was its chief merit. We think Vernon is superior to Roberts in Paul Shack.

An anti-masonick almaack-making Pennsylvania parson, in fitting up the year 1830 for his friends and customers, is said to have made it three months longer than its predecessors. The anti-masonick office holders must be excessively obliged to him for thus stretching their official existence—especially if they work by the job.

ST. ANDREW'S CELEBRATION. On Monday evening last, the St. Andrew's society, met at the United States Hotel, to celebrate the anniversary festival of its patron saint. After transacting the usual business of the society, the members, together with several highly respectable guests, sat down to a supper prepared by Mr. Whelpley, in a spacious room, the table was loaded with the choicest products of the country. At the head of the table stood "Scotland's Emblem," an elegant imitation of the Scottish Thistle, presented to the society by Mrs. Taylor, of Troy.

After the cloth was removed, the following toasts were given from the chair:

1. The day and a' who honour it.
2. The land o' cakes and brither Scots.
3. The President of the United States.
4. The King of Great Britain and Ireland.
5. The Governor of the State of New York.
6. The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Albany.
7. Benevolence—the best of social virtues—it never frowns on misfortune, nor shuts the door against the foreign stranger.
8. Our adopted Country—supported by virtue and cherished by science. May we show it our attachment by ever observing the Scot's creed, "Tell na kais, repeat na grievances."
9. The memory of Hamilton and Clinton—their names their best epitaph.
10. The Scot's Thistle—may its motto, like its colour, ever be green in our memories.
11. Education—the strongest pillar and brightest ornament of a Nation.
12. The memory of Burns.—Truly might he say, that the Poetick Genius of his country found him as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at his plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him—She bade him sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his Native Soil.
13. The bonnie lassies on both sides o' the water.

VOLUNTEERS.

By the President. Our absent members.

By the 1st Vice President. The laud we live in—they who don't like it may leave it.

By the 2d Vice President. The memory of Lachlan Stewart, late manager of this society.

By P. Bullions. The advancement of learning and religion—the best source of national greatness, and the best security of civil liberty and social happiness.

By the Treasurer. The needy—may they always find money in our purses, and benevolence in our hearts.

By the Secretary. Scotchmen's American sons, though proud of their own native land, may they never cease to venerate the land of their fathers.

By Dr. P. M'Naughton. The Hickory and Thistle—may they long continue to flourish in the same soil.

By a Guest. Modern classical literature—Scotland its Greece, Edinburgh its Athens.

By Mr. Denio. (a guest.) The St. Andrew's Society—as a band of happy brethren may it long exist to celebrate each returning festival—and as a benevolent society, may it persevere in the blessed work of doing good, by helping the needy, relieving the distressed, and making glad the heart of the widow and the fatherless.

By Daniel M'Glashan. The Thistle—Scotland's proud emblem—although transplanted from its native soil, it flourishes with renewed verdure, for the dew from our mountains have nourished it.

By Robert Boyd. The memory of our deceased presidents, Brown, Ramsey, Reid, and Pearson.

By Mr. Yale. May the chilling blast of adversity never bring us so low, nor the wings of prosperity ever raise us so high, as to make us forget the distresses of our fellow creature.

By Thomas Daniels. The Duke of Wellington—may he be as successful in conquering the religious prejudices of his countrymen as he has his enemies.

By Mr. Chalmers. (a guest.) The fair sex—may they never feel want, nor wear a frowning brow.

By James Aikin. The Highlandman's three crowns—the crown of his beard, the crown in his pocket, and the crown of the cassey.

By M. M'Pherson. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—no milder, many workmen, and a fair wind.

By John F. H. The pride of Scotland—the cultivation of their soil.

By N. Lee Jay, being called on for a sentiment, rose, and made the following remark:

Mr. President—asmembled as we are this evening, to commemorate the birth day of the patron saint of Scotland, I beg leave to propose the health of an individual whose name is no less identified with his and our native country; an individual, the mention of whose name must awaken feelings of pride and gratitude in the breast of every Scotchman; an individual who has brought forth in *Scots' Reliques* as it were, every attribute of Scotland's "wild, wild, grandeur"—every heroic action and noble daring which characterized the "stern forefathers of our race," and every fragment of "antiquity" which illustrates the spirit of his native Caledonia, and raised it, like himself, to a proud eminence, commanding the wonder and admiration of the world. I mean "The Great Unknown"—"The Mighty Magician"—"The Lion of the North"—Sir WALTER SCOTT—may he be blessed with many years of prosperity and happiness, and be enabled to continue those labours, which already justify the world in regarding him the greatest writer any age or nation has produced.

After the President (Mr. M'Harg), Mr. Archibald Campbell and Mr. Robert Lloyd (who were among the original founders of the society) had retired, their healths were severally drank with three times three.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

William Harg, President.
James Walker, 1st Vice President.
Peter Smith, 2d do. do.
Rev. Peter Bullions, Chaplain.
Dr. Peter M'Naughton, Physician.
Duncan M'Kercher, Treasurer.
Alexander Cameron, Secretary.
James Aikin, Assistant Secretary.
Lachlan M'Pherson, James Taylor, James E. Rodgers, Thomas Daniels and Alexander Gray, Managers.

We copy the following list &c. of the churches in this city from the Daily Advertiser.

Reformed Dutch, N. Pearl, and Beaver and Hudson, 2
Episcopal, State, and Ferry and Darius, 2
Presbyterian, South Pearl, Chapel, Montgomery, and N. Market, 4
United Presbyterian, Chapel and Fox, 1
Reformed do. N. Pearl and Orange, 1
Lutheran, Pine and Lodge, 1
Baptist, Greene and Hamilton, 2
Cath. do. Pine, Chapel and Lodge, 2
Methodist, Division, corner of Chapel and Columbia, 1
Universalist, Herkimer, 1

Six of the churches are of stone, and five of them are of the first class of buildings.

Seven are of brick, and of these three are of the first class. The Quakers or Friends, have a congregation which worship in a large room in Mr. Merchants' building, building, corner of State and Lodge streets.

There are three congregations of Methodists. The second of which worship in Mr. Mend's building corner of Chapel and Columbia streets. They have recently purchased three lots of ground on the northwest corner of the same streets, as a site for a church. The third congregation are colored people, and worship in a building in State street continued. They are now erecting a church near where they at present worship.

Names of the Clergymen of the several Churches.

Dutch Reformed, Dr. Ludlow, Mr. Ferris.
Episcopal, Dr. Lacey, Mr. Bury.
Presbyterian, Mr. Weed, Dr. Sprague, Mr. Williams, Mr. Kirk.
United Presbyterian, Mr. Martin.
Reformed do. or Cameronian, Mr. Christie.
Lutheran, Mr. Mayer.
Baptist, Mr. Welch, Mr. Paul.
Catholic, Mr. Smith.
Methodist, Mr. Green, Mr. J. J. Matthias.
Universalists have no settled pastor.

VARIETIES.

New-York Observatory. The New-York city council have resolved to elevate the cupola of their city hall, and to convert it to the uses of an observatory. Four transparent dials are to be placed in it, which are to be illuminated at night. The sum of \$1500 appropriated for the purchase of a turret clock, an astronomical clock, and a transit instrument, all of which are nearly completed. The Mercantile Advertiser in relation to the subject, observes—"We may congratulate our fellow citizens, particularly our commercial and nautical men, on the progress thus far made towards the establishment of an Observatory; and we hope, ere long, to felicitate our scientific men throughout the country, on a further appropriation by our corporation, for the purpose of a Theodolite, an Azimuth Compass, and such other instruments as may be required to complete the first public observatory in the western world!"

Emigration. The editor of the St. Louis Beacon, Missouri, says "All accounts and opinions agree, that the emigration of the present year exceeds any thing ever before seen in this quarter. Travellers say that the roads are filled with moving masses. The two great routes are by Louisville and Vincennes, and by Ford's Ferry, or Shawnee town. At this place we see a constant succession of wagons and vehicles, besides the arrival by steamboats. They come in good time: the abundance and excellence of every species of crop being unprecedented even in this land of overflowing plenty."

Fossil Relics. In excavating the canal near Nashport, through the ridge dividing the waters of Licking and Wakatomaka, some of the remains of the mammoth have been discovered—such as the tusks, grinders, and some of the smaller bones.

Mr. J. G. Budd, of London, has proposed to make for the city of Philadelphia, a statue of Washington, in lithargite, or artificial stone used in England, and considered as durable as marble.

Mr. O'Connell, the great Irish Catholic statesman, has declared himself against the French liberals, considering them opponents of christianity, and persecutors of the Catholic clergy.

Cobbett has purchased a share in the London Morning Journal, the paper which has been prosecuted by the Duke of Wellington.

The whole of the first edition of Mr. Cooper's new novel, though large, was disposed of in London, on the first day of publication.

The British papers talk of locomotive engines running 39 miles an hour on a railway.

The natives of British India have petitioned parliament for admission to all the privileges of British subjects—admission to office, &c.

Mr. Genet and M. Thomas, of New York, propose to build life boats and sea vessels which shall not sink.

At Nantucket, and some other places, it is the practice for all the males to go out to church first.

*This gentleman has recently resigned his pastoral charge.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Sprague, Mr. PHILIP K. COLE to Miss FRANCES CAROLINE PARMELE, all of this city.

DIED,

At Savanna, Georgia, of the 15th inst. ALONZO W. KINSLEY, of the firm of A. W. Kinsley & Co. type founders, of this city. Mr. Kinsley had for a long time been in ill health, and left here a few days ago with the delusive hope of improving it. He was a man of amiable feelings, and great goodness of heart; and was high in the love of his friends and in the esteem of the publick.

SCHOOL & CLASSICAL BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

HILLIARD, GRAY & CO. BOSTON.

Most of the following Books are used in the principal Schools and Colleges in the different states of the Union: many of them have been highly recommended in the principal literary Journals, and numerous recommendations have been received from instructors of the highest standing. Instructors and school committees who are not acquainted with these works, are invited to examine them; they are generally stereotyped, especially the elementary books, which ensure uniformity and accuracy in the different editions: Independent of their literary merits, the superior execution in respect to paper, printing and binding, will be found to be an additional recommendation. Liberal terms given to wholesale purchasers.

THE AMERICAN FIRST CLASS BOOK, or Exercises in Reading and Recitations, selected principally from modern authors of Great Britain and America, and designed for the use of the highest class in public and private schools, by Rev. John Pierpont, 12mo.

EASY LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY & HISTORY, designed for the use of the younger classes in the New-England schools, 3d edition enlarged and improved, to which are prefixed the Elements of Linear Drawing, by Joseph Allen, minister of Northborough, Mass. 12mo.

GREEK GRAMMAR, for the use of schools, from the German of Philipp Buttmann, edited by Edward Everett, 2d edition, 8vo.

GREEK GRAMMAR, principally abridged from that of Buttmann, for the use of schools. 12mo.

THE FRENCH PHRASE BOOK, or Key to French conversation, containing the chief idioms of the French language, by M. L. Abbe Bosaut, 16mo. 2d ed.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ANCIENT AND MODERN GEOGRAPHY, to which are added rules for projecting maps, and the use of the globes, accompanied with an ancient and modern atlas, by J. A. Cummings. 10th edition revised and improved, 12mo.

THE PRONOUNCING SPELLING BOOK, adapted to Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, in which the precise sound of every syllable is accurately conveyed, in a manner perfectly intelligible to every capacity, by J. A. Cummings, a revised and improved edition.

CUMMINGS' FIRST LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY AND ASTRONOMY, with seven maps and a view of the solar system, for the use of young children.

CUMMINGS' QUESTIONS on the New Testament, for Sabbath Exercises in schools and academies, with four maps of the countries through which our Saviour and his apostles travelled.

COLBURN'S FIRST LESSONS, or Intellectual arithmetic, upon the inductive method of instruction, by Warren Colburn, A. M. Stereotype edition.

COLBURN'S SEQUEL to Intellectual Arithmetic, upon the inductive method of instruction. 12mo.

COLBURN'S INTRODUCTION TO ALGEBRA, upon the inductive method of instruction. 12mo.

THE COMMENTARIES OF C. J. CÆSAR on the Gallic War, with English notes and a geographical index for the use of schools and academies; edited by F. P. Leverett, principal of the public Latin school, Boston.

THE CHILD'S COMPANION, being an easy and concise reading and spelling book, for the use of young children, by Caleb Bingham, A. M. M. T. CICERONIS ORATIONES, Quædam Selectæ, Nisi Anglice Illustratæ, in usum Academicæ Oxoniensæ, Editio quarta, Emendatior, et tabulis Analyticis Illustrata, Edited by Charles Folsom, 12mo.

EL TRADUCTOR ESPAÑOL, or a practical system for translating the Spanish language; to which are added observations on the modes generally pursued in learning languages, by Mariano Cubi i Soler, 2d edition, corrected, revised and improved, 12mo.

LE TRADUCTEUR FRANÇAIS, or a practical system for translating the French language, to which are added observations on the modes generally pursued in learning languages, by M. Cubi i Soler, 2d edition 12mo.

(Catalogue to be continued next week.)

Orders received for the above books, by W. C. LITTLE, Albany.

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED. The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the publick to his patent SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD. This article, yet but imperfectly known to the publick, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself, with the size, strength and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire—to boarding-house keepers—to masters of vessels—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 183 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy.

CHESTER JOHNSON.
New-York 1829. 40 y1

NEW AND SPLENDID JEWELRY WATCHES, CLOCKS &c.—Just received, a large supply of mosaic, cameo, pearl, toz, jet and gold earrings, of new patterns, diamond pins and finger rings, pearl, cameo and jet do, patent lever, anchor escapement, fine tuning and common gold watches, silver do. and a large and good assortment, ladies watches and establishments, musical, alabaster and marble clocks, and a large assortment of beautiful chains, seals and keys. Also, music boxes, some playing 3 tones and very superior, now opened and for sale at 436 South Market st. by

CHAUNCEY JOHNSON.
Nov. 21. 51.

POETRY.

For the American Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

WRITTEN IN A GRAVE YARD.

The shadows of the evening fade
Around me as I wander here ;—
Life seemeth as a coronal
Whose flowers have fallen pale and sore.
Fond Memory—alas, alas!
What can it from these ruins gather?
Time spoileth as a blade of grass
All which the heart would cherish rather.
I see but ruin as I go,
Above me are the eternal skies,
Around me naught but shapeless wo
Which darkens to my weary eyes;
Beneath me is the mingled dust
Of brethren and the earth, they lie
Calmly in death's untrifling trust,
With face expectant of the sky.
I wish that I might melt away
From life, with all its thronging fears,
Here with the dear ones all to lay,
The loved of youth's unshadowed years!
O! bellowed, what of them remains;
O! sweet the harvest now they reap;
For they were men of toil and pain,
E'er they had laid them thus to sleep.
Beloved ye are with the Lord,
And fain I would be with ye now,
For care hath its full vials poured
Upon this weary wasted brow;
Broken affections silken tie—
Life's birds and flowers have fled away—
And the soul pointeth toward the sky,
Where death may not untimely slay.

VARRO.

From the Youth's Record, Feb. 1830.

THE TORN HAT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his uncherched, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unexpressed by sadness—
Which brings to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.
And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most—
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like musick trill,
And I in sadness hear it all,
For like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now—
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he musick heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air
As if some dream were passing there—
Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face,
And, like a long forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meanings trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which pass me on those golden wings
Which time has fettered now—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentle cast,
That was too innocent to last.
'T is strange how thought upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardour straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrill

Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And, on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

From the New England Weekly Review.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word!—no sound!—and yet a solemn rite
Proceedeth 'mid the festive lighted hall.
Hearts are in treaty—and the soul doth take
That oath, which unabsolved must stand till Death,
With icy seal, doth close the scroll of life.

No word!—no sound!—and still yon holy man,
With strong and graceful gesture, hath imposed
The irrevocable vow; and, with meek prayer,
Hath sent it to be regist'ed in heaven
Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crowned bride,
What means the sight that from thy ruby lip
Doth 'scape, as if to seek some element
That angels breathe?

Mute!—Mute!—'tis passing strange!
Like necromancy all. And yet 'tis well:
For the deep trust with which a maiden casts
Her all of earth—perchance her all of heaven,
Into a mortal hand—the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,
Her more than brother, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been meted out in words,
Or weighed with language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's hearts,
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time,
As cheerily as though the pomp of speech
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
Where flowers fade not, and death no treasured tie
Hath power to sever more—ye need not mourn
The ear sequestered and the tuneless tongue;
For there the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MARIA GRAY—A SONG.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Who says that Maria Gray is dead,
And that I in this world can see her never?
Who says she is laid in her cold death bed,
The prey of the grave and of death for ever?
Ah! they know little of my dear maid,
Or kindness of her spirit's giver!
For every night she is by my side,
By the morning bower, or the moonlight river.
Maria was bonny when she was here.
When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling;
Her smile was sweet, and her mind was clear,
And her form all human forms excelling.
But O! if they saw Maria now,
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
To ravished mortal eyes unveiling.
The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers—
It is all of beauty and of sweetness—
So my dear maid, in the heavenly bowers,
Excels in beauty and in meekness.
She has kissed my cheek, she has kempt my hair,
And made a breast of heaven my pillow,
And promised her God to take me there,
Before the leaf falls from the willow.

Farewell, ye homes of living men,
I have no relish for your pleasures—
In the human face I nothing ken
That with my spirit's yearning measures.
I long for onward bliss to be,
A day of joy, a brighter morrow;
And from this bondage to be free,
Farewell then world of sin and sorrow.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

BY H. J. FINN.

Deep mists hung over the Mariner's grave
When the holy funeral rite was read;
And every breath on the dark blue wave
Seemed hushed, to hallow the friendless dead.
And heavily heaved on the gloomy sea,
The barque that sheltered that homeless one—
As though, his funeral hour should be,
When the waves were still, and the winds were gone.
And there he lay, in his coarse, cold shroud—
And strangers were round the coffinless:

Not a kinsman was seen among that crowd,
Not an eye to weep, nor a lip to bless.

No sound from the church's passing bell
Was echoed along the pathless deep,
The hearts that were far away, to tell
Where the Mariner lies, in his lasting sleep.

Not a whisper then lingered upon the air—
O'er his body, one moment, his messmates bent;
But the plunging sound of the dead was there—
And the ocean is now his monument!

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moral character. Designed for the use of Schools. Price 75 Cents.
Recommending it. Having examined the "American Reader," recently
published by L. & G. Merriam, of Brookfield, we cordially recom-
mend it, as a School Book to be used by higher classes in common
schools. It contains a judicious, choice, and valuable selection of
pieces from standard writers. The moral tendency of the selection we
consider highly salutary. While it is calculated to assist the pupil
acquiring the art of reading, it will also furnish him with many valu-
able hints in regard to the formation of character. The merit of the
compilation, when known, will, we think, secure for it extensive cir-
culation.

THOMAS SNELL,
JOSEPH VAILL, Jr.,
ALVAN BOND.

April, 1830.]

Letter to the Compiler.

Hartley Nov. 25, 1830.

Dear Sir,
I have examined the copy of the American Reader you sent me.
The selection of the materials appears to be judicious, and I think
possesses merits superior to any work of the kind which has fallen
under my observation.

GEO. NICHOLS.

Proctor of Hopkin Academy.

From the Massachusetts Yeoman. "The American Reader is
handsomely printed duodecimo. It is the greatest part of a col-
lection of elegant extracts from some of the best English and American
writers, in prose and poetry. Many of the pieces are of very great
publication giving to the book an interest which is wanting in any
other similar work. We think it will be found exceedingly well
adapted for the use for which it is designed. It is certainly an interest-
ing and useful work for families, and even for literary readers."

From the Boston Recorder. "The character of the book may be es-
timated by the writers chosen by the compiler. Among the English
are Jane Taylor, M. A. Hemans, Mrs. Ogle, H. K. White, Montgomery,
Barton and Pollok. Among the Americans are W. Irving, Deane,
Wheeler, W. B. Whipple, Way and Dwight, Humphrey, Wadsworth,
Beecher, Willis, Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Francis. The whole com-
prises a very judicious and choice selection."

From a Notice of the Work. "This compilation, in point of merit
and execution, is, in our judgment, superior to any recent publication
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sideration of School Committees, and hope it may be extensively circu-
lated."

THE FOURTH CLASS BOOK: Containing Lessons in Reading,
for the younger classes in Schools. Price 20 Cents.

This little work contains a selection of Reading Lessons, adapted to
the capacities of young scholars, and admirably calculated to interest
and instruct them.

It has gone through three editions, within fourteen months from its
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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1829.

NO 46

MASONICK RECORD.

IMPORTANT TRIAL OF JURORS.

Reported for the Craftsman.

ORLEANS CIRCUIT, NOV. TERM, 1829.

Hon. ADDISON GARDNER, Presiding Judge.

THE PEOPLE } Indictment for Conspiracy to Kidnap William
vs. } ELIHU MATHER, } Morgan.

Counsel for the People—Hon. John C. Spencer, Special Attorney, assisted by Hon. Albert H. Tracey and J. B. Cline, esq.
For the Defendant—Gen. Vincent Matthews, Col. D. D. Barnard, and W. M. Adams, esq.

William Loomis and Simon Glendon were sworn as jurors, without objection.

Jonathan French, challenged for favour, sworn and pronounced competent, the previous jurors acting as triers.

Amos Cliff, challenged, same triers, and excluded on the testimony of Jonathan French.

Jonathan Follett, challenged, same triers, sworn and pronounced competent.

Charles Kelly, challenged, same triers, sworn and pronounced competent.

Stasael Church, challenged, same triers: Seymour Murdock called as a witness—Church had said that such persons as helped carry Morgan away, such as Mather and others, ought to be punished—such as drove the carriage.

Jarvis, himself, says he said the guilty should be punished; does not recollect naming Mather; probably did. Rejected.

Wesley Hood, challenged, same triers: Elbridge Farwell called as a witness—Hood had said such men as Elihu Mather and others, who were active in the abduction of Morgan, ought to be punished. Rejected.

John Phelps, challenged for cause, rejected by the court.

Epaphras Pennell, challenged for favour, same triers. Zimari Perrigo called as witness—Pennell said Elihu Mather was guilty, and ought to be punished. Jarvis sworn—had no recollection of saying that Mather was positively guilty. Had said that if the circumstances related about Mather were true, he must be guilty. He had not, however, made up a positive opinion. Rejected.

Luther S. John, challenged and sworn. He said he had formed a qualified opinion. If reports were true, he considered Mather guilty—did not, not guilty. His opinion would be given entirely by the testimony. He had no bias or prejudice against the accused. He had heard and read much about the abduction of Morgan. Admitted.

Daniel Reid, challenged and sworn. Thinks he has expressed an opinion that Mather was concerned in the Morgan business. Rejected.

William Sherwood was called, challenged, and rejected.

Wm. Ballard, challenged by Mr. Spencer, was sworn and rejected.

ROBERT ANDERSON was next drawn, and challenged on the ground that he was a member of the masonic institution. The challenge was reduced to writing, when it was demurred to by the defendant's counsel. The demurrer was sustained by the court, who overruled the principal cause of challenge. He was then challenged for favour, and the same triers appointed to decide. Jos. A. B. Brown was called as a witness on the part of the people. Witness is a royal arch mason, and knows defendant and Anderson to be such, and has met with them as companions in Gaines chapter. There are lodges, chapters and encampments; in lodges the members are called "brothers," and in chapters "companions." A mason must have belonged to a lodge before he can become a member of a chapter. The professed object of masons is CHARITY and BENEVOLENCE, and the chief of it, "fraternity in the professed object in chapters and lodges. The charity of masons is first directed to those belonging to the order. Witness does not recollect one fourth of the obligations he has taken. There is a point in the royal arch obligation like this: "that the member will aid and assist a royal arch mason; witness knows of no exception or qualification to this oath; and that I will aid and assist a companion royal arch mason; whenever I shall see him engaged in any difficulty, so far as to extricate him from the same, whether right or wrong." There is a "sign of distress," known to "masters," not in chapters, but a royal arch mason must have been a master. Witness was taught in the lodge to give this relief as a mason, and knows of no qualification to this obligation, if there is a probability of rendering assistance—knows of no obligation, by which one mason is bound to prefer another to himself, in case of life and death. Cross Examined—was admitted to the lodge in 1820, in Elbridge way, and to the chapter in January or February 1827, at Gaines; the obligation was verbal, and administered by Dr. Jesse Beach. A part of the obligation is, that the member "will sooner have his head smote off than repeat any part of the obligation then taken," which point Anderson says he has repeated to persons who were not masons; the obligation commenced "in the name of Almighty God and these royal arch masons, I swear," &c.—cannot say whether there was any explanation promised to be given—was given at the time—was requested to attend afterwards and receive instructions relative to the obligations he then took, which were four in number—once attended, and did hear explanations—the obligations were repeated, but not explained—when admitted he expected to be sworn to keep secrets. Does not recollect any obligation to obey the laws of the country, as a good citizen—cannot say there is not—there may have been—does not recollect any clause in the obligations of the four degrees conferred upon him in his chapter. His impression is, there was none.

Daniel Pratt, sworn on behalf of the people. Robert Anderson and Elihu Mather lived near neighbours together for three or four years—were good friends and on good terms, but did not visit each other more than other people—Anderson was not more intimate with Mather than with some others, and less than with some of his acquaintances. Cross Examined—Mather moved away two years ago.

Archibald L. Daniels, sworn on the same side. Lived two and a half miles from the former residence of Mather, and three and a half from that of Robert Anderson. His testimony did not vary from that

of Pratt. There was not a more particular intimacy between Anderson and Mather than in some other cases. To the question, "whether from intimacy there has been in his opinion a particular attachment between these parties," to which an objection was raised by the counsel, and overruled by the court, witness answered he should judge there had been an apparent friendship—no more, however, than between Mr. Anderson and other men in the neighbourhood. Cross Examined—Elihu Mather and witness were good friends as Mather and Anderson, and witness and Anderson were good friends.

Here the special counsel rested, and Robert Anderson was called by the defendant and sworn. There is a clause in the royal arch mason's oath, which is, without doubt, qualified similar to that stated by Doctor Brown. The obligation witness took required him, when he saw a royal arch mason in a dispute or quarrel with another person, to endeavour to get him away, by giving him a particular sign, whether he be right or wrong IN THAT QUARREL—such was the obligation as administered to witness—has heard the obligation often administered, and never without the explanation or qualification—THERE IS NO A SOLITARY SYLLABLE REQUIRING A MASON TO GIVE A VERDICT FOR A MASON AGAINST LAW AND EVIDENCE!

but on the contrary, all obligations, charges, and lectures, require him to OBEY THE LAWS—links the oath expressly require this. Witness was present when Doctor Brown became a royal arch mason, and is confident the obligation administered to him was explained and qualified as above stated. There is a feeling of friendship existing between members of churches and societies, and the same among masons; but extends no further. In the last case, than the former, BUT THIS IS ALL. Witness has not been more intimate with Elihu Mather than with Pratt—a distant intimacy—they were political friends—backsliders—never ate a meal in Mather's house, nor Mather in his, but once, has been his ball twice, but James Mather promised to indemnify him—has been more intimate with the two Mathers, Pratt, and Daniels than with others—they were all political friends, and this was the ground of their friendship. Cross Examined—has probably said at first that he did not believe Morgan was carried off against his will—at first thought, though I might be possible that it was a trick between Morgan and Miller—has no opinion now that Morgan was in the carriage—has participated in the feelings of masons generally on the subject. The qualification alluded to was contained in the oath, and the qualification contains the words "dispute or quarrel"—knows there is such a qualification and thinks it is in the oath—thinks there is in the obligation a clause requiring obedience to the laws—knows that this duty is enjoined in the charges, lectures, &c. There is an obligation to support the constitution of the state chapter, but whether it is in the oath or lecture witness cannot say—thinks it regards the paying dues: there is an obligation to observe signs and summonses. Seven oaths are required to be taken to constitute a member of the chapter. Witness is a knight templar—Mather is not. The qualification is given at the same time with the oath, if it is not in it. Witness is now of opinion that Morgan was carried off: the opinion that Mather did not know that Morgan was in the carriage was formed very early, at the time he was a candidate for the assembly, thinks all the evidence leaves the matter doubtful. If Morgan was in the carriage, thinks Mather must have known it. Witness has made up no opinion so as not to give testimony its true weight, and thinks the guilty should be punished. Witness is so much objected to that he should not feel right to be on the jury—does not think that he has any bias which would lead him from the testimony or law—has formed no particular opinion whether Morgan was in the carriage or not, does not know that he has expressed an opinion that Mather knew Morgan was in the carriage.

Isaac W. Averill, called on behalf of the people. Is not a member of the society of freemasons, but has been—was a member of Gaines chapter—the obligation he took was "Whenever I should see a companion royal arch mason engaged in any quarrel or difficulty, that I would fly to his relief, and extricate him from the same, if in my power, whether right or wrong"—the obligation, as to obeying a sign or summons, in substance, is, "If a sign of distress, or summons, be given, sent or thrown, he should render assistance"—has but a faint idea of it, however. Cross Examined—The explanation or qualification is always given as soon as the oath is ended, and as to assistance, it is given to the witness, thus: "If I see a royal arch mason engaged with any other person, in the street or elsewhere, or in any quarrel against the peace of the state, that I should immediately go to him and get him away from that particular place, not inquiring whether he was right or wrong." This is always given at the time of administering the obligation—has heard it often. The explanation or obeying a summons is this: When a royal arch mason is sick, or in a case of fire, and gives a sign or summons, it is the duty of the initiated to assist if he can, without injury to himself or family—the explanation is always given in the course of taking the degree. The first charge given always is that a mason should be a GOOD AND LOYAL SUBJECT—no duty is enjoined to protect treasons from the law—no obligation to preserve each other's secrets on all subjects and on all occasions, any further than those of the lodge.

Milton W. Hopkins, sworn on behalf of the people. Has been a freemason. One obligation is, "I furthermore promise and swear that I will obey all regular signs and summonses given, handed, sent, or thrown from a brother mason, or a regular constituted lodge of the same." There is no qualification to this. Another is, "I furthermore promise and swear, that I will fly to the relief of a brother mason whenever I see the grand hall sign of distress, or hear the word appended thereto, if there is a greater probability of saving his life than of losing my own." Another is, "I furthermore promise and swear, that I will aid and assist any needy brother mason, finding him worthy, their widows and orphans, wherever dispersed around the globe, so far as their wants may require, and my circumstances will admit, without injury to myself or family." A fourth is, "I furthermore promise and swear, that I will apprise a brother of all approaching danger, so far as lies in my power." There is no qualification to the first, second, or fourth clause—none of them are explained

at the time they are administered to me in any time, except from what they purport to mean—charges are always given at the time—charges are given which would seem to contradict the tenor of the oath—had this impression when he took the degree, but now sees that he was blinded by the charge to the real purport of the oath. Witness has not gone beyond the master's degree; the obligations are uniform, and there is a sign of distress given by motion or words. Cross Examined—Is a seceding mason—renounced masonry three or four years since, and has not met with a lodge since 1826—was made a mason in Jefferson county, in 1817, and was soon after elevated to the master's degree—has looked at books on this subject, but could repeat the obligations when the first book was published. His eyes were blinded when the oath was taken, but were not when the charge was given. The charge relates to his duty as a mason, and instructs him to be charitable and a good citizen; it inculcates justice, prudence, temperance, and civility; one of the obligations witness has taken upon himself is, "I furthermore promise and swear, that I will keep a brother mason's secrets, knowing him to be such, when delivered to me in charge, and that they shall remain as secret and inviolable in my breast as his own: murder and treason excepted, and that at my own election." Has heard this obligation administered in this town (Barnes, Orleans county). Witness considered the oath the most solemn thing he ever took upon himself; but has since discovered the charge blinded him to the nature of the oath; discovered this long ago before the charge; the candidate is told that his oath is not to interfere with the religion or politics; the first charge is to be a good and loyal subject, and the candidate is enjoined to support the laws. The charges are lightly and improperly. Witness has repeated these things often; the name of the Supreme Being is used in the oaths; masons are required to keep secrets; the charges are short.

Green Nickelson, called on the part of the people. Witness was made a mason in Gaines lodge—recollects the obligations, which are substantially the same as represented by the last witness; they differ a little in words but their import is the same. The charges are more inculcations, without referring to the oaths. Cross Examined—the charges made more impression than the oaths, and explained his duty as a mason. He was charged to be a good citizen, and obey the law; had no other impression at the time, and did not think himself under any obligation to protect or commit crime. When he examined the matter afterwards, he thought differently, and that by the literal reading of the oath he was bound to commit crime: and found nothing in the charges which would exonerate him from that obligation.

The case was ably summed up by the different counsel; the Judge charged the triers, who returned as their verdict, that the juror was not indifferent, and ROBERT ANDERSON was consequently REJECTED.

The name of Stephen Martin, jr. was next drawn from the jury box, and was challenged for cause.

Elbridge Farwell, sworn as a witness. Juror had said he believed the carriage carried Morgan, that Mather drove it, knew Morgan was in it, and was guilty.

The juror was sworn as a witness. [An offer was made to prove that his opinion was made up in a way, which would, if offered, before triers, show that the juror ought not to be excluded. To this the defendant's counsel objected, and called for the opinion of the court, on the facts proved by them, unless the special counsel offered to prove facts contradictory to those sworn to by the preceding witnesses. This was overruled, and the Judge decided that the witness should go on, in order to determine if his testimony would reduce this challenge from one for cause to one for favour, and if thus reduced, it should be tried by triers.] Witness says he has now no settled opinion in any other way than from history and common reports, in no case obtained from the witnesses. If the circumstances should be done away by evidence, then his belief would be changed; he should not consider the defendant guilty. If the circumstances should not be proved as reported, it would reverse his belief. Juror rejected.

Jos. Baker, was challenged for cause, sworn and rejected.

JOHN DOLLY was challenged by the counsel for the people, and ordered to stand aside for the present.

Moses Bacon, challenged for cause, was sworn, and said he was afraid Mather was guilty—rejected.

JOSHUA RAYMOND was challenged by the counsel for the people. Eliah Wright called as a witness. Heard Raymond say that he believed Morgan was gone off, and was now absent by his own consent. Cross Examined—Should think the declaration in earnest; it was made this morning; cannot say who commenced the conversation, several persons were present.

Hiram Sirkles, sworn. Says Raymond declared himself as related by the preceding witness, some time ago.

Alexis Ward, sworn. Says Raymond said he did not think Morgan was carried off against his will, and was peddling his book. [Here counsel for the people asked the court on his evidence to decide against the juror, the challenge being that he had expressed an opinion, but was overruled.]

The juror was called by counsel for defendant. Has never formed an opinion of the guilt or innocence of Mather. This morning, when blackguarded, he said they, the masons, had not carried off any body yet against his will; has stated this often when run upon. Sometimes done so because he thought those who questioned him meant to be rude; has not declared this to the above witnesses, as his real opinion. Rejected.

JOHN FREEMAN, challenged for cause. The court decided against the challenger, and the juror was then challenged for favour. Juror examined, says he has a belief that Mather was engaged in carrying off Morgan—has had it long. Cross Examined—if this belief were not proved correct on the trial he should give it up—but now believes from all he has heard, that Mather drove the carriage and is guilty. The case was argued before triers, and the juror rejected.

JOHN DOLLY called again, and challenged for cause, the first challenge for favour, being withdrawn. Juror sworn. Says he has not

* Which, being interpreted, means that he belongs to that honourable fraternity, RENOUNCING MASONS.

* The witness probably meant to say, before the obligation is administered.

formed an opinion. Expressed an opinion a week ago; was asked by Dyer Sprague whether Mather ought to be punished, and answered immediately that he ought not. *Cross Examined.*—Did not make this expression on purpose to get off the jury, but thought of it at the time, believing that Sprague's object was to get him to disqualify himself as a juror; was about to give a reason for his expression to Sprague, but saw he was in liquor and went off; meant to be understood that he had not formed any decided opinion, whether defendant ought to be punished, although he had expressed one; considered Mather innocent until proved guilty. *The challenge was overruled,* and the juror was again challenged for favour, and the challenge sustained, notwithstanding the objection raised by the defendant's counsel, that it had once been withdrawn. *Ern H. Beach and Silas P. Halsey* were agreed on and sworn as triers.

Harvey Chubb, sworn on the part of the people; knows John Dolly.

Joseph R. Brown, sworn on the part of the people. Knows John Dolly, and thinks he is a mason, but cannot say he is higher than a master mason. *Cross Examined.*—Knows it in no other way than sitting in a lodge with him. If Dolly were not a mason, he could not have got into the lodge, without deceiving the Tyler. A committee is usually appointed to ascertain by signs and tokens whether a visitor be a mason, or not; thinks Morgan's book, from reading nearly half, generally correct, and contains signs and tokens. A man acquainted with the book might have got into a lodge five years ago; thinks he saw Jachin and Boaz, a book professing to contain a mode of making masons.

Juror sworn for the people. Is a freemason, and has taken eight or nine degrees; is a royal arch companion, and has met with the defendant in the chapter as a member. Did not see him make a mason, and knows not where he was initiated. Witness has lived in the vicinity twelve years; the lodge at Gaines was organized soon after he settled here; witness was then a royal arch mason. He knew the defendant in the chapter soon after it was organized.

Dr. Brown called again. According to his own knowledge and experience it is necessary in order to be made a mason that a person should take upon himself a solemn obligation or oath. Witness received four degrees at Gaines, the last of which was that of a Royal Arch Mason. The obligation he took as to assisting a brother, he narrated as before and knows of no qualification to this part of the obligation; this and every distinct part or point of the obligation begins with, "I furthermore promise and swear." No explanation of the oath was given, at the time it was administered to him. The three first degrees are, "entered apprentice," "fellow craft," and "master mason," and are under the jurisdiction of a lodge, there are four degrees, conferred in the chapter, viz. "mark master," "past master," "most excellent master," and "royal arch"—these four together form the chapter, and to each of these degrees there is a separate obligation, and separate signs and tokens of recognition. Witness never sat in any other chapter than that at Gaines, and has been in the four lodges in the county of Orleans: he has met persons residing out of the county who made themselves known to him as masons—not by tokens or signs—they were strangers who visited and sat in the same lodge with himself; again, others have made themselves known to him as royal arch masons, by one of them asking a question, and the other answering it—the words by which these masons made themselves known to him were the same as were taught him in the chapter at Gaines, for the purpose of making himself known to other royal arch masons whenever he met them; he, by reason of their addressing him in the words referred to, did look upon them as royal arch masons, and did receive and converse with them as such. The direct question—"have you made yourself known to others by the same words as a royal arch mason, and been received and treated by them as such?" was objected to, but the objection being overruled by the court, the witness answered it in the affirmative; and says further, that if the question, as asked in the chapter, should be asked Dolly, supposes Dolly could not answer it without his being a royal arch companion, and if he did answer it correctly, it would entitle them to receive each other as members of Gaines Chapter; if they were not so as to communicate by words, there are signs which would enable him to recognize him as a companion—others might make accidentally the same signs—there are signs by which one mason below the degree of a companion can inform another that he is in distress. *Cross Examined.*—The royal arch obligation is administered to three at a time; *Sheriff Benton* and *Mr. Whitney* were sworn with himself; he was told at the time he should receive instructions and explanations afterwards; in all the previous degrees, that the charge, explanation, address, counsel, or advice, accompanied each degree, explaining the duty of a mason in that degree, and the reason why the several ceremonies were gone through with in that particular manner; in the outset it is enjoined as a duty to obey and respect the laws—the use of the sign of distress was explained to mean that in case of real distress the sign might be given, and relief obtained or afforded; witness was instructed never to give it except in cases of real distress, or when his life was in imminent danger, unless he was in the body of a lodge, or in some by and secure place, for the benefit of the craft—this is a part of the obligation itself; in the charge is a reference to this point in the obligation by which the candidate is solemnly enjoined not to use the sign of distress on any other occasion; for the first degree there is a charge laid down in a book, which is always read when the first degree is conferred, requiring the candidate to obey the laws, and walk upright before all men and masons; in the master's degree prayers are used and the scripture read, and also in the royal arch degree. All lodges are opened and closed with prayers. Witness knows nothing in masonry in words requiring any disobedience, or distance to the laws, or the protection of crime—no such thing was imposed upon him, as he understood it; never heard the royal arch mason's

^a Thus read our notes—the witness probably meant to say, as royal arch mason.

obligation but once; does not recollect the word "quarrel"; only states it from recollection; has had acquaintance only with two royal arch masons out of his own chapter. In the master's obligation there is a clause that runs thus: "I furthermore promise and swear, that I will support the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York; and I furthermore promise and swear, that I will obey the by-laws, rules and regulations of this lodge, or of any other lodge of which I may become a member"; thinks the same clause is in the royal arch mason's obligation; never conceived any obligation imposed on him to commit crime, and does not now; now thinks the obligations may lead to the commission or protection of crime. *Cross Examined.*—Whether the obligations would produce mischief or not depended upon construction and interpretation—he did not understand them to countenance crime.

Remainder at next week.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

NEW-YORK.

At an annual meeting of the members of *Ark Lodge*, No. 271, in Coeymans, December 7, 1829; the following brethren were elected for the ensuing year:—

Seth Hawley, Master; W. V. B. Heermance, Senior Warden; Charles Bartlett, Junior Warden; John Van Slyck, Treasurer; John Bartlett, Secretary; Caleb Green, Senior Deacon; Storm Truesdell, Junior Deacon; Simeon Losee, Master of Ceremonies; Olney F. Wright, and Jacob Sharp, Stewards; Philip P. Conne, Tyler. Russell Judson, Silas Holbrook, Joseph Hoyt, and Henry Adams, Committee of Charity; Tallmadge Fairchild, William Kirtland, James C. Lisk, and Anthony M. Van Bergen, Committee of Investigation; George Reed, Joseph Street, Abner Wakely, and Wm. Wheeler, Committee of Finance.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Officers of Phoenix Lodge, No. 62, in Schuylkill Township, Pa., elected Dec. 5, 1829:—

James White, Master; Jacob Rossiter, Senior Warden; Holsten Hardin, Junior Warden; Thomas Crandol, Secretary. John Morgan, Ellis Lewis, M. D., Jonathan Thomas, Samuel Shearer and Isaac Z. Coffman, M. D., Past Masters. Regular communications, Saturday preceding full moon.

HISTORICAL.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

(Continued.)

Morelos had anticipated that the formation of a congress would, by forming a point of union, have ensured concert among the insurgents scattered over remote parts of the country. And he was right, if the congress could have maintained its authority. After its escape from Iturbide, it was safely conducted by General Bravo to Tehuacan, where Teran had his head-quarters; disputes between its members, however, so soon began, that that officer dissolved it so early as the 15th of December, seven days before Morelos' death. Each of the insurgent chiefs now acted independently, so that the Viceroy was enabled to crush them successively; and availing himself of these successes, wisely proclaimed an amnesty, which was joyfully accepted by many. Teran, after a series of brilliant operations, was obliged to avail himself of this lenity. Rayon was made prisoner as well as Bravo. Victoria retired to the mountains, and lived without intercourse with human society for eighteen months; and, we believe, Guerrero alone maintained a small but respectable force among the fastnesses of the south.

The affairs of the revolution was thus languishing, when the gallant Mina landed, on the 15th of April, 1817, with a small but determined band of foreigners to aid the cause of independence. The moment was a most unpropitious one, for the only co-operation on which this young hero could calculate was that of a few predatory bands that ravaged the country, under chiefs of the degraded character of Padre Torres, of whose infamy and atrocities Robinson has given a lively portrait in his account of this ill-fated expedition. In addition to this, Mina was a Spaniard, and the Creoles doubted his sincerity in establishing that independence to which all of them still fondly clung.

Mina landed with only 359 men and officers, of whom 50 under the command of Colonel Perry abandoned him shortly afterwards. One hundred were left to garrison a small fort at Soto de la Marina, under the orders of Major Sarda, while the enterprising chief himself determined to make the attempt to traverse the continent, in order to effect a junction with one or other of the insurgent corps

in the very centre of Mexico. On his march he first defeated 400 cavalry, and afterwards a force of 980 European infantry and 1100 Creole cavalry. His whole force in this last action amounted only to 173 men, yet the route of the royalists was so complete, that the cavalry were not heard of for four days. Marching on, he effected, on the 22d of June, a junction with an irregular corps. Another victory crowned his valour; but it was unfortunate that he seized the property of the Marquis Jaral, and that his depot at Soto de la Marina was carried by assault. The tide of fortune now turned, failure followed close upon failure, and his followers were reduced, chiefly by death, to fifty. With this little corps he attempted to assault Guanajuata at night, was unsuccessful, and having been surprised at a hacienda, in which he had sought refuge, was taken prisoner, and after the most brutal treatment from Orrantia, the Spanish commandant, was shot in July, 1817, in his twenty-eighth year. All the other insurgent chiefs were either destroyed or pardoned by July, 1819, except Guerrero, whom we have already mentioned; so that there was the most confident hope among the royalists that the legitimate government, as they deemed it, would be re-established. But this confidence showed that the Viceroy Apodaca and his friends were much less conversant with the subject than his predecessor the Conde de Calderon, who appears to have watched the progress of revolutionary principles with infinite acuteness, and to have traced with rare dexterity the secret springs of action that had produced the successive convulsions he had unavailingly essayed to counteract. Apodaca was not, however altogether wrong; there certainly was a strong *prestige* in favour of the mother country, and had that been dexterously turned to account, it is impossible to say how far the projects of the revolutionists might not have been counteracted, possibly with benefit to Mexico.

We have already seen that by the middle of 1819 the insurgent cause was reduced to its lowest ebb. Shortly after this period, the decrees of the Cortes arrived respecting the sale of church property. Apodaca, it is said, wished to avert their execution; but having received imperative orders, he was obliged to enforce them. Mr. Ward states, that being desirous of effecting the counter revolution, he employed Iturbide to show that by upholding the king in opposition to the constitution, religion and all that was valuable would be secured. We have always understood, however, that it was with the utmost reluctance Apodaca executed the orders, judging very correctly that at the first moment of pacification it was most imprudent to excite the hostility of the clergy; but having no alternative, he obeyed his instructions. To destroy the elements of insurrection, he also determined on crushing its last resource in Guerrero; and, we believe, that it was for this object, and not for that of overturning the constitution, that Don Augustin Iturbide was sent by the Viceroy. Be that as it may, Iturbide, probably seeing the road to distinction open, did not attack Guerrero; but, as we have understood, employed himself with the Curate of Iguala in drawing up the celebrated *Plan of Iguala*; after which, uniting himself with Guerrero, he proclaimed, on the 24th of February, 1821, the independence of his country. This declaration, however, was by no means received, at first, with the enthusiasm that might have been anticipated. Apodaca was deposed by the dominant party in Mexico, and Novella, an officer of artillery, succeeded to him, but his authority was not generally recognised. In the further progress of Iturbide and his army, the movements in their support are described as almost simultaneous; so that by the month of July the whole country (with the exception of the capital) had embraced his cause. In this career of success he had reached Queretaro, on his way to the capital, when the intelligence of the arrival of the constitutional Viceroy, Don Juan O'Donoju, at Vera Cruz, diverted his progress to Cordova, whither the latter was permitted to proceed, and there the two chiefs, on the 24th of August, 1821, concluded the treaty of Cordova, founded on the Plan of Iguala; by which it was agreed that the evacuation of the Mexican territory by the Spanish army should take place, and all the other arrangements in the Plan of Iguala should

be carried into full effect. As the objects proclaimed were the independence of New Spain as a separate monarchy, the maintenance of the Catholic religion, and the union of all classes, the army, which was to uphold them, was denominated the "Army of the three Guarantees," and to it the capital was surrendered on the 27th September, 1821, the Viceroy (Novella) and his troops being sent to Havana at the cost of Mexico. O'Donoghue was associated with Iturbide and others in the actual government, which was to await the decision of that of Spain. It was also determined to appoint a congress to fix the principles of the constitution. At this point the labours of Senor Bustamante and his epitomizer terminate.

The Congress met on the 24th of February, 1822, and the discordant elements of which it was composed soon developed themselves. The strict adherence to the Plan of Iguala, who wished, in conformity to it, to have a constitutional monarchy, with a Bourbon prince at its head, were called "Borbonistas." The republican party struggled for a republic, though of what kind was undefined; while a third party arose, who desired to adhere to the Plan of Iguala in all things except the selection of the monarch, whom they wished to be Iturbide; these were termed "Iturbidistas." Previously, however, to the meeting of the Mexican Congress (on the 13th of February) the Spanish Cortes had decreed that the groundwork of all these proceedings was null and void—which annihilated the first of the parties enumerated, and left the contest between the two last. Violent disputes having arisen between the legislative and executive bodies, on the subject of money and of a standing army, intrigues were set on foot by the adherents of Iturbide, and he was proclaimed Emperor on the 19th of May, 1822, by the non-commissioned officers of the garrison of the capital, under the title of Agustin the First. This tumultuary election was sanctioned by the Congress, and confirmed by the provinces without opposition. Fresh struggles with the legislature for greater powers followed, which were abruptly terminated by the dissolution of that body by a military force. A junta of forty-five persons were formed by the Emperor out of his most compliant followers. Forced loans, and other vexations, excited a fresh insurrection, which, though repressed in the north under Garza, blazed with great fury in Vera Cruz, which, under Santana, the Governor, had declared in decided opposition to the existing government.

Echavari, a Spaniard, high in Iturbide's confidence, was sent with a considerable force to repress this revolutionary ebullition; but that officer finding that Guadalupe Victoria had joined Santana, and that defection was general, with an apostacy too common in Mexican annals, declared, with his whole army, against the Emperor, and signed the Convention of Casa Mata. The revolt spread rapidly, and finding himself deserted by those who had most largely benefited by his elevation, on the 8th of March, 1823, the latter assembled the original Congress and tendered his abdication. This was not accepted; but he was permitted to quit the country with his family, with an annual pension of 25,000 dollars. He was escorted to the coast by General Bravo, who had been one of his most determined opponents, but was selected by the fallen chief, no doubt from a recollection of the high-minded principles of that genuine patriot and gallant man. As soon as Iturbide had abandoned the reins of government, a new executive was formed with the title of "Poder Ejecutivo," consisting of Victoria, Bravo, and Negrete, whose three deputies, or "suplentes," were Guerrero, Michelena, and Dominguez. The republican government being thus established, a constitution was proclaimed, the different states enacted their local laws and confederated for general objects, and such was the apparent progress to a regular form of government, that in October, 1823, the British government was induced to send out agents to Mexico, as well as to all the newly declared independent states. The recognition of their independence, and treaties with each of them, were the consequence. It has, of late, been the fashion with a certain class of politicians to decry these measures, merely because they have thought fit to regard them as the

individual acts of Mr. Canning. The opinion of the inexpediency of maintaining political relations with the new states is founded in ignorance of the subject, and the assertion that they owe their entire existence to the late illustrious premier marks a total disregard of passing events. The attention of the British government had been long and loudly called to the subject by capitalists, who had prior to our sending out missions, embarked large sums in commercial and mining speculations in the new states. The measure had been some time determined on, and Mr. Canning only selected the moment of adoption as well as the method of execution. Whoever investigates these points (which have now become matter of history) will find that in all respects the greatest judgment was displayed, and that our ministers were fully justified in his manly exultation at "having called the Americas into existence." We cannot enter into the narrow views of those who blame the measure solely because many speculators have been ruined. The fault is their own, not that of the government. Though advantages (if any existed) were secured to them, there was no obligation to risk any thing.

Remainder next week.

THE REPOSITORY.

From the Journal of Health.

WET FEET.

What a crowd of painful recollections are conjured up in the mind of a physician, of any age and experience, by the words wet feet. The child which had been playing about in the morning in all its infantile loveliness and vivacity, is seized at night with croup from wet feet, and in a day or two is a corpse. The youthful form of female beauty, which a few months before gladdened the eyes of every beholder, is now wasting in slow, remediless decay. What was the origin of her malady? Wet feet. Let us hope that the exposure was incurred in a visit of mercy to a helpless widow or distressed orphan. Whence come the lingering disease, the pain and suffering of that fond mother? Still the same response getting her feet wet, while providing suitable winter's clothing for her children—as if tenderness for her offspring justified her dispensing with all the rules of prudence for herself. Thus we might continue the melancholy list of diseases, at best harrassing and alarming, often fatal, to which the heedlessness of youth, the pride of manhood, or the avarice of old age, are voluntarily and causelessly exposed by a neglect of one lesson of every day-experience.

It needs no medical lore or laboured reasoning to show the great influence which impressions on the feet exert over the rest of the body at large. The real martyrdom produced by tickling them, and the cruel punishment of the bastinado, are sensible evidences of their exquisite delicacy of feeling. Of this fact we have more pleasurable experience in the glow diffused through the whole system, when, chilled and shivering, we hold them for a while to the fire, or when, during the prevalence of the dog star we immerse them in cold water to allay the heat which is then coursing through our veins. Are the internal organs of the body a prey to wasting inflammation, as in the hectic fever of consumption, there is a sensation of burning heat in the feet. Is the body feeble and the stomach unable to perform its digestive functions, these parts are habitually cold. In both hectic, and disease there is a constant sympathy between the feet and the different organs of the body. Whatever be the weak part, it suffers with unfailing certainty from the impressions of cold and moisture on the feet. No matter whether the tendency be to sick-headach, or sore throat, hoarseness and cough—pain of the stomach, or rheumatism, or gout, severally and all they will be brought on by getting the feet wet, or at times even by these parts being long chilled, from standing on cold ground or pavement. And who, it might be asked, are the chief victims to such exposures? Not the traveller caught in the storm, or the man of business, or even the day-labourer, who cannot always watch the appearance of the clouds and pick their steps with an especial avoidance of a muddy soil,

or wet streets—O no!—we must look for the largest number of sufferers among the rich, the fair, and the lovely of the land—those who need only walk abroad when invited by the fair blue sky and shining sun,—or who, if pleasure calls at other seasons, have all the means of protection against the elemental changes, which wealth can command of ingenuity and labour. They it is who neglect suitable protection for their feet, and brave the snow and rain with such a frail covering as would make the strong man tremble for his own health, were he to be equally daring.

At a season like the present it would seem to be a matter of gratulation, that shoes and boots can everywhere be obtained of such materials as to preserve the feet dry and warm. Leather of various kinds, firm, or pliable and soft, is at the shortest warning made to assume every variety of shape and figure, called for by convenience or fashion. But we mistake,—fashion, that despotick destroyer of comfort, and too often a sworn foe to health, will not allow the feet of a lady fair to be incased in eather. She must wear, forsooth, cloth shoes with a thin leather sole, and even this latter is barely conceded. A covering for the feet never originally intended to be seen beyond the chamber or the parlour, is that now adopted for street parade and travel; and they whose cheeks we would not that the winds of heaven should visit too roughly, brave in prunello the extremes of cold and moisture, and offer themselves as willing victims to all the sufferings of the shivering ague, catarrh, and pains rheumatick. Tell them of a wiser course; argue with some on their duties, as mothers and as wives, to preserve their health—with others as daughters of beauty who are risking by approaching disease the loss of their loveliness, and they will reply, that they cannot wear those horrid large shoes—that leather does not fit so nicely on the feet, and that India rubber shoes are frightful. They do not reflect that beauty consists in the fitness and harmony of things, and that we cannot associate it with the ideas of suffering and disease.

* * *

TEN YEARS.

We are astonished when we contemplate the changes which have been effected in the course of ten years! How rapidly the sweeping tide of time rolls on! The morning of life passes off like a dream, and we look round in vain for the companions of our youthful days. Where are the gay, the beautiful, the happy, with whom we sported in the sprightliness of youth and the buoyancy of enjoyment? They were here; we knew them; we loved them; we sailed with them down time's sunny stream in pleasure's fragile bark—but where are they now? Alas! they have gone before us—the whirlwind of death drove them rapidly onward, and they are now sailing on eternity's wide and shoreless sea! The scenes of our childhood, too, fade away, and soon not a vestige of them is left as a token that they have ever existed! Time's stupendous wheel is ever rolling on. Ten years more, and where will we be? Our present friends, our present companions, will they still be here? No, that is impossible. The grave, perhaps, will have swallowed them; or they may be scattered far away—strangers, and in a strange land. Ten years, and the aspect of things to many, very many, will be indeed changed. The pale emaciated miser, that now bends over his heaps of useless gold, (the wrecks of ruined families and the last remains of forlorn wretchedness) where will he be? He and the beggar, whom he drives from his door, will have gone to their long homes—his wealth have passed into other hands. Ten years, and the student that is now pouring over volumes and seeking with such avidity for knowledge, will have acquired and perhaps have forgotten it. The lovely maiden, whose mind and person are just matured—she is beautiful, she is happy,—pleasure beams in her countenance and joy sparkles in her eye—with a light foot and lighter heart, she steps upon life's slippery stage—but alas! ten years, and this lovely being will indeed, be changed; the bright fascinating smile no longer plays upon her cheek; her laughing eye speaks deeper misery now than ever it did of pleasure.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

THE BETROTHED.

(Concluded.)

Never was criminal's salvation more rejoiced at than this. Even the gaoler himself, although subjected to reprehension for his negligence, was not sorry; and the people who had come from the most distant parts of the adjacent country to witness, in those parts, the rare exhibition of hanging, departed to their homes, rejoicing at the cause of their disappointment. But how did he escape? This was now the material for gossip and wonderment. As far as conjecture went, it seemed that some of Cynric's late confederates had contributed very considerably to his liberation; for many people now remembered to have seen a strange vessel in the offing for two or three days previous to Cynric's disappearance. Now the cell which he occupied was in that part of the castle which abuts upon the sea. It had a window well barred, it is true, and at a fearful height above the water; but what were these, when opposed to the daring exploits of his late confederates? At all events, he was gone—and gone nobody knew where. And poor Lucy, while she was grateful for his liberation from a disgraceful death, could not but hope that he might at some distant time return, and claim her as his dear betrothed wife.

It was towards the close of the festival of All Saints' eve, not many years ago, that two horsemen found themselves on the summit of a rugged pass in Merionethshire, known by the name of the Pass of the Frozen Portal. They were on their way to Dolgelley, the rude capital of the wild county just mentioned. Military men they both appeared to be; and one, who rode somewhat in advance, though not sufficiently so to be beyond the sound of the other's voice, was evidently of a superior rank to his companion. In conversation neither of them seemed inclined to indulge; and so they rode on in silence, with the exception of an occasional question from the officer, who did not seem to be so well acquainted with the locale as his attendant. Traversing this rude and desolate district, they gained at length its western termination, but not before they observed some dark and rugged clouds rising from the west, and spreading swiftly over the sky. Descending into the valley, and the scenery became so beautiful, that, notwithstanding the indication of the coming tempest, they could not refrain from occasionally lingering to gaze upon some grand or lovely spot, as it burst on their sight. The descent from the pass I have mentioned into the vale of the Gwynion is very gradual: and long after our travellers had left the barren rocks of the defile they still continued to traverse very high ground. Few scenes, even in Wales, can compete with that which was now exposed to the view of the horsemen. Beneath them was spread a vale richly cultivated, and copiously embellished with wood, water, rich pastures, and smiling habitations. Its boundaries on each side were lofty hills, stretching from east to west, and terminating in another mountainous range, spreading out into apparent infinity. High above all, on the south, towered Cader Idris, the monarch mountain of Merionethshire, and second to none in Wales, the mighty and mist-clad Snowdon alone excepted; and now, reposing in the soft gloom of an autumnal evening, it appeared some huge petrified monster congealed on the surface of a mountainous ocean. Far, far in the west gleamed the blue surface of the river Maw, or Mowddach; and in the very heart of the valley was the little town of Dolgelley, surrounded by a shadowy mantle of smoke,—the abode, apparently, of tranquillity, and happiness, and love.

But the clouds were gathering faster and faster; and as the wind began to moan amongst the trees, our travellers thought it best to urge on their horses, as they were not very desirous to be overtaken by a storm in a situation so bleak and distant. The rain had already begun to fall ere they reached a small alehouse, at the junction of two roads, known by the name of the Cross Foxes. The house was sufficiently mean and uninviting; but glad to escape the "pelted of the pitiless storm"

—and in those upland districts storms are, indeed, "pitiless"—they readily alighted; and while the colonel stumbled into the house, his attendant took charge of his horse, and saw it, as well as his own, safely deposited in a shed at one end of the building.

The colonel's appearance caused no trifling consternation to a group of merry rusticks, who were "keeping" with great spirit the festival which they had met to celebrate. The sudden apparition of a stranger—probably an Englishman, and certainly one of a rank far superior to their own—"startled" them from "their propriety;" and the loud laugh of jocund mirth, which the colonel heard as he pushed open the door, was changed into an indistinct and hushed muttering, in a language not more musical than that of the Cherokee Indians. "Do not let me disturb your mirth, my honest fellows," said the colonel, as he witnessed the confusion which has unexpected appearance created, "I come but to shelter myself from the shower that is falling." The company, among which were two or three rosy cheeked lasses, stared still more, when one of the girls said, "*Dym Saesong, sir!*" "Here, Evan," said the colonel to his servant, who had just then entered, "you can talk Welsh,—I will leave you to explain matters to these good people, and to quiet their fears of being devoured by an English stranger. Tell the landlord to give them as much ale as they can drink." Evan in a very short time was, with true soldier-like freedom, flirting furiously with the girls, and drinking the colonel's health with a hearty gusto with the men.

The colonel had seated himself on the old high-backed settle by the fire, where, wrapped up in his cloak, he remained apparently inattentive to what was passing around him. He was roused, however, from his reverie, by the following conversation, every word of which he understood, although carried on in Welsh. As our readers, many of them at least, may not be so learned, we shall endeavour to translate it into English.

"And so it was more than fifteen years ago, was it," said Evan, "since the affair happened? And what became of the young devil, Cynric Owen?"

"He went off to 'Merica after he broke prison, and no one ever heard of him after; and for the gang, that was soon knocked up after this business."

"Is the family still at Garthmeilath?"

"Miss Lucy is, but the old gentleman is dead these four years and more. I was a shearer there this season; and though Miss Lucy is a nice good lady, I don't much like him as is to marry her."

"To do what?" exclaimed the colonel, starting from his seat; "to marry her?"

"Yes, indeed truth," answered the man in very intelligible English, but startled somewhat at the suddenness of the colonel's interruption, "Peoples was say so; and isn't he living close by, and has been this long time. But he must make haste, if he means to have her, for the doctor says she never will get well."

"Is she ill then?" asked the colonel, in a voice so low and mournful as to make an impression even upon the rough hearts of his companions.

"Is indeed, and has been this long time," answered one of the girls; "and it's all about that false-hearted, wicked wretch, wild Cynric as they called him. I wish he may be hanged, that I do, —the good-for-nothing cruel fellow!"

The colonel hid his face more completely in his cloak, and sinking down upon the settle, seemed greatly agitated by the intelligence which he had just heard. "Bring me some brandy!" he shouted to the landlord; after a pause, "and be quick about it."

The landlord brought a tumbler half full, and was going to fill it with water, when his guest snatched the glass from his hand, and drank up the raw spirit at one gulp. Starting up, he exclaimed:

"Now, Evan, bring out the horses!" Evan looked imploringly at his master—for the rain was beating smartly against the casement—"It rains hard, your honour; and—"

"Hold your tongue, sirrah! and do my bidding! Quick! Begone!" And Evan went,—for he well knew that it was useless to reason with his master: and, however deeply he regretted leaving

such comfortable quarters, and such merry companions, there was no alternative: and so the horses were quickly at the door.

"You have had a good skinfull of all, Evan," said the colonel, as he mounted his horse, "and our horses are not at all blown. Now, drive your spurs into Captain's sides, and follow me: we have some rough ground to go over, and a good hour's sharp riding—it will be hard work, I promise you."

Evan merely uttered his readiness to obey; and striking their spurs up to their rowels in the horses, away they rode through the rain, as though they were on a matter of life and death.

Evan could not conceive what whim his master had now got into his head. Fittful, and strange, and impetuous he will know him to be: but he generally had some cause for his oddities: but here there was none—none, that is, which he knew of. Sorely puzzled, therefore, was Evan to account for this sudden freak; nor was his curiosity diminished, when, on arriving, at Dolgelley, instead of tarrying for the night, as Evan fully expected, at the Golden Lion, he galloped across that quiet little town, and rode on towards the mountains which bound the county on the south-west. "The devil is in my master now, to a certainty," thought Evan, "to go along through the pelting rain at this rate! and the night coming on too! Well, with all his whimsies, he is a good kind master; and I'll follow him to the world's end—even such a night as this—if he likes."

They rode on swiftly and in silence, till they came to an old mill by the brink of a brawling river, whose waters, flooded by the rain which had fallen, rushed in foam and fretfulness over its rocky and uneven bed. The colonel reined in his panting horse. "You will stop here, Evan," he said, hurriedly, "till I send for you. Morgan Davies will you give a lodging?"

"Shan't I go with you sir?" asked Evan.

"No—you shall see me again soon, or hear from me." And again did the colonel strike the spurs into the horse, till he swiftly sped up an activity in the road, and was out of sight in an instant.

The colonel followed the sinuosity of the road till he reached a white gate, which glistened in the gloom. This he pushed open, and found himself in a narrow path, which was plentifully encumbered with stones and brambles, but which nevertheless led up the mountain-side towards a mansion of considerable magnitude. The colonel quickly reached the brow of the mountain, and the mansion lay before him, an indistinct and gloomy mass in the increasing darkness. No signs of festivity and joy were there. A faint and sickly light issued from three or four of the lower windows; but all was as still and as silent as the grave. "This looks not like a bridal," thought the colonel, as he breathed more freely, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "This looks more like the house of mourning and desolation." He walked his horse into the court before the house; and his arrival was greeted by the loud barking of curs—appellations always to be found attached to Welsh mansions—great and small. A gray-headed servant came to the door with a lantern in his hand; and as the light fell upon the colonel's fine martial figure, he started with surprise at the sight of so important a visitor at that unusual hour.

The colonel, as he alighted from the horse, inquired if Miss Morgan was at home? The old man stared in a strange manner at the question, and the colonel repeated it. "Is Miss Morgan—is Lucy within?"

"My poor mistress," replied the man, falteringly, "has been dead these three days."

"Dead!" echoed the colonel, as he staggered against the door. "Great God of Heaven! this is terrible!"

Long did poor Cynric—for he it was—remain overwhelmed by the weight of this withering intelligence. Through all his toil and peril, in all the sickening vicissitudes of his absence, was he cheered and consoled, when he thought of Lucy's love and Lucy's fidelity.

"In a fit his wandering her fond love
Had been to him a dear delight:
A dawning star beamed from above,
A cheering ray of gladdening light."

And the shock which now fell upon him was almost too much for his bruised and broken spirit to

* No English, sir!—the usual Welsh answer, at first, to all English questions.

bear. When, however, the violence of his grief had somewhat subsided, he disclosed himself to old Howel, who conducted him in silence to the apartment where Lucy's remains were lying. Here he left him; and Cynric was alone with the corpse.

What a meeting was this! To part with those we have loved, and to kiss their cold and clammy lips is, at best, but a melancholy task: and what must poor Cynric's feelings have been, under all his complication of misery and remorse! Serenely beautiful was Lucy in death; the sorrows of her existence had not passed roughly over her—but, softly withering her joyousness, had at last conquered, and reduced her to the state to which we all must come. Cynric drew off the white sheet which was thrown over the coffin; and his tears fell fast, when he saw on her marble bosom the old gold coin which he had given her at the Bethrothing! It was her wish, Howel afterwards told him, to have it buried with her; and the last words she uttered were breathed in prayer for him. "And sir," said the old man, "she deserved a better destiny: but God is good, and there is no striving against fate." Cynric echoed the sentiment, for he felt its truth, as exemplified in his own unhappy existence."

Cynric remained till Lucy was buried; and then left Wales for ever. He added largely to the provisions which Lucy had made for the servants, out of the wealth which he had acquired in India; and then repaired to some distant clime, to pass the remainder of his days a restless wanderer—"a sadder and a wiser man." He was never seen in Wales again; but the scene of youthful follies—the old mansion, the woods, the river, and the "everlasting hills"—remained unchanged, echoing now to the loud and gleeful shouts of another generation, and presenting a *tout ensemble* of prospect, than which none can be more magnificent, more varied, or more surpassingly beautiful.

MISCELLANY.

FREEDOM CORRECTLY DELINEATED.

An Extract from an article in the Christian Examiner, by Dr. Channing.

Freedom, in every form, of every kind, is a transcendent privilege. Freedom of mind is a glorious gift. It is a blessing beyond all price, and beyond all power of language to express. It is of good which nothing can transcend but the use of it. That dominion in the mind, that holy retreat from violence, oppression, and wrong; that place in the soul where freedom is, with its wide and boundless range of uncontrolled thoughts, with no power to govern it but truth and right, with no presence to be worshipped but the presence of the Divinity—it is the chosen dwelling place of our most precious thoughts. But then it is a "holy place," and to be entered with trembling. It is like the flaming mount of old, glorious indeed, but sending out awful voices, to warn the rash intruder. It is dangerous because it is glorious. Freedom of mind, like every exalted trust, like lofty intellect, immense wealth, and vast dominion, should inspire a solicitude, care, and fidelity, proportionate to the magnitude of the trust. It does not, then, become the dignity and manliness of free citizens to look with idle admiration upon their institutions, as children do upon the show and glitter of a military parade, never considering the anarchy and distress to which it may easily be turned. Such are "childish things," which it becomes a wise people "to put away." A free people must reflect, must understand their privileges, and must solemnly and virtuously resolve to preserve them, or in that fearful poise between good and evil where liberty places them, they will inevitably fall into evil, disorder, and destruction. We would address ourselves, if our words could reach them, to men who are high in office. The inquiry often presses itself on our minds, and with unfeigned solicitude, whether the distinguished men in this country are looking with a sober sense of their duty and a deep feeling of their responsibility, to the great experiment to which they are contributing so much to bring to a happy or a fatal issue! There may be those among them to whom all talk about their duties would pass for nothing better than cant. May God deliver this country from many such! If there

ever were men to whom duty should be a serious word, who should tremble at their responsibility to God and man, they are the leading statesmen, orators, and teachers, whether religious or political, of this nation. If we could address them, we would say, "No men ever enjoyed such an opportunity as is given to you for accomplishing the best hopes of patriotism and philanthropy. Solon, Aristides, Demosthenes, the Fabii, Cato, and Cicero, had no such materials to work with as you have, in the intelligence and virtue of this free people. To all human view, the last great experiment of republican freedom that is likely to be tried for ages is passing under your guidance. The eyes of the world are upon you. Ages that have passed in the noble strife for liberty, ages of patriot tears and blood, call upon you, and unborn generations echo the call to you, to be faithful to the solemn trust. For God's sake, and your country's, let us intreat and beseech you to hear the call. The happiness of one family is a sacred charge. What then must be the happiness of millions through unknown periods! With these multitudes, it is not too serious to say, you must yet bow low before the seat of Almighty justice. And then when the dazzling world, with all its splendid honours, has passed away, one word of benediction from that throne of eternal truth and honour shall be more than all the wreaths, the titles, the offices, the distinctions, that the world can heap upon you."

We hear much of the *spirit of this age*; but it seems more an object to dwell with exultation on the tendencies of the public mind at this day, than to point out the *duties of the age*. We believe, indeed, that the present epoch promises more than any former period in the long continued experiment upon human nature, because Christianity is in the field, more free and unfettered than it ever was before; because knowledge is in the field; because "the schoolmaster is abroad," upon the field of this great trial; and if men can become free, wise and religious, it may be hoped that they will become so now. But to conduct this experiment to a successful issue will require exertions—yes, and *qualities*, on the part of its friends, which they never can too highly appreciate. The men who are to take part in the work of bringing this momentous trial to a happy result, (*and every man may do something*;) must feel that patriots, prophets, and confessors, had never a greater. They must not then sleep upon their post. They must be awake, and on the alert, and watch the signs of the times. *This is no affair of political management, of commercial monopoly, of relief to the manufacturing interests, of internal improvements, of national administration—save as all these bear upon the great end.* No; but the great question is, whether the people of this country, and of England, and France, and Germany, and Russia, shall be wiser, more virtuous, religious, and happy races of men, fifty years hence, than they now are? It is not whether general wealth and luxury shall advance; they will advance—but whether governments shall become more just, mild, and paternal, whether schools and universities shall be more effective instruments for training the mind; whether cities shall be purified from their vices, and families shall be well-ordered, virtuous, pious, and happy; whether churches shall become purer, and knowledge shall increase, and righteousness exalt the nations. And to this question, we repeat, all men, and minds, and books written at this day, and *journals*, and associations, and communities, should be awake.

From the N. E. Galaxy and Boston Mercury.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A SHANDIAN DIALOGUE.

Vie glau sen in der spor denan — Dante.

Dr. Slop. This is a wonderful age we live in, Captain Shandy. We are continually making the most surprising discoveries, and most astonishing improvements in every thing. Look now, the whole world is alive; every thing is turned topsy-turvy. Old things are passed away, all things are become new. We are unriddling all the phenomena of nature, making metaphysics as plain as day, and driving on *crecendo* in all departments. As Mr. Finn says,

"Every thing does go by steam now."

Parson Cullcushion said in his last sermon under his thirteenth general head, that the march of intellect was the grand characteristic of the age in which we live.

Uncle Toby. If I remember right, Paul Pry says something to the same effect.

Dr. Slop. Paul Pry was rather of opinion that the age was characterised by the *spirit of inquiry*.

Uncle Toby. Well, that is pretty much the same thing. Every thing is found out by inquiry. It is the grand pioneer in the march of improvement, which I suppose is what you mean by the march of intellect.

Dr. Slop. Not exactly, Captain Shandy.—Things may improve without intellect's advancing. Thus, Susannah handles the warming-pan with more dexterity than formerly; she has improved in the management of it, yet there is no march of intellect in the case.

Uncle Toby. I don't understand that, Doctor. Intellect is intellect, whether it be exercised upon warming-pans or the wisdom of Solomon.

Dr. Slop. The distinction lies here, Captain Shandy, it is all in the philosophy of the thing. Now Susannah has not a philosophical notion of the warming-pan and its properties and operations; she goes about the thing in an empirical fashion, as we of the faculty say.

Uncle Toby. Pray, Doctor Slop, where is the advantage of having a philosophical notion of warming a bed? I should as soon think of charging bayonet in a philosophical fashion. I thought it was all a straight forward business—force a breach in the curtain, carry the covertway, and then make a lodgment.

Dr. Slop. That is a common error. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to imagine that the general concerns of human business depend upon such simple operations. There is philosophy in every thing, and we now begin to find it out.

Trim. Please your honour that is just what Simon Spout said the other evening in his speech at Faneuil Hall. Says he, Mr. Chairman, this is the age of improvement; every man must become his own teacher, his own legislator, and his own philosopher. We must keep pace with the spirit of the age, and diffuse the light of knowledge over the land, thereby dispelling the darkness of this enlightened community.

Dr. Slop. Ay, the spirit of the age is really *progressing*, as we say in this country. We are doing wonders, by means of societies; there are societies now for every thing in *rerum natura*.

Trim. Yes, your honour. There is Obadiah belongs to the "March of Intellect Society."

Dr. Slop. Indeed?

Trim. Yes, your honour. And Susannah, the housemaid, belongs to the Union Young Men's Education Society.

Uncle Toby. A very effective member. I dare say.

Trim. And Jonathan, the coachman, belongs to the Grand Railway Temperance Society.

Dr. Slop. Ah! Total abstinence is now the order of the day. Great improvements, Captain Shandy; drinking is nearly done with, and it is now pretty clearly proved that eating must share the same fate. It is all a beastly sort of business. Meat was not made to eat nor wine to drink. So it has been proved in the pulpit.

Uncle Toby. You don't say so.

Dr. Slop. Oh yes, proof positive. I wish you had heard Mr. Screechowl's sermon on the subject. It was a most ingenious and convincing piece of logic. Said he, "I am astonished that this intelligent and virtuous community should shut their eyes to the progress of this growing evil."

Uncle Toby. Very ingenious and logical truly.

Dr. Slop. "And my hearers," said he, "we live in a *lagd* pre-eminent for every blessing under heaven; we are increasing in wealth and prosperity beyond all example; we are held in high esteem throughout the world, for our virtue and sobriety, yet truth compels me to say, that we are a nation of drunkards, and are fast driving into the pit of destruction."

Uncle Toby. And this sermon he sat in his closet and wrote for the benefit of his hearers and the information of the world. A most excellent device for enlightening mankind! Pray, where did he get his knowledge of the subject?

Dr. Slop. Out of the Temperance papers.

Uncle Toby. Temperance papers! What is a Temperance paper! in the name of gunpowder! *Dr. Slop.* Bless me! don't you know? Why, a Temperance paper is a sheet filled with all the tales of drunkenness that can be raked and scraped out of every nook and corner of the twenty-four states.

Uncle Toby. I should think it must be a most precious jumble of filthy abominations.

Dr. Slop. Not at all, not at all; it is the most interesting thing in the world. There is every variety of jollification, from "How came you so," to "Drunk as a fiddler." It is the most delightful thing in the world to read. I would advise you to look at them. You can not conceive what wonders the march of intellect is doing.

Trim. An please your honour, there was one left in the kitchen last week, and Obadiah read it through. He said it was a greater provocative to drink than a salt herring.

Uncle Toby. The march of intellect! with a vengeance.

Trim. And Deborah, the scullion, belongs to the Grand Supernumerary Auxiliary Foreign Missionary Society.

Uncle Toby. What, in the name of cannon balls and bomb-shells, has that foolish fat scullion to do with foreign missions! She does not know ten letters of the alphabet, and could not, for the soul of her, tell whether the inhabitants of Cape Cod were Jews, Pagans or Christians.

Dr. Slop. Oh that matters not, Captain Shandy. I think it doubtful whether one half of them are much better informed; but we must forward the march of intellect among the heathen.

Trim. And Parson Yorick belongs to a Peace Society.

Uncle Toby. A Peace Society!

Dr. Slop. Yes, a Peace Society. A society for the extirpation of war.

Uncle Toby. Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, but if they had heard of such a thing as a Peace Society, they would have done worse.

Dr. Slop. But don't you think it an excellent plan! Now I conceive it to be a great proof of the march of intellect in these days, that such an ingenious project should be started. It will put an end to fighting at once.

Uncle Toby. How so, Doctor?

Dr. Slop. Why, if we get all the European monarchs, the Grand Turk, the Emperor of China, the Bashaw of Tripoli, the Dey of Algiers, the Pope, the Shah of Persia, the Khan of Tartary, the Great Mogul, and the King of Bantam to come into the plan, there will be an universal agreement that no one shall molest another.

Uncle Toby. Excellent, Doctor! But suppose one of the parties to this peaceable agreement should take it into his head to break the bargain.

Dr. Slop. Why, then the rest must make war upon him and bring him to terms.

Uncle Toby. Make war!

Dr. Slop. Yes, to preserve peace.

Uncle Toby. What sort of a doctrine is that?

Dr. Slop. Oh, the march of intellect. You can not conceive what wonders the march of intellect is doing.

[Enter Obadiah.]

Obadiah. Oh Captain Shandy, you can't conceive what an accident has happened! Indeed it was not my fault. You can't say it was my fault, your honour.

Uncle Toby. No, I can not say it was any body's fault till I know what it is.

Obadiah. Why, the cows have broken into the bowling-green and demolished all your fortifications!

Uncle Toby. Mercy on me! what, all my preparations for the siege of Adrianople!

Obadiah. Yes, your honour; they have trampled down the ramparts, hooked up the citadel, and whisked away the half-moon with their tails.

Uncle Toby. Oh, shade of Vauban! Is the whole city demolished!

Obadiah. All but one side of a bastion, and a yard and a half of a redan.

Uncle Toby. And how came this?

Obadiah. The cows broke through a fence, while I was away.

Uncle Toby. Why did not Jonathan drive the cows away!

Obadiah. Jonathan was attending the monthly meeting of the Grand Railway Temperance Society.

Uncle Toby. Well then; could not Susannah do it?

Obadiah. Oh no, your honour; Susannah had gone to the Young Men's Education Society.

Uncle Toby. And was there nobody else belonging to the house?

Obadiah. Nobody but the scullion, and she was at a meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society.

Uncle Toby. And pray, Mr. Obadiah, where was you?

Obadiah. I was at the March of Intellect Society, to hear the Grand Quarterly Report.

Uncle Toby. Really, Doctor Slop, I must allow that the March of Intellect is doing wonders. It has marched the servants out of the house, and marched the cows into my fortifications.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

AGENTS FOR THE MASONICK RECORD.

Mr. A. Andrews, St. John's Hall, city of New-York.

L. V. Lawrence, esq. Hudson, N. Y.

George Plitt, esq. Editor of the Independent Republican, Downingtown, Pennsylvania.

D. Buckwater, P. M., Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.

E. P. Langdon and George Strawhoyer, esqrs. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Woolbridge Parker, Salem, Indiana.

B. Brunet, esq. Norfolk, Virginia.

SUNDAY MAILS. The subject of Sunday Mails is again agitated in many parts of the Union, and editorial lucubrations on the subject are poured forth most profusely, and meetings for and against the proposed change in the post office laws and regulations are got up in abundance. The subject will undoubtedly again be brought before congress, but there is very little reason to believe that the majority will differ from the determination of last year. The commercial interests of the nation are opposed to any modification of existing rules, and all liberal minded men esteem legislation upon religious creeds dangerous to the welfare of the country.

A large meeting of the citizens of Rochester Monroe co. opposed to any change in the post-office policy, was held on the 5th inst. A long and ably written preamble and a number of resolutions were adopted. The preamble takes a broad and able view of the subject, and successfully maintains that no law at present exists requiring the transportation of the mails on Sunday, and that the necessity and policy of continuing them are properly referable to the post master general. It recognizes as important "to our country and our republican institutions" the devotion, "by common consent, of one day in seven to the moral and religious culture and instruction of our citizens;" and also "the propriety of the Government sanctioning in its acts of administration and its practice, such an observance of the first day of the week (being the day generally observed for that purpose), in all cases where it may comport with the great and peculiar interests of the country which it has in charge." It rejoices that such is in general the practice in every department of the government, but "most solemnly and earnestly protests against any and every act of legislation, compelling or enjoining, directly or indirectly, any religious observances whatsoever."

"ANTI-MASONICK DAGGERS," AGAIN! The Ulster anti-masonick paper says, that while Avery Allyn was engaged in exhibiting his anti-masonick flummery and buffoonery "at Esopus, on Monday evening, a warrant was issued against him for exhibiting without license, and that when the constable attempted to arrest him, Allyn STABBED him through the hand!" Here is anti-masonry, with a vengeance! The laws are violated to support its cause—a

warrant is issued against the offender, and he, to escape arrest, and relying on his anti-masonick sanctity, STRABBLES THE OFFICER! Such are the legitimate fruits of the excitement—its moderation, its humanity, its justice and its patriotism! Is it possible that honest and thinking men can countenance such deeds? Can christians contemplate them and not shudder?

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Record, from a friend in Pennsylvania, dated December 7, 1829: "The antics may 'chuckle' as much as they please about Ritner's vote, it does anything but prove that they are 50,000 strong; it is well known that thousands voted for Ritner in consequence of the disaffection to the nomination of governor Wolf. General Barnard was evidently the most prominent candidate, and only missed the nomination by the division in his own county (Chester), by the admission of 'Spurious Delegates' from the county: hence may the large vote of Ritner be accounted for, and on no other grounds."

MR. BOOTH. The *Dramatick Mirror*, of Tuesday, gives an account of a singular affair, which happened at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on Monday evening. It is known to most play-going people, that Mr. Booth, the great tragedian, is subject to paroxysms of partial insanity, and those who have read the newspaper accounts of the gentleman's recent adventures at New-York and Baltimore, have learned that these mental aberrations have lately visited him more frequently than formerly. We have no room this week for any more than the following extract from the statement in the *Dramatick Mirror*:

The play was announced as Mr. Booth's benefit and last appearance. The tragedy of *Edgar* was to be performed, in which Mr. Booth, Mr. Peiby, and Mrs. Duff were to appear in the parts of *Ludovico*, *Colonne* and *Evadne*. The afterpiece of *Amateurs and Actors* was to give occasion for Mr. Booth to play in a comick character; and there was also to be a new comick recitation by Mr. Finn, together with other musical entertainments. All these circumstances, set out with the customary parade in the bills, created an attraction of no ordinary degree, and added to the expectation that the actor, at his benefit, would exert himself to show his powers in their highest excellence, with a view to repay in some measure the obligation which he lay under to the Boston public for their kind forbearance on the occasion of his former delinquency, succeeded in drawing one of the most splendid assemblies that have ever graced the boxes of the Tremont theatre. Not a nook or corner of the dress circles was unoccupied. Great numbers, after vainly attempting to squeeze themselves into the pit, were forced to leave the house, and others were thought well bestowed among the tenants of those elevated regions, whence a bird's eye view may be had, but nothing perspective. A more splendid audience and one more highly excited by expectation, we have not for a long time seen, and a more singular and severe disappointment of the kind has, we think, rarely been experienced.

At Mr. Booth's very first entrance upon the stage, something unusual was visible in his manner. He was careless, slovenly and hesitating in his discourse; his countenance had none of its customary expression; his gestures and attitudes were any thing but elegant and appropriate, and his language was uttered without any regard to those nice modulations of emphasis, tone and cadence for which his delivery has been distinguished. He would falter in his discourse, jumble scraps of other plays into his dialogue, run to the prompter's side of the stage and lean against the sidecase, while the prompter endeavored to help him forward in the play by speaking out his part of the dialogue loud enough to be heard in the galleries. In this manner he made a shift to get through the first two acts of the tragedy. "Those familiar with the theatre saw very plainly that something was rotten in the state of Denmark; but a great proportion of the very crowded audience present, not knowing much of his manner of acting, did not comprehend the business, but only looked on, stared, gaped, and wondered, and protested that for an actor of so much celebrity, Mr. Booth played in a very spiritless, bungling fashion.

However, his *bizarre* soon came to a crisis. In the early part of the third act, while engaged in parlance with the King of Naples, the audience were surprised by his suddenly breaking off from the measured, heroic dignity of his stage tone, and with a comical snigger, falling at once into a colloquial gossiping sort of chatter with his Mistress, thus, "Upon my word Sir, I don't know Sir," &c. The audience were thrown into as much astonishment as the King of the Two Sicilies at St. Agor's Ludovico's sudden and antipoeitical down come from his hitherto height of declamation. For a moment all was silence; when Mr. Booth turning round and facing the spectators began to address them in this manner,—"Ladies and Gentlemen; I really don't know this part. I studied it only once before, much against my inclination. I will read the part, and the play shall go on. By your leave, the play shall go on, and Mr. Wilson shall read the part for me. Here an overpowering burst of hissing and exclamations arose from all parts of the house, which Mr. Booth continued to face the audience with a grinning look which at length broke out into an open laugh. Mr. Smith then rushed from behind the scenes upon the stage and led him off. Mr. Booth exclaimed, "I can't read—I am a charity-boy; I can't read. Take me to the Lunatick Hospital!"

After much trouble other entertainments were substituted for those promised. We understand that Mr. Booth will soon visit this city, and perform at our theatre.

THE THEATRE. We have not been much to the Theatre this week, and therefore have not much to say about it. We believe the house has been poorly attended on every evening except Thursday, when Mrs. Barnes took her benefit—the boxes were then filled with the fashion of the city. We had "other fish to fry," and did not go. A

new drama, called the *Sister of Charity* was produced, but as we did not witness it, we shall not speak of it. A brief historical and characteristic sketch of *Les Sœurs de la Charité* may be found in the Record of the 15th August last, (No. 29, page 229.)

Mr. The entertainments of this evening are for the benefit of Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Parker and his two daughters. The performances will consist of the very attractive drama of *Massinello*, dancing, and the 2d a last acts of the *Hypocrite*. The parts of Guiseppe Aniello and Mawvorn by Mr. Barnes, those of Penella and Charlotte by Mrs. Barnes—being their last appearance. The little Misses Parker are really worth seeing—they dance delightfully

Mr. George Dixon, who calls himself the "celebrated American buffo singer," advertises his benefit for Monday evening, and among other things, he promises to sing the "new prize medley song, written by J. H. Stone, esq. of New-York." Now, we have no objection to the "celebrated" Mr. Dixon's taking a benefit, but it is due to Mr. Stone to say that he did not write the song in question; in a note to the editor of the New-York Courier and Enquirer, he denies all knowledge concerning it, and the consequent supposition is that the "celebrated American buffoon" has practiced a little knavery to "put money in his purse." Dixon's singing has not been beneficial to the character of the theatre; it creates a chuckle in the pit and galleries, but the better portion of every audience turns from it with disgust. We have no doubt he will have a good benefit; for every one who is at all acquainted with theatrical affairs, knows that mimicry and clownish vulgarity are more willingly and more liberally paid for, than chaste and legitimate acting. This is not the managers' fault, but the fault of the public. Those who are in pursuit of wealth will traffic in the wares which yield them the greatest profit.

Mr. Forrest, one of the meritorious managers, and a very respectable actor, will take his benefit on Wednesday next. May he have a bumper.

ST. NICHOLAS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. This Society celebrated their anniversary on Monday evening at the American Hotel. A large party of about one hundred and twenty gentlemen partook of a sumptuous supper, prepared with great taste and magnificence under the personal superintendence of Mr. Drake. The spacious dining room was beautifully decorated; festoons and garlands of flowers were suspended from the ceiling and the chandeliers. The dishes were ornamented with rosettes and garlands of orange ribbon, and at the lower end of the room the Society's banner of "Oranje en Wit" was conspicuously displayed. The walls were covered with standards and paintings, and from immediately above the ample chandelier of the venerable President, a large artificial sun shot forth its deep crimson rays.

Mr. Drake has certainly become justly entitled to the gratitude and praise of every true son of St. Nicholas, for the great pains he took to have every thing of the best kind served up in the very best manner. The bill of fare comprised, besides every delicacy of the season, all the national dishes of Holland: there were Suppau and de Mok, Hoof Kaas, Zuit, Hokkies en Poetjes, Kool Slaa, (heet en koud) Kollige, Worst, Gortuyl Pens.

The Society had the honour and pleasure to entertain, as guests, the acting governor of the state, their honours the Mayor and Recorder, several revolutionary Patriots, and some gentlemen members of other national societies in this city.

The evening passed off with the greatest hilarity and good humour; all the fine feelings of the heart were stirred up at this annual congregation of the descendants of Hollanders—the sons of St. Nicholas love to call to mind the domestic virtues, as well as the heroism, that characterized their ancestors, and in these piping times of peace are content to imitate their industry and frugality. Should the occasion demand it, we have little doubt they would show that the gallant spirit of their sires had not expired. To borrow from one of the toasts of the evening, they would readily substitute the Cannon Ball for the *Oddy Kool*, should their rights or liberties be invaded.

Mr. Secretary Van Buren, Chevalier Huygens, general Phillip Van Cortlandt, colonel Willet, colonel Rutgers, and several other patriots of the revolution were invited to participate in the annual festival; the two former pleaded their official duties at Washington, and the rest the increasing infirmities of old age, and the season of the year, as their apologies for declining the invitation. Each of them, however, favored the society with an appropriate sentiment, which we publish below. After the cloth was removed, and the toasts had been returned by the Rev. Dr. Ludlow, (chaplain of the society,) the following standing and volunteer toasts were drunk, embraced by airs and marchions as an excellent band of music, stationed in the anti-room.

STANDING TOASTS.

1. The anniversary of St. Nicholas—Its return enlivens our recollections of the glorious deeds of our ancestors. Air—Auld Lang Syne.
2. The land of our sires—The seven provinces, though circumscribed on the Map, they figure largely in the history of Europe. Air—Sons of Freedom.
3. William 1st, king of the Netherlands—The virtuous monarch of a patriouck people. Air—Boeye Water.
4. The President of the United States. Jackson's March.
5. The acting governor of the state of New-York. Grand Canal March.
6. The memories of the warriors, scholars and statesmen of Holland. Air—Let Fame sound the Trumpet.
7. Civil and religious freedom. God prosper the cause—oh, it can not but thrive, While the pulse of our patriot heart is alive, Its devotion to feel, and its right to maintain. Hall Columbia.

VOLUNTEERS.

By the president, (Abraham Van Vechten.) Characteristics of an unadulterated Dutchman—Industry, frugality and honesty, united with

an ardent love of civil and religious liberty, and an undaunted zeal to maintain it.

Gov. Throop being called on for a sentiment, rose and addressed the company as follows:

I take pleasure in presenting to you the name of an individual whose past and present life is an exemplification of the Dutch virtues, so well described in his toast. I give you the name of Abraham Van Vechten, President of this society.

A letter was read from Chevalier Huygens, Dutch minister to the U. States, (who had been invited to attend this celebration) expressing his gratitude for the honour conferred on him, and his regret that official duties deprived him of the pleasure of associating with his friends on this occasion. He asked to have the following toast presented in his name.

The Saint Nicholas Benevolent Society. Euse vryzeijge instelling. Monge zy bydrage—de Patroon van Kindervreugd in waarde te houden en by het vieren van het feest, aan nationale tradities indagdig maken—wel byzonder aan de Neder Duitche spruk: Dat nationale vreugd is nationale deugd.

Translation.

The Saint Nicholas Benevolent Society. A liberal institution—may she contribute to maintain in honour the Patron of Children's joy, and by the celebration of that feast call to mind national traditions, and particularly the Dutch saying; that national joy is national virtue.

An invitation had also been sent to Martin Van Buren, who is a member of the society, requesting his attendance. An answer from him was read, expressing the pleasure he enjoyed in sharing the convivialities of the society, and deeply regretted that public duties deprived him of the pleasure of joining with them at this time. He asked the favour of offering the following sentiment:

The memory of the late John V. Henry—Justly distinguished for integrity, talents and gentlemanly manners.

Gen. Philip Van Cortlandt had likewise been invited to participate. In his reply, he says he should be extremely happy to enjoy the company of his very highly respected friends, but his advanced age and the cold season prevented him from attending. He hoped the society would accept the following sentiment:

The St. Nicholas Benevolent Society of the City of Albany—May they never want good *Oddykoos* for their friends, nor cannon balls for their enemies.

Col. Marinus Willet of New-York, had also been requested to attend this festivity. In his reply, he offered his acknowledgements for the honour conferred upon him, and expressed his sincere regrets that the infirmities of old age would not permit him the pleasure of being present on so memorable occasion.

After Col. Willet's letter had been read, the President offered the following toast:

The memory of the heroes and sages, whose achievements adorn the historic pages of the land of our fore-fathers.

By Jacob Ten Eyck, (3d V. President.) Holland—She furnished to the pilgrims a refuge from oppression, and means to their descendants to achieve their independence.

By John L. Viele, (3d V. President.) The Duitman's right en plight—Het recht syn zin te doen, en een zin om alles recht te doen.

(Translation.)

The Dutchman's right and duty—The right of self government, and the disposition to govern self right.

By J. J. Lansing. The memory of De Witt Clinton—The statesman, patriot, and scholar.

By G. W. Lansing. Our Ancient Capital—The enterprize and adventurous spirit of the Yankee, engrained on the honesty and industry of the Hollander.

By the Mayor, (a guest.) The American descendants of the Dutch—They have maintained the high character of their forefathers by an attachment to civil and religious freedom, and the performance of all the duties of life.

By the Recorder, (a guest.) The city of Albany—May those who may be charged with the administration of its affairs, be guided by the integrity of its settlers.

By General Solomon Van Rensselaer. Goodwill and respect, An St. Claus and syn nagesaten.

Translation.

Health and prosperity, To St. Nicholas' posterity,

By Matthew Gregory, (a guest.) The memory of Alexander Hamilton.

By Gen. Trotter, (a guest.) Everlasting glory to the sons of liberty, and eternal duration to the rights of equity.

By Simeon De Witt. *Douder en Eijzen*—The worst interjection used by a Dutchman. He is unacquainted with the propriety daily uttered in other languages.

By G. W. Ryckman. Gen. John H. Wendell, our venerable fellow citizen, who risked his life for his country on the field of Monmouth—A worthy emblem of Dutch probity and patriotism.

By Dr. B. P. Staats. Our absent brother, Martin Van Buren, the great *Amsterdam*—Like the unclear saint whose anniversary we this night celebrate—though absent in body, they are present in spirit.

By Peter Lansing, Jr. The memory of our Patron Saint.

May the Saint, when he views us, from regions of light, As we meet, in his name, once a year, Descend all benign, on his own joyous light, And drop our fraternalities—a tear.

By H. S. Van Ingen. Our Society—May the thanks and prayers of many a widow and orphan prove that it is benevolent.

By C. A. Ten Eyck. The Dutch Settlers of New York—They inherited republican principles as their birth-right, and knowing the value of liberty, erected their temple in the wilderness.

By L. Pruyn. Fort Orange—Protected by the genius of Santa Claus, was never conquered by an enemy—let history record it.

By J. B. Van Schaick. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers of New-England—when without church or altar wherefrom to send up their offerings,

"The sounding aisles of the dim woods,
Rang with the anthem of the free"

By George Brinkerhoff. The memory of Francis Adrian Vande Kemp, the patriot and scholar.

By Dr. McNaughton, (a guest.) Boerhaave, Swammerdam, and Van Swieten—Three of the brightest luminaries in the literary horizon.

By J. T. B. Van Vechten. Our absent member, Stephen Van Rensselaer—With pride we claim him as our countryman.

By John S. Walsh. The memory of William V. Van Ness—The friend of the young; the protector of the unfortunate; an ornament to his profession—a loss to mankind.

By W. W. Staats. The Seven United Provinces—the haven that first raised the spirit of Freedom and Independence.

By Francis Bloodgood. The citizens of Albany, although formed into different societies—may one principle of good feeling and liberal dispositions towards each other, and the true interest for the happiness, growth and prosperity of our city, govern all.

By Samuel H. Drake. General Stephen Van Rensselaer—whose name is an avenue and passport to every thing respectable. It is as much impossible for him to depart from honourable principles, as it is for the country of his forefathers to forfeit its character or integrity and enterprise.

By O. R. Van Benthuyzen. The land of our forefathers—to which the world is indebted for the preservative art of all arts—PRINTING.

By John Ogden Day. Our absent first Vice-President, Hannanus Bleeker, Esq.—the centurian, scholar and able jurist.

By H. W. Palmer. Dutch Friendship—Like our live oak, slow in its growth, yet strong and lasting.

By J. V. Schoonhoven. The House of Orange, after struggling in darkness and oppression under *Napoleon*, has driven every cloud from its way, and dawns a new world on the world in its native splendour.

By J. H. Ten Eyck. Holland—once the favourite seat of learning and liberty—may her sons never forfeit the dearly earned privileges of their ancestors.

By H. Robinson. Our Ancient City—no mushroom growth; but like the sturdy oak, its strength is proportioned to its natural increase.

By H. Gansevoort. Our three Dutch fathers in the Law—Peter Van Schaick, Egbert Benson, and Abraham Van Vechten.

By Egbert Egberts. The Amsterdam Merchant—who during our revolutionary struggle, gave the best evidence of their interest in our cause. As Dutchmen we are proud, as Americans we are grateful.

By Augustus James. The celebrated Union of Utrecht—the only precedent for the American confederation.

By John L. Wendell. The Dutch Statesmen at Washington—Our Secretary of State, and the Ambassador from the King of the Netherlands.

By G. Gates. Martin Van Buren, our late Governor—worthy the chair of State. We anticipate his elevation to the highest honour of the Republic, amidst the shouts of "Oranje Boven."

By Nicholas Bleeker, Jr. Greece—humanity rejoices at her deliverance—may her ancient glories revive and be perpetual.

By L. Lemet, (a guest.) The memory of William of Nassau—whose successful revolt was an example to posterity—"a sublime warning of liberty."

By Anthony Brooks. The memory of George Clinton.

By Jas. De Forest. George Washington as a general, Benjamin Franklin as a diplomatist, and our worthy President of the Society of St. Nicholas, as a lawyer, let posterity decide who shall have the pre-eminence.

By A. D. Lansing. May the rising generation of the Dutch be emulous of the virtues of their ancestors.

By Dr. Treat. The descendants of the Dutch—may they never be persuaded to leave the good old paths by lecturers on knowledge, falsely so called.

By Co. Hogan. Houte Rieue Pelt, the Patriotic Governor of this Colony, while under the Dutch—he smoked his pipe, ate his suppaau, treated with the Indians, and lived and died like a Hero.

By W. M. F. Hewson. James Fenimore Cooper, and Washington Irving—the glory of every American—their names are immortal.

By J. Covenhoven. Our Wives and Sweethearts—the Mothers of frugality, and the Daughters of neatness and sincerity.

By C. W. Groesbeck. On's Igy lant—On's Igy lant—On's Igy lant—we hat syn Igy lant neet lief.

By J. B. Van Steenburgh. The city of Albany, settled by the Dutch—May it never lose its character for hospitality.

By Samuel Pruyn. Dutch integrity—As it distinguished the fathers, so may it distinguish the sons.

By L. De Wit. Our absent member, General Peter Gansevoort—A gentleman worthy of such a father as the hero of Fort Stanwix.

By James F. Linacre. The standards and laurels which surrounds us, strongly indicate what our forefathers have achieved.

By J. V. S. L. Pruyn. The memory of Peter Schuyler, the first Mayor of Albany.

By P. H. Ostrander. The Dutch—A learned and strictly moral people. Their poetry is chaste and sober, and if they have no dramatic writers to boast of, it is because theatrical performances have ever been disapproved by their summary laws and moral opinions.

By A. V. Fryer. The Dutch—if they boast of diamond productions, it is because they were digging canals and were "not in the vein."

By Isaac S. Cuyler. The memory of Henry Hudson—The Dutch East India Company of 1609 discovered his genius, and he, in his turn, discovered and gave name to one of the noblest rivers on the globe.

By Ten Eyck Gansevoort. Col. Henry Rutgers—His great talent, the talent of doing good.

By John A. Livingston. The literature of our country—next to christianity, the firmest support and best promoter of a nation's happiness.

By G. W. Ryckman. Col. Marinus Willet, the conductor of Gansevoort at Fort Stanwix, whose latter days, like his former, are devoted to patriotism and virtue—may his descent to the grave be easy as his life has been honourable.

By C. Y. Wemple. May the path, which was marked out by our forefathers, ever be trod in by posterity: and may we show ourselves worthy of being sons of men who bled for our freedom.

By A. V. Fryer. Gen. Van Cortlandt—May we always boast so worthy a friend to receive our *oddykoos*, and a patriot so devoted and capable to direct the balls destined for our enemies. (Daily Adr.)

MARRIED,

In East Bloomfield, Monroe county, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of Canandaigua, Mr. HENRY O'REILLY, editor of the Rochester Republican, to Miss MARGA F., daughter of general Micah Brooks.

DIED,

In this city, on Monday morning last, MICHAEL ELBRIDGE GATES, aged 9 years and 8 months, son of Horatio Gates, one of the editors of the Catskill Recorder.

THE LONDON ANNUALS FOR 1830, just received, by W. C. LITTLE.

1. The Keepsake, with nineteen elegant engravings on steel, by the most eminent artists—edited by Frederick Mansel Reynolds.
2. The Gem, a Literary Annual, containing thirteen splendid engravings on steel, by the first artists.
3. The Literary Souvenir, edited by Alarie A. Watts, embellished with twelve engravings.
4. The Iris, a Literary and Religious Offering, edited by Rev. Thomas Dale, with eleven engravings.
5. The Amulet, edited by S. C. Hall, with twelve embellishments.
6. The Bijou, an Annual of Literature and Arts, with nine embellishments, and portrait of George IV.
7. Ackerman's Forget-Me-Not, with fourteen splendid engravings, edited by Frederick Sherbel.
8. The Winter's Wreath, with thirteen engravings, by the most eminent artists.
9. Friendship's Offering, with thirteen splendid line engravings, on steel.
10. The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, with twelve embellishments, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.
11. The New Year's Gift, with eleven embellishments, edited by Mrs. Alarie A. Watts.
12. The Juvenile Keepsake, with eight splendid engravings, by the first artists.
13. Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, with ten fine engravings, by the first artists.

THE AMERICAN ANNUALS: The Token, of Boston and Tennessee, New York; The Annual Souvenir Philadelphia; The Youth's Keepsake, Boston; The Pearl for Young Persons, Philadelphia.

POETRY.

The following beautiful poem, is a production from the pen of James William Miller, a young poet of great promise, who, as our readers have already been informed, through the medium of the public prints, died a few months since in the West Indies. He was the principal editor of the Boston Literary Gazette, a paper of uncommon merit, which was never sufficiently appreciated by the public in this city, and which was subsequently united with the *Yankee*.

There are many bright gems of poetry scattered through the journals of this country, that were thrown about by Mr. Miller with a prodigal hand, which if collected in a single volume would be at once an honour to our native literature, and a lasting monument to the surviving memory of the dead poet.

[N. E. Galaxy and Boston Mercury.]

THE EPICUREAN AT THE FEAST OF ISIS.

"There was an ancient custom amongst them (the Egyptians) of placing at their feast a skeleton, to remind the guests of their mortality."

He sat in the banquet hall,
In the stranger's honoured place;
Beneath his glance was gathered all
The pride of the human face.—
For sable priest and vestal white
Unveiled their sacred brows that night.

They poured the red wine then,
And young fresh lips were wet,
And matrons grave, and bearded men
Smiled as their glances met:
But there was One on whom his eye
Rest, as on his Destiny.

Around each happy brow,
Were nodding chaplets bright,
And lotus bloom and myrtle bough
Glanced to the banquet light:
Yet there was one dim silent wreath
Motionless as the crown of Death.

All other eyes were freed,
And answering look to look;
And he in them gay thoughts might read,
As in a pleasant brook:
But in that veiled Mystery
Were shrouded things not meet for glee.

Mirth floated up, and song,
Timbrel and cymbal's clank,
Soft lute and golden lyre along
The fretted arches rang:
Yet from that Form to catch one strain
He listened painfully—in vain.

Nor voice nor music broke
The fearful stillness there;
Sights, sounds, that mirth and joy awoke,
Went by as silent air:
He saw no eye, he heard no song:
Alone, save one, in that great throng.

They parted soon away;
Stern priest and vestal grave,
All passed: the wasted naptha's ray,
But shadowy dimness gave:
Yet pageant passed, and parting word,
As banquet bygone, unseen, unheard.

For still the Form sat there;
And he grew pale and cold;
Yet when the torches' dying glare
Gleamed on its mantle fold,
He roused him—for he deemed it stirred—
And listened,—but there was no word.

"Now speak, thou One of dread!
Speak to me, here alone!"
As from the chamber of the dead,
Came back the echoed tone;
And, from each sculptured niche about,
Grim specters and crocodile peered out,

He rose: the fading lamp
Shook in his nerveless clasp,
The mantle folds, hung thick and damp
Within his frenzied grasp:
"I will unveil thee—I will know
What art thou that dost chill me so."

Flashed up the flame, and shone
With one expiring ray:
The white bones of the skeleton
Glared on him where he lay:
And he hath blessed the dark, that o'er
That formless Form is veiled once more.

Ha! Epicurean,
Where now thy boasted mirth?
Proud reveller: art thou this was
Clod of thy mother earth?
And hast thou come, at last, to see
What human mirth and pride must be?

The morning sun streamed bright
Through wreathed jasmine,
And hung its tranquil, chequered light,

On temple dome and shrine;
Then turned the Epicurean
Back to his bark, a wiser man.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES," NO. 2.*

I wish the fashions were the same
As thirty years ago,
I can't imagine what can make
The tailors change them so:
When I was in my youth I made
A coat of homespun do,
And thought it very fine to have
My hat tied in a queue.

And in those days our breeches were
All buckled at the knee,
And silver buckles would ensure
The best of company;
Our beavers were of comely shape,
And kept off sun and rain—
Oh how I wish those broad brimmed hats
Would come in vogue again.

I'm troubled with a half a yard
Of cloth about my feet;
My coat is made so very small,
The laps will hardly meet;
Tight knees are all the fashion now,
And shoes must have square toes;—
Where Fashion will arrive at last,
The tailor only knows.

The dandies of the present day,
Have watch chains all of gold,
You'd think their monstrous pocket book
Was filled with wealth untold!
My father wore a silver watch
And eke a good steel chain,
And well I recollect his strait
Old pewter headed cane.

He owned a large and thrifty farm
Of wood and meadow land,
And always had a plenty of
The dollar coins on hand:—
I guess some dashy friends of mine,
Would find it rather hard,
To pay for coats they're wearing now,
At "Two pounds ten per yard."

But as for me, I wish I had
My silver dollars back,
I'd recollect my father's ways,
And tread the same old track;
I'd never do as I have done,
Risk hundreds on a bet,
Nor be obliged so oft to cry,
"Clean pockets here to let."

OBED.

From the New York Evening Post.

INVOCATION.

Spirit of the sleeper's dream,
Weave thy spell for me,
By that spell I know thee well,
Thing of mystery.

Come to me at the moonlit hour,
Whisper to me then,
And revive the faded flower,
Though it die again.

Come to me when darkly flows
Life's mixed tide along,
Breathe upon the heart repose,
Though it wake to wrong.

Spirit of the chainless soul,
Mid the azure air,
When the stars of midnight roll,
Let me worship thee.

Spirit of the resting hour,
Twine thy mystick wreath,
Give me sleep, the calm, the deep,
Though the sleep be death.

HINDA.

From the Youths' Keepsake, for 1829.

THE SAVOYARD'S SONG.

Far away, far away,
By Geneva's blue waters in gladness we dwell;
Kind hands there caressed us,
Sweet voices there blessed us,
As low at our vesper devotions we knelt—
Far away.

Far away, far away,
One morn' flew our father's light vessel in pride,
But the storm gathered o'er,
And his bark came no more;—

*"The Good Old Times," No. 1, was published in the Record, number 41.

Our father's bones sleep in Geneva's blue tide—
Far away.

Far away, far away,
Our heart-broken mother gazed out on the wave;
O'er her children she sighed,
For her husband she died;
On Geneva's green bank is our mother's cold grave—
Far away.

Far away, far away,
From the haunts of our childhood in scorn we were driven:
Left of kindred and home,
The wide earth we must roam,
No hope but in you, and no trust but in Heaven—
Far away.

Far away, far away,
The poor Savoyard orphans tomorrow must go;
Then pity, kind strangers,
The world's friendless rangers,
And bless with your bounty our journey of woe—
Far away.

From the New-York Evening Post.

STANZAS.

"Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one." [Byron.]

I trod my own bright home last night;
The breeze was fresh, the floweret fair;
All stood enwrapped in fairy light—
Thou wast not there.

Soft woke my childhood's careless chord,
And wreaths we did together twine,
And deep, sweet murmuring voices poured—
All, all but *thine*.

The merry lights flashed sunshine then,
And hearts were there in primal glee;
I heard the thrilling notes again,
And turned for *thee*.

There gushed the stream, there blushed the grove,
All bright affection's hallowed spot,
All bound with thousand links of love—
But *thou* wast not.

Oh, parted far! yet fancy's chain
Clings close through many a cloud and care;
And when my night home wakes again,
Oh, meet me there.

NORRA.

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED. The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his patent **SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD**. This article, yet but imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine, he contends with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength and convenience of the ordinary bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on theacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire—to boarding-house keepers—to masters of vessels—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 123 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy. **CHESTER JOHNSON.** New-York 1829. 40 91

MONTGOMERY HOUSE, No. 338 Broadway, New-York. WILLIAM C. SLOAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above establishment, where he will be all ways happy to supply them with the best *wines and liquors* that can be had in the City. Ward, Military, Masonick and Religious meetings and Committees and Arbitrations can be handsomely accommodated. Dinner and Supper Parties furnished at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. Boarding and Lodging at the usual prices. W. C. S. hopes by prompt attention, and unremitting exertion to secure a share of public patronage. New-York, November, 1829.

NEW AND SPLENDID JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS &c.—Just received, a large supply of mosaic, cameo, pearl, opal, jet and gold earrings, of new patterns, diamond pins and finger rings, pearl, cameo and jet do, patent lever, anchor escapement, for lepine and common gold watches, silver do, and a large and good assortment, India watches and establishments, musical, alabaster and marble clocks, and a large assortment of beautiful chains, seals and keys. Also, music boxes, some playing 3 tunes and very superior, now opened and for sale at 450 South Market-st. by **CHAUNCEY JOHNSON.**

N. B. Clocks and watches repaired as usual. **ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BAITBOX MANUFACTORY.**—MORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee-House, keeps constantly on hand for sale, the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid or clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1829.

THIS PAPER

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MASONIC RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

V. 1. 11.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1920.

NO. 47.

MASONIC RECORD.

IMPORTANT TRIAL OF JURORS.

(Continued.)

The juror being questioned says that among the degrees he took were those of Entered Apprentice, Fellowcraft, and Master Mason; has sat with the defendant in the lodge at Gaines, as a master mason; has also met Dr. Nicholson in the same place.

District Attorney examined, says he is a master mason, and received the degrees in Gaines lodge; has seen Mr. Dolly there as an officer of the lodge, he thinks. Witness thinks there are by-laws in writing. It is an old-fashioned principle of the institution, that members can only be admitted through certain forms and ceremonies. There are certain obligations to be taken, let us say, of making signs, the candidate is sworn to obey all regular signs and summonses, he is bound, sent, or thrown to him by a rather mason (of the degree named), or by a regularly constituted lodge of the same. 3d, as to signs of distress, the substance of the obligation is, that it binds the candidate on discovering or receiving a certain sign, or hearing certain words, to fly to the relief of the persons making them, there is a great probability of saving the life of his brother than of losing his own. There is a sign accompanying the oath, and also motions, which may be accompanied or not by words. It was imparted to him, and although he has seen it inducted into lodge, and is among the ceremonies of admission of each member. 3d, as to signs, the substance of the obligation is, that the candidate binds himself to apprise his brother of all approaching danger, if in his power. 4th, as to keeping secrets, the obligation binds the candidate to keep as inviolable in his own breast as in the breast of his brother who communicates, when communicated to him as such, all secrets, MURDER AND TREASON EXCEPTED, and those left to the free will and accord of the candidate. As to the last clause, witness has repeated all the oaths on that point; as to the 2d, the same, 3d, the same, 4th, the same. Witness has frequently met Dolly in Gaines Lodge, but has no recollection that Dolly was there when he was admitted. There is nothing in the obligation requiring him affirmatively to obey the laws; does not recollect, and cannot say there was not, has heard the obligations repeated often, and has no doubt there is an obligation concerning obeying laws. There was no explanation given on the oaths at the time they were taken, there are charges, advice, or instructions given to a candidate, after taking the oath, but whether from a book or not, witness cannot say. One strong feature in the charge is an injunction of secrecy, and also that he should be a good citizen, or a good and loyal subject; this is the charge in the first degree, does not recollect that this is repeated afterwards. It may be; cannot name any other feature in this or any subsequent charge; the candidate is told before admission that the obligation is not to interfere with his religious or political sentiments; the candidate has no other information given him about the obligation, and is told that other masons have gone the same way before him. Lectures are given, which are explanations of certain signs and tokens, used in admission and in labour; there is also a kind of moral deduction from symbols, the square and compass, bible, &c., the tools of operative masons, and application and instruction is made therefrom, for the benefit of the candidate, and his duty as a mason, principally, but not exclusively pointed out. Cross Examined—Has often seen some of the obligations in print, and heard them all repeated out of the lodge; stated before that the obligation made less impression on his mind when delivered, than the charge, and that the charge was received as an explanation of his duty as a mason. As to the 2d clause of the obligation, as marked above, it is said somewhere in the course of the ceremony, that he is not to use a sign of distress unless he is in danger, or he is in imminent danger; thinks it is not in the obligation, but cannot say. As to the obligation signs, there is a warning, "if you see the sign of my cable torn," which refers to some distance from the word "worthy" is used somewhere here, and so setting is said about using the sign except in the lodge. Witness has now resorted to detached parts of several of the obligations. The substance of another point in the obligations is, the candidate swears to relieve the wants of a brother, his widow and orphans if he can, as far as his own position requires, and his ability will allow, without injury to himself or family. The substance of a charge to an Entered Apprentice, to sum it all up, enjoined it upon him to be a VERY GOOD MAN; to perform this duty to men and masons, and be JUST and VIRTUOUS, BENEVOLENT and CHARITABLE, and all the other degrees are similar; a brother is not to wrong a brother of one cent. The ceremonies are always accompanied by RELIGIOUS SERVICES, PRAYERS ARE READ—THE BIBLE IS USED IN WEAVING THE CANDIDATES, AND IN THE COURSE OF THE CEREMONY IS GIVEN TO THE CANDIDATE AS A RULE AND GUIDE OF HIS CONDUCT. Witness acquired a knowledge of the fundamental principles of masonry from passing through the degrees. The Gaines lodge existed before he was a member; thinks he subscribed to it by laws, and was bound in the obligations to observe them; persons sat there when in might or might not have taken the obligations of that lodge; there must have been some members. There was an accession of members in 1923. Witness thinks he knows Dolly to have been a member; the names are kept on the by-laws, and in a book kept by the secretary; believes he has heard Dolly's name read by the secretary from the roll, but does not feel confident. A man cannot become a mason by paying any sum and signing any by-laws; and the impression of the witness is, that he must have a recommendation from some other lodge, and must sign the by-laws. A person desirous of becoming a member of a lodge, must make himself known as a freemason, by signs or words, the signs, &c., were required to be the same as those communicated to witness; these were evidence to the lodge that the candidate was a free-

mason; and these signs would be evidence to the Gaines lodge that the candidate had taken the same oaths required to be taken by the Gaines lodge. Cross Examined—Does not know how masons are made in Vermont, or any where else out of Gaines lodge; his knowledge about the law of Gaines lodge, in regard to the admission of members, was obtained from the practice and custom of the lodge; his opinions are derived from witnessing these customs, receiving signs and tokens, hearing charges and lectures, and from the by-laws, rules and regulations; cannot say he has been present when a visitor member applied for admission, but thinks he has; thinks an oath is administered to the visitor as to his being a freemason, but is not positive.

Dr. Bates called again. From his knowledge of the members of the chapter, and from the laws, &c., says it is an ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS; the terms used are "brothers" and "companions," there was a fund, and all the members contributed an initiation fee, and had a common interest in the fund. Different passages of scripture are read to different degrees. During the progress of the 7th degree (royal arch) a passage from the Old Testament is read, giving a history of the destruction of the temple, and the rebuilding of the second temple, on the return of the Jews, which is said to be the history of that degree; there is also an allusion in this degree to the "burning bush"—the candidate is directed to behold the "burning bush." So, there is used poetry for ceremony and also for further allusions. Cross Examined—Collects no allusion to courts of justice in any ceremony; men who belong to the same chapter frequently belong to different churches and different political parties, and differ as much as other men, on philosophy and morality, and have as many law suits as others, and as much competition in all business and relations of life, and judging from their conduct, as much jealousy and rivalry; understands the nature of the Christian church, and religious associations. There is as much attachment between members of the post-masonic church, as between members of the masonic fraternity, and as much sympathy and friendship with the same with members of the Baptist denomination; a Baptist would feel as much interest in a brother accused of crime as a mason. His bond is equally strong with the non-masonic. THE OBJECT OF THE MASONIC ASSOCIATION IS TO ACCOMPLISH THE GOOD OF MEN. In one of the degrees the bible is presented to the candidate—in the Entered Apprentice degree, when the candidate is brought in, he is presented with the bible, square and compass, the explanation of which is "the bible is given as a rule and guide of your faith and practice, the square, to square your actions, and the compass, to keep you within the bounds of self-control, but more especially within the brotherhood"; the bible, with the square and compass, is carried in the public processions of masons, it belongs to the furniture and jewels of the lodge, and in all the ceremonies the presence of a bible is necessary; certain passages concerning the Babylonian captivity are read in the 7th degree; the chapter beginning "Remember now thy Creator" is read in some of the degrees of the lodge; a religious belief is not required for admission. The words used by the royal arch mason to another in order to ascertain whether he is a mason of that degree, are these: "Quest 'Are you a royal arch mason?' Ans. I am that I am." Cross Examined—There is no religious test required to enter a lodge, but it is required that the member should practice correctly; if he becomes immoral he is expelled. The common fund is for charity, and is under the direction of the chapter or the "committee of charity"; it may be used for furniture and it may be applied to liberate a debtor from jail, as a object of charity, but not a person imprisoned for assault and battery, the fund is wholly under the direction of a "committee of charity." Witness thinks the chapter at Gaines recognized a superior tribunal, the "Grand Chapter of the State of New York," and understood there was a contribution from this chapter to the Grand Chapter; but knows of no law requiring such contributions to be made. The object of the fund is, first, for the necessary debts and expenses of the lodge, and next for charitable purposes, then for expenses on public days; the fund is subject to the order of the lodge, but a committee of charity is generally appointed to make the disbursements. One general object of the fund is to relieve brethren in distress; there is no qualification as to the kind of distress—but the brother must be worthy—the fund is for the relief of brethren, their widows and orphans, and whether they would be worthy of relief or not would be a matter of discretion; where the object was wholly unworthy, no relief would be afforded. The person relieved must be worthy, and the lodge may judge of his worthiness, but there is no other meaning to this than in ordinary language.

Dr. Bates called again. A week ago last Monday, he was asked if he thought Mather ought to be punished, and said he ought not, what witness thought and meant, was, that he did not know for a certainty anything of Mather for which he ought to be punished; the conversation referred to the Morgan affair. Witness has heard it mentioned more than once that Mather drove the carriage in which Morgan was supposed to be; has heard Jonathan Gates say he had got information of Mather having driven the carriage, either from seeing him say so, or seeing him, which witness does not recollect; there was more information given witness by Gates, but what it was witness does not know; has an impression that Gates said something about walking beside the carriage, when driven by Mather. Cross Examined—On Monday last, at an election in Gaines, he went into a house and shook hands with Sprague; a few words passed, and the question was put before him to any thing else was put, "Do you believe that Mather ought to be punished?" did not say for what, and he did not say before witness answered "No," or "I think not," and was going on to say, or was about to say (thinks he had begun to speak) that Mather had once told witness he had not had anything to do with the Morgan affair, and he had no proof to the contrary as yet; did not say his became witness discovered, as he thought, that Sprague was intoxicated, and left him. Witness did not form any opinion from what Gates told him; did never make up any decided opinion either way, but thought there was a possibility that he might be guilty, and a possibility that he might not. What Gates said did not make much impression on his mind, because he had determined to keep his mind free of the subject, and not argue or wrangle about it. The conversation with Sprague was at the house drawn and summoned as a juror. Witness has an attachment for Mather, which does not differ from that he entertains for other respectable acquaintances; and would not be governed by this as a juror,

Mather told witness he was a police officer, and he said so because this was when he was here for trial. Witness has seen the street, who said it was an unfortunate affair, and would cost him all he was worth. Mather said he was willing to fetch the case to trial if he could have an impartial jury, but was fearful of the influence of the prejudice and excitement against masonry. Witness asked Mather in the place how he came on with his trial. Witness has never attended a meeting of the chapter since the abduction of Morgan, except once on a summons to settle some business with the lodge. Witness has been acquainted with the defendant five or six years; he seldom saw him to converse with him, but had occasionally done so, sometimes on religious subjects, and sometimes on masonry; once met and conversed with him near his laundry for twenty or thirty minutes; his attachment to Mather was founded on what he had seen of his charity and goodness; once had more attachment to Mather on account of masonry than he has now. Witness is not a religious mason, he is on the public side; his attachment to masonry and his connection with lodges and chapters had ceased, he had made up his mind with himself a great while ago, not to attend any more lodges or chapters. His first reason for this resolution was, that members did not live up to that strict rule of morality which the obligations require; another was, that he did not think he ought to spend his time in a way which he thought was of little or no importance to him, another reason was, that a ter the carrying off of Morgan, witness became more confirmed in his resolution not to visit lodge, because he thought from information and hearsay, that masons were concerned in it; before he does regard Mather as a brother mason, and looks upon him as a royal arch mason, and should the referee entertain feelings for him different in some respect from what he should towards Mr. Sprague, who is a stranger. Mather is dearer to him than being a mason than he otherwise would be; and witness is under greater obligations to him in some respects on that account. Witness does not expect to meet Mather in a lodge, unless summoned; if defendant should give up masonry as he has his feelings toward him would be the same as they are now. The obligation witness is under to Mather, as he is to Mather, are the same as he feels him to be under to the members of the same church with himself; there is a great deal more for related to him, to whom he is as much attached as he is to a brother; he has no more attachment or affection for the defendant than he has for other men who are as good, and are not masons. He does not know that he is more attached to the defendant because he is a mason, than he would if he were not, is under no obligation to protect him from the laws, if he should commit a crime, nor is he under obligation to be an unworthy brother, or an offender against the laws to protect or assist him. This is the way he was taught masonry. Witness is not aware of any obligation operating on his mind, by which he would be required to treat a mason differently from other men.

Jonathan Gates examined. Once inquired of Mr. Dolly if he had heard that Mather drove the carriage which contained Morgan, and thinks Dolly answered that he had. Witness then told him that Mather went through on the ridge road, and drove a carriage; has no doubt he told Dolly he saw Mather on the carriage driving, but cannot say he related any particulars, or said any thing about walking beside the carriage. The whole amount of the conversation was about Mather's driving a carriage, in which it was supposed Morgan was. Cross Examined—Witness lived near Dolly and tended mill; Dolly is a blacksmith. The conversation alluded to, took place before Dolly's house, on returning from meeting one evening; this was when the story first came out, and there was nothing but a mere rumour of the abduction. Dolly disbelieved it, and so did witness; witness told Dolly that the carriage was driving west. The question, "Was what you told Dolly true, in fact?" was objected to, and waived.

William Ruggles was then called and examined by the counsel for the defendant. Witness was a member of Gaines lodge, of which he has been senior warden and master. The charge of the lodge to an Entered Apprentice on taking his stand in the lodge, is this: "You now take your place as an Entered Apprentice mason—Your duty is to obey the laws of your country, or the state or government under which you live; you are to square your actions by the square of justice; to circumscribe your passions within due bounds with all mankind, but more especially with your brotherhood; to walk uprightly before men and masons; the eyes of the world are upon you, and you are not, by your conduct, to bring reproach upon your self or upon your brethren." The bible is presented to him as the guide of his faith and practice. The charge to a Fellowcraft, on taking his stand, is to this effect: "You have advanced one step in masonry; the obligation on you to be a good man is increased; you are to consider yourself more firmly bound by the charge given to you as an Entered Apprentice." To a Master mason the substance of the charge is, "to walk irreproachably, and as an example to others." As to the obligation of a Master mason to keep secrets, it was, as he gave it in Gaines lodge, "I further more promise and swear, that I will keep the secrets of a brother master mason when given to me in charge, and I receive them as such, that they remain as inviolable in my breast as they would be in his own, murder and treason excepted." There is no particular explanation of this, as he recollects. As to the sign of distress, the obligation is thus: "I furthermore promise and swear, that I will not give a grand halting sign of distress, or the words accompanying the same, unless I am in real distress, or my life is in imminent danger, or with in the body of a just and legally constituted lodge, or in some place by a court place, for the benefit of instruction. I furthermore promise and swear, that whenever I shall see the grand halting sign of distress, or hear the words accompanying the same, I will fly to its relief, if there is a greater probability of saving his life, than of losing his own." Examples are given illustrative of these two obligations. If I were to see a sign from a brother in danger of losing his life in an affair, or fighting, or in the dark should hear the words uttered, I should endeavour to relieve him; 2d, in case of a drowning person, or in case of fire—these examples are given as explanatory of the obligation by the master. Witness never saw nor heard that this sign might be used by a person under arrest for a breach of the law, nor that it must be obeyed in such cases. All the instructions given on that head, as to obey the laws, and the obligation to obey the sign, are confined to a WORTHY brother. There is no explanation of the obligation to obey signs and summonses—all masons understand it. The phrase "cable

Will it be believed by those who have still some regard to honour and good faith, among mankind, that the man who has given this unwilling testimony in favour of the masonic institution is a RENOWNED MASON? and that he was lately elected by the antismasonic party, clerk of the county of Orleans? Tell it not in Gath!

the speed of the lightest and fastest mail, drawn by the swiftest blood horses, and driven by the most desperate coachman, over the smoothest roads of England. *Upwards of thirty miles an hour!* Let us see—at this rate we reach Manchester in an hour, Birmingham in three hours, London, Edinburgh or Glasgow in six hours, and you may glide along at this bird-like speed with as little discomfort as if you were sitting in your arm chair, reading a volume of the Diamond Poets, without being disturbed by a single joint, nay, I believe it would not be difficult to write. If the length of the journey made it worth while, I should expect to see rail road coaches fitted up with libraries and escrutoirs; but it will soon be nearly useless to take up a book for so short a journey as one or two hundred miles.

But if a speed of thirty miles an hour has already been attained, what good reason is there that we should not in process of time accomplish sixty miles per hour? Nay, why should we stop there? I am not bold enough to anticipate the time when coaches will supersede the telegraph, but I may reasonably expect to see them leaving the carrier pigeon behind.

On a well constructed railway, like that between Liverpool and Manchester, there is less danger in moving at the rate of thirty miles per hour than there is in travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour on a turnpike road. On the rail way there is not a single turn and scarcely a single inequality; in these respects the engineer has boldly and wisely aimed at perfection, though he thereby incurred what many deemed an extravagant expense. The chief sources of danger in travelling rapidly on turnpike roads are—1st hills; 2d, turnings in the road; 3d, inequalities in the surface of the road; 4th, unruly horses; 5th, meeting other horses. Not one of these dangers exists on the railway, and therefore it is difficult to limit the speed at which we may travel with safety.

I have chosen a fertile theme, and must leave it unexhausted. It may afford me ample room for future speculations. E.

HISTORICAL.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

(Concluded.)

But to return; after the banishment of Iturbide the government was occasionally disturbed by tumultuary movements, such as that of Lobato in 1824, of Andrade, Quintana, and others in the same year, and by the return of the ex-emperor himself on the 8th of July, almost immediately after the defeat of his partisans, just named. He was conducted on the 16th of the same month to Padilla, in the state of Tamaulipas, identified before the Congress, and in three hours afterwards shot. The real story is, we believe, little known in Europe. It is this: Garza, whose life had been spared by Iturbide, as we have already stated, had been the medium of communication between him and his friends in the Northern States. Whether he had become so with the intent to betray him, or was led to do so by the failure of the rising under Quintana, we cannot pretend to decide; but thus much appears certain, that Beneski, a Polish adventurer, who accompanied Iturbide, had conferences with him (Garza,) under some plausible pretext. Iturbide landed in disguise, as Garza states in his official report, but as we have been assured on good authority, on the invitation of that officer to put himself at the head of the troops and lead them to redress the wrongs of his country. That Iturbide acted under this conviction is to our minds certain, for we are sure, that with his resolution of character he would never have submitted to be led to Padilla like a bull to the stake. He entered Padilla with the assurance of a victorious chief, but death in a few hours dispelled the illusion. Every fact that has come to our knowledge respecting his last moments is confirmatory of this, and he died as he lived, bold and undaunted. It is impossible to reconcile this atrocious act of the Mexican authorities with the commonest principles of justice. It has indeed been attempted to defend it, on the ground that as he was outlawed, it was allowable to hunt him down like a wild beast. Let us look to facts. On the 23th of April, 1824, the Congress, labouring under the apprehension of his invading the country, pronounced his outlawry. He sailed from Southampton on the 11th May, so that he could not by any possibility know of the decree, and he arrived at Soto de la Marina on the 8th of July, without having touched at any place on his voyage.

In 1827, there were insurrections in various parts of the north, and even in the capital. The last and the present years have been distinguished by

the proceedings of Bravo, Barragon, Santana, and Guerrero; the two last have effected an entire revolution of men, if not of principles, which, if peace and unanimity be not established at home, may soon give place to other changes, brought into action by the now (we apprehend seriously) threatened Spanish invasion from Cuba, at the expense of the Cadiz merchants. That the Spanish domination has passed away for ever, cannot be soberly doubted; but with such materials as exist in Mexico, any hostile force on the coasts might rekindle furious animosities, that would require the soothing influence of many years to allay.

A very few words may suffice respecting the existing government of Mexico. As we have already seen, the federal form of republic has been chosen, and the constitution of the United States adopted as the model. The legislature consists of a Senate and House of Representatives. A president and vice-president are elected for four years, and the former is ineligible for re-election for four years more. The powers of the president are very considerable. Provision is made for the exercise of the legislative and judicial functions in detail. The government of each state depends on the particular constitution which it has adopted. This, however, must be in conformity with certain general principles recognised by the central congress, and must not be in opposition to the general constitution. For a fuller account of the latter, we cannot do better than refer to Mr. Ward's work, which contains the only details of it we have yet seen, distinct from the original constitution of the several states and the acts of congress.

Victoria* and Bravo were the first elected to fill the office of president and vice-president. The latter was banished last year for some revolutionary attempt; Gomez Peuraza was chosen to succeed Victoria, and Guerrero to fill the vice-presidential chair. This was resented by the mulatto chief, and after a severe struggle, commenced by the incessant intriguer Santana, Pedraza has been expelled, and Guerrero chosen in his stead. It has been said that since the ascendancy of Guerrero, the aspect of affairs has become more settled. This is possible, for Guerrero, though a semi-barbarian, is a man of firmness and strong natural talents, and possesses the confidence of the majority, being one of themselves. Besides which, his continued hostility to Spain throughout the struggle for independence has acquired for him the reputation of its most devoted defender. He is, however, grossly ignorant, incapable, we believe, of reading any writing but his own griffonage, and excessively obstinate. Every thing will depend on the selection of his advisers; if he happen to take a right course, his pertinacity will be useless; if, on the contrary, he should be wrong, the mischief will be irreparable. The scenes that preceded his election in the capital itself have afforded but small hopes of a moderate administration. The sacking of the first city in the republic, the butchery of its peaceful inhabitants under the eye of the then president, and the range given to the licentiousness of the military, open but a melancholy prospect, and afford but small encouragement for the realization of the splendid anticipations which so many have entertained. Let us hope, however, now that personal ambition has been gratified, that a sense of the true interests of his country will influence the new president and direct his councils.

It was a favourite opinion with many, that it was only necessary for Mexico to throw off the Spanish yoke, in order that she might enter the lists of improvement with the United States of America. The advocates of this opinion, even to a modified extent, appear to have overlooked some most important considerations; on the one hand they forget that Mexico was a degraded colony of degraded Spain—that its inhabitants were plunged

* Victoria, whom we have already mentioned as Don Joro Maria Paredon, ex, was much distinguished during the revolutionary contest. He joined Mexico, and afterwards, it is said, associated himself with the Conde de St. Jago's coachman, who headed a predatory party on the plains of Acon. He was driven from thence, and occupied the franchises of Vera Cruz, during which he either guided, or fancied he guided, some advantage over the royalists on the 12th of December, a day dedicated to Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, the patroness of Mexico, and to commemorate the saint, as well as to do honour to the Virgin, he abandoned his titles, styles, and designations, and adopted that of Guadalupe Victoria, honoured the saint, by making the 12th of December his own natal day. Such absurdities excited admiration in Mexico, and Victoria is there deemed a hero.

into a state of extreme moral darkness—that, in fact, they were what Lemaire, the gallant defender of San Juan de Ulloa, designated them, "hijos malcriados de los malos Espanoles" (ill-bred sons of bad Spaniards);—that, on the other hand, the founders of the United States were Englishmen, who carried the liberal spirit and enlightened institutions of their father-land with them across the Atlantick; and all that they had to do, after shaking off the yoke of England, was to govern themselves in the way best fitted to their local interests. The Mexican, however, has not only to throw off his allegiance to Spain, but to divest himself of all the miserable institutions, habits, customs, and propensities entailed upon him by his parentage. He has to effect not only a political, but a moral regeneration; and with the most ardent hopes for his success, we cannot discard from our minds the impression that such a regeneration can only be the result of time and experience, and not of a mere change of name or of master. Society in Mexico is evidently in a disorganized state at present, and the prosperity of the people must necessarily sympathize with it. Agriculture cannot be very vigorously pursued, while the husbandman is uncertain of reaping his harvest in security. Commerce must be limited, so long as the wants of the consumer are small, and his means still smaller; and the violent expulsion of the most intelligent and wealthy individuals in the republic, although it may gratify vindictive feelings, must at the same time weaken the confidence of foreigners in the wisdom of the government, and disincline them to expose their property to the risk of similar measures. The physical configuration of Mexico also obstructs her rapid progress, although it affords a strong guarantee of her independence. A nation far behind most of its contemporaries cannot be made sensible of its defects without a comparison with others. The great bulk of the Mexicans, from the unhealthiness of the coasts, crowd to the central plains, to which the distance precludes few but resident foreigners from penetrating; hence their intercourse with the natives is restricted, and the improvement arising from intercourse and collision with them necessarily checked. Added to all these disadvantages, it must be confessed that the course of policy pursued by the government from the establishment of independence up to the present moment, has been, with few exceptions, of a kind neither fitted to inspire its own subjects with confidence and attachment, nor to command the respect of foreign powers. Unless the present rulers show a determination to use the power they have acquired by such doubtful means for purposes of acknowledged public benefit—for the security of persons and property by a strict administration of justice—for the honest, however tardy, fulfilment of engagements for which the national faith has been pledged, and for laying the foundation of a system of popular education—unless, we say, they do this, their reign, we hazard nothing in predicting, will be of very short duration. In the hope, however faint, that such may be their dispositions, we now close these cursory observations.

SAXON NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

December, which stood first, was styled "Mid-winter monath." January was "Aefter-yula," or after Christmas. February "Sol monath," from the returning sun. March "Rhede, or Rhede monath," rough, or rugged month. April "Easter monath," from a favourite Saxon goddess, whose name we still preserve. May was "Trimichi," from the cows being then milked thrice in the day. June "Sere monath," dry month. July "Mæd monath," the meads being then in their bloom. August was "Weod monath," from the luxuriance of weeds. September "Harfest monath." October they called "Winter fylleth," from winter approaching with the full moon of that month. And lastly, November was styled "Blot monath," from the blood of the cattle slain that month, and stored for winter provision. Verstegan names the months somewhat differently.

Louis XIV. was presented with an epitaph by an indifferent poet, on the celebrated Moliere. "I would to God," said he, "that Moliere had brought me yours."

THE LEGENDARY.

From the New England Weekly Review.

THE GOBLIN OAK.

The events of which we speak, happened since the establishment of Common Schools, and near one of those villages now so beautifully scattered over the banks of our own Connecticut. The dark days of the Revolution had passed away, with all their long train of clouds and storms. The blood of the Patriot had sunk into the ground, and no longer cried for freedom or vengeance—both were won—the smoke of the battle-field had ascended to Heaven, and the warm beams of the sun of Peace burst through summer skies, bearing in their course life and light and joy.

Jacob Snell had been an industrious, economical, and thriving man. He began the world without friends or money—but he had what neither can bestow, stout hands and a stout heart; and, at the end of ten years from his first "setting up," he found himself the undisputed master of a small house, land enough to keep him from idleness, a wife, and four fat, chubby children. At this time, when Jacob's luck was all "right side out," as he used to say, and the future promised to crown the expectations of his youth with fulness, one of his playmates, who had been wandering up and down in the world, homeless and houseless as a bird of passage, for many long years until the scenes of his youth had forgotten him, returned to his native village, and set up a Store in Jacob's neighbourhood. Sundry rolls of green and red cloth in one window, a collection of snuff jars and bottles in the other, and more especially a broad black board, with white letters, over the door, indicated to all the passers-by that European and West India Goods were for sale in that place by Mr. Solomon Swap. As it was something less than a mile from his house, Jacob soon called to renew his acquaintance, and to his very great surprise, found, that Swap had grown from a green, white-headed, monkey-looking imp to be one of the most pleasant and polite men in the world. He shook Jacob most heartily by the hand, invited him into the back shop, where a good fire helped counteract the effects of the Autumn wind, made a thousand enquiries about days long syne, told some of his own adventures, and, to close the whole, presented for Jacob's acceptance a streaming bowl of flip well seasoned, and of especial flavour. Ill humour and low spirits were no part of Jacob Snell's composition, and, upon this occasion, his good nature broke over all bounds. He returned home in great glee, and laughed, whistled, and sung songs the whole evening.

Swap and his store did not easily fade from Jacob's memory. But a few days had elapsed, before it occurred to him, that it would be well enough to call and enquire of the merchant what he allowed for pork in exchange for goods—not that he intended to dispose of his fat hogs in this way—but then it would do no harm to just put the question. He was greeted with the same saucy and the same beverage as before, and the interview closed with his bargaining every ounce of his pork to Swap, who, in return, was to let him have goods very low—very low indeed. The ice was now fairly broken, and Jacob repeated his visits and his potations so often, that, before winter closed, an evening at home became dull and almost intolerable. He now found, that he wanted a great many articles, which could be had at the "Store"—and, most unfortunately, among other things he wanted companions and grog. The vices are more closely allied than the virtues. Raise but one devil your self, and that fiend will call up a legion of his associates. Jacob, from drunkenness, went forward to gaming—and the natural consequences ensued. The subtraction from his labours and the addition to his expenses soon wrought a fearful balance against his prosperity. He went from his house dejected and unhappy—he returned dejected, unhappy, and—drunk. Only one bright gleam shone through the clouds that gathered over his path, and that came from the windows of Swap's back shop. It was the only star in Jacob's benighted Heaven—and that, he knew, he felt, was luring him down to the chambers of death. In that wretched apart-

ment, amid the lowest, the vilest of the vine, surrounded with cards, dice, flip, broken bottles, and the fumes of tobacco, he strove with desperate energy to crush the worm gnawing at his vitals.

Two years rolled away. "I would n't go down to Sol Swap's store to night, if I was you, Jacob," said his wife, as she saw him fumbling behind the door for a ragged great coat. "I would," replied Jacob. "I should be ashamed to be sitting up there every night playing too and drinking flip, while my children were crying for bread, at home." "Peg!" said he, "if you want to wear the breeches so much, you may have the old ones, up stairs." "You know better, Jacob Snell, and you won't have breeches or any thing else to wear long, if you don't turn over a new leaf." "You mind your own business, wife—if they are ragged, mend 'em—that's your look out." "Don't go down there to carry on with that gang, Jacob—don't." "I will," exclaimed Jacob, in a voice of thunder, with an oath we dare not repeat; "I will go, if the devil himself stands in the way"—and, so saying, he sallied forth, slamming the door with a force that made his dwelling shake to its foundations.

It was an evening in November—a damp, cloudy and chilly evening—one of those so common to the season in New-England, and from which the weatherwise may prognosticate a fair or foul morrow with about equal probability. The winds were apparently hushed, for the few remaining leaves slept quietly on the forest boughs, but the clouds indicated a strong, quick current above, and heavy masses rolled rapidly through the sky, leaving the place of the risen moon visible only at intervals. The light was consequently variable. Sometimes a sudden brightening up would reach the distant hills, and tempt you to look in vain for the shadows around you—again the gloom would deepen, and you might almost see the darkness, like a tempest cloud rushing toward you from the horizon. But Jacob Snell had thought little of these matters. With a body enfeebled by late hours and strong drink; and a mind stupified and poisoned with drunkenness and gambling; his thoughts were wandering over past scenes of riot at Sol Swap's store, and if the future ever pressed upon his vision, he closed his eyes in horror, for the poor house, the jail was there. He passed along his solitary way in silence, until the path, in winding around a hill, led him to a little dell of perhaps a bow-shot across. In this place, at the lowest point of descent, by the road side, arose a large oak tree; that flung its long arms across the way, and some of them so near the earth as to be easily reached by the hand. Near by, stood the school house, and many a bright summer day had the noisy urchins clambered among these low branches, swinging and jolting in the balmy air, as careless and free as the birds that carolled above their heads. By them it was known as "the old oak." It was now almost leafless—but a few scattered leaves clung here and there to the gnarled boughs, and bade defiance, even in desolation, to tempest and storm. As Jacob approached this tree a rustling in its branches caught his ear, and he looked up. There was a man apparently seated on one of the highest limbs over the highway. "Hullo, Sam!" said Jacob, "that you?" and, stooping down, he gathered a handful of pebbles, and began throwing them playfully at his supposed neighbour, calling upon him at the same time to come down. The man instantly descended with extraordinary celerity from branch to branch, until he arrived at the lowest where he seated himself with his face turned towards Jacob Snell. Jacob was somewhat inclined to marvel at Sam's expedition in "climbing down," as he called it; and not knowing but he might possibly be deceived, in his supposition, he called out, "who are you?" There was no answer but the echo of Jacob's own voice from the hollow hill. "Come now Sam, you needn't try to scare me"—and, paused for a moment, he added—"for you won't make out." Still there was no answer but the echo, and Jacob determined to take a nearer view, and ascertain, at all hazards, who it was. He advanced hastily, until he might have laid his hand upon the limb where the man was. The light now enabled him to see distinctly, and Jacob Snell gazed—with an earnestness, an ardour, an intenseness, that drew

his whole soul to his eyes, he gazed into a countenance turned full upon his own. As he looked, his feet seemed to grow to the earth where he stood, his blood grew chill, his jaws became set, his fingers clenched as if grasping for life, his joints stiffened, his eyes were fixed, and his whole man seemed about to reverse the fable of Pygmalion's statue, and grow to marble. Was it so!—had his dreadful imprecation been thus answered! was he gazing in a looking-glass! for it was the face of Jacob Snell—that countenance was his own! The agony was too much—his stiffened sinews relaxed, his brain chilled, and he fell as dead.

How he got home that night Jacob could never tell—but, when he re-entered his dwelling, he was an altered man. He resumed his industrious economical habits, abandoned grog in all its seductive forms, never visited Sol Swap's store but once and then to pay up his debts, his wife smiled, his children smiled, and peace and plenty smiled upon him during a long and happy life. But the oak—the fatal oak he could never pass, day or night, without an involuntary shudder. He told the story of the eventful evening to no one but his wife, and Peggy always insisted she had kept the secret inviolate—but somehow his tale got whispered among the old grannies of the village, always a secret, a very great and mysterious secret; and, from that day, the Oak, which is yet "strong against a thousand winters" has been known and feared as "THE GOBLIN OAK."

THE TRAVELLER.

From the London New Monthly Magazine, for November.

THE DEAD SEA.

"Lugentes campant, sic, los nomine dunt."—*Tristis, que, alius nominanda, vonda. Virg. Æneid. l. vi.*

Whoever has spent the month of March at Jerusalem, and knows how to value an ample view from a clean terrace, of one of the most interesting scenes in history, will never forget, unless he be singularly ungrateful, the Latin Convent of our Holy Saviour. March was a cheerful and gusty month here as with us in the North of Europe, and shifts the decoration and colouring of your landscape I know not how often in the same day. This is no evil; Jerusalem is so compendiously packed up within its Turkish walls, that, without some such change, you would soon fall asleep over the monotony. Our grey clouds and pea-green washy-looking landscapes are not more melancholy than an earth burnt up to the rocks, and a blaze of blue sky overhead: now thus you avoid in the month of March; you stand on the confines of two great portions of the year, and have dashes and blendings of both. We all lived below in a dungeon-like room, too large for a cell, but too dreary for a habitable apartment. There was one great window, but its huge bars and cobwebbed panes of yellow-looking glass darkened the little day-light which was left us. Some lumber in the way of a few old creaking chairs under us, and a clumsy back desk, notched with the memorials of the pilgrims who had preceded us, did the part of furniture. I remember, above all, the door. It was like the hieroglyphic tablet in the tomb of some Egyptian king. Names, and some of them worth reading, scarred it all over. On a rainy day it was invaluable. Our servants packed their tent on one of the terraces outside, and revelled at large on the wine of Bethlehem. But we were careless enough about our in-door comforts. We lived, like all good Easterns, wholly and altogether in the open air. When not actually on excursions, in and round the city, we were to be found on the terrace. That terrace was worth an entire library and garden. It was nothing more than the roof of the building; perfectly flat, well paved, and kept in the best order with a plain parapet, and no interruption but the cupola, rising in the centre, like an isolated little temple, and looking out in various ways upon the most striking features of the city. I read Herodotus at Thermopylae and Marathon, and the Iliad on the plains of Troy, but I would give both for a chapter of Isaiah or Jeremiah from the terrace of the convent of San Salvator. I remember one

evening, in particular, it was so wild and wayward, the sky so dull and lurid—I had made up my mind for an earthquake, or a hurricane, or something worse than either, for which I had no distinct name; when, after a pause, in which you could have heard distinctly the whispers of two naked Arabs at their prayers on the terrace near, I saw a great burst of light—half sun, half cloud—with a deep flaring rainbow crowning it, sweep off from behind Mount Olivet towards the Dead Sea. I thought of Julian and St. Cyril, and his crosses, and pronounced him a good observer and a better poet. Jerusalem was starred with the light, and Olivet was as if Shiloh had revealed himself, and the bare red rocks of the Dead Sea seemed angry with the smouldering of the sinking cities, and Tophet (fit scenes for the rites of Moloch) looked doubly dark and sepulchral. These were no unusual accompaniments to our readings; we read and read, and listened and gazed, and then came the winds of the retreating storms over us—and the chant of those Franciscans; and the dull heavy swell of the organ below. This was the poetry of the day—but we had plenty of prose also. The community was composed of the ordinary ingredients: forty monks all sighing for Europe, fearing the Turks, hating the Greeks, and taking any thing *per l'amor d'Iddio*, were it even a bag of sequins; but withal good-humoured, good-natured, gossips by profession and disposition, and willing to ease any unfortunate traveller of his time and ennui, if properly required. After supper we had every night our *conversazione*. Our predecessors were discussed, with their merits and demerits—Chateaubriand, I remember, figured *toto vertice* amongst his contemporaries, but not precisely in the way he would have preferred. The pilgrim cavalier was testy enough, and nearly knocked down a monk for some trifling mistake or inattention. In his own pages he is not less valiant, but *then* he performs these exploits not on monks, but Turks, which makes all the difference in the world. The monks were soon exhausted, and became bores. We were infinitely obliged, in such a state of our affairs, to a lively Monsieur M——, since a preacher of no ordinary lungs and success in the South of France, for his occasional visits. He was the most kindly-conditioned dialectician I ever met with, and, in controversy, was, what the fancy would call, a perfect "glutton." Theological encounters he would go any distance for, and under texts, which to us looked perfectly flat and uninteresting, he was sure to scent out, as in a fox cover the most admirable quarry. Then M—— was eloquent, or believed himself to be so. He preached; and when he preached, it was with such an extravagant unction, it was impossible not to burst at once into a flagrant laugh. Moods, tenses, languages, were secondary matters to him—whenver requested, he volunteered, without the least demur, fragments of Spanish or Italian, and *pirouetted* off at last into French, without the least concern as if he were doing every thing in the most graceful and perfect manner in the world. He was no favourite, we could soon perceive, in the convent. A Frenchman, and a Frenchman in the most teasing and vivid sense of the word, could not find much grace amongst a community of grave Spaniards and Italians. He annoyed the monks, moreover, at their orisons, or in their sleep; for half his nights were spent in striding about (and no man had a more emphatic and ponderous stride) from his room to his gallery, and making portentous preparations for the display of the ensuing morning. Yet was the Abbe M—— a "trouvaille" at Jerusalem, though somewhat of an "ennuyé" in the long run elsewhere; and for having delivered us from the company of his brethren, and sometimes from our own, we owe him a large store of gratitude, and no men can be more willing to pay it, when ever an opportunity will permit.

But we at last got tired of these pleasures, and proposed an excursion to the Dead Sea, and subsequently to Karak and Petra. When at Cairo, we had been recommended to take the route by Jerusalem—now that we found ourselves at Jerusalem people said, what fools not to have gone by Cairo! Had there been any possibility of change or retreat we should, of course, not have heard these observations. The first things we had to think of, were

good horses, and then good guides. Any man who has money will easily find the first;—the latter are not to be dug up on every occasion. We made inquiries every where. Some asked us, "where Karak was?" and others said, "It is somewhere in Mesopotamia." The Turks shook their heads and continued smoking; the Greeks, finding we patronized the Latin convent, left us to our own bad taste and evil fate. In this dilemma, the Padre Guardiano, as the Superior was called, came to us one morning with his face all radiant with joy, full of glee and mystery, and informed us, much to our satisfaction, that he had found a person of confidence, who had another person of confidence, who knew every thing, and who would do every thing—in a word, in whom we also might implicitly confide. The intermediate had been tried and found proof; and had, at this time, a great veneration for the English. He was a Sheikh, and was possessed of a tribe counting from two to three hundred men. We, who had not less veneration for Sheikhs than he had for Englishmen, and believed in the honesty of all Bedouins, on the faith of numerous extracts from the best writers in our note books, were delighted beyond measure at our good fortune. The Padre offered his snuff-box by way of congratulation, and in parting said, "You need not fear this man: he is under the deepest obligation to Mr. B——; he saved him from the gallows and his son from prison; now it is out of the nature of things he can be ungrateful." We thought so too; but it is not the first time we had been deceived by the nature of things; besides, we were some years younger than the good Padre. Time, however, who discovers all things, somewhat shook the soundness of these conclusions.

A few days afterwards, this gentleman-freebooter was introduced to us in proper form. He looked just such a man as must have been saved six or seven times from the gallows, and whose life was charmed henceforth against all chance of the executioner. I have the infidel's face before me still. Sheikh Mohammed was a wizened, withered, bony, sinister-looking man: his features dried up by sun and wind into a black, mummy-seeming substance, fiercely lighted by two glistening crab-like eyes; his teeth deathly white, and his hair as black as charcoal, and coarse knots and flakes. All this was half hid by his black bedouin shawl and beard. The shawl was most unsheiklike; rent and dirty, he seemed now to have carried it about him for many years—a legacy, I suppose, or intended to be one. The smile of this man was worse than his frown; there was treachery and suspicion mixed. He spoke little; but when he did, he gave out the Arab guttural with an importunate emphasis, which had not the illusion been strongly at work upon us, would probably have set us on our guard. But we had the word of the Guardiano, and, what is not unusual with young travellers, a superabundance of good faith. Mohammed, with all his external drawbacks—and no man bore a plainer advertisement of the interior man on his brow—was taken at once into our unlimited confidence.

On our arrival at Jerusalem, we had found two of our countrymen in the next cell to our own; one extremely ill of a fever, the other scarcely less so of the country; both anxious to get back to Europe, and both rejoiced at some prospect of relief from the monotonous consolations of the fraternity. The latter, seduced by our conversation, numbers, or cook, was induced once more to risk his fortunes on the waters. He was the best tempered careless lounge of a traveller I had ever chanced to meet withal—an utter Irishman, never thinking to-day of the evils of to-morrow; if ever in a passion, the next moment out of it; but to all the serious purposes of travelling, a perfect stranger; guiltless of all research or observation; counting his steps by his dinners, and taking especial note of the bad ones; but then never recollecting the "notabilia" of a place, until past all chance or means of examining them. At Tyre, where the plague compelled us to camp, at a little distance from the town, in the sands, he seriously proposed ending in our cold mutton to be broiled in the very midst of the *pestiferes*. At times, however, he was not without a proper sense of danger. At Rosetta he had to pass from one end of the town to the other during the prevalence of a similar visita-

tion; he would not trust to the discretion of his Janizary, but drew his sabre, and thus made himself a sort of *cordon sanitaire*, as he termed it, through the crowd. With this gentleman, (and he was something more, for he had served *non sine gloria* in the Peninsula.) we started, on the 5th of April, for the Dead Sea; and after crossing Olivet to the small village of Bethany, entered on a wild mountainous district, which continues nearly uninterrupted to Jericho.

Our road, for a considerable time, lay along a broken and stony narrow pathway, by the edge of a deep ravine. We passed Hodel Lazariah, and successively Wadi Mounah and Tarbors El Hamid. The mountains in this vicinity are round and separate, thinly sprinkled with olives; and here and there stretches of rich pasturage gleaming through their sheltered defiles. On leaving El Hamid, we got gradually into a much bolder character of country, and stood, after a slight ascent towards the north over the dead and gloomy glen called El Gibz. We dismounted, and sat on a ledge of the rock which looked over the abyss. It was a scene of most appalling grandeur. Great horizontal strata lay confusedly tumbled together, as if torn violently by the broad palm of some supernatural being, and hurled asunder to set the twinkled torrent loose below. There were no trees, and very little vegetation; no traces of living thing except the caves, sepulchres, or cells, hewn out, at an immense height, in the gloomy amphitheatre of perpendicular rocks which stretched overhead. After passing this ravine, we descended through a succession of lower hills and valleys, in one of which tradition has placed the valley of Adummim, to a mountain point, the last in the rocky chain. From this commanding position we had a most extensive view of the plains of Jericho and the mountains of Moab. The plain of a dead, sombre green, though tradition and poetry flush it with a thousand colours: the roses of Jericho are predominant in all our associations. The town, to which the eye is guided by some bright tracts of trees, seems compressed, at this distance, into a single tower; and the Jordan, seen only at intervals, or rather its banks, goes sullenly and muddily along through an arid and gloomy flat. Moab looks lofty and proud; her mountains, broken into a variety of minute conical forms, run along, a bold iron barrier to the unconquered land. In getting into the plain, we stood immediately opposite the "Quarantina;" the quaint appellation of the rock where Christ is supposed to have suffered his fast of forty days. The mountain looks one of the most prominent and lofty of the chain, and appears broken into three distinct summits. Thanks to its legendary reputation, it seems once to have been thickly peopled by a host of monks. Its face is steep, bare, and boldly trenched with the traces of torrents, and other marks of convulsion and change. On the highest point stands the chapel; and half way up are visible two lines of very regular excavation, cells, &c. remains of the former habitations of the monks. The plain extends along its base, and beyond or many miles east and west; and whether in relation to the desert behind, or the rich tract before, the position has been fixed on with more propriety and consistency than is usual in these matters. The Arabs, as is customary, levied formerly large profits on the zeal of the pilgrim; but when we were there, we found that some stronger hand had interposed, and they had momentarily been dispossessed. We looked and would have taken the trouble to climb, had the day been longer, or our piety and curiosity not yielded to our fatigue. After tasting a fountain which goes under the name of Elijah, and which we found rather more mawkish than we could have desired, we trotted on over some swampy ground to the Aga's house, which formerly, as our guide told us, belonged to Zaccheus. His tree was there shown to us; and though we could find no sycamores in or near the place, we were not disposed to find fault. A little after, we had the consolation of beholding the ragged village of Raba, and were informed it was the legitimate successor to the celebrated city of Jericho. It must with sorrow be admitted that it has somewhat degenerated from the glory and prosperity of its ancestor; for instead of walls which defied an army, and a town which was capable of

containing one, we saw an irregular group of about 10 or 14 houses, (but of stone and not of mud,) put any how together, and covered *comme Dieu veut*, with the first stuff which fortune had thrown in their way. Gird this strong place with a hedge of dry or withered wood for walls, and for a gate erect two posts, with a third laid across it. (and these as rickety as you please,) and you will then have modern Jericho, and something better perhaps, after all, than the naked reality. Encamped on a dusty esplanade before the Sheikh's house, (for there is a Sheikh, as well as Aga, even at Raha,) in company with his cattle, we dined, resignedly, on indifferent eggs, sour milk, and goats' cheese. Our military companion, who had high ideas of the talents of our cook, (a Greek *artiste*, who excelled at a Dulma,) was sorely grieved at this disappointment. He stared, and then railed; but this did not alter the matter, nor prevent us from sleeping well, and cheerfully setting out the next morning for our destination.

The Aga was an important man at Raha, and was fond of doing things in a creditable manner; so, notwithstanding our humility, he insisted on our taking his whole Bedouin garrison—by way, we have since thought, of a *garde d'honneur*, for protection it would have afforded none. This is the consequence of being on terms with great people. It was the Governor of Jerusalem's letter which involved us in all these courtesies; he sees his friends as he ought, and quarters his own retainers on his friends as he ought also, both no unusual practices in the etiquette or civility of the East. The trifling symptoms of industry round Jericho soon ceased; we entered on a barren plain, slimy, and studded up and down with patches of shrubs, heath, hyssop, anemones, &c. succeeded by salt sands, and pools, and rye grass, and rushes, in rank abundance. A little after we had reached this open tract, our Bedouins, taking advantage of the ground, suddenly burst out into an extravagant display of their Arab horsemanship. They galloped up with loud challenges to their adversary, tossing their gun in the air, or stretching it out triumphantly in one hand; then they fled at full speed, and then again as quickly returned, aiming directly at their antagonist, who, as he received the blow, suddenly shouted and fell back upon his horse, as if he had received a mortal wound. This exhibition was frequently repeated, and generally in pairs. Their guns are long and awkward, slung carelessly behind their backs. All this was accompanied with cheers, and shrieks, and chants. One of these songs was in praise of Bonaparte. It was a monotonous, high-pitched strain, made up principally of the repetition of his name:—

"Bonaparte! Bonaparte!
He is our father and our brother—
He has given us bread, he has given us salt;—
Bonaparte! Bonaparte!" &c.

They were men astonished at the intelligence of his exile, &c. and shook their heads doubtfully, and seemed to say in their own way, "Cela merite confirmation;" we could not have surprised them more had we given them a narrative of the capture of Constantinople. Military glory covers, with these people, an infinity of objections; and the recollection of Napoleon's Syrian and Egyptian campaigns had wiped out all the stains of his Christian creed. The religion of a conqueror cannot be considered very much in the wrong by a fatalist. Besides, the French Republican was not very nice in his selection. It was a mere chance which prevented him from seating himself on the throne of the East.* The son of the Sheikh, a noisy boy of about fourteen years of age, signalized himself amongst these joyous marauders. He was as dirty, weather-worn, and hungry-looking, as the rest. We had now passed some low hills, horizontally stratified, which go under the name of Gebel Shinal. They have much the appearance of ruined fortifications, and bear a strong resemblance

* Bonaparte would have marched to Damascus, and proclaimed himself Emperor of the East, had it not been for the letter of his brother Lucien. Menou and his troops were prepared, and the people anxious to receive him. The return to Europe was attributed to Sir Sidney Smith's gallant defence of Acre; but the cause lay far deeper. Napoleon did not cease to regret his choice long afterwards. But the secret history of this event, like many others in his wonderful career, is as yet unknown to the public. A day may come when they may be fully developed. It is amusing, in the interval, to see the great variety of conjectures which are put forward for true history.

to the general character of the mountains in Egypt. Amongst them is a ruin called the Jew's Castle; we thought it too near the river for Galgal. On our leaving this spot, we came down on what may be termed the first banks of the Jordan.† It was a gentle descent into a marshy piece of ground, marked up and down with a few starved trees. There, at last, we stood gazing on the sacred river itself. Our whole host halted, and dismounted. Two of our Arabs girding themselves, instantly plunged in, and swam across. One of our party followed: the water was cold, and the torrent strong. We sat down for a few moments to enjoy the scene. It is a pleasing spot. The river makes a short turn to the west, and then flows on due south. A small island, formed probably by the trunks of trees, &c. some of which we saw rushing down with the recent rains, cleaves the stream in two. We found the waters of a lurid olive, extremely rapid and eddying; the bottom a fine chalky soil, easily disturbed, and easily subsiding. In summer, the river is quite clear. The Arab who crossed was obliged to swim about one-third of the way: the stream was much swollen; at other times of the year, particularly during the hot months, it is easily fordable on foot. The banks on the west side are precipitous, on the opposite much broken by trees, &c.: their general height about fifteen or twenty feet; their breadth about one hundred and fifty feet, and depth about twelve. A little lower down, the river altogether loses this character. It is still confined by high banks, but they are quite bare both of trees and herbage: the river assumes a dead dim hue; a few scattered reeds are almost sufficient to impede its course, which is remarkably sluggish, and may remind the traveller of some parts of the Tyber.

Remainder next week.

† The plain of Jericho was subject in all times to these periodical floods. "For Jordan overfloweth all his banks in the time of harvest." Joshua, c. iii. v. 15. The salt observed may be attributed to these overflows, and the influence of the waters of the Dead Sea. The tords appear to have been formerly very near in the same places at present. Joshua, c. ii. v. 7. The plain of Jericho, however, was then much better cultivated: flax was one of its productions;—c. ii. v. 6. The desert was a synonymy only with the rocky tract behind. It was generally called the "mountain;" c. ii. v. 23.

THE GATHERER.

MEASURING FOR A SUPPER.

A tall, raw boned, broad backed fellow, of no very prepossessing appearance, stopped a while ago at one of the Hotels in Boston, and asked for supper. Schaffer, the famous dancing master, who, we are told, is one of the greatest wags in the country, being present, Boniface tipped him the wink to assume *pro tem*, the duties of landlord. Schaffer, putting on such an air of importance as became the master of the house, told the stranger he could have supper, and desired to know what he would choose. "Sausages," replied the other. "Very well, sir," said the temporary landlord, stepping up to him, "I'll take your measure, if you please." "My measure!" ejaculated the stranger, and began to draw back. "Yes, sir," continued the wag, "we always take the measure of people before we get them a meal of victuals." "What! measure a man for a meal of victuals, the same as you would for a coat or pair of trowsers! By jingo! that beats me, I tell ye." Then surveying his stout frame with a rueful expression of countenance, he concluded not to take supper, but content himself with a couple of crackers and a glass of cider. "O, very well, sir," said the lover of fun; and the man having despatched the crackers, and sent the cider after them, asked if he could have a bed. "I'll see, presently," said the counterfeit landlord, and casting his eye busily over a slate that hung in the bar, he resumed, "Yes, sir," we can accommodate you—we have one bed that has but eleven in it." "Eleven in it!" said the fellow, his eyes glaring with renewed astonishment. "Yes, sir," replied the merciless wag. "What! eleven in one bed, and more to be stowed in yet! By hoky! I should like to know how they sleep in Bostown." "Well, you shall soon have an opportunity of trying it. Here, Thomas, light this gentleman to bed, in No. 1340." "Stop, stop, Mister! I say, landlord, I should like to know first how we are to lie, so many in a bed?" "O, there's

no difficulty, at all, sir; we pile them up in layers, four lengthwise, and then four crosswise, and then the same number lengthwise again, and so on till we get the bed full." "Is that the way you fix 'em? then by the holy spoon!" (waking towards the door) "you don't catch me to stay in Bostown this night—I know!" [N. Y. Constellation.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Married, in Aintree, Colonel Darius Hobson, of the U. S. army, to Miss Chloe Mackawis, of the Jumping Rabbit, a belle of the Chickasaw tribe. [Bost. Palladium.

We believe we received the first intelligence of this interesting marriage, as we happened to announce it some weeks ago, with a few trifling variations in the orthography of the name of the above mentioned celebrated *belle sauvage*. We now regret (seeing it has made such a sensation about the country) that we did not then publish our correspondent's letter, in which the information was transmitted us. The description which he gave of the wedding is quite a *bijou*. The only ceremony performed, was that of each of the parties cutting a tremendous caper over a long livery pole, probably in imitation of the old English custom of jumping over a broomstick. The paternal benediction was then given by an ancient chief, called Tsee Hi O-lah, or *Stick in the Mud*, which was no other than bestowing a coupling spank with the palm of his hand on the rear. Then having saluted the lovely bride by pinching her nose three times, and the bridegroom by giving him a hearty poke in the ribs, he turned them over to Cha Squee Squee, or the *Blue Snake*, who scratched his head seven times, and pronounced them man and wife.

The nuptials were graced by the presence of the most celebrated chiefs of the tribe. There was the Jumping Sturgeon, Big Rattler, Deer in the Water, Little Devil, Black Duck, Smoking Thumper, White Eyes and Laugh at Mush. We remember to have read speeches from most of these gentlemen in the Cherokee Phoenix.

A grand dinner was given on the occasion by Hoo Hoo La Fa, or *Tickle-Me-Quickly*. "All the delicacies of the season" were served up in ample profusion; these consisted of barbecued monkeys, fricasseed alligators, and snapping turtles *a la daube*. Various toasts were drank, and one of the chiefs called Stu-Hi-yah, or *The Green Goshawk*, made a speech two hours in length, which is thought to have surpassed those of Mr. Randolph in classical elegance and aptness of illustration. It is said the bride thought it rather too long. But the dinner went off, as the newspaper folks say, "with great hilarity and good feeling."

We were just sending the above lines to press when we received a bulky parcel by the mail, which, on opening, we found to be a whole loaf of wedding cake, with this card, "Colonel and Mrs. Hobson's compliments to the Editors of the Galaxy and Mercury." There is "no mistake" in the colonel, any more than in Sam Patch. The loaf is as big as a Roxbury pudding, and is garnished with all sorts of emblematical devices, drawn from the Chickasaw mythology. The principal group is a string of little, fat, purry Chickasaw cupids, mounted on sucking pigs, and surrounding a rabbit perked up on its hind legs, in allusion to the name of the tawny bride. [Bost. Galaxy & Mer.

DOG STORY.

The Massachusetts Journal says:—After what we have seen of (savage) dogs and military birds, we can believe almost any thing about animals, and then relate the following anecdote, derived from a Spanish gentleman who witnessed the fact. Truly no one will dispute the Journal's capacity for believing any thing, after a perusal of the statements here assumed to.

General Octavian, one of Napoleon's officers taken by the Spanish, was for a long time kept prisoner at Ceuta garrison, on the straits of Gibraltar. His favourite companion was a remarkable water dog. One day the general attempted to escape by swimming—he was discovered and pursued. The dog, having received instructions from his master, seized his hat, and holding it up in his teeth, swam at a distance from him, and in this way actually decoyed his pursuers for some time. The dog being caught, the deception was of course discovered, and both were carried back to prison. Here this remarkable animal continued to be his friend and factor. If he was ordered to carry a note and bring back an answer, it was done. He understood whatever was said in his presence; and when the general wished for the attendance of his barber, or any other person accustomed to serve him, the dog would go for him, and not come back without him. If money was given him to buy bread, he would go straightway to the baker's, and bring just as much as he was ordered, and no more. One day the general gave him four cents, done up in a silk handkerchief, and told him to go to the market and buy one pound of fish. The dog went immediately to the fish stall, and having patted his paws on the bench and laid down the

money, waited patiently while the fish was weighing. The fishmonger, thinking it easy to deceive such a customer, ordered his boy to give him but three-quarters of a pound. Whether the dog knew the weights by sight, or saw any suspicious expression in the man's face, or actually understood the meaning of his words, is uncertain; but nothing could induce him to take the fish, after it was weighed; when ordered to do so, he perpetually answered with a short angry growl; and the man was obliged to give him good weight before he could force him away. This extraordinary animal attracted so much notice, that his master was induced to teach him to write, by holding a pen in both his paws. He succeeded wonderfully in this attempt; and perhaps this dog might have produced a popular book. (as other puppies have done,) had not the accursed ignorance of the Spanish priests condemned the interesting animal to death, from the very philosophical conclusion that no dog could possess so much more intelligence than they did, without "the devil helped him." General Octavian still remained in prison at the peace in 1814, and it is not known to us what became of him.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1829.

33- New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

AGENTS FOR THE MASONICK RECORD.

Mr. A. Andrews, St. John's Hall, city of New-York.
L. V. Lawrence, esq. Hudson, N. Y.
George Plitt, esq. Editor of the Independent Republican, Downingtown, Pennsylvania.
D. Buckwater, P. M., Phoenixville, Pennsylvania.
E. P. Langdon and George Strawhover, esqrs. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Woodbridge Parker, Salem, Indiana.
B. Brunet, esq. Norfolk, Virginia.

34- If we do not mistake matters very much the testimony elicited during the trial of Mather (the conclusion of which we publish this week,) will do much to "reform" the public mind concerning masonry. We recommend it to the attention of every one whose mind is biased against the masonic institution, or who entertains any doubts as to the principles upon which it is founded. The witnesses were principally renouncing masons, and some of them anti-masonic office holders; and the sincerity and honesty of their hue and cry against the "dangers of masonry," is admirably exemplified in their testimony.

We shall next week resume the publication of numbers on *Popular Excitements* from the Buffalo Journal. They are from an able pen, and well deserve a careful and attentive perusal.

35- The interesting address of our friend Dr. Hellen, of Beaufort, N. C. shall be inserted at the earliest opportunity.

The editor of *The Parterre*, published at Hartford, Conn., proposes to issue his work semi-monthly after the first of January. He says there is not at present a paper in Connecticut, "but what is devoted almost exclusively either to politics, religion, advertisements, or anti-masonry, and an impression exists that a periodical cannot be supported in that state except on one of these foundations." He is disposed to try the experiment, and we wish him success, as we do all who have enough courage to "do likewise." We do not know who the editor of the *The Parterre* is, but doubt not that he is a talented and clever fellow. We have a birdseye view of his philosophy in the following: "We have always believed that the man who makes his fellows laugh is quite a philanthropist. The world cannot jog comfortably along without amusement. Cynicks may snarl, but after all, mankind must have their way—weeping at what is sorrowful, and laughing at what is laughable. The task of making Mr. World *always sad or always merry*, we are not willing to take upon ourselves, but will rather be content with giving his ribs an occasional tickling, to keep him in humour with the graver part of our periodical."

The proposals of Messrs. Ames and Barnum, for publishing in the village of Rochester, a semi-monthly journal, under the title of *The Spirit of the Age*, have been before the public some time, and we should long since have complied with the request to publish them, had not the portion of our columns which we may reasonably devote to matter of the advertisement kind been pre-occupied. The objects of *The Spirit of the Age* are the most laudable, and should secure it the approbation and support of all good men. It will advocate "the abolition of Imprisonment for Debt; the abrogation of sanguinary Capital Punishments; the direct protection of government in favour of the labouring classes, by laws giving Mechanics a lien upon buildings erected by them, securing the implements of industry from sale by execution, and other provisions tending to shield the poor from the oppression of the rich;" and will be open to "discussions upon prison discipline, criminal law, temperance, and other subjects which may come within its range." Messrs. Ames and Barnum are gentlemen of talent and observation, and from a personal knowledge of them we have no doubt that the *Spirit of the Age* will be a valuable and efficient instrument in the cause of benevolence.

Mr. Eber P. Moon, one of the late editors of the *Waterloo Observer*, proposes to publish, in the village of Waterloo, a weekly newspaper, under the title of *The Western Times*. The first number will be issued on the first day of January. Mr. Moon avows his intention to oppose anti-masonry, intemperance, imprisonment for debt, the stoppage of the mails on Sunday, and the uniting of church and state. We do not ourselves apprehend "the uniting of church and state," though it cannot be denied that the nature of the opposition to Sunday mails is calculated to create a fear that such views are entertained by some who profess a very particular respect for the sanctity of the Sabbath.

THEATRE. The melodrama called *The May Queen, or the Forger's Fate*, was produced on Wednesday evening, for the first time in this city. Like most other melodramas, *The May Queen* was written to be played, and to show off some very fine scenery, and not to be read or criticised. Its plot is worthless, and it is indebted for the chief of its interest to the very lively and humorous-extraneous incidents, which the politic author has happily introduced into almost every scene. The best way to get knowledge of such a play, is to see it acted—a description of the real plot would not involve a word concerning its best (because its most pleasing) features. *The May Queen* is well cast—the strength of the company is brought forward, and the characters sit very well upon those who assume them. Mr. Webb sustains Hugh Bowyer with much ability; in some scenes, however, one is reminded of the same gentleman's imitation madness in *The Lear of Private Life*. Page's Sergeant Sampson is a spirited performance; he has a good idea of the character. Vernon and his wife (as usual) are perfectly "at home" in Caleb Pipkin, the bellows and kittle mender, and Patience, his very impatient wife. Little Knight (who, by the way, is a better actor than many who are more smiled upon) is very fair in Johnny Fly.

The celebrated Mr. Hackett is engaged for a few nights, and will appear on Monday evening, in the character of *Solomon Swap*. The house will undoubtedly be well attended.

The bills also announce the engagement of Mademoiselles Celeste, and Eliza Constance, for a few nights.

Lunatics in England. The prevalence of insanity in England, is no new doctrine. A late statistical report of lunatics and idiots in Great Britain, gives for England, 6,806 lunatics, and 5,741 idiots; total 12,547, or about one for every 1000 souls. In Wales, 133 lunatics, 762 idiots; total 895, (say 1000) or one to every 800. In Scotland, 3,632 lunatics, or one to every 574 of the population. In New York, in 1823, of 1,617,433 inhabitants, there were 319 lunatics, and 1,421 idiots; total 2,240, or about one to 731, a greater proportion of lunatics and idiots together, but about the same ratio of lunatics as in England, or one to 2,000. So if, as Hamlet said, they are all mad in England, the people of New York are no less under the influence of the moon, and in that respect as well as others, congenial and true descendants of the children of our "father-land."

[N. Y. Herald.]

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. JAMES M'GLASHAN, to Mrs. JANE MARIA BUTLER, all of this city.

SCHOOL & CLASSICAL BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

HILLIARD, GRAY & CO. BOSTON.

Most of the following Books are used in the principal Schools and Colleges in the different states of the Union: many of them have been highly recommended in the principal literary journals, and numerous recommendations have been received from instructors of the highest standing. Instructors and school committees who are not acquainted with these works, are invited to examine them; they are generally stereotyped, especially the elementary books, which ensure uniformity and accuracy in the different editions. Independent of their literary merits, the superior execution in respect to paper, printing and binding, will be found to be an additional recommendation. Liberal terms given to wholesale purchasers.

(Catalogue continued.)

The **LATIN TRANSLATOR**, or a practical system of translation applied to the Latin language, by Mariano Cubi Iover, 12mo.
ELEMENTARY CATECHISM on the CONSTITUTION of the U. STATES, for the use of schools, by Arthur J. Standbury, 12mo.
DELECTUS SENTENTIARUM GRÆCARUM, ad usum tironum accommodatus; cum Notulis et Lexico. Editio Americana tertia prioris emendatione, 12mo.

QUESTIONES GRAMMATICÆ, or grammatical exercises, by question only for the use of schools; particularly adapted to Gould's edition of Adams' Latin Grammar, with an appendix, containing a list of irregular verbs, by J. Dana, A. M.

The **NEW SPEAKER**, or exercises in Rhetoric, being a selection of speeches, dialogues, and poetry, from the most approved American and British authors, suitable for declamation, by Wm. B. Fowle, teacher of the Montpelier school, Boston.

EXERCISES in WRITING FRENCH, adapted to the French Accidence, or Elements of French Grammar, by Wm. L. Fiske.

An **ELEMENTARY COURSE of CIVIL ENGINEERING**, translated from the French of M. L. Sgaxin, inspector general of bridges, roads, and naval depots; late professor in the royal polytechnic school, officer in the legion of honour, and knight of the royal order of St. Michael; from the third French edition, with notes and applications adapted to the U. States, 1 vol. 8vo with plates. 2d edition, improved.

An **EPITOME of GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES**, for the use of schools, by Chas. D. Cleveland, 12mo.

The **FOUR GOSPELS of the NEW TESTAMENT**, in Greek, from the text of Griesbach, with a Lexicon in English, of the words contained in them, designed for the use of schools, &c.

Prof. Farrar's Mathematics, & Natural Philosophy.

An **ELEMENTARY TREATISE on ARITHMETIC**, &c., taken principally from the Arithmetick of S. F. Lacroix, and translated from the French, with such alterations and additions as were found necessary in order to adapt it to the use of American students, by John Farrar, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, in the University at Cambridge: 3d edition corrected and somewhat enlarged.

An **INTRODUCTION to the ELEMENTS of ALGEBRA**, designed for the use of those who are acquainted only with the first principles of arithmetic, selected from the Algebra of Euler, 2d edition, by professor Farrar, 8vo.

ELEMENTS of ALGEBRA, by S. F. Lacroix, translated from the French for the use of the students of the University of Cambridge, in New-England, by professor Farrar, 2d edition, 8vo.

ELEMENTS of GEOMETRY, by A. M. Legendre, member of the institute and legion of honour, of the royal society of London, &c., translated from the French for the use of the students of the University of Cambridge. New-England, by professor Farrar: stereotype edition, corrected and enlarged, 8vo.

An **ELEMENTARY TREATISE on PLANE and SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY**, and on the application of Algebra to Geometry, from the mathematics of Lacroix and Brewster, translated from the French for the use of the students of the University of Cambridge, New-England, 2d edition, 8vo.

An **ELEMENTARY TREATISE**, on the application of Trigonometry to Orthographic and Stereographic Projections, dialling, mensuration of heights and distances, navigation, nautical astronomy, surveying and levelling, together with logarithmick and other tables, designed for the use of the students of the University at Cambridge, New-England, 8vo. (This work is lettered to geography.)

(Catalogue to be continued next week.)

Orders received for the above books, by W. C. LITTLE, Albany.

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED.

The subscriber takes this method to return his gratitude for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his patent **SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD**. This article, yet but imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead; it possesses beauty, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlour *Settee* or *Sofa*. The bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sucking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire—to boarding house keepers—to the masters of vessels—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee, now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 163 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy.
New York 1829
CHESTER JOHNSON.
40yl

FINE CUTLERY, &c.

JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker, No. 3 Beaver street, (formerly at No. 28 North Market street) Albany manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy, and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States. Shears, Scissors, Razors, and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere. Currier's Steel constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article. Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired. N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

3f.

ALBANY

BRUSH, TRUNK, & BAND-BOX FACTORY.

NORRIS TARBELL, No. 52 So. Market street, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles.
Albany, March 4, 1829.

POETRY.

The following poem is from the London Keepsake, for 1830, and was written by Mr. Pringle, the editor of that work. In a brief introduction the author says that "the chief incidents of the tale were related to him by an African boy, whom he first met with near the borders of the great Karroo, or Arid Desert. The expression of the orphan stranger when asked about his kindred, was literally—"I am all alone in the world." A few slight circumstances, characteristic of the country, are almost all that has been added to poor Marossi's affecting narrative. The system of outrage and oppression of which this gives a specimen, has been ably developed by Dr. Philip, in his "Researches in Africa."

THE BECHUANA BOY.

A STORY OF THE CAPE SETTLEMENT.

I sat at noon-tide in my tent,
And looked across the desert dun,
That 'neath the cloudless firmament
Lay gleaming in the sun;
When, from the bosom of the waste
A swarthy stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb,
And a tame springbok following him.

He came with open aspect bland,
And modestly before me stood,
Caressing, with a kindly hand
That fawn of gentle brood;
Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said in the language of his race,
(With smiling look, yet pensive tone)—
"Stranger!—I'm in the world alone!"

"Poor boy!" I said, "thy kindred's home,
Beyond far Stormberg's ridges blue,
Why wast thou left so young—to roam
This desolate Karroo!"
The smile forsook him while he spoke—
And when again he silence broke,
It was with many a stifled sigh
He told this strange sad history:—

"I have no kindred!" said the boy,
"The Bergenaars—by night they came,
And raised their murder-shout of joy,
While o'er our huts the flame
Rushed like a torrent; and their yell
Pealed louder as our warriors fell
In helpless heaps beneath their shot—
One living man they left us not!"

"The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey;
And with our herds across the plain
They hurried us away—
The widowed mothers and their brood;
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried—they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captives smote.

"Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more:
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down,
And heard, as the grim night was falling,
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

"At length was heard a river sounding
Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand—
Among the maddened cattle rushing,
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

"Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast—
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we passed;
But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on, like sheep our captive host,
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

"All shivering from the frowning flood,
We stood upon the strangers' ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The white men gathered round:
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
'Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn,—
And roughly from each other torn.

"My mother's scream so long and shrill,
My little sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)
Rose wildly to the sky
A fiercer heart came to me then,
And madly 'mong those ruthless men

I sprang!—Alas! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

"Away—away on bounding steeds
The white man stealers fleetly go,
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capped with snow,—
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Until yon rock-bound ridge was passed,
And distant slopes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

"And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the white man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows and burning shame.
Oh, English chief! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter woe.
When round his heart, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts, that madden while they sting!

"Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught, in time, my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning breast forlorn
But found a single friend:
My race extinct, or far removed,
The boor's rough blood I could have loved—
But each to whom my bosom turned,
Even like a hound the black boy spurned!

"While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased:
I rescued it, though wounded sore,
All dabbled with its mother's gore,
And nursed in a cavern wild,
Until it loved me like a child.

"Gently I nursed it—for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good *Utika* it was brought,
To bid me not repine—

Since, in this world of wrong and ill,
One creature lived to love me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

"Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task, the proud boor's flocks to tend;
And this pet fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend;
When, suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, the tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who caused me my only joy.

"High swelled my heart!—but, when the star
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favourite forth, and far
Into the desert fled
And there from human kind exiled,
Four moons on roots and berries wild
I've fared—and braved the beasts of prey,
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

"But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were here—
And now rejoicing I've sought
Thy presence—void of fear;
Because they say, O English chief,
Thou comest not the captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee—as thine own—
For I am in the world alone!"

Such was Marossi's touching tale,
Our breasts they were not made of stone—
His words, his winning looks prevail—
We took him for "our own":
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlocked the fountains of his heart,
And love gushed forth, till he became
Her child—in every thing but name.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

Bergenaars—Moorish name for a marauding horde of G-lqua or Mulat to the north, inhabiting the skirts of the Stormberg mountain range, beyond the north-eastern frontier of the Cape Colony. *Bushman*—a wild Hotentot. *Gareep*—native name of the great Orange river. *Springbok*—an elope, pygmy, or quiche. *Wild Dog*—the lion of the colonists—hyena vulgaris. *Sea Cow*, or *Zee-koe*—the colonial term for the hippopotamus. *Utika*—i. e. Beautiful—the Supreme Spirit.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Love's worshippers alone can know
The thousand mysteries that are his;
His blazing torch, his twanging bow,
His blooming age, are mysteries.
A charming science! but the day
Were all too short to con it o'er;
So take of me this little lay,
A sample of its boundless lore.

While in the gardens of the skies,
Folly and Love, as children do,

Played, ere the god had lost his eyes,
A quarrel rose betwixt the two
Love said the gods should do him right,
But Folly vowed to do it then
And struck him, o'er the orbs of sight,
So hard, he never saw again.

His lovely mother's grief was deep,
She called for vengeance on the deed—
A beauty does not vainly weep,
Nor coldly does a mother plead.
A shade came o'er the eternal bliss
That fills the dwellers of the skies;
Even iron-hearted Nemesis
And Rhadamanthus wiped their eyes.

"Behold," she said, "this lovely boy"—
While freshly streamed her graceful tears,
"Immortal, yet shut out from joy
"And sunshine all his future years.
"The child can never take, you see,
"A single step without a staff:
"The hardest punishment would be
"Too lenient for the crime, by half."

All owned that Love had suffered wrong,
And well should be avenged, they said;
Then weighed the publick interest long,
And long the party's interest weighed.
And thus decreed the court above—
"Since Love is blind from Folly's blow,
"Let Folly be the guide of Love,
"Where'er the boy may choose to go."

SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The longer life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence, the lesser gain;
The loss of gain, long ill doth try;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.

The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade;
Short life in truth this thing doth try;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care, the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyfull fare;
The joyfull fare, the end of strife;
The end of strife, that thing wish I;
Wherefore come, death, and let me die.

From the Keepsake.

EPIGRAM.

BY E. T. COLERIDGE.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy, and patience.
He took his honour, took his health;
He took his children, took his wealth;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
But cunning Satan did not take his spouse.

But heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had pre-determined to restore,
Twofold all he had before;
His servants, oxen, horses, cows—
Short sighted devil, not to take his spouse!

MONTGOMERY HOUSE, No. 338 Broadway, New-York. WILLIAM C. SLOAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above establishment, where he will be always happy to supply them with the best *wines and liquors* that can be had in the City. Ward, Military, Masonic and Religious meetings and Committees and Arbitrations can be had on very accommodated. Dinner and Supper Parties furnished at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. Boarding and Lodging at the usual prices. W. C. S. hopes by prompt attention, and unremitting exertion to secure a share of public patronage. New-York, November, 1839.

NEW AND SPLENDID JEWELRY WATCHES, CLOCKS &c.—Just received, a large supply of mosaic, cameo, pearl, opal, jet and gold ear-rings, of new patterns, diamond pins and finger-rings, pearl, cameo and jet do, patent lever, anchor escapement, for leopine and common gold watches, silver do, and a large and good assortment. Ladies watches and establishments, musical, alabaster and marble clocks and a large assortment of beautiful chains, seals and keys. Also, music boxes, some playing 3 tunes and very superior, now opened and for sale at 456 South Market st. by CHAUNCEY JOHNSON.

N. B. Clocks and watches repaired by order. Nov 21 39

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD,

AT NO. 3 BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

TERMS. To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, IN ADVANCE—otherwise, *Three Dollars*.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1829.

NO. 48.

MASONICK RECORD.

From the Buffalo Journal.

POPULAR EXCITEMENTS.

NO. VI.

The effects of popular excitement, in the case of the popish, and the meal tub plots, we have seen. Those effects were, the separation of friends, dissensions in neighbourhoods and families, perverted construction of the acts of citizens, suspicions of pretended enormities, which were finally converted into specific charges, and these charges often led to the conviction of innocent persons; and this, in many instances, ended in the actual execution of the pretended malefactor. Such was the melancholy fate of Stafford, as we have seen; and as the notorious Oates was conspicuous in the conviction, it may be useful to resume his history.

During those manifestations of zeal for "the publick good" which characterised the national guardians in whose behalf Oates was acting, such was the popular phrensy, that nothing to which he had sworn could be so far disproved as to institute a single doubt of its truth in the publick mind. Time, however, brought reflection; and with it returned the reasoning powers of which the nation had been temporarily deprived. When this was accomplished, "each man looked upon his neighbour with a mixture of astonishment and dismay, wondering at the lethargick effect of the singular reverie in which all had been recently walking." To retrieve, as far as possible, the lost honor of the nation, and to atone, in some degree, for the mischief which their imprudent credulity had produced, the undecieved populace took effectual measures to bring Oates to trial for his numerous perjuries; and never was felon convicted upon fuller testimony. On one point, to which he had sworn, his perjury was shown by *twenty-two* unimpeachable witnesses; and upon another, no less than *forty-seven* persons of known and tried veracity, collectively established his premeditated guilt. Upon such unequivocal testimony, was this man convicted; and he who by falsehood had brought innocence to the scaffold and the block, was sentenced "to be fined one thousand marks, on each indictment, to be whipped on two different days, from Aldgate to Newgate, and from Newgate to Tyburn, to be imprisoned during life, and to be pilloried five times in each year." Five principal persons, who had been impeached on the testimony of Oates, were now discharged from custody and disgrace, by the house of Peers; which body also voted a reversal of Stafford's attainder, whose life had been sacrificed to the cry of aspirants for "the publick safety."

The excitement by which we are at present surrounded, although it bears many striking resemblances to those produced by the employers of Oates and Dangerfield, still, in one particular, essentially differs. The two latter, it is true, sent innocent men to their graves; but the former has a contrary effect. It has already twice invaded the dark and silent chambers of death: twice has it dragged forth, from the dark slumbers of the tomb the mouldering forms of our fellow men, and exposed them to the gaze, the scoff and the jest of the profane, to the end that our laws and our freedom may descend in their purity to our children.

But, if the history of England furnishes strong parallels to the present excitement, in some particulars, that of Scotland provides them equally so in others. The popular excitement which prevailed in Scotland, in 1682, is well known. It was a time, like the present, when aspirants sought for the publick good, and the preservation of the laws, to let loose the passions of one portion of the population, to be directed against the other, for the preservation of peace and good order. The charges against one individual seem in point here. Upon a complaint for treason he was accused of having been seen in company with a rebel, though that person had never been marked out as such, either by process or proclamation. "The inferences," says the historian, "upon which Weir was condemned, hung upon each other, after the following manner: No man, it was assumed, could have been in a rebellion, without being exposed to suspicion, in the neighbourhood: if the neighbourhood had suspected him, it was to be presumed

that each individual had, likewise, heard of the grounds of suspicion; every man was bound to declare to the government, his suspicion against every man, and to avoid the company of traitors: and the conclusion on the whole, was, you have conversed with a rebel, therefore, you are yourself a rebel. Of this conviction it was determined to make use as a precedent, and courts of judicature were in consequence, erected, in certain counties, to continue for three years: for the purpose of carrying on a strict inquisition against this new species of crime." The investigating mind might almost be led to doubt the truth of these fantastical departures from the plain principles of justice, had not the two last years furnished by repetition, such ample evidence of their veracity, as to leave no room for so charitable a conclusion. The arguments which are here made to terminate in proof of guilt, strongly resemble the religious scruple of the Arab who, because his sacred volume forbade his plundering the living, put a traveller to death, that he might afterwards possess himself of his riches, without doing violence to his own conscience. "Yet," in the language of another, "it is no wonder that faction is so productive of vices of all kinds; for, besides that it inflames all the passions, it tends much to remove those great restraints, honour and shame; when zealots find that no iniquity can lose them the applause of their own party, and no innocence secure those against whom their calumnies are directed."

REASON.

NO. VII.

The attention of my readers is now called to the machinations of the guardians of publick order and national prosperity, as exemplified in the well known case of the *Salem Witchcraft*. Hitherto my examinations have been confined to other nations, the inhabitants of distant lands: but now we are to examine the deeds of our own nation—our forefathers: the transactions, as it were, of yesterday. In this, as in other publick delusions, the officious demagogue shrouded himself from justice by pointedly avowing his regard for religion and the laws; and by urging the necessity of protecting our civil institutions. The dates of the occurrences at Salem are so modern that no plea of the darkness of the age can apply in their extenuation, especially when we reflect that that this scene was in the immediate vicinity of Harvard College, and that many of the most able and prominent men of that learned institution, were deeply concerned in the tragedy.

The commencement of the delusion is traced, in its history, to a physician, who declared he could not cure his patient, because he "was under an evil hand." This avowal was seized upon by the "guardians of the publick good," a class ever humanely active, who at once became clearly satisfied of the existence of a secret plot, between the Devil, in person, on the one part, and certain of the people of Salem, on the other, for the subversion of both government and laws. By assiduous labour and close observation, the "publick guardians" were enabled to give such a colour and direction to the growing panick as in some degree to comport with their designs respecting it. The phrensy soon reached that head, when, to adopt the language of history, "confidence between man and man in a great measure ceased. Every one was suspicious of his neighbour, and alarmed for himself. Business was interrupted, and many fled from their dwellings. Terror was in every countenance, and distress in every heart. Every little precinct was the scene of some direful tale of witchery. Reports of this nature were circulated in all directions, and were located in every neighbourhood. Several circumstances, attending the first cases of reputed witchcraft tended to mislead the people, and these operated on feeble minds so effectually as to produce a forced belief in the immediate agency of evil spirits. The alarm was sudden and terrible. Children not twelve years of age were allowed to give their testimony. Indians were brought to relate their own personal knowledge of invisible beings; and women publicly told their frights." Such was the process by which, to adopt the inelegant but forcible language of a writer of that day, "the government was so sullied by that hobgoblin monster, witchcraft, whereby this country was nightmared, and harassed, at such a rate as is not easily imagined."

During this diseased state of the publick mind, in vain

did the innocent victims appeal to the rational dictates of common discretion, in defence of their characters, their property and their lives. Disordered misrule had penetrated the very halls of justice; and giddy delirium surmounted the judicial bench. When the accused pleaded the well known facts of his orderly life, to mitigate suspicion, he was derided for his weakness, or commanded to be silent; if he offered testimony in defence, it was rejected unheard; and when he plead for a day's respite of the sentence of execution, he was told that his existence endangered the state. Such was the summary process by which this popular excitement consigned its innocent victims to the tomb. The delusion continued only from March till October, of the same year; and during this short period, *nineteen* citizens were publicly executed, and eight others were condemned to die, without a single person's having been acquitted, upon trial. Fifty persons during the same period confessed themselves witches, of whom not one was either convicted or tried; as the confession of the crime was received in full atonement for the offence. Besides these the prisons contained upwards of *one hundred and fifty* suspected persons, and *two hundred* others stood publicly accused, who had not been arrested. The estates of the accused even before conviction, were seized as forfeit for the public use; yet, observes the historian, "the publick coffers were not enriched by these confiscations, as the avails of such estates never reached the treasury, but were rather parcelled about among those who did assiduously labour in the quelling of these enormities." So implacable were the feelings engendered by this popular excitement, that the culprits' bodies were not decently buried, after death; but a spirit of persecution was still carried on against them. At one of the executions where six persons were hanged, their bodies were dragged by the ropes from the gallows to a hole between two rocks, into which they were thrown, after being plundered of their clothes, and left with their feet, hands, and some of their faces still uncovered! It is not the deeds of a barbarous age that I am now recording; nor yet of a savage people. These awful scenes were acted in a sister state of our present political compact; and no more than 136 years have elapsed since the close of the tragedy. There are many among us whose near relatives were present and took a part in what I describe; nor am I certain that I am not of the number. It was an infatuation that seized upon every class alike: no one was exempt from the disease, or its consequences, for

"Delusion's self was mad;"

and there was none to stay the torrent, or call back man to himself. Even the instigators of the calamity stood aghast, and witnessed, with dismay, the raging of the storm which they had excited but could not allay.

REASON.

NO. VIII.

The points of resemblance between the present popular excitement here, and the one in Massachusetts, 139 years since, are many and striking. In the present one, we have seen the guardians of publick safety traducing the innocent, both living and dead; and disturbing like the peace of families and the quiet of the grave. One individual has been immured in prison for a deed of which he had no knowledge, and the lifeless corps of another has been mutilated, by some ruffian hand, for the declared purpose of exciting the populace to the practice of virtue and religion.

When the collective passions of the people are perversely excited, the voice of justice cannot be heard, and misrule can no longer be stayed. Such was the fact in the case of the "Salem Witchcraft." It was asserted that certain persons had free exercise of all the powers of vision, when their eyes were fully closed; that powers of partial omnipresence enabled them to occupy several parts of a room at one and the same time; and that the person so subdividing himself could invisibly bite spectators, leaving the deep prints of teeth in their flesh, although age had long before deprived him of all the implements by which such prints were produced. Such are among the vain imaginations of our fathers, at the rehearsal of which we now smile incredulously; yet so great was the delusion of the day when they were told, that full credit was given to them by those very ancestors whose memory we delight to honour, and whose general characters we admire. By the advantages derived from

such misguided phrensy as this, did the promoters of the excitement obtain their power. It was a publick mania, and while they could direct its course, they fattened upon the delusion. Suspected persons were scarcely deposited in prison, when their dwellings were emptied of their contents, their cellars plundered of all family stores, their children driven into the streets to subsist by charity or to perish, and their cattle slaughtered and bared for distant markets. In the present instance the same direct attack upon property is not yet made; but it is demanded that the power of both making and administering our laws shall in future devolve exclusively upon the promoters of this excitement; and, were that effected, it would enable them to accomplish, by virtue of statute, what, in the scenes of Salem, though unlawful in itself, was disregarded by the authorities. In the Salem excitement, no less than in the present one, all were accused as enemies and conspirators who did not assist in the general denunciation. A respectable magistrate of the neighbourhood, after committing more than forty persons to prison, upon trivial charges of witchcraft, in accordance with the prevalent feeling by which he was surrounded, refused to assist farther in what he began to suspect was wickedly designed. His refusal was scarcely made publick when both himself and his wife were accused of sorcery—and the discovery was then first made that he had killed no less than nine persons by his diabolical incantations. The unhappy man, finding no safety but in flight, abandoned his dwelling, in company with the partner of his bosom, at the dread hour of midnight, and sought and obtained safety in a neighbouring province. When the guardians of publick safety discovered their victim had escaped, they instantly accused his brother as a party to the crime; but here too, they were unfortunate, as the accused escaped by a hasty flight. Others, when accused, were less fortunate; and when taken, horrid tortures awaited all those who denied the crime charged. "Many were bound hand and foot, in so relentless a manner that the blood gushed out of their noses; and one was thrown fettered upon the ground, and timbers laid upon him, until his tongue, protruding from his mouth, the sheriff thrust it back with his cane—at the same time bidding him confess he was possessed, and then he might go. This he still refusing, more weight was added, until his life was finally pressed out of him forever."

In the very height of this misrule and slaughter, an accident broke the charm, and restored peace to community. Upon a publick examination, a witness "fell into a fit, and on recovering testified that the prisoner had *invisibly* stabbed her in the breast with a penknife, the blade of which had broken and a part of which was remaining in the flesh. This she produced, but the corresponding part of the blade, with the handle, was also produced, by a person in a distant part of the room, who broke the knife the day before, and threw the piece in the street, which the witness now had." This incident, although it could not save the life of the unfortunate prisoner, wrought a perfect revolution in publick opinion. A gentleman of Boston, who was next accused, instead of pleading his defence, commenced an action for slander, which immediately released him from suspicion. The next and last subject, was the wife of the Governour, who was charged in the usual form with sorcery. This was the closing scene. Finding the storm had reached their own habitations, the "guardians of the publick order" could no longer dissemble. Fresh accusations were disregarded, prisoners released from confinement, and restored to their families, and the whole investigation at once abandoned.

When the rage of passions had been thus calmed, and reason had returned from her exile, the deluded Jurors, in the language of the historian, "wept aloud for their mistaken deeds, and otherwise demeaned themselves rather like culprits than like men called to pronounce upon others." The language of contrition which they offered to the publick, in their first lucid interval, is still extant, and deserves a place here. "We confess," say they, "that we ourselves were not capable to understand, nor able to withstand the mysterious delusions that have been upon us, and we justly fear that we have taken up with such evidence as was insufficient to touch the lives of any, in which we truly fear that we were sadly deluded and mistaken. For these grievous oversights, we are much disquieted and distressed in our minds, and do humbly beg forgiveness of God. We do heartily ask forgiveness of you all, whom we have justly offended; and do declare, according to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again, on such grounds for the whole world; and we pray God to forgive us."

REASON.

VALUE OF GREATNESS.

Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea-man, "but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Examiner.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

UPON THE DUTY OF DIFFUSING USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

"The true standard of value for a man, is the degree of his efficiency in the social system, and the strength of his morals and sympathies."
National Gazette.

We fearlessly say, that nothing on earth ought to be precious or agitating, or delightful, or glorious, compared with the hope of raising human nature towards the virtue, the nobleness, and bliss of which it is capable, and of which it has so lamentably failed. If any one should smile at our phrase, or our meaning—provided he were worth disputing with, we would say to him:—Every thing centres here. The cause of human nature is the great cause compared with which every thing on earth dwindles into insignificance. Every thing is suspended upon it. *Governments, institutions, laws, sceptres, dominions, are good or evil, only as they rouse or depress the human soul.* Freedom is but a name, wisdom is but craft, and learning is but folly, if it do not help this cause. That glory of God, of which the theologians say so much, must receive its chief illustrations on earth, from the advancement of human nature. The mystery of providence grows dark without this prospect. The experience of ages has been wasted if it does not come to this result; the long series of human griefs and struggles has been wasted: and toils and labours have been spent, and holy tears and precious blood have been poured out in vain, but for this. But for this, the brightest and most soothing imaginations of genius are unproductive reveries; and the world of inspiration will not accomplish that whereto it is sent; and holy prayers of faith will have gone forth into the empty air; and the rapt soul of the seer, and the watcher, and the waiting servant of God, "rapt into future" and better "times," must have grown dark and desolate as ever.

The hope of human nature is the christian's hope. The Master of christians laboured, and prayed, and suffered for it. None of all the philosophers and sages with whom he is sometimes compared, ever took human nature by the hand; stooped to it, in its lowest forms, communed with it in its deepest miseries, saw the pearl of great price beneath the despised garb of publicans and sinners; none ever approached even so far as enthusiasm towards the all-absorbing mission and aim of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. And nothing but this religion, we may add, will ever make men feel as they ought towards the improvement of their kind. The world, the ambitious, covetous, voluptuous, and selfish world, will idly pass it by. The infidel philosopher will scowl with misanthropic scorn, over the picture which he has drawn of human debasement. It is only Christian men who will take this holy cause home to their hearts, and ponder it, and pray over it, and so identify themselves with their race, as almost to feel that they individually rise or fall, prosper or fail, with the great cause of human nature; who solace even their private and individual griefs with it; who bear up under the load of depressed spirits, and beguile their very sickness and sorrow with this cheering expectation.

There are many that go forth, and we wish that we could go forth with them, to muse and moralize and kindle up glorious enthusiasm, amidst the ruins of ancient art. But we feel that there are holier ruins all around us—the ruins of human nature. The crumbling columns and temples of the elder world present no such ruins—none at once so noble and mournful as every man may approach in the waste temple of his own mind.

The truth is, we have not yet considered what human nature might be. We have taken our ideas of it rather from the abuse than from the use of its powers. Men have not made the requisite exertion, nor in the right direction for their development. No age has been entirely favourable to this endeavour; no state of society, no maxims of life, no system of education. Things act upon the mind in combination; and even where one part of the system of influences is brought to considerable perfection, as learning, or liberty, for instance,

there are so many things bad around it, as more than half to neutralize its good effects. The aggregate of social influences, at any rate that have borne upon the human character, has been unfriendly to its elevation. We have seen, therefore little of what men may be. On no subject, it is to be apprehended, are duller conceptions prevailing than on this; what man might be, what he ought to be, what a noble being he was designed to stand forth, the lord of this lower creation. Alas, men of taste can more easily tell you the fine points of a noble steed or a splendid edifice, in fact of any thing, than the admirable properties of human nature. And how is it strange, then, that men have thought meanly of that nature and its true dignity—a theme that should shake our pulpits as with thunder, and be sounded out with a voice as to wake the dead—although it has been considered little better than a phrase of sickening sentiment, and a topic of puerile declamation. We talk about the badness of human nature; but do any of us consider what a bad chance it has had? We have starved it, and dwarfed it; and at length we end the series of wrongs by scorning it. Look abroad upon the surface of society, and especially in the old world, and say what chance is there but that which the furnace gives to the ore, that amidst the feverish struggles of ambition, the graspings of covetousness, the obstinate hold of the selfish upon all they have, the proud exclusiveness of the higher classes, the jealousies of the lower, the toils of the poor, and the indulgencies of the voluptuous—what chance is there that any noble and manly virtues will grow up to their just height? What chance has there been for the mass of men in those countries to be intelligent? And if not intelligent, what chance have they had of being free, virtuous and happy? What chance is there that wisdom will spring from the beaten paths of cruel and mechanical toil, from the dust and din of oppressive and unrelieved labour, or from gew-gaw distinctions and titles? In one word, from that rubbish of superannuated folly in every form, that is so plentifully mingled with almost all the social and political institutions of the world? Do the spade and the plough teach knowledge? Do spinning jennies-discourse wisdom? Are stars and garters masonick emblems? These questions will not be misconstrued, we presume, into a proposal rashly to abolish titles; much less to abolish toils. Nevertheless, we do conceive that this part of the system is about as badly arranged as it can be for the real improvement of men. It is *work, work, work*, on the one hand, and on the other a no less fatal leisure and independence. On the one hand it is dire and reckless poverty; and on the other a dissolute and reckless superfluity. If some thing of all this mighty exertion, and enterprise, and labour, and expcuditure, which makes up the active world, could be converted to the cause of human improvement, if all the energies of human nature and life could be combined, and devoted to this end; if we could see individual men putting forth their powers to the utmost effort and trial, keeping a sleepless watch over themselves, pressing forward every day, and every day making new advances, regarding every attainment as a step from which to reach higher and further, if we could see stepping forth on the theatre of this world with the noble demeanour and countenance that would become beings so exalted, we should then begin to perceive what men might be, what they never have been. We should then be able boldly to point to such an example, to redeem the long abiding reproach of human nature. It is a sad reflection, but we must dwell upon it. We must say, and will say, without hesitation, that we are dissatisfied, with any state of society that ever yet has existed as a field for human improvement. When we look over the world, and the world's history, there is nothing so fitted to strike and pain the mind as the extreme contrast between what the world was evidently *made to be*, and *what it is*. Even from the simple external aspect of things we may gather this conclusion. It is a fair creation, and was fitted for noble influences and uses. The glorious canopy of the heavens was not designed to be spread over an ignoble race. And every thing beneath—the elements, waters, groves, hills and valleys, are moulded into forms of

enrapturing beauty, that have power, one might imagine, to impart their own beauty to the minds that dwell among them. The human soul is capable of being *touch'd to these finer issues*. And if, knowing all this, a stranger from some distant world should alight upon our planet—if a stranger to the actual state of things, but knowing what it might be, should alight amid the fair and rich scenes of our summer landscapes, he would expect the inhabitants of such a world to sweep by him with the majestic step and mien of angels, with their robes of light, and their voices "discouraging music." "These," he would say, "are the abodes of innocence. Here dwell inviolate truth, and faith, and divine simplicity, and blessed friendship. Brethren dwell here, and this fair earth is not rent with violence, nor watered with tears, nor stained with blood, nor does it bear the footsteps of the proud and scornful, nor does it echo to the complaints of the neglected or miserable." Alas! how different is the reality! How lamentable is the story of human fortunes all over the world! Oh! it is wonderful that a set of beings, endowed with sense, (to say nothing of the moral soul,) should have played the fool and the maniac as men have done. Look at things upon a great scale, or at things upon a small scale, and we find it every where the same. Look at war, that stupendous insanity. Look at the single history of that being who has gone to his account with the blood of two millions of men staining his imperial robe, and the groans of millions unnumbered, to usher him to his audit—and yet to listen to the canonizing shout of half the world, as the wonderful story of his awful career is told, and compute, if you can, the *immensity of the guilt on the one hand, and the folly on the other*. Look, again, at the vast regions of groaning servitude; and then at the more numerous and more miserable slaves of vice, that are crowding the ten thousand avenues of death and destruction, in the villages and cities of the world. Then descend into the retreats of private and domestic life, and see how many untold miseries of passion are there; and at last penetrate into the recesses of the human heart, and see it, restless, disordered, and discontented, suffering wounds without cause, and afflictions without reason—miserable when it might be happy, evil when to be good is its interest as much as its duty. Add to all this those delusions of opinion, those mistakes of abused human nature, those lies of the perverted heart, by which this mighty system of national, social, and individual sin and folly is supported, and it seems almost as if there was neither light nor hope. There is darkness upon the nations, and it is almost the darkness of despair; darkness in their institutions, their pursuits, their plans of enjoyment, their very ideas of happiness. After six thousand years of teaching, men have not learned to live, either as physical, or as intellectual, or as moral beings. The science of living well and happily is the science least of all understood, or even studied. The reckless waste of life, and of all that is good in life, which we see everywhere—this universal seeking of happiness abroad, when the springs of it are at home within us; this blinding and bigoted folly of accounting sin a pleasure, and duty a task tedious and irksome in the performance; and then these bewildering voices of ambition, avarice, and pleasure, which fill the world with strife and uproar; this press and throng of selfish passions and worldly competitions; these contests for distinction; these jealousies of fashion, wit, and beauty; these bitter sighings of discontent. Alas! what power, what mighty power is ever to correct such evils? If we should answer that *we do not know*, we should be false to our own principles. We do hope in human nature, after all its mistakes. We do trust in the reason of man, that he will yet be schooled to wisdom. We do confide in his conscience, that it will yet gather strength to resist temptation. We do believe that all experience is not to be lost upon a reasoning, inquiring, and suffering world. We believe in God, and are firmly persuaded that his designs are better for us than human life has yet unfolded. Let each one begin with himself; let him make himself wiser and better. *That is the first and great work*. Let the tone of Education, and Morality and Religion be raised. Let the learned contribute their

knowledge, the lofty their influence, the wise their legislation, the powerful their authority, and the good their prayers, to the one, great, united, universal effort, to make the world better and happier.

From the National Gazette.

EXCERPTS.

Above all things raillery decline,
Nathre but few does for that task assign;
'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool;
For all must grant it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them smart,
No wit alone, nor humour's self will do,
Without good nature and much prudence too,
To judge aright of persons, place and time;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime.

Stillingfleet.

Justice. Justice is grave and decorous, and in its punishments rather seems to submit to a necessity than to make a choice. *Burke.*

Jacobinism is the revolt of the enterprising talents of a country against its property. When private men form themselves into associations for the purpose of destroying the pre-existing laws and institutions of their country; when they secure to themselves an army by dividing amongst the people of no property, the estates of the ancient and lawful proprietors; when a state recognizes these acts; when it does not make confiscations for crimes, but crimes for confiscations; when it has its principle strength, and all its resources, in such a violation of property; when it stands chiefly upon such a violation, massacring by judgments, or otherwise, those who make any struggle for their old legal government, and their legal, hereditary, or acquired possessions—I call this *jacobinism by establishment*. *Ibid.*

Examples. Fear is but a dubious, a treacherous teacher of duty. Examples are of much greater efficacy with men, for they not only direct to virtue, but prove that it is not impossible to practice what they admonish. *Pliny.*

Reformation. Queen Elizabeth had so much of her father in her that instead of improving the reformation begun by Edward, she often repented she had gone so far. Thus, when the dean of St. Paul's, in a sermon at court, spoke aloud with some dislike of the sign of the cross, her majesty called aloud to him her closet, commanding him to desist from that ungodly digression, and to return to his text. *Warner's Ecclesiastical History.*

Writing is like building, wherein the undertaker, to supply some defect, or remedy some inconvenience, which at first he foresaw not, is usually forced to exceed his first model, and many times to double the charge and expense of it. *Scott.*

Conquest. All lawful conquest supposes that the conqueror has just reason to wage war against the vanquished. Without this, conquest is by no means of itself a just title; for a man cannot acquire a sovereignty over a nation by a bare seizure, as over a thing which belongs to nobody. Thus, when Alexander waged war against a distant people, who had never heard of his name, certainly such a conquest was no more a title to the lawful sovereignty, than robbery is lawful means of becoming rich. The quality and number of the people do not change the nature of the action; the injury is the same, and the crime equal.

Burlamaqui's Principles of Politick Law.

A Legacy. Among other legacies, Dr. Jasper Main bequeathed to an old servant, an old trunk, and somewhat in it, he said, that would make him drink. No sooner did the doctor expire, than the servant, full of expectation, visited the trunk, in hopes of finding some money, or other treasure; but, to his great disappointment, the legacy with which he had filled his imagination, proved no other than a red herring.

Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Anacharsis has passed a verdict upon democracy, which has at least the merit of being laconick. "Wise men propose, and fools decide."

De Cataneo.

True religion is the perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one that feels it active and strong within him. Of this I write with more concern and emotion, because I have

felt this the true, and indeed the only joy which runs through a man's heart and life. It is that which has been for many years my greatest support. I rejoice daily in it. I feel from it the earnestness of that supreme joy which I pant and long for. I am sure there is nothing else can afford any true or complete happiness. I have, considering my sphere, seen a great deal of all that is most shining and tempting in this world. The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate. Intrigues of state, and the conduct of affairs have something in them that is more spacious; and I was for some years deeply immersed in these, but still with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind wiser and better. But I have found that which is crooked cannot be made straight. I acquainted myself with knowledge and learning, and that in a great variety. This yielded not happiness. I cultivated friendship. But this also I have found was vanity and vexation of spirit, although it be of the best and noblest sort. The sum is, vanity of vanities, all is vanity, besides fearing God, and keeping the commandments. *Gilbert Burnet.*

From the New-England Weekly Review.

WINTER.

Hast thou come again—our old—our good, old, kind-hearted friend of lang syne? Well—old gentleman, here is a hand for thee to shake, and we greet thee lovingly with right good will. Blessings on that frosty head and blue nose of thine! they are the same as when we hailed them welcome in the days of our boyhood. Aye, Winter was Winter then—and the light of thy venerable countenance carried joy to every heart.

They say thou art growing melancholy, old neighbor—that thine eyes overflow with rheum, and that thy hand is freezing cold. Shame on them! Those are tears of joy; and, if thy hand smacks somewhat of the icicle, let thine enemies shake it till their blood tingles again in their veins. Melancholy!—thou art the veriest wag of the whole family—the grand marshall of fun and frolic—the anointed prince of light hearts and heels. Melancholy! Bacchus were a Dutchman to thee. Cold!—Let them build a fire for thee—thou art not such a fool as to laugh without a fire. Let them welcome thee—an old-fashioned wit—in the old-fashioned way—and, our word for it, the very roof-tree will shake with thy good-natured mirth. Cold! Pile on the wood—bring forth the ruddy tankard of October—the fragrant basket of Greenings—the broad bowl of shagbarks—and see if Summer, in all her glory, can dispense life and heat like thee. See if even the miser's flinty heart does not begin to warm at thy approach. Draw out the fiddle! Marshall your ranks—young and old—fathers, mothers, aunts, and cousins—the whole of you! Now—one, two, three!—There!—it is a cold, melancholy, rheumatic old cynic, that sets such lively spirits in motion!—No, our old friend!—it is too common that benefactors are belied—and they belie thee most foully—they do indeed. Would that thy detractors could boast of deeds as brave, and hearts as free and warm garments as spacious as thine.

Come, thou dweller in the stormy caves of the North! Come from thy mountain-home! Glad hearts are waiting to hear thy hoarse voice in the sky. Touch the hills!—Spread thy mantle in the valleys! The merry bells are impatient to ring forth the joys of thy appearing. The virgin has prepared the best room—and her heart sits lightly on its throng—for thou hast promised her a lover at thy coming. Speak to the waters! The Skater's shout shall answer thee, as his iron heel thrills along the glittering chrysal. Breathe on the forest-boughs!—The twigs become networks of burnished silver sprinkled with diamonds. Spring has wrought no enchantment so beautiful as thine. The architect gazes with awe upon the temples thou hast builded in the Northern Seas—and the lover of beauty stops to admire thy cunning work where thou art busy with the snow-wreath. Come, thou harbinger of the dance and song—we love thy hoary locks, for they mind us of youth, and love, and joy. It is meet they should be revered, for thou bearest age without its austerity, and art venerable without being unsocial or unhappy.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Amulet, for 1830

"WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT."

BY MRS. HALL.

"We'll see about it!" From that simple sentence has arisen more evil to Ireland than any person, ignorant of the strange union of impetuosity and procrastination my countrymen exhibit, could well believe. They are sufficiently prompt and energetick where their feelings are concerned, but, in matters of business, they almost invariably prefer seeing about to doing.

I shall not find it difficult to illustrate this observation. From the many examples of its truth, in high and low life, I select Philip Garraty.

Philip, and Philip's wife, and Philip's children, and all of the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in seeing about every thing, and, consequently, in doing nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome, good-humoured fellow, of about five-and-thirty, with broad, lazy looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually lurking about his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes—the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the haggart; his blue worsted stockings full of holes, which the saggan, twisted half way up the well formed leg, fail to conceal; while his brogues, (to use his own words,) if they do let the water in, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted twine and then unroll it; varying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once formed a wall into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full-grown ducks to sail in.

But let us first take a survey of the premises.

The dwelling-house is a long, rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers: but the fact is, that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighbourhood, and ought to be "well to do in the world." The dwelling looks very comfortable, notwithstanding; part of the thatch is much decayed, and the rank weeds and damp moss nearly cover it; the door posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the window frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a "lock of straw"—very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is the haggart gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall exhibit proof that it had formerly been fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition; the pig-stye is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once-cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys and contented half-fatted geese live at large and on the publick; but the turkeys, with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it—for they mount the ill-built stacks and select the grain a *plaisir*.

"Give you good morrow, Mr. Philip; we have had showery weather lately."

"Och, all manner o' joy to ye, my lady, and sure ye'll walk in and sit down; my woman will be proud to see ye. I'm sartin we'll have the rain soon agin, for its every where, like bad luck; and my throat's sore wid hurishing thim pigs out o' the garden; sorra a thing can I do all day for watching them."

"Why do you not mend the door of the stye?"

"True for ye, ma'am dear, so I would—if I had the nails, and I've been threaten'g to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to see about it."

"I hear you've had a fine crop of wheat, Philip."

"Thank God for all things! You may say that; we had, my lady, a fine crop—but I have always the hight of ill luck somehow; upon my sowkins (and that's the hardest oath I swear) the turkeys have had the most of it; but I mean to see about setting it up safe tomorrow."

"But, Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing, to the steward of the big house."

"It was all as one as sould, only its a bad world, madam dear, and I've no luck. Says the steward to me, says he, 'I like to do things like a man of business; so, Mr. Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver over the wheat-field to me on sich a day, standing as it is, for sich a sum, and I'll sign it for ye and thin there can be no mistake, only let me have it by this day week.' Well, to be sure, I came home full o' my good luck, and I tould the wife: and, on the strength of it, she must have a new gown. 'And sure,' says she, 'Miss Hennessy is just come from Dublin wid a shop-full o' goods, and, on account that she's my brother's sister-in-law's first cousin, she'll let me have the first sight o' the things, and I can take my pick—and ye'll have plinty of time to see about the agreement tomorrow.' Well, I don't know how it was, but the next day we had no paper, nor ink, nor pens in the house; I meant to send the gosson to Miss Hennessy's for all, but forgot the pens. So when I was seeing about the 'greement, I bethought of the old gander, and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laid ye'er two eyes upon out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in sich a manner that sorra a pen I could hold for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward. 'Good evening to you, Mr. Garraty,' says he; 'Good evening kindly, sir,' says I, 'and I hope the woman that owns ye and all ye'er good family's well.' 'All well, thank ye, Mr. Garraty,' says he. 'I've got the 'greement here, sir,' says I, pulling it out, as I thought; but, behold ye, I only cocht the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco that was loose in my pocket for want of a box (saving ye'er presence;) so I turned what little bits o' things I had in it out, and there was a great hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through at the bottom—which the wife promised to see about mending as good as six months before. Well, I saw the sneer of his ugly mouth, (for he's an Englishman,) and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air-holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sich jokes, and that I'd go home and make another 'greement. 'Greement for what?' says he, laying down his grate outlandish pipe, 'Whew! may be you don't know,' says I. 'Not I,' says he. 'The wheat field,' says I. 'Why,' says he 'didn't I tell you then that you must bring the 'greement to me by that day week, and that was, by the same token, (pulling out a red memorandum book out of his pocket,) let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mr. Garraty,' he goes on, 'that when ye didn't care to look after ye'er own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, that I was going to wait upon you? I don't lose my papers in the Irish fashion.' Well, that last set me up; and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding, and one word brought on another, and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist, and I had the ill luck to knock him down; and, the coward, what does he do but takes the law o' me, and I was cast, and lost the sale of the wheat, and was ordered to pay ever so much money: well, I didn't care to pay it then, but gave an engagement, and I meant to see about it, but forgot; and all in a giffy came a thing they call an execution, and, to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame negur the exciseman, who'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence (if, indeed, there ever was a sowl in the family) and it's a terrible case to be paying interest for it still."

"But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum for that rich meadow by the river."

"True for ye, ma'am dear—and I've been seeing about it for a long time—but, somehow, I have no luck. Just as ye came up I was thinking to myself that the gale day is passed, and all one as before, yara a pin'sworth have I for the rint, and the land-lord wants it as bad as I do, though it's a shame to say that of a jittleman; for just as he was seeing about some ould custodium, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate ever since he came to it, the sheriff's officers put *executions* in the house; and it is very sorrowful for both of us, if I may make bould to say so: for I am sartin he'll be racking me for money and, indeed,

the ould huntsman tould me as much: but I must see about it; not, indeed, that its much good, for I've no luck."

"Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head; do not lose a moment, you will be utterly ruined if you do; why not apply to your father in law, he is able to assist you; for at present, you only suffer from temporary embarrassment."

"True for ye, that's good advice, my lady; and by the blessing of God, I'll see about it."

"Then go directly, Philip."

"Directly—I can't ma'am dear, on account of the pigs; and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages; for I let the woman and the grawls go to the pattern at Killaun; its little pleasure they see, the creaturs."

"But your wife did not hear the huntsman's story."

"Och, aye did she; but, unless she could give me a sheaf o' bank notes, where would be the good of her staying—but I'll see about it."

"Immediately, then, Philip: think upon the ruin that may come—nay, that must come; if you neglect this matter. Your wife, too—your family, reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate."

"Aye, my lady, don't be after breaking my heart entirely; thank God I have seven as fine shabulugh children as ever peeled pratee, and all under twelve years ould; and sure I'd lay down my life tin times for every one o' them; and tomorrow for sartin—no—tomorrow—the hurling; I can't tomorrow: but the day after, if I'm a living man, I'll see about it."

Poor Philip! his kindly feelings were valueless, because of his unfortunate habit. Would that this were the only example I could produce of the ill effects of that dangerous little sentence—"I'll see about it." Oh that the sons and daughters of the fairest island that ever heaved its green bosom above the surface of the ocean, would arise and be doing what is to be done, and never again rest contented with—"SEEING ABOUT IT."

THE TRAVELLER.

THE DEAD SEA.

(Concluded.)

Whilst we were slowly riding along, wrapt up in mute meditation on its ancient glories, our Bedouins were not idle. They had observed a party of Arabs on the opposite side, prowling about, and instantly rode back in great alarm, and desired us to keep closer ranks. It turned out, however, to be no nothing more serious than one of the usual encounters. On riding up, we found two or three naked men attempting to recall their horses from this side of the river. The sheep of their rivals had crossed over in return, and a parley ensued on the propriety of seizing them. "They belong to the Vizier," says one of the disputants. "If they belonged to the Sultan," retaliated the enemy, "it is all the same to us: we are the Sultan, and we will seize them as we like." After admiring this specimen of Bedouin law, which differs little in theory or practice from that of our own good Border ancestors, when "the strong hand uppermost" was the beginning, middle, and end of all jurisprudence, we rode on, soon reached the *embouchure* of the river, bearing south-east, and caught the first broad view of the Dead Sea.† The sea is discoloured by the waters of the Jordan for about two hundred yards, and, for at least four hundred feet up the stream, the water tastes extremely salt and brackish. The south side is covered with a quantity of low shrubs and about one hundred yards from the river, a low line of sand separates its *debordemens* from the sea. Here, also, are a few trees, the greater part shrunk up and withered. We now proceeded to the shore. The view from this point is singularly striking. The mountains of Moab on the east, and the west, form a vast basin. They appear, generally speaking, to run parallel

* The motto of the armorial bearings of the O'Briens.

† Bahr, a generic name for any large expanse of water—river, lake, or sea. Thus, the Tiberias and Asphaltes may be called "small," as the Hellespont has been called "broad." Before we pronounce on the propriety of the epithet, we must ascertain to what it is referred.

—are of the same character of soil—the western lower than the eastern chain—their forms much broken, affecting the conical, and running down in ridges, shivered and pointed, to the water. In some places they break off bluffly and unexpectedly, and are cloven by earthquake or time in perpendicular precipices. The colour of the eastern range, somewhat interrupted here and there by deep valleys, is of a dun red; no symptoms of wood, and very little of herbage, are to be seen. Each of these valleys are traceable by their openings towards the sea, and almost every opening is consecrated, in some manner or other, in the pages of sculpture. On the west, the hills stand like a confused crowd of tumult, ploughed and torn and slashed by the action of inward fire,* but with a great resemblance to each other, and of a whitish, chalky soil, here and there greened over with a scant and sickly herbage. A very near exemplification of the same appearances may be seen both in the neighbourhood of the Solfatara at Naples, and close to the city of Sienna. No plains of any extent intervene between the mountains and the sea. The sandy plains of Jericho stretch off, blank and waste, to the north. We sat down for a time, in silent astonishment, and gazed, strongly impressed by the sight, on the universal desolation which weighed like a curse on every thing around us. We were seated on a withered trunk, which had been carried down by the river and afterwards rejected by the sea. Large fragments of a similar kind lay scattered around us, half buried in the slimy sand; beyond these were long crusts, or shells of salt, glistening and cracking under the feet of our horses, that were wandering about in search of some sour herbage, and, finding none, had at last approached to where we were placed. A few sickly plants, half smothered in the mud and salt of the frequent inundations, made a sort of wood. Near drooped one or two squallid knots of tulips, mixed with glaring yellow flowers; and we heard, from time to time, the melancholy song of a few lonesome birds on the stunted trees. After a short repose, we stripped and rushed into the waters. They bore us up with great force as we advanced. We took precautions not to wet the head. The travellers who have preceded us had suffered from neglect in this respect. The water seemed tolerably clear until taken up in the hand, when it looked oily, and resembled brandy when first mixed with water. The general hue was a dead palish green, approaching to blue; the bottom slippery and slimy, cleft strongly up and down for several feet together, and here and there scooped and sunk into pits and holes. This slime, on the shore, assumed the appearance and consistency of stone. The sensation on leaving the water was disagreeable in the extreme. It did not, indeed, produce that contraction of the skin mentioned by most writers, but we felt instead, a clammy, oily feeling, not unlike honey half washed off. I saw no asphaltum floating on the surface of the sea; but we picked up some particles (the largest not longer than an inch) and perfectly black, on the shore. The waters tasted particularly salt, bitter, and poignant, and left a strong, sharp, stinging sensation on the tongue, nose, and eyes. The salt deposit, too, on our beards and skin was very considerable and most unpleasant. The whole scene was one of utter desolation. Not a human being was visible in the neighbourhood; not a single symptom or vestige of man. The few struggling birds I have mentioned, and the fragments of a few shells in the sand, were the only evidences of life. After an interval of about an hour, we resumed our journey. On leaving the lake, and crossing some brackish water at no great distance from the shore, we took a N. W. direction, and re-entered on the same description of desert mountain we had been traversing the day before. Here we dismissed our Jericho guard of honour, and sending on Sheikh Mohammed (who, notwithstanding our prohibition, had, by a circuitous route, come up with us and joined us) to the Convent of St Saba, to prepare for our reception, we continued our wanderings amongst the mountains. They were truly such: up and down the beds of torrents, with

guides as ignorant as ourselves, striding on in a slung trot by our side, and every moment vociferating for help and water. The torrents were dry, and the wells distant, and the day advanced, and the whole party tired, and the greater part out of humour. In the height of these disappointments, we at last chanced on a truly scriptural-looking well, covered with a large misshapen stone. The rush to the spot was most exhilarating; the stone was hurled aside and all bent down to drink in a moment. In the midst of this good fortune and enjoyment Sheikh Mohammed entered our ring with his long black face, and reported, in doleful guise, that his applications at the Convent had been totally ineffectual. "Those same sons of infidels," said he, "the reverend fathers of Saint Saba, had refused all admittance, without a firman from the Dragoman of the Greeks at Jerusalem; had we been sons of kings, they would not, at this hour, receive us." We were sore wroth at the refusal, but we could not help thinking afterwards the monks were quite in the right. There could not be a more villainous face to send, by way of a letter of recommendation, than our friend Mohammed's; besides, the monks, after the manner of their brethren in Europe during the middle ages, had many an account still to settle with their troublesome neighbours. Mohammed kept his tribe constantly marauding in the neighbourhood, and the Punick faith and false pledges of these freebooters had been often experienced, and were well remembered. In this dilemma we held over the well a hasty council. Mohammed sitting on the stone, with his legs crossed, and his hand under his chin, quietly observed the changes of our countenance. After various suggestions, he offered to conduct us to the camp of one of his acquaintances in the neighbourhood, where, if our "Highnesses" liked it, we might sleep for the night. There was not much choice. We had only to select a bed on a rock with a tent over us, or a bed on a rock without any tent at all. The danger was equal. We might be slain any where; and as for robbery, we had nothing about us, "cantabit vacuum," &c. we were not worth the risk or the pains. In about half an hour we arrived at the camp. It consisted of a few black tents (the tents of Kedar) drawn up on the shelving side of a sand-hill, immediately over a wadi, or the ravine of a torrent. We were received by a crowd of young turbulent Bedouins, mostly armed, amidst the barking of dogs, the screams of children, and the emphatic panegyrics of Mohammed. We spread our rugs, and slept satisfactorily, and soundly enough, until morning.

The next day we visited St. Saba. After some slight demur at the outer wicket, of no consequence to any who has travelled amongst Austrians, we were admitted by the superior, a Syrian, who conducted us through the Monastery with salaams, and a profusion of apologies. We were not Hadgis, so lightly to be despised; and then some of our party could speak Greek. The church is gaudy rather than gay: the whole impaunelled with sprawling paintings of various epochs. In some of the more recent, groping attempts were visible at chiaroscuro—an alarming innovation amongst the orthodox, if we are to trust to the anecdote of Titian. The subjects which covered so much wood were of the usual kind—armies of gaunt and ghostly-visaged saints, legends, disjointed portions of Scripture, history, &c. Amongst the latter we noticed "The Last Judgement." It resembled a similar production, I presume by the same master, at the Armenian Convent at Jerusalem. They are painted much as men make tables and chairs. The superior stood in ecstasy before its beauties, and did not spare us one. On one side was Heaven, and then on the other Hell—well railed off from each other certainly, but rather too close for any comfort. The graves in front were yielding up their dead; and there was a gulf on the left hand of the Judge ready to receive them the moment they should appear. This gulf, on coming closer, was perceived to be an ill favoured beast, with its mouth open, and with an immense appetite. The most conspicuous sinners (the Jewish High Priests) stood by, ready to be eaten up. The devil looked on, dressed in his ordinary costume. On the other side stood St. Peter, turning reluctantly the key

of the celestial Jerusalem (not much more inviting than the terrestrial); and above, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the first literally opening his bosom for the reception of the hosts of the faithful, who were climbing up from below. All this was as coarsely executed as it was grossly conceived; and does no great honour, either to the pencil, or the imagination of the good fathers. We noticed a few books in the church, and about three hundred volumes in a small chamber above. I saw some complete MSS. of the Gospels, handsomely illuminated on vellum, though of no great age; a fine MS. of St. John Chrysostom, another of St. John Climacus, and several others of the Ascetics. The only profane author which attracted my attention was a Cyropædia of the thirteenth century. The printed books were principally bad editions of devotional works, and a few classics from Europe. From the library, if such it could be termed, we passed to the court below. Here is to be seen the chapel of St. Saba, a small domical building—the body of the Saint, somehow or other, has travelled, with several others, to Europe. To the east of this chapel there is another cut in the rock. The first chamber is supported by regularly shaped piers, but the ceiling is left in the rough, neither painted nor plastered, and altogether without the usual decorations. The second room is smaller, and has no other merit than that of being the shrine where repose the bones of fourteen thousand martyrs. They are shown by torchlight, through a narrow iron grating. Four of the skulls are exposed by way of specimen, close to this entrance, in a sort of wooden trough: I questioned the superior rather inconveniently on that number, and on the cause of their death. He turned a broad, excommunicating stare upon me, without answering a single word. Every one who falls here, be he Christian or Moslem, is sure to be a martyr: whether the cause be a sheep, or a tenet of faith, it is very much the same. On leaving the chapel, we descended by a variety of doors and stairs, and at last by a ladder, into the brook Kedron, upon which St. Saba stands; and crossing it, which we easily did, for it was almost dry, we had a very striking view of the Convent. It hangs immediately over the bed of the torrent, and its irregular architecture follows the irregularities and inclinations of its exceedingly steep sides. The walls are high and solid—an adequate defence against the plunderers who infest the adjacent country. The church forms the centre of the mass. It is supported externally by heavy buttresses, and crowned by a dome. Two lofty square towers, one within, the other without the walls, and a long line of battlements give it the appearance of a fortress. Below, a flight of grass-grown, disjointed steps, wind into the torrent. On all sides around are sheets of purple-looking rocks, dry and bare, dotted by deserted cells, some painfully dug into the clefts of the rocks, others loosely overhanging the precipices, and apparently ready every instant, with the entire ledge from which they are excavated, to crumble and crash below. There is no vegetation to rest the eye on, but clumps of wild tulips and rye-grass starting from the ragged cliffs, and a single palm-tree in the court of the convent, the leaves of which just peep above one of the embrasures. All this contrasting with the gloomy glare of the white walls, the silent blue skies above, and the dreary bed of the torrent below, incumbered with huge masses of dry rock, &c. gives one of the most impressive pictures of monastic solitude and secret penance which the travelled eye can well behold. The bell tolled as we were silently gazing on this scene, which completed the effect. We now adjourned to the divan, or parlour of the monastery, and fared sumptuously, on caviar, salad, cheese, and Bethlehem white wine. Heaps of small loaves were preparing near, for the pilgrims and the Arabs—the daily price which the monks pay for their forbearance to these Cerberus of the desert. There were about forty or fifty monks, at the time of our visit, in the convent. They dated the origin of the building so far back as twelve hundred years, an antiquity to which few similar institutions in Europe can ascend. Their original institution was extremely rigorous. The superior shook his head at the degeneracy of the moderns;

* Most of the names of the five cities bear allusion to these appearances, or to the great event: they seem to have been given after it. *Bura*, burning; *Adam*, red earth; *Gomerrah*, rebel, &c.

though to a less fastidious beholder, their pale and meagre physiognomy is satisfactory and penetrating enough. We left the Convent by a difficult ascent through an iron gate, and quitting the brook, continued our way back through the mountains to Jerusalem. On our route we met with a band of Greek and other pilgrims, amounting nearly to seventy or eighty, the greater part comfortably mounted. No women accompanied the caravan; they are not permitted to enter the sanctuary. These visits, at this time of the year, are frequent, and at all times acceptable. They break the dead blank, provide caviar for the monks, and fat purses for the Pasha. Towards evening we again saw the Holy City, majestically glittering in the setting sun, on its ancient mountain throne. We proceeded slowly up, through lanes of verdure, luxuriant hedges, groups of olives, mulberries, fig-trees, &c. to the gate of Jaffa, congratulating ourselves on having escaped the fate of the Levite, who went down from Jerusalem, though we had also passed through the hands of thieves. But we had other perils environing us, very nearly as bad as the valley of Adummim. The Bedouin Mohammed rode beside us.

THE GATHERER.

"HE, THAT DIGGETH A PIT, SHALL FALL THEREIN."

The following remarkable incident, which, we are assured, happened in this city some years since, has never, to our knowledge, been related in print. A thoughtless young man went to an undertaker's, and ordered a coffin for Mrs. —, to be sent to a certain number and street, which he specified. The young man possessed the appearance and manners of a gentleman of respectability; and the undertaker, not dreaming in the least of any deception, repaired to the place specified, with the "narrow house," according to order. On ringing the bell, a genteel looking female came to the door, and was asked if Mrs. Such-a-one lived there—or had lived there. "She lives here now," was the reply; "I am she." "You!" exclaimed the astonished undertaker—"and you are *not dead* then! I was ordered to bring this coffin for you." "For me!" ejaculated the lady, in a voice of mingled terror and astonishment, and fainted away. So strange an incident produced the impression which might naturally be expected in a mind of ordinary sensibility, and it was some time before she recovered from its effects.

But the young man, who, in a thoughtless moment, had committed so rash and cruel a piece of folly, did not so easily escape the consequences. The effect it produced on the lady, and the still more disastrous result which might have followed it, preyed on his mind. He became melancholy, pined in grief, fell into the consumption, and in little more than a year required in reality the sad office which he had undertaken for the lady in a mere joke; and it so happened, that he was buried in the identical coffin he had bespoken for her.

[N. Y. Constellation.]

A GOOD FELLOW.

When we hear of a person who takes a pride "in setting the table in a roar,"—whose whole thoughts, his day dreams, and night visions, are fixed upon guzzling and swilling "healths five fathoms deep,"—whose belly is his god—who lives, moves, and has his being, in dinner and supper parties—who can swallow six bottles, and take his share of the seventh, and after all floor his companions with as much ease as the champion of England—who gets drunk every night and has the blues every morning—we invariably say, "This is such a man whom the world calls a good fellow." We never think of such a one, but we form "in our mind's eye" the embodiment of a toper, with a face like a "nor-west" moon, a nose like a carrot smothered in radishes, large saucer eyes staring from the head, surrounded with a peculiar sort of rheum, resembling as much as it is possible for such eyes to resemble, an antiquated castle of the 12th century, surrounded with a moat, a mouth decorated in front with several particles of snuff, of that particular sort called Blackguard, and lined

within with two rows of tusks, which have evidently taken into "the sere, the yellow leaf,"—and a chin garnished with several cuts, whose summits are crowned with a putrescent greenness, like the surface of a standing pool. His linens might once have been white, but when, is lost in the remoteness of antiquity. His cloth—originally sable, is now neither black, nor blue, nor brown, but partakes so much of hue of these different colours, that it would puzzle an antiquary to discover which was the original. Such a picture, "disguise it as thou wilt" is associated with our ideas, of "a good fellow" or "a good soul." When the husk is so "villainously unclean" what must the kernel be! We would hesitate to say that such a man has a soul at all; why call him then "a good soul?" If people would only examine into the fitness of the title, for those who, in common parlance, are called good fellows, they would perhaps, give them a name directly opposite. We, who are in the habit of probing names as well as causes, to the bottom, and delight in calling things by their right names, would do so at once; and certainly the habitual toper—the sneaking tippler—the forenoon dram drinker—the seducer of men's wives and daughters—the breaker of the subbath—the dissolute and idle, *et hoc genus omne*, are not those to whom we would give the name of "good fellow."

CHRISTMAS.

More than eighteen hundred years have gone by, since the Son of God descended, to redeem a fallen race. He did not come in the effulgence of supernal glory clad in dazzling robes, and attended by cherubim. The heavenly being assumed a mortal form—the infant Saviour was "wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." On this return of this natal day, the mind reverts to the sublime and affecting event, which marked his career. The flocks of Bethlehem are at rest, guarded by the watchful shepherds, and the Angel of the Lord descends with his glad tidings,—a celestial host suddenly appear, and exclaim "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men!" A star appears in the East, and the wise men are guided by its light, to the abiding place of him who was "born King of the Jews." We hear the voice of maternal anguish, sorrowing for the youngest-born, slaughtered by the cruel Herod. We see the Baptist emerging from the Judean desert, and we hear his awful voice, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight!" We see the dove coming down through the silvery cloud, and we hear the voice proclaiming "this is my beloved son." We behold the transfiguration on the high mountain; the triumphant entry into Jerusalem; the sorrowful prostration in the garden of Gethsemane; the kiss of the betrayer. We see the Son of Man standing in solemn silence before his accusers; we see him nailed to the cross, and we hear his last cry of mortal agony, "I am a sabachthani!" A fearful scene succeeds; the vail of the temple is rent; the earth heaves, the sheeted dead arise from their sepulchres, and walk about the streets of Jerusalem! A little while, and we behold him who was crucified, restored to life, and attended by his disciples. He gives them his last charge, and ascends to heaven, his great work of salvation being accomplished.

How should man show his gratitude for such boundless beneficence; what return can he make for the "agony and bloody sweat," of the Redeemer, who bore the pangs of death, and lay down in the dust of the grave, for him? He can make no adequate return, the great debt of gratitude cannot be cancelled; all that he can do is to govern his actions by the principles of that sublime Being, whom the earth will not behold again, till the great day of doom, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven. [N. Y. Courier.]

SERVING A WRIT ON A PARSON.

In one of the eastern towns—no matter precisely where, nor precisely when—a gentleman of the bar was about committing matrimony. The company had assembled, the parson was in attendance, and the bridegroom rose to hand his reverence the certificate of publication, according to the law, in such cases made and provided. As a lawyer he

could do wonders before a bench and jury; but this was a new case, he was sadly embarrassed, and after fumbling awhile in his pocket, handed the parson the wrong paper. His reverence glanced his eye over it, and with a good-natured smile, told him he believed he had made a mistake, and handed it back. It happened to be a writ! The poor lawyer was now doubly embarrassed, and fumbling again in his pocket, handed out another paper. After looking at this, the parson smiled again, but seeing the perturbation of the matrimonial candidate, forbore to notice a second mistake, and proceeded to tie the knot. On the morrow the happy bridegroom was much surprised to find this second certificate returned to him, with the request of the parson to forward the true one. He opened it, and found it was his TAILOR'S BILL! [ib.]

EPITHETS.

The meaning of the word *Wretch* is one not generally understood. It was originally, and is now, in some parts of England, used as a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. This is not the only instance in which words in their present general acceptation bear a very opposite meaning to what they did in Shakspeare's time. The word *Wench*, formerly, was not used in that low and vulgar acceptation it is at present. *Damsel* was the appellation of young ladies of quality, and *Dame* a title of distinction. *Knave* once signified a servant; and in an early translation of the New Testament, instead of 'Paul the Servant,' we read 'Paul the Knave of Jesus Christ.' On the other hand, the word *Companion*, instead of being the honourable synonyme of Associate, occurs in the play of Othello, with the same contemptuous meaning which we now affix, in its abusive sense, to the word 'Fellow'—for Emilia, perceiving that some secret villain had aspersed the character of the virtuous Desdemona, thus indignantly exclaims:—

'O Heaven! that such Companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world!'

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1829.

☞ New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

☞ A multiplicity of duties must plead our excuse for the apparent want of attention to this department of our paper recently, and particularly this week. Much of our time, during the past week, has been occupied in making improvements (which we trust will hereafter not be unnoticed) in the mechanical appearance of the Record. Our paper will hereafter be issued at an earlier hour than recently, to subscribers in the city, and those at a distance are informed that in future their papers will be forwarded by the earliest mails.

THE THEATRE. Mr. Hackett performed at the theatre in this city on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last, in two of his favourite Yankee characters—*Solomon Swoop* in the comedy of *Jonathan in England*, and *Industrious Doolittle*, in the new play called *The Times, or Life in New-York*. The latter character was, we believe, written to be sustained by Mr. Hackett. Those who have seen this gentleman upon the stage can alone form a proper idea of the entertainment his performances afford. He is a Yankee by birth, and there is an indescribable something in and about Yankeeism, of which we shall leave our readers to form their own notions.

Some novelties have been produced at the theatre this week, but our business has required so much of our attention that we find it impossible to speak of them. *The King and Deserter* is said to be very attractive.

It will be seen by the following extracts from the *National Egis*, published at Worcester, Massachusetts, that anti-masonry is considered as disreputable in New England as it is in this state. In fact, men of respectability in all quarters manifest a very creditable solicitude to be free from the suspicion of having the slightest connexion with the anti-maso-

nick anti-religious, and anti-decent speculation; and it is only by an unauthorised and unwarrantable use of the names of gentlemen, that the abandoned fellows who alone can profit by confusion are able to keep up any thing like an "excitement." The history of parties does not furnish an example of beggary equal to that which accompanies anti-ism in every region—it has no respectability, save what it steals from those who heartily despise it.

ANTI-MASONICK.—It is with great pleasure that we comply with the request contained in the following communication from John L. Boylston, Esq. of Princeton. We do it the more readily as it furnishes additional evidence of the judgment which public opinion has already pronounced upon the subject.

Mr. Editor.—In your paper of the 16th inst. I observed my appointment by the Anti-Masonic Convention lately held at Worcester, as one of the delegates to the General Anti-Masonic Convention to be held in the city of Boston, the last of this month. I wish therefore through the same channel, to communicate to the public my undivided sentiments and convictions upon this spurious effusion of party excitement, and will thank you to give them a place in your paper.

As to the *Fraternity of Free Masons*, their Constitution, rules, regulations and practices, I have read and learnt little but what I conceived to be a partial statement and for purposes that I could not comprehend; but from what I do know of its members, among whom are many of my friends, with whom I am in the habit, daily, of reciprocating the common courtesies of life, I have never had occasion to suspect that the institution had any operative effect to impair or destroy the harmony and peace of society. It is true I am not thoroughly convinced of the utility of the institution, nor am I convinced of any evil in it; therefore am not prepared to join the popular hue and cry against it, and shall not attend any convention on the subject—especially as I have no purpose, object, prejudice or interest in this salmagundi effervescence.

JOHN LANE BOYLSTON.

Princeton, Dec. 18, 1830.

Frederick W. Bottom, esq. of Southbridge, informs us that he positively declines serving as a Delegate to the anti-masonick State Convention to be held in Boston.

We understand from the most respectable authority that the Rev. Mr. Allen of Bolton, who was also selected as a delegate, declines accepting the appointment and will not attend the State Convention—Mr. Allen is not a Mason.

A friend of the Rev. Mr. Josiah Clarke of Rutland, has requested us to state that he declines the appointment of Delegate to the State Convention.

The editor of *The Craftsman*, published at Rochester offers the following literary premiums:

"For the best ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES on the subject of popular commotions, based upon the prevailing excitement in the western District of New-York, and other parts of the Union, embracing historical facts connected with the Masonick Institution, space unlimited, \$50.

For the best "ORIGINAL TALE," founded upon facts connected with the history of America, \$40

For the second best, do. \$20.

For the best POEM, not exceeding 200 lines, \$30.

For the second best, do. \$15.

A competent committee, whose names will be given to the public in a few weeks, will decide upon the merits of the various articles offered and award the premiums.

Offers for the prizes, must be made previously to the 1st day of February, 1830. The successful articles, for the first premiums, unless of too great length, will be inserted in the first number of the 2d volume; and those for the second, will follow them in regular succession.

THE POST OFFICE EXPRESS. The (Baltimore) American Farmer gives the following account of the progress of the President's Message by the Post Office Expresses.

GREAT EASTERN ROUTE.

Express left Washington at 12h. 24m. P. M. 8th December, 1829—
Arr. at Baltimore, 36 miles, at 2h. 7m. 1h. 42m.
Arr. at Philad. 100 miles, at 9 P. M. 6h. 53m.
Arr. at N. York, 100 miles, at 3 A. M. Wed. 6h. 06m.
Arr. at Boston, 200 miles, at 7 P. M. do. 16h. 25m.
Arr. at Portland, 100 miles, at 2 A. M. Thurs. 7h. 00m.

From Washington to Portland, in Maine, distance, by post office books, 554 miles, 26h. 00m.

GREAT WESTERN ROUTE.

Arr. at Fred's town, 44 miles, at 3h. 20m. 2h. 55m.
Arr. at Hagerstown, 36 miles, at 5h. 17m. 1h. 57m.
Arr. at Wheeling, 200 miles, at 9.30 A. M. Wed. 16h. 17m.
Arr. at Columbia, O. 130 do. at 10.45 P. M. do. 15h. 15m.

From Washington to Columbus, 400 miles, much of the roads bad and heavy, in 34h. 24m.

GREAT SOUTHERN ROUTE.

Arr. at Richmond, 123 miles, at 12 P. M. 11h. 35m.
Arr. at Raleigh, 162 miles in 12h. 10m.

From Washington to Raleigh, 283 miles, in 12h. 45m.
At Albany, 399 miles, the Message was received, printed and distributed, in less than 43 hours.

Anti-Masonry. The Canal of Intelligence, published at Norwich, in this State, has given up its opposition to masonry, and is to be conducted hereafter by Mr. Park Benjamin, a young man of distinguished talents. We have a kindly feeling of the late conductor of the Canal, but, after all, we are pleased to find that anti-masonry meets with little encouragement in Connecticut. We care nothing about the Masonick Institution, for we are "not a mason, and probably never shall be"—but we are willing to believe, that Masons are as good as the rest of mankind. We consider them neither a whit better or worse than other people. Anti-masons are greatly troubled, because their opponents wish to keep their own secrets—but that is a matter, which never troubles us. If Masons, or any other body of men, think fit to keep their affairs to themselves, they may do it, for what we care—we have concerns enough of our own, without troubling ourselves with what is none

of our business. We have a particular contempt for all those grannies, whether in petticoats or breeches, who make it the great end of their lives to go about aquainting into dark corners, like Peter Pindar's magpie into the narrow-bone, and reporting their discoveries for the edification of their neighbours.

We are told that masons are a set of desperadoes, "bound by their very oaths of office to vindicate murder and treason." Who are they, that assert this? Nine-tenths of them are men, who, for years previous to the supposed death of Morgan, had been zealous supporters of the Masonick institution. They supported Masonry as long as it was popular—lived for years, according to their own confession, under an obligation to justify murder—and finally, left their society just at the lucky moment when a little money was to be made by opening it. Shall we, on the testimony of such men, condemn our friends, our fathers, and our brothers, with whom we have lived from our childhood, and whose purity of character is as evident to us as any thing earthly can be? God forbid. We are quite willing to see Masonry opposed even to annihilation—but not after fashion in which it is now opposed.

[N. E. Weekly Review.

MONROE GENERAL SESSIONS.—The December term concluded its session on Saturday. Among the causes which excited most interest was that of *J. B. Luce*, one of the fraternity of "Botanick Physicians," who was indicted for practising contrary to the law in such cases made and provided. He was convicted after a trial of two days. Sentence, fifty dollars fine and thirty days imprisonment.

Thurlow Weed of the Antimasonic Enquirer, indicted for a libel on the publisher of this paper, actually swore off his trial on account of the absence of Judge Gardner, now holding a Circuit in Erie, whom he alleges to be a material witness for his defence! Comment is unnecessary. He was held to bail, himself and a surety in \$500 each.

The noted Israel J. Richardson, a leader of the Southwick party and would-be Congress-man from the Ontario district, who caused us to be indicted last summer for an alleged libel on him in alluding to the indecencies proven against him on a former trial, did not appear to prosecute! Perhaps, like Don Quixote in the case of Sancho, he fancies, "the less the matter is stirred, the better."

[Rochester Republican.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—The county court, at its late session, appointed the Hon. D. D. Barnard, (late member of congress,) District Attorney of this county, in place of the Hon. Addison Gardner, appointed circuit judge. Mr. Barnard, though neither a mason nor an advocate of masonry, has from the earliest day deprecated the perversion to political purposes of the excitement against that institution. His appointment is wormwood to the Southwickites, to whom he has rendered himself obnoxious by his independent course during the excitement which has unhappily distracted this region. Mr. B. was predecessor of Mr. Gardner as district attorney, but resigned on being elected to congress.

MARRIED,

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Sprague, Mr. DENISON WORTHINGTON, Merchant, to Miss MARTHA SEARING, all of this city.

On the 20th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Lacy, Mr. EDMUND R. DAVIS, to Miss JULIA ANN, daughter of Silvester Wilcox, all of this city.

THE LADIES' MAGAZINE,

Conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, published monthly, by Putnam and Hunt, No. 3 Cornhill, Boston. Price, Three Dollars a year, payable on the delivery of the third number—each number shall contain about 30 pages of original matter, printed on fine paper, and new and elegant type.

Contents of No. 12, Vol. II., for December.—*Original Miscellany*: Sketches of American Character—the Fate of a Favourite; Camire [concluded]; The Friendship of Woman; Memoir of Mrs. Ewing; German Literature; Letter to the Editor. *Original Poetry*: Fancy; To Dr. P—; To a Solitary Violet; The Child and Death; The White Cloud; Time's Festival. *Literary Notices*: Fugitive Poetry; Poems, by Robert Montgomery; Poems, by W. Gillmore Simms, jr.; First Lessons in Intellectual Philosophy; Catechism of Natural Theology; To our Friends; To Correspondents.

W. C. Little, Agent, Albany.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW

Is published in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the close of every month: Each number will contain 56 octavo pages—making annually a volume of 672 pages.

Contents of No. 6, Vol. III., for December.—Opinions in Europe [concluded]; A Tour, from the West to the East; Captain Hall's Travels; Tanner's Map and Memoir; Dabney's Hymns and Psalms; The New Latin Reader; Introduction to the National Reader; History of Bees; The Boston Token, for 1830; Elements of English Grammar; Judge Tior's Inaugural Address; Journal of Health; Biddle's (Chesapeake and Delaware Canal) Address; Sins of the Tongue; Second Century Lecture; Future Progress of Ohio; Anne of Geierstein.

JUST RECEIVED BY W. C. LITTLE

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 139, Nov. The Boston Athenaeum, for Dec. 15th. The London Athenaeum and Literary Chronicle. The Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany, Nos. 1 to 7. Emerson's North American Arithmetic, part 1st, containing elementary lessons, a new supply. The Memento, or Lady and Gentleman's Diary, for 1830. Private Life, or varieties of character and opinion, by the author of Gertrude, 2 vols. The London University Works.

MONTGOMERY HOUSE,

NO. 338 BROADWAY NEW-YORK.

WILLIAM C. SLOAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above establishment, where he will be always happy to supply them with the best wines and liquors that can be had in the City. Ward, Military, Masonick and Religious meetings and Committees and Arbitrations can be handsomely accommodated. Dinner and Supper Parties furnished at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. Boarding and Lodging at the usual prices.

W. C. S. hopes by prompt attention, and unremitting exertion to secure a share of public patronage. New-York, November, 1829.



CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR.

W. C. LITTLE'S catalogue of Presents for the season. "These are the productions that form an elegant tribute of friendship, at that festive season of the year, when nature presents her gloomiest aspect without, but when the ties of friendship and kindred are drawn closest, and the joys of home are at their height."

SOUVENIRS.

The *KEEPSAKE*, 19 superb embellishments, London.
The *GEM*, 13 splendid engravings, London.
The *LANDSCAPE ANNUAL*, or the *TOURIST IN ITALY & SWITZERLAND*, from drawings by Samuel Prout, Esq. 26 embellishments, London.
FORGET-ME-NOT, 14 beautiful plates, London.
FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, a Literary Album, 13 embellishments, London.
LITERARY SOUVENIR, by Alaric Watts, 12 engravings, London.

WINTER'S WREATH, 13 plates, London.
BIJOU, an annual of literature and the arts, 9 elegant embellishments, London.

THE AMULET, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer, 12 engravings, London.
The *IRIS*, a Literary and Religious Offering; edited by Rev. Thomas Dale, 11 fine engravings, London.

Mrs. Hall's *JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT*, 12 beautiful engravings, London.
Ackerman's *JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT*, 9 fine engravings, London.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT and *JUVENILE SOUVENIR*, by Mrs. Alaric Watts, 11 embellishments, London.

THE COMICK ANNUAL by Thomas Hood, numerous wood cuts.

THE GOLDEN LYRE, London.

MUSICAL BIJOU, edited by F. H. Burney, with highly finished lithographic engravings, London.

MUSICAL SOUVENIR, London.

LITHOGRAPHICK ALBUM, London.

THE JUVENILE KEEPSAKE, edited by Thomas Roscoe, 8 engravings, London.

AFFECTION'S OFFERING, London.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX, edited by T. Crofton Crocker, Esq. London.

THE PEARL, or AFFECTION'S GIFT, Philadelphia. This beautiful Juvenile is enriched with the finest stories by Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Sigourney, and other ladies: 9 embellishments.

THE YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE, Boston.

THE TOKEN, 13 embellishments, Boston.

THE TALISMAN, 12 engravings, New-York.

THE ATLANTICK SOUVENIR, 12 plates, Philadelphia.

THE MEMENTO, or Lady and Gentleman's Pocket Diary, with an engraving.

Elegant POCKET BIBLES, from \$1 to \$5, splendidly bound.

THE BOY'S OWN BOOK, with 300 engravings, together with a great variety of other new and interesting Juvenile Books.

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED.

The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his patent *SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD*. This article, yet but imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire—to boarding house keepers—to the masters of vessels—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee, now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 183 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy.

CHESTER JOHNSON.

New-York, 1829. 40 y1

FINE CUTLERY, &c.

JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3 Beaver street, (formerly at No. 89 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy, and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States. Shears, Scissors, Razors, and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan, and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere. Currier's Steels constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article. Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired. N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

31f.

New & Splendid Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, &c.

Just received, a large supply of mosaic, cameo, pearl, topaz, jet and gold ear rings, of new patterns, diamond pins and finger rings, pearl, cameo and jet do, patent lever, anchor escapement, fine lepine and common gold watches, silver do, and a large and good assortment, ladies watches and establishments, musical, alabaster and marble clocks, and a large assortment of beautiful chains, seals keys; also, music boxes, some playing 3 tunes and very superior, now opened and for sale at 456 South Market-st. by CHAUNCEY JOHNSON.

N. B. Clocks, and watches repaired as usual. Nov. 21. 5f.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.

POETRY.

The following poem is taken from "The Annet, a Christian and Literary Remembrance, for 1830." The London Literary Gazette observes that "though in parts it bears a rather too close resemblance to Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, all the sentiments that relate to the child, as well as many other passages, are so eminently pathetic and beautiful, that we have no hesitation in classing this composition with the Eugene Aram* of Mr. Hood, last year, as one of those productions which will survive long after the mediocrities which fill the larger proportion of the Annuals' pages are forgotten. Where the thoughts are so truly fine and poetical, it is almost invidious to regret a certain want of polish; yet the alteration of a few words and phrases would have greatly improved the effect of this spirited tale of the sea, whether well read or well declaimed."

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

By Mary Howitt.

There was an old and quiet man,
And by a fire sat he,
"And now," he said, "to you I'll tell
A dismal thing that once befell
A ship upon the sea.
"Tis five and-fifty years gone by,
Since, from the River Plate,
A young man in a home-bound ship,
I sailed as second mate.
She was a trim, stout-timbered ship,
And built for stormy seas,
A lovely thing on the wave was she,
With her canvas set so gallantly
Before a steady breeze.
For forty days, like a winged thing,
She went before the gale,
Nor all that time was slackened speed,
Turned helm, or altered sail.
She was a laden agony
Of wealth from the Spanish main,
And the treasure boards of a Portuguese
Returning home again.
An old and silent man was he,
And his face was yellow and lean;
In the golden lands of Mexico
A miner he had been.
His body was wasted, bent and bowed,
And amid his gold he lay—
Amid iron chests that were bound with brass,
And he watched them night and day.
No word he spoke to any on board,
And his step was heavy and slow,
And all men deemed that an evil life
He had led in Mexico.
But list ye me:—on the true high seas,
As the ship went smoothly on,
It chanced in the silent second watch,
I sat on the deck alone;
And I heard, from among those iron chests,
A sound like a dying groan.
I started to my feet—and lo!
The captain stood by me,
And he bore a body in his arms,
And dropped it in the sea.
I heard it drop into the sea,
With a heavy splashing sound,
And I saw the captain's bloody hands
As he quickly turned him round;
And he drew in his breath when he saw
Like one convulsed, whom the withering awe
Of a spectre doth astound.
But I saw his white and palsied lips,
And the stare of his ghastly eye,
When he turned in hurried haste away,
Yet he had no power to fly;
He was chained to the deck with his heavy guilt,
And the blood that was not dry.
"Tis a cursed thing," said I "to kill
That old man in his sleep!
And the plagues of the sea will come from him
Ten thousand fathoms deep!
And the plagues of the storm will follow us,
For heaven his groans hath heard!"
Still the captain's eye was fixed on me,
But he answered never a word.
And he slowly lifted his bloody hand
His aching eyes to shade—
But the blood that was wet did freeze his soul,
And he shrank like one afraid.
And even then, that very hour,
The wind dropped, and a spell
Was on the ship, was on the sea,
And we lay for weeks, now wearily,
Where the old man's body fell.
I told no one within the ship
That horrid deed of sin;
For I saw the hand of God at work,
And the punishment begin.
And when they spoke of the murdered man,
And the El Dorado board,
They all surmised he had walked in dreams,
And had fallen overboard.
But I alone, and the murderer,
That dreadful thing did know,
How he lay in his sin murdered man,
A thousand fathoms low.
And many days, and many more,
Came on, and lagging sped,
And the heavy waves of that sleeping sea
Were dark, like molten lead.

* "The Dream of Eugene Aram," was published in the Record of January 3, 1829.

And not a breeze came, east or west,
And burning was the sky,
And stifling was each breath we drew
Of the air, so hot and dry.
Oh me! there was a smell of death
Hung round us night and day;
And I dared not look in the sea below
Where the old man's body lay.
In his cabin, alone, the captain kept,
And he bolted fast the door,
And up and down the sailors walked,
And wished that calm was o'er.
The captain's son was on board with us,
A fair child, seven years old,
With a merry look that all men loved,
And a spirit kind and bold.
I loved the child, and I took his hand
And made him kneel and pray
That the crime for which the calm was sent
Might be purged clean away.
For I thought that God would hear his prayer,
And set the vessel free:—
For a dreadful thing it was to lie
Upon that charnel sea.
Ye! I told him not wherefore he prayed,
Nor why the calm was sent,
I would not give that knowledge dark
To a soul so innocent.
At length I saw a little cloud,
Arise in that sky of flame,
A little cloud, but it grew and grew,
And blackened as it came.
And we saw the sea beneath its track
Grow dark as the frowning sky,
And water spouted, with a rushing sound
Like giants passed us by.
And all around, 'twixt sky and sea,
A hollow wind did blow!
And the waves were heaved from the ocean depths,
And the ship rocked to and fro.
I knew it was that fierce death calm
Its horrid hold undoing,
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm
Their missioned work pursuing.
There was a yell in the gathering winds,
A groan in the heaving sea,
And the captain rushed from the hold below,
But he durst not look on me:
He seized each rope with a madman's haste,
And he set the helm to go,
And every sail he crowded on
While the furious winds did blow.
Away they went, like autumn leaves
Before the tempest's rout,
And the naked masts with a crash came down,
And the wild ship tossed about.
The men to spars and splintered boards
Clung till their strength was gone,
And I saw them from their feeble hold
Washed over, one by one.
And 'mid the creaking timber's din,
And the roaring of the sea,
I heard the dismal, drowning cries
Of their last agony.
There was a curse in the wind that blew,
A curse in the boiling wave;
And the captain knew that vengeance came
From the old man's ocean grave.
And I heard him say, as he sat apart,
In a hollow voice and low,
"Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,
And still doth plague us so!"
And then those heavy iron chests
With desperate strength took he,
And ten of the strongest mariners
Did cast them into the sea.
And out from the bottom of the sea
There came a hollow groan:—
The captain by the gunwale stood,
And he looked like icy stone—
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,
And a spasm of death came on.
And a furious boiling wave rose up,
With a rushing thundering roar,—
I saw the captain fall to the deck,
But I never saw him more.
Two days before, when the storm began,
We were forty men and five,
But ere the middle of that night,
There were but two alive.
The child and I we were but two,
And he clung to me in fear;
Oh! it was pitiful to see
That meek child in his misery,
And his little prayers to hear!
At length, as if his prayers were heard,
"Tis calmer, and anon
The clear sun shone, and warm and low
A steady wind from the west did blow,
And drove us gently on.
And on we drove, and on we drove,
That fair young child and I,
But his heart was as a man's in strength,
And he uttered not a cry.
There was no bread within the wreck,
And water we had none,
Yet he murmured not, and cheered me
When my last hopes were gone;
But I saw him waste and waste away,
And his rosy cheek grow wan.
Still on we drove, I knew not where,
For many nights and days,
We were too weak to raise a sail,
Had there been one to raise.
Still on we went, as the west wind drove,
On, on, o'er the pathless tide;
And I lay in a sleep 'twixt life and death,
And the child was at my side.
It chanced, as we were drifting on
Amid the great South Sea,

An English vessel passed us by,
That was sailing cheerily;
Unheard by me, that vessel hailed,
And asked what we might be.
The young child at the cheer rose up,
And gave an answering word,
And they drew him from the drifting wreck,
As light as is a bird.
They took him gently in their arms,
And put again to sea—
'Not yet! not yet!' he feebly cried,
'There was a man with me.'
Again unto the wreck they came,
Where, like one dead, I lay,
And a ship-boy small had strength enough
To carry me away.
O, joy it was when sense returned
That air warm ship to see,
And to hear the child within his bed,
Speak pleasant words to me.
I thought at first that we had died,
And all our pains were o'er,
And in a blessed ship of heaven
Were sailing to its shore.
But they were human forms that knelt
Beside our bed to pray,
And men with hearts most merciful,
Did watch us night and day.
'T was a dismal tale I had to tell,
Of wreck and wild distress,
But even then I told to none
The captain's wickedness.
For I loved the boy, and I could not cloud
His soul with a sense of shame—
'T was an evil thing, thought I, to blast
A sinless orphan's name.
So he grew to be a man of wealth,
And of honourable name.
And in after years, when he had ships,
I sailed with him the sea,
And in all the sorrow of my life
He was a son to me.
And God hath blessed him every where
With great prosperity."

From the Gem, for 1830.

PILGRIMS OF THE WORLD.

By W. Howitt.

I see a city of the East,
A city great and wide;
The evening sunlight richly falls
On its pinnacles of pride.
Its marble founts and porticoes,
Its towers and temples vast,
And its pillars of memorial tall,
Shadows of beauty cast.
The murmur of its multitudes
Is like the ocean's voice:
Yet mayest thou hear the children's cries,
That in streets and squares rejoice.
How glorious looks that antique town!
How pleasant is its din!
But the evening falls, the gates are closed,
And have shut three strangers in.
Their steps are faint, their garbs are quaint,
Their travel has been sore
With what a wild and hungry glance
They stalk by every door;
On goes the first—What cries are those?
I seem at once to hear
Rebellious shouts, despairing rage,
Wo, agony, and fear.
The second, with a muttered curse,
Down tower and house has hurled;
And the third has left a silence there
That shall outlast the world.
Mine eye is on a broad rich realm,
On pleasant fields and downs—
On beaten roads that run, like veins,
Unto a thousand towns.
What green and cattle-traversed hills!
What old majestic woods!
How lightly glide those merchant-sails
Along the gleaming floods!
But that pilgrim three!—that fearful three!
Again I see them, there!
And banners rise, and dying cries,
And darkness, and despair.
What cursed vision have I seen?
Is this the land they paced?
This,—where the ruins lie in heaps
Along the wormwood waste?
This,—where the wild ass snuffs the wind,
The silent ostrich stands;
And the column, like a ruined king,
Frowns proudly on the sands?
A home! there is a happy home!
An old, ancestral tower;
And blessed is the family
That peoples it this hour.
Honours their valiant fathers won,
Fair are their lands and wide;
But the love that is in their kindred souls,
That is their wealth and pride.
Now vengeance on these wandering fiends!
Hither, too, are they come!
I see them lowering at the gate,
And a shadow wraps that home.
Oh! there are tears—wild, burning tears,
Terror, and scorn, and hate;
Mad words, dark looks, sad breaking hearts,
And parings desperate.
Can no one stop those wizzards' curse?
Can no one break their power?
The green boughs shrivel as they pass,
Their footsteps crush the flower.
Stand back! stand back! thou desperate man!
Wouldst thou their progress thwart?

These hands have sinned in Adam's bower;
These hands laid waste his heart.
Those gaunt forms round the world have gone,
Through centuries of guilt,
Hauling down what the wise have framed,
And what the mighty built.
Children of hoary Eld, they hold
This groaning earth in fee,
While time shall stretch his weary wing
Towards the timeless sea.
Stand back! for who may cross the path
Of creatures void of breath?
Stand back! for who may dare the power
Of Sin, Decay, and Death?

From the same.

THE STANDARD-BEARER.

By Allan Cunningham.

All saddled and bridled,
And booted and ready,
He stopped but to listen
One word from his lady:
"A! saddled and bridled!"
She said it in pride—
"To the war, like a victor,
Lord Edward, ye ride.
I wrought this fair standard
I give to thy trust:
Return it unsullied,
Or lie with it in dust."
He stroked his white war horse,
He touched his sword hilt:
"These hoofs shall be moistened,
This blade shall be gilt
In blood, ere I lose it."
Of other words none
He spoke—like a sunbeam
He gleamed, and was gone.
Around his bright banner
Swords spring from their sheath,
And the words of the war-cry
Were, Victory or Death.
He rode to the combat
With princes and peers,
To the rending of corslets
And splintering of spears:
He rode to the combat
Of peasants with lords,
To the flashing of muskets
And thrusting with swords.
With his sharp sword he pointed
To lines long and large,—
Cried "Down with the churls!"
And spurred to the charge.
All plumed, like young eagles,
And bright as the beams
Of the sun when he wakens,
In June, on the stream:
All fierce as young eagles,
When, stooping, half way
Down from heaven, they come,
With scream, on their prey:
So rushed knights and nobles
On peasants and grooms,
With the sounding of trumpets
And tossing of plumes.
The death veil of battle
Aunder is torn:
Like the tempest that sports
In the valley of corn,
Death scattered their riders:
In vain have they striven;
O'er the earth, like the down
Of the thistle, they're driven.
And he who rode proud
"Mid the knelling of cannon,
Lies low on the field
With his war-steed and pennon.
Behold! he hath been
Where the striving was hot;
And pierced with the lances,
And torn with the shot,
His war-horse has sunk—
Never more will he hear
The trumpet, or rush
On the sabre and spear;
And to him who bestrode him,
What minstrel will yield
More merit than he merits
Who flies from the field?

From the Ladies' Magazine.

PARTING OF FRIENDS.

How oft the tenderest ties are broken—
How oft the parting tear must flow;
The words of friendship scarce are spoken,
Ere those are gone we love below;
Like suns they rose, and all was bright:
Like suns they set, and all is night.

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MASONICK RECORD.

From the Buffalo Journal.
POPULAR EXCITEMENTS.
NO. IX.

The long and bloody struggle of our fathers, against the oppressions of Britain were scarcely ended, ere an attempt was made to annihilate all the advantages resulting from that glorious struggle, by the blasting influence of a popular excitement. When peace was concluded with the enemy, and the entire American army, with their arms still in their hands, were without employment, the sedition of the well known "Newburgh Letters" was sown in camp, for the purpose of turning loose the passions of the army upon its kindred and friends. The able and powerful penman of these seditious papers insisted so strenuously upon his upright intentions, that virtue and honesty were, for the moment, deceived, and betrayed into the belief that "publick good" was intended. To rouse the passions of those to whom he dared not declare his object, and thus blindly drive them to assist in his wickedness, he addressed to the officers of the army language so insidious as scarcely to be withstood. "Like you," says this secret mover of sedition of himself, assuming to speak in the third person, "he loved private life, and left it with regret. He has felt the cold hand of poverty without a murmur, and saw the insolence of wealth without a sigh. But, too much under the direction of his wishes, and sometimes weak enough so mistake desire for opinion, he has until lately—very lately, believed in the justice of his country. But faith has its limits as well as temper, and there are points beyond which neither can be stretched without sinking into cowardice or plunging into credulity. This, my friends, I conceive to be your situation. Hurried to the very verge of both, another step would ruin you forever. To be tame and unprovoked when injuries press hard upon you, is more than weakness; but to look up for kinder usage, without one effort of your own, would fix your character, and show the world how richly you deserve the chains you broke. Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity, which has hitherto been spent in honour? If you can—go—and carry with you the jest of Tories and the scorn of Whigs: the ridicule and, what is worse, the pity of the world."

In such impassioned language, and at a moment of great national danger, did this guardian of the publick good appeal to the heated zeal of a camp: and by it, strove to let loose upon the people the unrestrained fury of the army, to secure to the respective parties their mutual rights and personal safety. At this remote day we are at no loss to discern in this appeal, the language of the demagogue, striving for phrenzy and confusion; yet it required all the wisdom and authority of Washington to avert the storm this appeal was calculated to produce. The motive was concealed from general observation, by the language employed, and the manner of treating the subject. The effect of the appeal, in the language of history, was in its instant operation. "Like the train to which a torch is applied, the passions quickly caught its flame, and nothing seemed to be required but the assemblage invited on the succeeding day to communicate the conflagration to the combustible mass, and to produce an explosion alike tremendous and ruinous."

These awful consequences were prevented by an early exposure of the wickedness which had prompted the "publick guardian" to the step he had taken. The commander-in-chief, while noticing the subject to the officers, observes: "The writer of the address should have had more charity than to mark for suspicion the man who should recommend moderation. But he had an other plan in view, in which candour and liberality of sentiment, regard to justice, and love of country have no part. And he was right to insinuate the darkest suspicion to effect the blackened design."

In the commotion which now pervades society, without circumspection there is manifestly danger. To render it more permanent, and to expand its influence, the language of refinement and the grosser epithets of contumely are alternately employed. The habitual admirer of the arts has been plied with inflammatory exhibitions of the pencil; and even the decrepid numbers of the teach-muse, have been

placed in requisition, and often chaunted to the people. Convocations of our citizens, when assembled upon the subject of personal rights, have been converted into political synods, and these have received support by calls of county and state conventions, still farther to advance the movers' political preferment. No favourite subject of the people is suffered to exist unconnected with this commotion. Even the veneration of our citizens for the great National Anniversary, has been turned to advantage by the exclusive guardians of the publick weal, by one of whom a collection of many thousand people was recently harrangued upon the importance of pushing onward the excitement.

REASON.

NO. X.

When that army which won us the liberties we now enjoy, had closed its arduous labours, and was about to be dissolved, and its members to be again blended with the mass of the population, the exclusive guardians of publick order discovered a plot among the officers which, like the present one, threatened to annihilate the supposed destiny of our nation. At the period just mentioned, the thought of an eternal separation, which was suggested to the officers by the order for disbanding the army, caused reflections so painful as to produce an effort for the continuance of those friendships which had been formed amid nights of watchfulness and days of conflict and blood. For this purpose "an arrangement was entered into by which the officers were to constitute themselves into one society of friends, to endure as long as they should endure; and to mark their veneration for that celebrated Roman, between whose situation and their own, they found some similitude; they were to be denominated the society of the Cincinnati." The badge of the order was a gold medal, to be suspended from the neck of the wearer by a blue ribbon, edged with white, emblematic of the union of America with France. The objects of the society were, to perpetuate existing friendships and a spirit of brotherly kindness among the officers, and to create a fund from which to draw, as occasion might require, for the relief of distressed officers and their families. In this society, at the head of which stood general Washington, himself, the publick guardians discovered the seeds of anarchy and treason. The badges and the ceremonies of the society were denounced; the former as dangerously marking invidious distinctions, and the latter as too trifling and childish to engage the attention of those who practised them; and therefore they could be no other than a show, to amuse the people, and divert attention from the treason to our liberties which they were designed to secrete. The fund too, scanty as it was, and drawn from a source which alone should have rendered it sacred, gave fresh cause of complaint. It might be used for the subversion of our liberties, by feeding the assassin or pampering the extravagances of the traitor. In the full view of all these dangers and apprehensions, Judge Burke, of South Carolina, wrote his memorable pamphlet, against this society. Our civil and political institutions were on the verge of dissolution, in the view of this publick guardian, and his motto, "Blow ye the trumpet of Zion," was indicative of the crisis to which it was applied. In this pamphlet the author portrayed in that fervid and infectious language which is the genuine offspring of passion or design, the supposed dangers to result from the society of the Cincinnati. Nor was that language without its effect. The exclusive champions of social order every where presented themselves, claiming support for publick office, as a reward for their vigilance, and avowing their thorough conviction that the government, to be safe, must be lodged in their hands. Throughout the struggle with Britain they had not acted, but this society had roused their love of country; as its principles did not suit their pacific taste. "Now that the tempest of strife was over, it was the time for their 'still, small, voice' to command. The highest steamer of the last departing ship which bore away our baffled foe was lost in the convexity of the ocean, and the talons of the Eagle were fixed in the heart of the prostrate Lion. The storm had ceased, the sun was shining, and the lovers of peace crept from their hiding places to bask in its beams. But their eyes were shocked by the emblems which met their view. The golden Eagle of the Cincinnati, that noble badge which decorated the

breasts of the wearers, that girded men of dauntless spirit and lofty daring, that evidence of the scaling of ramparts, the storming of redoubts, and the leading on of

'The high in hope, misnamed forlorn,
Who hold the fear of death in scorn,'

that badge was offensive—it savoured of privilege, and our freedom would be short lived if we tolerated a privileged class in our republic!" "Such was the feeling upon this point," says the historian, "that, throughout every state, the alarm was spread, and a high degree of jealousy pervaded the mass of the people." Resolutions were passed that no member of the order should be held eligible to publick office, while he refused to renounce his attachment to the society, and manifestos were scattered through the land, inviting all true patriots and sincere christians to frown upon its members and distrust their motives. The latitude thus given to the passions produced for a time the desired effect. As in the present commotion, the ties of social order were sundered, the bonds of friendship were broken; distrust and suspicion pervaded every neighbourhood, and penetrated almost every dwelling. Former scenes of domestic happiness were converted into fields for the exercise of all the grossest passions; insult and contumely, when offered by the rising generation to the war-worn veteran, if decorated with the badge of the Cincinnati, were applauded as the sure presages to patriotic devotion; and no merit, when tried by the tainted standard of these publick guardians, could equal that of bringing to open disgrace the Father of our country, and his venerable companions.

REASON.

NO. XI.

Scarcely had the clamour against the society of the Cincinnati passed its zenith, when the promoters of discord found, in the Massachusetts' insurrection, new cause to disturb the nation, for "publick good." The lax and equivocal notions of the national guardians, concerning publick and private faith, laid the foundation of an organized system for the destruction of all existing laws; which the movers eventually declared indispensable to the preservation of personal rights and social order. By concert and energy of action, these disturbers continued to excite the unsuspecting, until the number of adherents became formidable; and the disorderly spirit, which at first had only shown itself in individuals, was now cherished by unlicensed conventions, which were repeatedly assembled. These, after voting their own constitutionality, and assuming the name of the people, arrayed themselves against the constituted authorities, and openly declared that no laws or other civil regulations, except such as owed their origin to themselves, and were enforced by their authority, should longer be observed or held valid. It was not until such formidable ground had been assumed, that the true character of this excitement was discovered. The guardians of publick order had constantly avowed their intentions to be purely patriotic, and aimed only at the destruction of a secret combination, that was exerting its unseen influence to deprive the population of property, liberty, and eventually, of even life itself. The national jealousy of freemen, aided by the inflammatory appeals which were made to their passions, left no time for reflection, and consequently the the absurd pretensions of the aspirants were received as the effusions of honesty and truth. Gathering strength from these delusive pretensions, assemblages of the people were called to deliberate upon publick affairs, and from these the aspirants drew votes of thanks for past services, and delegated authority, constituting them committees of future vigilance, for the better preservation of the country. In this delusive form, the commotion continued to gather strength as it rolled onwards, until the total of its supporters amounted to fifteen thousand men. Of these a large portion was actually embodied, and under arms, traversing the country in search of that secret phantom which they were told, was imperceptibly preying upon the very principle of their animated existence. Appeals to reason at this period, proved wholly unavailing, for the torrent of prejudice and passion which inundated the mental faculties, had effectually obscured that which alone could guide, in safety, through a labyrinth so perplexing.

With the force that has been mentioned as commanding, the

aspirants found themselves unable to proceed farther without exposing their actual designs. In the face of repeated declarations that they had no political designs, meetings were held and conventions created, for the sole purpose of dictating the selection of candidates, and the nature of their support. This first caused the followers to pause in their course, and, eventually, dissolved the charm. The commotion had reached that height when it could no longer sustain an equivocal character. The professions of aspirants were disregarded when their truth became questioned by practice; and the congregated mass of the people who had been drawn aside from their duty, and the dictates of their deliberate judgements, abandoned the cause they had espoused, and openly proclaimed their want of faith in the pretended honesty of the men who had led them astray. A spirited writer of the day, when commenting upon this commotion, observes: "The dangers complained of were but ideal, and seldom accredited by those who most used them. Such were, for the most part, designing actors in the drama, who were busy in magnifying and fomenting causeless jealousies and disturbances. The evil intentions of these men were discovered barely in time to prevent the most serious result. Under pretence of aiding the people to preserve their rights, they were exerting an influence destructive of all rights. Men whose standing in society was equivocal, and even highly base, were, in many towns exalted to responsible stations, in which nothing but the warmth of this fever could ever have placed them; and such, in many instances, from being the basest in community, came for a season, to be consulted as sages—and the actions of better men were adjudged as they gave opinions. Yet this strange state of things was of short duration, for it was produced by delusion, acting upon the passions of the honest people, who, having no base design themselves, did not, until the lapse of a little time, discover it in others. But when this was done, it seemed to sink the authors of the wrong so low, as to leave them no chance for a second successful attempt of a like nature."

REASON.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Officers of Phoenix Holy Royal Arch Chapter, No 75, in Schuylkill Township, Pa. elected Dec. 26, A. D. 1829, A. L. 5829:

Isaac Z. Coffman, M. D. High Priest; James White, King; William Ivister, Scribe; D. Buckwalter, Treasurer; Thomas Crandol, Secretary. Appointments—Jacob Rossiter, 1st Master; Samuel Shearer, 2d do.; Joseph Leonard, 3d do.; A. W. Olwine, Zarubabel; George W. Ash, Principal Sojourner; John Morgan esq. Royal Arch Captain. Daniel M'Curdy, John Morgan, Samuel P. Norton, and Lewis W. Richards, Past-High Priests.

Regular communications, Saturday after full moon, every second month.

Officers of Phoenix Lodge, No. 75, in Schuylkill Township, Pa. elected Dec. 5, 1829:

James White, Master; Jacob Rossiter, Senior Warden; Holston Harden, Junior Warden; Jonathan Brooke, Treasurer; Thomas Crandol, Secretary. Appointments—Melzar Gurney, Senior Deacon; Edward Brooke, Junior Deacon; John Morgan, Ellis Lewis, M. D., Jonathan Thomas, Samuel Shearer, Isaac Z. Coffman, M. D. Daniel M'Curdy, Samuel P. Norton, Major M'Veigh, and Lewis Wernagast, Past Masters.

Regular communications, Saturday preceding full moon.

TOPOGRAPHY.

RUSSIAN ACQUISITIONS BY THE LATE WAR.

A French paper gives the following description of the different posts in Asiatic Turkey, ceded to Nicholas by the treaty of Adrianople.

Situated upon the coast of Circassia; between the 44th and 46th degree of latitude, Anapa is improperly considered as an Asiatick city. A short distance separates it from the Gulf of Taman, and, consequently, from the sea of Azof, and from the peninsula of Crimea. The Turks founded this establishment in 1784, when the Russians had occupied Tamman, which, before that period was the principal market of the Circassians.

Anapa was the residence of a pasha. Its situation, and its possession was so much the more important to the Turks, as it served them as a means of communication not only with the Mussulman inhabitants of Caucasus, but, probably, with the Sunnite Tartars of Bukharia, who acknowledged the sultan as their caliph, or religious chief. From the distance of this communication it must be taken for granted that between Derbend and Fritzlar there existed one or more points of embarkation, and also that the Black Sea was passed over in order to gain the Gulf of Mengischlack. One thing at least is certain, that the Khan of Bukharia sent eve-

ry three years three millions in gold to the Sultan, and received an embassy charged to thank him for that service. Now it is difficult to point out any other route that this embassy could have taken, than the interior of Caucasus, which extends in its whole length from Anapa to the Black Sea. The passage by Persia and Kourdistan would present much danger. The population does not yet amount to beyond 3000, of whom one-third are Turks, and the rest Circassians, Armenians, and Greeks. The last were rigidly watched, and treated as captives.

The fortress of Anapa mounts eighty brass cannons. It was taken in 1807 by the Russians, and it is a fact worthy of observation, that they were headed by two Frenchmen. The Duke of Richelieu commanded the land force, and the Marquis of Traversay the fleet. After the peace of 1812, Anapa was restored to the Porte—a measure so contrary to the interests of Russia, that it could only be excused on the part of general Koutousoff, the negotiator for peace, by the urgent necessity of disposing of the army of Moldavia against the French, who were about to attack Moscow. The pacha of Anapa excited a continual state of hostilities between the people of Caucasus and the Russians. He furnished the former with arms and with ammunition, and purchased the men, the women, and children, who were captured in their excursions beyond the Kouban. The Turks had also established in this place an open market with the Circassians, for the supply of their harems in Constantinople. The young women brought from the interior of the country were there exchanged for the merchandize of Europe. "Anapa," says M. Gambia, "might then become an advantageous station for the French, who should have establishments on the coast of Abazes, or Mingrelia, especially if this port should pass under the dominion of Russia, who will, no doubt, endeavor to civilize by commerce the Circassians, and successively the other inhabitants of Caucasus."

Pursuing the oriental coast of the Black Sea to the 42d degree of latitude, Poti discovers itself. This city is situated at the mouth, and upon the left bank, of one of the most celebrated rivers of antiquity—the Phasis, better known now in that part of the world under the name of Reon. The possession of this city by the Turks deprived the Russians of the navigation of the river, which was the more felt by them, as it closes the provinces belonging to Russia between the Black Sea and Georgia, where Teflis is the centre of their government. It was proposed to give a new direction to the Phasis by opening a canal, which should lead directly to the sea from the fort of Rienskaia. This fort was constructed by the Russians, on the right bank, at a league below the mouth, to counterbalance the importance of Poti; but this work presented great difficulties, and the acquisition of Poti rendered it unnecessary. The rich productions of Mingrelia and of Imeritia will descend now without obstacle to the sea.

Since Russia, in consequence of her last conquests from Persia, has extended her frontier to the Upper Araxes, the northern part of Armenia is in some measure incorporated in the provinces of Georgia and Imeritia. The direct communication is about to be re-established by the cession of Akhalzikh. This place is strong, and from its position on the Kour, which is the ancient Cyrus, it commands the course of that great river to its entrance into Georgia. A part of the territory is to be ceded to Russia, at the same time as the town of Akhalzikh, but this portion is not yet determined on.

To the cession of these three important places, some German journals add that of Akhalkaki, a town belonging to the Pachalick of Akhalzikh, and situated 20 leagues to the east of that place on the western frontiers of Georgia. It is possible that it may be included in the portion of territory just mentioned; but as to this, nothing certain is known.

Akhalkalaki (or Akiska, as the Turks call it) was the capital of Ottoman Georgia. It is situated on a river which bears the name and which runs into the Cyrus. The town is surrounded by ditches and a double row of crenelated walls, flanked by square and round towers. The citadel commands

it. The population may be calculated at about 40,000. In this number are included 500 Catholic families, and as many scattered about in the rich villages of the neighbourhood. In the town there are two Catholic churches attended by six priests, who have obtained permission from the Holy See to celebrate worship in Armenian and English.

CHARACTER.

THE LATE JUDGE WASHINGTON.

The following tribute to the memory of the late BUSHROD WASHINGTON is from the pen of judge STORY.

The death of Mr. Justice WASHINGTON is an event which cannot but cast a gloom upon all the real friends of our country. He was born on the 5th of June, 1762, and was of course now in the 68th year of his age. It is well known that he was the nephew, and we have to say the favorite nephew of President Washington. The latter bequeathed to him by his will his celebrated estate on the Potomack, Mount Vernon, which was the residence of this great Patriot during the most brilliant periods of his life, the delightful retreat of his old age, the scene of his dying hours, and the spot, where by his own order his ashes now repose in the same tomb with his ancestors. To him also President Washington gave all his valuable public and private papers, as a proof of his entire confidence and attachment, and made him the active executor of his will. Such marks of respect from such a man,—the wonder of his own age, and the model for all future ages,—would alone stamp a character of high merit, and solid distinction, upon any person. They would constitute a passport to public favor, and confer an enviable rank far beyond the records of the herald's office, or the fugitive honors of a title.

It is high praise to say, that Mr. Justice Washington well deserved such confidence and distinction. Nay more. His merits went far beyond them. He was as worthy an heir as ever claimed kindred with a worthy ancestor. He was bred to the law in his native State of Virginia, and arrived at such early eminence in his profession, that as long ago as 1798 he was selected by President Adams as a Justice of the Supreme Court, upon the decease of the late Judge Wilson, of Penn. For thirty-one years he has held that important station with a constantly increasing reputation and usefulness. Few men, indeed, have possessed higher qualifications for the office, either natural or acquired. Few men have left deeper traces in their judicial career of every thing, which a conscientious Judge ought to propose for his ambition or his virtue, or his glory. His mind was solid, rather than brilliant; sagacious and searching, rather than quick for eager; slow, but not torpid; steady, but not unyielding; comprehensive, and at the same time cautious; patient in inquiry, forcible in conception, clear in reasoning. He was by original temperament, mild, conciliating, and candid; and yet was remarkable for an uncompromising firmness. Of him it may be truly said, that the fear of man never fell upon him; it never entered into his thoughts much less was it seen in his actions. In him the love of justice was the ruling passion, it was the master spring of all his conduct. He made it a matter of conscience to discharge every duty with scrupulous fidelity; and scrupulous zeal. It mattered not, whether the duty were small or great, witnessed by the world, or performed in private, every where the same diligence, watchfulness, and pervading sense of justice was seen. There was about him a tenderness of giving offence, and yet a fearlessness of consequences in his official character, which I scarcely know how to portray. It was a rare combination, which added much to the dignity of the bench, and made justice itself, even when most severe, soften into the moderation of mercy. It gained confidence, when it seemed least to seek it. It repressed arrogance by overawing or confounding it.

To say, that as a Judge he was wise, impartial, and honest, is but to attribute to him those qualifications, without which the honors of the bench are but the means of public disgrace, or contempt. His honesty was a deep vital principle, but meas-

ured out by worldly rules. His impartiality was a virtue of his nature, disciplined and instructed by constant reflection upon the infirmity, and accountability of man. His wisdom was the wisdom of the Law, chastened and refined and invigorated by study, guided by experience, dwelling little on theory, but constantly enlarging itself by a close survey of principles.

He was a learned Judge. I do not mean by this, that every day learning, which may be gathered up by a hasty reading of books and cases. But that, which is the result of long continued, laborious services, and comprehensive studies. He read to learn, and not to quote; to digest and master, and not merely to display. He was not easily satisfied. If he was not as profound as some, he was more exact than most men. But the value of his learning was, that it was the key, stone of all his judgments. He indulged not the rash desire to fashion the law to his own views; but to follow out its precepts with a sincere good faith and simplicity. Hence he possessed the happy faculty of yielding just the proper weight to authority, neither on the one hand surrendering himself blindfolded to the dictates of other Judges, nor on the other hand overruling settled doctrines upon his own private notion of policy or justice.

In short, as a Magistrate, he was exemplary, and able, one whom all may reverence, and but few may hope to equal.

But after all, it is as a man, that those who knew him best, will most love to contemplate him. There was daily beauty in his life, which won every heart. He was benevolent, charitable, affectionate and liberal in the best sense of the terms. He was a Christian, full of religious sensibility, and religious humility. Attached to the Episcopal Church by education and choice, he was one of its most sincere, but unostentatious friends. He was as free from bigotry as any man; and at the same time, that he claimed the right to think for himself, he admitted, without reserve, the same right in others. He was, therefore; indulgent even to what he deemed errors in doctrine, and abhorred all persecution for conscience sake. But what made religion most attractive in him, and gave it occasionally even a sublime expression, was its tranquil, cheerful, unobtrusive, meek, and gentle character. There was a mingling of christian graces in him, which shewed that the habit of his thoughts was fashioned for another and better world. Of his particular opinions on doctrinal points, it is not my intention to speak. Such as they were, though good men may differ, as to their correctness, all must agree, that they breathed the spirit of an inquisitive christian.

He was a real lover of the constitution of the United States; one of those who assisted in its adoption, and steadily and uniformly supported it through every change of its fortunes. He was a good old fashioned federalist, of the school of the days of Washington. He never lost his confidence in the political principles, which he first embraced. He was always distinguished for moderation in the days of their prosperity, and for fidelity to them in the days of their adversity.

I have not said too much, then, in saying, that such a man is a public loss. We are not, indeed, called to mourn over him, as one, who is cut off prematurely in the vigor of manhood. He was ripe in honors, and in virtues. But the departure of such a man severs so many ties, interrupts so many delights, withdraws so many confidences, and leaves such an aching void in the hearts of friends, and such a sense of desolation among associates, that while we bow to the decree of Providence, our griefs cannot but pour themselves out in sincere lamentations.

THE GATHERER.

From the "Editor's Table," in Willis' Magazine, for December.

A DAY IN DECEMBER.

A spring day has burst upon us in December. Here we sit—a south window open on one side and our quiet Lehigh glowing on the other, and we scarce now whether the constant warmth of the one, or the fresh sunny breathings from the other, are the most welcome. Our curtains

swing lazily to the mild wind as it enters, and the light green leaves of our sheltered flowers stir and erect themselves with an out-of-door vigor, and the shuffled steps and continued voices of the children in the street, have the loitering and summer-like sound of June. We do not know whether it is not a cockney feeling, but with all our love for the country, fixed as it is by the recollection of a life mostly spent in the "green fields" we sometimes "babble of," there is something in a summer morning in the city, which the wet, warm woods, and the solitary, though lonely haunts of the country, do not, after all the poetry that has been "spilt upon them," (as Neal would say) at all equal. Whether it is that we find so much sympathy in the many faces that we meet, made happy by the same sweet influences, or whatever else may be the reason, *certainly*, we never take our morning walk on such a day as the delicious one now about us, without a leaping in our heart, which, from all we can gather by dream or revelation, has a touch in it of Paradise. We returned just now from an hour's ramble after breakfast. The air rushed past our temples with the grateful softness of spring, and our feet bent up from the moist sidewalk with a sensation of grace, and every face that passed us had the open, inhaling expression, which is given by the simple joy of existence. The sky has the deep clearness of noon. The clouds were winnowed in light parallel curves, looking like white shells inlaid on the arched Heavens; the smooth, glassy bay, was like a transparent abyss opening to the earth's centre, and edging away underneath with a slope of hills and spires and leafless woods, copied minutely and perfectly from the upper landscape, and the naked elm seemed almost clothed as the teeming eye looked on them, and the brown hills took a tint of green—so freshly did the summer fancies crowd into the brain with the summer softness of the sunshine and air. The mood is rare in which the sight of human faces does not give us pleasure. It is a curious occupation to look on them as they pass, and study their look and meaning, and wonder at the Providence of God, which can provide in this crowded world, an object and an interest for all. With what a singular harmony the great machine of society goes on! So many thousand minds, and each with its peculiar cast and its positive difference from its fellow, and yet no dangerous interference, and no discord audible above the hum of its daily revolution. We could not help feeling a religious thrill this morning, as we passed face after face, with this thought in our mind, and saw each one earnest and cheerful, each one pressing on with its own object, without waiting or caring for the equally engrossing object of the other. The man of business went on with an absorbed look, caring only to thread his way rapidly along the street. The student strided by with the step of exercise, his lips parted to admit the pleasant air to his refreshed lungs, and his eye wandering with bewildered pleasure from object to object. The schoolboy looked wistfully up and down the street, and lingered till the last stroke of the bell summoned him tardily in. The womanish school-girl, with her veil coquetishly drawn, still flirted with her boyish admirer, though it was "after nine," and the child with its soiled satchel and shining face, loitered seriously along the sidewalk, making acquaintance with every dog, and picking up every stone on its unwilling way. The spell of the atmosphere was universal, and yet all kept on their several courses, and the busy harmony of employment went steadily and unbroken on. How rarely we turn upon ourselves and remember how wonderfully we are made and governed!

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN IN THE PLAGUE

In the village of Careggi, whether it were that precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman, who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal typhoid appeared. This was during the

absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped—"Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on; at length the latter conquered—and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of these tears—she reached the house of those who were to bury her: she recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more. "But," added Barbara, "nothing can equal the heart of a mother. You remember that sublime speech of a poor woman on hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham: "Oh God certainly would not have required such a sacrifice of a mother."—*La Monaca di Monza*.

MISERIES ATTENDANT ON A DISREGARD OF TRUTH.

There would be no end to the appalling and heart rending scenes which the general violation of truth would bring on the stage of common life. Suffice it to say, that when Truth left the earth she would not leave it alone. Justice and Honesty, her first born, would forsake it too. The kindly feelings of our nature would wither and droop. The broad face of this beautiful earth would be converted into one vast arena, where men, with passions more inflamed than those of the hunted lion, would prowl and prey upon each other without mercy, and without end. The populous city would become a desert place. Man would flee from the likeness of his own form. His abode would be as vacant as the hermit's cell, and as still as the dwellings of the dead. The quick step would no more be heard on the pavement; and the busy hum would be hushed; the voice of gladness be no longer heard; and deserted, desponding man, a stranger in his native place, and an exile in his own land, would wend his lonely way among forsaken tenements and dilapidated walls, and weep in vain over the ruins of Virtue and Truth. [*Young's Discourse.*]

PROPRIETY.

Propriety is to a woman what the great Roman critic says action is to an orator; it is the first, the second, and the third requisite. A woman may be knowing, active and amusing; but without propriety she cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableness meet. It is to character, what proportion is to figure, and grace to attitude. It does not depend on any one perfection, but it is the result of general excellence.

It shows itself by a regular, orderly, undeviating course; and never starts from its sober orbit into any splendid eccentricities: for it would be ashamed of such praise as it might extort by any deviations from its proper path. It renounces all commendation but what is characteristic; and I would make it the criterion of true taste, right principle, and genuine feeling in a woman whether she would be less touched with all the flattery of exaggerated and romantic panegyric, than with that beautiful picture of correct and elegant propriety which Milton draws of our first Mother, whom he delineates,

"Those thousand decorations, which daily flow,
From all her words and actions."

No religion ever appeared in the world whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind as Christianity.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Boston Galaxy and Mercury.

STORY OF A BULL AND A PARSON.

OR, THE FIRST AND LAST SERMON OF ICHABOD WING.

Whether the events of the following story happened in Massachusetts or Connecticut, is nothing at all to the purpose; it is enough that they are positive facts—that is—the substance of them, for we got the story at second hand, we cannot vouch for it *in toto*; but the main facts are so authentic, that in the words of Sancho Panza, that mirror of story-telling and squire-errantry, a body may not only believe, but swear to the truth of them.

Ichabod Wing was the son of a farmer in one of the interior towns of New-England. He was a simple nobby, but he knew a hawk from a hand-saw, and had wit enough, sometimes, to go within doors when it was raining. With these few accomplishments he might have got along well enough in the world, and gone out of it at last without knowing whether it stood still or turned round: but fate and the Young Men's Education Society had ordained otherwise.

Ichabod had somehow or other, and most unaccountably to himself, got the reputation of not being remarkably knowing and acute in the affairs of this world. He always got over-reached in going to market, made terrible losing bargains in *swapping even*, and never made a calculation without missing a figure. He would throw the helve after the hatchet, rob Peter to pay Paul, get himself April fooled, run into the water for fear of rain, stand in his own sunshine, go on a Tom-fool's errand, swallow a fish story, and believe what the newspapers said. In short, there was no making any thing of him, so the Young Men's Education Society determined to make him a parson.

Every body in the country knows the Young Men's Education Society. They take it upon them to bring up young men to the ministry, and shew a wonderful tact in selecting the objects of their care. Like Garrick's Scotchman who was told that his genius did not lie in *comedy*, and thence concluded that it must lie in *tragedy*, these sagacious people when they find a youth not remarkably blessed with worldly wisdom, very naturally infer that he must be gifted with some more divine faculty, and though in the eyes of the world he may be an incorrigible numskull, he is to them a person peculiarly fitted to become a burning and a shining light—thus they evince a determination to verify the text of scripture "not many wise, &c. are called."

Now Ichabod was just the fellow for this: he was a timorous, sheepish sort of an animal who looked as if he did not dare say his soul was his own. The directors of the Young Men's Education Society saw at the first glance that he was exactly cut out for their purpose; so they persuaded Ichabod to betake himself to theological studies; there was no difficulty in doing this, for Ichabod was never known to be obstinate, simple soul! like Cornelius Scriblerus, he always agreed with the last opinion he heard.

To make a long story short, he got through his studies and was licensed to preach—it was a terrible thing in his apprehension, to preach the first sermon, as he was not remarkable for the strength of his nerves. He bethought himself of the project of going into the field, holding forth to the cabbages, and fancying each head to be an auditor. Some say he actually did it, but this is rather dubious—however it is certain the thing was done, if not by Ichabod Wing, at least by others in his line, and to judge by the logic which many of these gentlemen hold to their congregations, one would imagine they thought themselves preaching to cabbage-heads still.

But let that pass. Ichabod, after pondering a long while upon the matter, determined to go to a distant town and make his first essay in the pulpit. He accordingly managed to get himself despatched for this purpose to a congregation at distance where the minister was absent on a journey for the benefit of his health, a sort of remedy for slight diseases very highly prized by the clergy. Ichabod quartered himself upon the possessor of the fattest look-

ing farm he could espy, by which it appears that he was not such a fool as to despise good living, and possessed one instinct for which men of his cloth are famous. But let that pass also. Sunday came; Ichabod got ready his sermon with great trepidation, and conned it over again and again to make himself sure of it.

The congregation met, and the meeting house was filled, but the minister put it off terribly. The bell kept tolling and tolling till the people thought it never would be done. They yawned and stared about and kept peeping out at the windows,—just as if they expected he would come sooner for that. At last Deacon Snacks got up and spoke to 'Squire Barleycorn—

"Squire, where is the minister?"

"Really, Deacon, I don't know. He came out of my house just after me, but he walked so slow that I got out of sight of him."

"It's very strange he don't come."

"Very strange."

Here Miss Deborah Peepabout, an elderly virgin, who held the opinion of Paul Pry that "the spirit of inquiry is the grand characteristic of the age in which we live," and who also felt a particular sympathy in the fate of unmarried clergymen, thrust her long nose between the Deacon and the 'Squire and asked—

"Law me! Deacon,—Squire,—why don't the minister come?"

Then Miss Martha Buskbody, seeing the Deacon, the 'Squire and Miss Peepabout engaged in a colloquy, wriggled herself into their company and asked the same question.

Then another and another and another followed the example, and there was quickly a knot of people gathered round the Deacon and the 'Squire, all asking questions which nobody could answer. The whole congregation was in a buzz-buzzing. Every one was asking where the minister was, although every one knew that all the rest were just as ignorant as himself.

Bill Muggs, the sexton, kept tugging away at the bell-rope till he had tolled the people out of patience.—But we must leave the bell tolling, and the sexton fretting, and the Deacon and the 'Squire and the old maids, and all the rest of the congregation on the tenter-hooks of suspense, and go back to see what has become of our friend Ichabod.

Ichabod had slackened his pace after leaving the house and had fallen into a sort of a reverie. Finding himself rather late before he got near the church, he resolved to make a short cut across a field where the road made an angle; so jumping over a stone wall he steered directly for the church, but had not proceeded many paces when he was startled by a most savage and unmusical boo-booing sound in a tone of the deepest bass he ever heard. Lifting up his eyes he beheld a furious bull making at him with all speed and bellowing like mad. It is needless to say that he took to his heels; the bull made after him, and Ichabod put on with all the fleetness he could exert. Four legs are better than two, and it was soon evident that the quadruped would win the race. Ichabod found he could not reach the wall before the bull would be up with him. "Now," thought he, "it is all over with me!" His shoes flew off, but the bull kept on. He dropped his hat, but the stratagem did not take; the bull was not to be made a fool of. He threw his sermon behind him, but with no better success; the bull was not to be reasoned with; he gave the manuscript a whisk with his tail and scattered it to the four winds!

"I'm gone! I'm gone!" said Ichabod, for the bull was close behind him;—at this instant he spied an apple-tree close at hand;—and summoning all his remaining strength he made a desperate leap and was fortunate enough to spring into the tree at the moment the bull was at his heels.

Here was an unlooked-for deliverance, but unluckily the bull was not so easily got rid of. Though disappointed of his prey he kept about the tree with such a menacing disposition that Ichabod dared not descend. It seemed as if the malicious animal knew that he kept a congregation waiting, he stuck to the spot with such pertinacity. For two mortal hours did the unlucky Ichabod sit perched upon the tree in sight of the church. Every minute seemed an age to him. He heard the bell toll,

toll, toll, and each stroke seemed the funeral knell to his hopes.

He pictured to his fancy a crowded congregation waiting in anxious suspense and lost in wonder and amazement at his non-appearance. "Alas!" said he to himself—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear
Which bids me thus delay.
I see the horns you cannot see
Which force me here to stay."

He saw the congregation come out of the church and scatter hither and thither like sheep without a shepherd, yet he durst not leave the apple tree, because there was—not a lion—but a bull in the way!

The congregation were at last fairly tired out. Two hours had they waited, and no parson came. The sexton left off tolling the bell, and indeed it was quite time, for he had nearly worn the rope off. The people all came out of the church, having after two hours debating upon the matter, come to the conclusion that there would be no sermon, and that there was good ground for alarm as to the fate of the minister. They sent off parties, east, west, north and south, to explore the country, and presently Ichabod discovered a crowd advancing along the road headed by the Deacon and the Sexton. Ichabod mustered all the strength of his lungs and bawled out to them like seven watchmen upon a tower. The whole party came to a halt and gazed around with astonishment and fear: at length they spied something snugly roosted in the apple-tree: they took it at first for a huge black turkey-cock, but on a nearer approach they found it to be no other than the Reverend Parson!

Now the bull just at that moment happened to be pawing and snuffing with his nose close to the ground on the other side of the trees, so that he was hidden from the party by a thorn bush at its foot. The people seeing Ichabod perched on high in that same manner, were struck dumb with amazement for a few moments. Was the poor man bewitched! or had he run mad! or what possessed him to spend the afternoon dangling like a scarecrow on the bough of an apple tree instead of holding forth a godly discourse in the pulpit. For some moments no one dared advance a step further or speak a single word. At last Bill Muggs the sexton plucked up courage and advanced to the stone wall. He was an old sailor, who within a few years had taken his land-tacks aboard and settled himself up in the bush; he took up the trade of a sexton because it consisted in pulling a rope. On this occasion he undertook to be spokesman of the party, for the Deacon was absolutely frightened. Bill put his head over the wall, clapped his hand up to the corner of his mouth and sung out—

"Parson, ahoy!"

Ichabod lifted up his voice, like an owl in the desert, and exclaimed "Come along! come along! save me! save me!"

"Blast your eye-balls," said Bill, clawing a huge quid of tobacco out of his mouth and throwing it slap upon the ground, "why don't you save yourself?"

"I can't I can't," said Ichabod. "Drive him away. Drive him away."

By this time some of the party, and the Deacon among the rest, had got over the wall, and were advancing toward the tree, staring and wondering to hear the parson talk in such an unaccountable manner.

"Come down, come down," said the Deacon. "What have you been doing all the afternoon in Colonel Shute's orchard?"

"Ay, ay," said Bill, "what are you about there aloft without your hat and shoes! looking for all the world like a starved monkey sitting on a lee backstay!"

At this moment the party had got nearly up to the tree. "Look out! Look out!" cried Ichabod, "He's coming!" They had no time to ask *who* it was that was coming, for before the words were fairly out of his mouth they heard a furious bellow, and, bounce—in an instant the bull was among them! Heavens! what a scampering! The whole squad took flight quicker than a flock of wild ducks on hearing a shot. The Deacon lost his hat and wig, and Captain Blueberry ran out of his boots, which were a little too large for him. Divers other accidents happened. The greatest catastrophes were those of 'Squire Snakeroot and Lieutenant

Darling. The 'Squire being pursy and short-winded, was overtaken by the bull, and received a tremendous butt in the rear which disabled him so that he could not sit down without a double cushion for a fortnight. The bull, after knocking him over, ran off after the others, and the 'Squire made a shift to climb up into the tree and take sides with the parson.

The Lieutenant's was a more frightful case. He was a short, fat, thick set, duck-legged fellow, and happened to be dressed in a pair of stout, old-fashioned leather breeches. The bull having floored the 'Squire, came in the twinkling of a bedpost right upon the Lieutenant, who was waddling off in double quick time. The bull hit him a poke behind, intending to serve him as he did the 'Squire, but one of his horns, catching in the waistband of the Lieutenant's inexpressibles, he was taken off his legs in an instant and whisked off upon the bull's horn. Away went the bull scouring after the fugitives, with the unfortunate Lieutenant dangling by the waistband, and fairly out of his wits with terror. His capers in the air were only brought to an end by the bull's bringing up, butt, against the stone wall, and pitching the Lieutenant completely over into the road.

The rest of the party got over the wall without any help, and escaped the fury of the animal. And now commenced a regular set-to. The party armed themselves with stones and clubs and began a pitched battle with the bull for the deliverance of the parson. Thumps, bangs, thrusts, pokes, and missiles of every description, were showered upon the hide of the furious beast, who shook his redoubtable horns, flourished his tail, and ran butting and bellowing here and there, wherever the attack was hottest, the parson and 'Squire meantime shouting from their citadel in the apple tree, cheering on the assailants, and attacking the bull in the rear, by pelting him with small shot in the shape of winter pippins.

This holy war lasted for three quarters of an hour, and the bull seemed likely to win the day. Ichabod fancied himself already reduced to the necessity of taking up his quarters in the tree for the night; but luckily, at this moment a reinforcement arrived, and the bull began slowly to retreat; the assailants, headed by Bill Muggs, pressed their advantage, carried the stone wall by *escalade*, formed a solid column, and in a short time the bull was driven from the field without the loss of a single man. And thus the victory being achieved—Ichabod came down from the tree.

But it was all over with him. His sermon was gone, the afternoon was gone, and he soon found that his hopes of "wagging his paw in a pulpit" were gone. The bull was never out of his mind. He never had the courage to attempt another sermon, and at the very thought of marching to church in a surplice, he imagines, to this day, he hears a boo-boo-ing and sees a pair of horns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON.

The following curious narrative is taken from the fourth series of *M. de Bourrienne's Memoirs*, recently published. The author relates the narrative on the authority of general Rapp, who witnessed the occurrence.

About this time a youth conceived the design of assassinating Napoleon, in order to deliver Germany from the yoke of one whom he considered as the scourge of nations. Rapp and Berthier were both near the person of the emperor when the culprit was arrested; a circumstance that enables me to furnish the following exact and authentic statement of this event. "We were at Semmerbrunn," said Rapp, "where the emperor had just reviewed the troops. I had already remarked a young man at the extremity of one of the columns, when, just as the troops were about to file off, I observed him advancing towards the emperor, who was then between Berthier and myself. The prince de Neufchatel, imagining that he was desirous of presenting a petition, made a slight movement forwards, for the purpose of intimating to him that his request should be preferred through me, I being that day

the aid-de-camp on service. The young man declared that he wished to speak to Napoleon himself; and Berthier repeated that his petition must be presented through me. The stranger retreated to a short distance, still evincing a strong anxiety to speak to Napoleon. Again he advanced, and approached rather close to the emperor: I, however, compelled him to retire. Accosting him in the German language, I desired him to wait till after the parade, adding, that should he have any claim to urge, he would then be heard. I continued to observe him attentively, his pertinacity having inspired me with suspicions by no means to his advantage. I remarked that he kept his right hand placed inside his great coat near the left breast pocket, from which the corner of a paper was rather studiously displayed, as if to divert attention from his real object. Perceiving an officer of gendarmes, I beckoned to him to advance, and recommended him to seize the person of the young man, but without violence or noise, and to detain him privately at the chateau till the parade should be over. The crowd assembled were so occupied with the movements of the troops, that the scene which I have just described passed wholly unnoticed. Immediately after the review, I was informed that an enormous kitchen knife had been found upon the stranger, whose name, as it afterwards appeared, was Staps. Sending instantly for Duroc, I accompanied him to the room where Staps had been confined. We found him seated on a bed: his air was that of sadness but by no means of terror. In his possession were found the portrait of a female, a pocket book, and a purse containing two pieces of gold. I questioned him as to his name, with which he refused to acquaint me, saying that he would tell it only to Napoleon. I then asked him to what purpose he had destined the knife found upon his person? Still the same answer—"I can tell it only to Napoleon." "Is it possible," replied, I, "that you can have meditated an attempt upon his life?" "Yes." "And why?" "I can tell it only to Napoleon." The singularity of this adventure induced me to inform the emperor of all that had passed. My statement finished, he appeared rather thoughtful: for ideas of assassination were continually floating in his brain. He ordered me to conduct the young man into his cabinet. Conformably to the instructions which I transmitted them, two gendarmes escorted the stranger into the presence of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the atrocity of his intended crime, Staps had something interesting in his countenance—an expression of benignity which it was difficult to resist. The emperor asked him if he could speak French. "Not very well," replied Staps: upon which I was desired to interrogate him in German. I shall now proceed to an accurate detail of the examination which he underwent by order of the emperor, whose anxiety on this occasion was such that he himself dictated the questions, my office being simply that of interpreter. Accordingly, the following dialogue may be considered to have passed between Napoleon himself and Staps. "Whence come you?" "From Nuremberg." "What is your father?" "A Protestant clergyman." "Your age?" "Eighteen." "What use did you intend to make of your knife?" "I intended to kill you with it." "Young man, you are mad: you are one of the *Illumines*." "I am not mad: I do not even know what an *Illumine* means." "You must be ill." "I am not ill: I never in my life was better." "Why did you desire to kill me?" "You are the source of my country's misery." "Have I ever injured you?" "Me, in common with my countrymen." "Who can have urged you to this crime? who are your accomplices?" "I have none: the intimate conviction that your death would be a blessing to Europe and my country has alone armed my hand against you." "And yet you now see me for the first time?" "I saw you at Erfurth, on the occasion of your interview with the Emperor of Russia." "Did you at this time intend to assassinate me?" "No: I then imagined you would not make war upon Germany: I was then one of your most ardent admirers." "How long have you been at Vienna?" "Ten days." "Why then have you so long delayed your attempt?" "I came to Schoenbrunn eight days ago, with the intention of killing you; but on my arri-

val I found that the parade was over: I therefore postponed the execution of my project till to-day." "You are mad, I tell you; or else you are ill." At this stage of the interrogatory the emperor gave orders that Corvisart should be summoned to his presence. Having asked who he was, and being told that he was a physician,—"I have not the least occasion for him," said Staps. Immediately on the entrance of Corvisart, Napoleon ordered him to feel the young man's pulse, which he instantly did; Staps all the time displaying the most inconceivable phlegm, and at length observing to the doctor, with *sang froid*, "They tell me I am ill; but you see they are mistaken—are they not?" "He is quite well, sire," replied Corvisart, addressing himself to the emperor. "I told you so," said Staps, in a tone of evident triumph and satisfaction. I was thunderstruck with the German's imperturbable phlegm; and the emperor himself seemed wholly confounded at his audacity. After a few moments, Napoleon again accosted Staps. "Your imagination is heated: you will be the ruin of your family. I grant you your life on one condition: instantly ask my pardon for your atrocious intention, which you now must certainly regret." "I want no pardon: my most poignant regret arises from the failure of my design." "It seems then that crime is nothing in your eyes?" "To kill you is not a crime: it is a duty." "What portrait is that found in your possession?" "It is that of a young girl to whom I am devotedly attached." "Your attempt will doubtless plunge her into the deepest affliction?" "She will be afflicted at its ill success: her abhorrence for you equals mine." Would not a pardon inspire you with gratitude?" "Though you should pardon me, I would again attempt your life." Napoleon was stupefied with amazement. The answers and the unalterable resolution of Staps appeared absolutely to overwhelm him. He ordered the prisoner to be led away; and when he was gone, "These are your *Illumines*," said the emperor—"fine principles, fine lights, that transform the youth of Germany into hardened assassins!" After a fruitless endeavour, at a subsequent examination, to elicit some confession from Staps, the order was given for his execution, which accordingly took place on the 27th October, at seven o'clock in the morning. The attempt for which he suffered had been made on the 23d, and from that period up to the morning of his execution he refused to taste food. "I have still strength enough," said he, "to march to the scaffold." On his arrival at the fatal spot, and the preparations of death being terminated, his last cry was for liberty and Germany: his dying prayer, or rather execration, invoked destruction upon her tyrant.

THE EIGHTEEN-YEARS OLD FEVER.

There is a period in the life of every young man, over which to pass safely requires the most skillful navigation. To double this point is more dangerous to the moral character, than for a navigator to double Cape Horn. The whirlpool of pride, and the quicksands of self-conceit, yawn upon them, and are to a young man what Sylla and Charybdis were to the ancients. This period is from sixteen to twenty-one years of age; and during this time a young man is subject to what is commonly called the "*eighteen-years old fever*," though owing to the precocity of some, they are attacked as early as sixteen. The effects of this disease are altogether different from those morbid complaints to which the human system is subject; instead of wasting away, it produces a general inflation of the intellect, if I may so express it, which renders the subject more like a bladder filled with wind, than a rational being.

A young man under the influence of this disease is a perfect wiseacre. He is too knowing to learn from the experience of age; he knows best what is for his own interest; his parents and all that have gone before him, are in his opinion fools; he imagines himself to be the first of a very wise generation, and therefore construes every friendly admonition into an attempt to coerce him, or to abridge his privileges. He discovers the down of puberty upon his chin, and believes that the application of a razor to his phiz would put the finishing touch;

for if he has a beard and shaves, he must of course be a man; and above all, the most of ladies' dislike a beardless man.

He therefore obtains a razor and soap, and steals away unobserved to the garret or hay loft, and there undergoes this pleasing and important operation: he comes back with his "chin new mowed," a perfect paragon. Next commence the operations of the toilette; he examines his shorn phiz; congratulates himself upon the improvement of his looks; perfumes his hair with sweet-scented pomatum, or in the absence of this applies tallow and cologne; his ears are propped up with a collar so stiff that if he moves his head to the right or left, he does it at their peril; his cravat is adjusted *a la mode*; his handkerchief tastefully dangling in his rear; his gloves in his hand; thus equipped, the bachelor of sixteen, makes his grand entree among the ladies. Here his ears are greeted with sounds unusual; instead of the usual salutation of how do you do Sam? it is how do you do Mr. Puff? Good evening Mr. Puff, says another. We were afraid you would disappoint us Mr. Puff, says a third. After a few common place remarks about the rain or cold, he commences the evening entertainments, by telling the ladies of the latest fashions for frock coats, and the new style of putting on cravats, and asks them to look at his, when to his extreme mortification, and their astonishment, they discover, that his clean cravat so neat and trim, is mounted upon dirty linen, or perhaps no linen at all, and is nothing but a dickey. He recovered himself, he tells them of the fine quality of his trimmings; for you must remember that a watch is a necessary appendage to a young beau; he takes out his watch, (a borrowed one,) every few minutes, and has considerable difficulty in fobbing it; scatters profusely his bon-mots, which he has picked up in the society of his superiors, has a great variety of compliments for the ladies, which he hands out in order to solicit a polite return, and by this means ascertain his own standing in the opinion of these dear and polite creatures.

Thus his vanity is fed, and when he takes leave of these dear souls, he imagines that he is in reality somebody; and wonders why older people should treat him so insignificantly; for he knows as much as any one; he is certainly a man for he shaves, wears a watch, a genteel frock coat, black kid gloves, smokes the real Spanish three centers, takes a horn at the hotel, can gallant the ladies, and they call him Mr. ——. If these are not high claims to good society, he asks what can entitle him to such?

This is a faint sketch of the character and feelings of a young buck, when he makes his *début* among the beau monde. These remarks may not, in their full extent, be applicable to every young man; but few, very few, arrive at twenty-one years, without experiencing some of these feelings of self-importance. When the paroxysm ceases, they then view themselves as others have, and can scarcely credit their own senses when they see how narrowly they have escaped a general shipwreck of all their hopes and prospects. In short those who have suffered such foolish inclinations to have unlimited controul over their minds, can see little in the retrospection of their lives on which the mind can dwell with pleasure and satisfaction.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1830.

New subscribers can be furnished with the Record from the beginning of the present volume.

We are: "a day after the fair," but agreeably to an old custom which is more honourable in the observance than in the breach, we tender our readers "the compliments of the season," &c.

We last week published, from the Worcester Egis, the declaration of about half a dozen of the delegates appointed to attend an anti-masonic convention to be held in Massachusetts. The three first of the following are from the same paper, and the others from the journals to which they are credited. The reader will not need the assistance of commentary

to discover in them the beggary of anti-ism in the New-England states. The embryo Massachusetts convention has been the theme of exultation for months past, and we here have a specimen of its importance and respectability, among those who are best acquainted with its objects and its character.

We are requested to state that Isaac Goodwin, Esq. wholly declines serving as a delegate to the convention and that he disapproves entirely of the excitement.

Walton Livermore, Esq. of Spencer, whose name appears as one of the delegates, requests us to say that his name is put there "entirely without his consent or approbation, that he is neither mason nor anti-mason, and altogether disapproves of the excitement and will not attend the convention."

Jonas L. Sibley, Esq. of Sutton, wholly declines serving in any convention whatever, either masonic or anti-masonic.

From the Masonick Mirror.

Gen. Jewett has forwarded us the following note which we insert in compliance with his wishes:

Mr. Editor:—I perceive from the last Spy, that my name is on the list of delegates appointed at the anti-masonic meeting, held at the Court House, in Worcester, the last week. This was done without my knowledge or consent; and as I am unwilling to be in any way accessory to getting up an anti-masonic excitement in this quiet community, I beg leave through the medium of your paper respectfully to decline the honour of the appointment. Yours, &c.

IVERS JEWETT.

Fitchburg, Dec. 15, 1829.

From the Lancaster Gazette.

Messrs. Editors. Having read in the Massachusetts Spy of last week the proceedings of a convention in Worcester, and learning that other editors are publishing them, I think it due to myself to send you the following statement of facts, that an unjust impression may not rest on the public mind. I also think it proper that the convention should be apprized of their mistake in appointing me, as one of the fraternity, to attend the proposed state convention.

Until Thursday last I did not even know that a convention had been contemplated, and was then informed of the result of the meeting by an inhabitant of this town, who had been at Worcester. I have never been a member of the masonic fraternity. I have had no share in the popular excitement on the subject of masonry. I have devoted no time to an investigation of the facts relating to it, and have only the superficial and uncertain knowledge which was gained by publications accidentally falling in my way. It has been my firm belief that the individual and professional obligations of christian ministers did not require that they should entangle themselves in this concern. I have also believed that their fellow citizens, if prudent, would not take measures to involve them in it. It has been with me a matter of deliberate conviction, that if an evil existed, and of the magnitude which some have believed, expediency called for other and more sober measures than have been generally used, to be resorted to and relied on for a remedy. In consideration of these things, and with these views, I shall not attend the proposed convention in Boston.

NATHANIEL THAYER.

Lancaster, Dec. 14, 1829.

The above paragraphs show that the "headway" of anti-masonry is a very odd sort of "headway," to say the least of it, and it would not puzzle one of less mathematical genius than Zera Colburn, to determine how long it would require for it, at the same rate, to travel to a very respectful distance beyond every thing that is decent and honorable.

MAYOR OF NEW-YORK. The attempt to elect a Mayor for New York has occasioned some singular scenes in the common council of that city. The old board met on Monday last, and after the new members chosen at the late election had taken their seats it was proposed to proceed to an immediate election of Mayor. About half the board, were the enemies of the Hon. Walter Bowne, the present mayor, and apprehending that it was the intention of his friends to support him for that office again, and that he might obtain it by voting for himself, they objected to his right to vote on a question in which he was interested, and desired him to leave the chair. After much talk the question was voted down by the casting vote of the mayor, and the resolution to proceed to an immediate election carried. In this emergency, seven assistant aldermen took their hats and cloaks, and walked away—leaving less than a quorum of the board, and thereby preventing an election. After an ineffectual attempt by high constable Hays, to find the absent members and procure their return, the board was adjourned by the mayor till the next day, when, a quorum not appearing, a further adjournment till Monday next took place.

In these matters it is hard to tell who is right. The mayor says he knows the duties of the chair—that its rights are fixed by the constitution, and cannot be affected by a resolution of the common council, and he is determined to hand them over to his successor unimpaired. On the other hand, it is asserted that his keeping the chair is a mere political trick, to retain office. In the meantime the people are holding meetings, and praising and condemning both parties. It is said the people are never wrong, so both parties must be both right and wrong.

The honourable Solomon Southwick, esquire, so distinguished for calmness, dignity, and decency, in his editorial

lucubrations, has worked himself into a very ungovernable-like passion, because we have thought proper to publish the very able essays under the signature of "REASON. We compassionate the old gentleman, and are excessively sorry that we have occasioned him such unpleasant sensations. We advise him to stay within doors till he has done frothing; people may mistake his disease for the hydrophobia. Alack-a-day, what deadly enemies are reason and anti-masonry!

The American Recorder. This journal is published once a week, at the city of Washington, and is devoted, principally, to Official Documents, Proceedings in Congress, Leading Speeches, Statistics, generally, and such other select articles as are usually found in newspapers: each number contains sixteen large octavo pages, and the terms are five dollars a year. The editor is Mr. GEORGE M. GROVARD, who is represented to be well qualified for the station he has assumed. We have received the second number of the Recorder, and after an examination of it, do not hesitate to add our approbation to the many and merited commendations which have been bestowed upon it. This journal will be found valuable and interesting to all who desire an acquaintance with the history, and the business and political concerns of the country.

The Washington City Chronicle, one of the most ably conducted literary papers in the country, is to be united with the Columbian Register, and hereafter published, under the title of the American Spectator and Washington City Chronicle. The editorial department will be conducted by WALTER COLTON, Esq. The Chronicle is distinguished for an elevated moral and Christian feeling, and eminently merits extensive patronage.

A VIGILANT WATCHMAN. A London paper reports the following proceedings at the Lambeth-street Police Office. The logick and the measures of the watchman were of the true anti-masonic grit, as far as they went—if the "patriotic guardian of the public good" had hanged up the rascals instead of imprisoning them, we should have considered him worthy of being mentioned in the same day with Solomon Southwick:

Four young men, apparently mechanics, were placed at the bar yesterday, and charged before J. Walker, Esq. by Henry Turvey, a watchman on the Mile-end road.

"Them 'ere three men, please your Vership," said Turvey, "I seed a Saturday night, conversing in such languages as never was heard. So I desired 'em to go on, or I'd shoe 'em on; and they said sardly as they wouldn't be shoe'd—so I lock'd 'em up in the watch-house."

"Were they intoxicated?" inquired Mr. Walker.

"Can't say as they was," replied Mr. Walker.

"What did the fourth man do?" said Mr. Walker.

"Yy," said Turvey, "jest as I got them 'ere three to the watch-house, up comes this feller and axes 'For vo't? and as I was pretty certain as I'd seed him along with 'em about an hour afore, vy I lock'd him up also."

Mr. Walker instantly ordered the dismissal of the whole of the defendants.

The same watchman then placed another man at the bar on a "suspicion of felony." The charge, as detailed, consisted of the watchman hearing a cry of "Stop thief!" and, observing the defendant crossing the road at the same moment, he collared him, and took him to the watch-house; but the person who had been robbed declared he was not the man; nevertheless the watchman, in his wisdom, had him confined till the Monday morning.

The man charged stated that he had numbers to speak to his character as a hard-working weaver, and was utterly ignorant of the charge against him until this moment explained.

Mr. Walker directed he should be immediately liberated.

River Trade of Albany. We have seen a statement of the number of vessels which have paid wharfage at this city, for some years, and have made an estimate of the amount of tonnage (averaging the trips of vessels in the Albany trade, for the years 1821, 1824, and 1825, which is as follows—

	Tonnage.
1821	81,862
1824	97,895
1825	138,647

Adding to this the tonnage of oyster and fruit boats, and an estimate of tonnage in addition to the registered tonnage, the result for 1825 will be 188,957 tons; or by doubling the amount for going and returning, 377,914 tons.

This statement shows the great importance of improving the river navigation, and we think congress cannot do otherwise than lend a favourable ear to the petitions for a grant for that purpose. The increase of the trade since the making of the canals is astonishing, and is a sure augury of continued prosperity, and of the future greatness of Albany. (Daily Advertiser.)

Death of Dr. Mason. The New-York papers of Monday mention the death of the Rev. John M. Mason, D. D. of that city. He expired (says the N. York Evening Post) on Sunday morning, at the residence of his son, in Fourth-street, in the 60th year of his age. Dr. Mason was a native of New-York, and a graduate of Columbia College. He succeeded his father as pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church in Cedar-street, and was afterwards transferred to a church built for him in Murray-street. After the death of Bishop Moore, President of Columbia

College, Dr. Mason was appointed Provost of that institution; a place which he afterwards left for the Presidency of Carlisle College, in Pennsylvania. His reputation as a theological and classical scholar was high, but he was most eminent for a glowing and vehement eloquence, which joined to a powerful voice, a fine elocution, and a commanding presence, produced the most overpowering effect upon his auditors, and rendered him one of the most distinguished and popular preachers of the age. An attack of the paralysis, several years since, obliged him to relinquish the office of President of Carlisle College, since which he has lived in retirement.

Dr. Mason was elected chaplain of the *New York State Society of the Cincinnati*, and also an honorary member of the society, in the year 1799, and officiated as chaplain from that period until the 4th of July, 1827, when feeble health and bodily infirmity prevented his further attendance. The members of the society have passed a resolution to wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, in memory of its deceased member.

Capt. Hall's Travels. The last number of the London Quarly Review contains a notice of Capt. Basil Hall's travels in the United States; and the reviewer gives it as his opinion that "the instruction for the American people, contained in Capt. Hall's book, has been received in the proper spirit in at least one extensive circle of American society." The editor of the National Gazette remarks upon the opinion thus expressed:—"We venture to reply that there is no circle of American society, properly so called, great or small, in which the book is not viewed with utter contempt; and we believe that it has excited the same feeling in the great majority of its readers in Great Britain."

[N. Y. Statesman.]

Colombia. It is very evident that fresh troubles are brewing in Colombia. Information has recently been received from various parts of that republic which leads to the belief that Bolivar and his partizan are making preparations to change the form of government into a monarchy. One project is to crown Bolivar, and marry him to a daughter of the Duke of Orleans—the crown to be hereditary, if Bolivar should leave issue—if not, to descend to the Orleans line. Another project is to make Bolivar president for life. In either event, it is believed that Venezuela will separate itself from the republic. [N. Y. Com. Adv.]

Champagne. A company of Frenchmen have contracted with some farmers in Herefordshire, for a considerable quantity of the juice of certain pears, which is to be sent to them in London immediately after it has been expressed, or before fermentation has commenced. With the recently expressed juice they made last year an excellent brisk wine, resembling the finest sparkling champagne; and we are told that the speculation was so productive, that they have resolved considerably to extend their manufactory. [Gaz. of Health.]

Travelling Titles. The Washington Chronicle, speaking of titles, says, that some time since, 25 gentlemen, strangers to each other, assembled together at dinner, on board a steamboat on the Ohio. They were principally from the states of Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio. At dinner the captain of the boat said, addressing one of the company whom he knew—"General, shall I help you to a piece of roast beef?"—upon which, 23 out of the whole number, replied to his civility, affirmatively or negatively.

It appears from the following notice in a Welch journal, that an *overflowing* house is not at all times, a *desideratum*: "It will be impossible to open the Cardiff Theatre this season, the late rains having inundated it to the depth of nearly six feet, and the water being at present above the stage."

The Cap Sheaf. There is a family living in this town, and only about three miles from our office, that can dine in three states without travelling three rods to accomplish it; and a common three foot table set in their front yard, might have two of its corners in Massachusetts, one in New-York, and one in Vermont. [Williamstown Adv.]

The Dutch government have offered a reward of 50,000 guilders, equal to 90,000 dollars, for the recovery of the jewels stolen from the palace of the Prince of Orange, and the discovery of the thief; or half that sum for the jewels alone.

Independence of the Press. An Ohio editor declined publishing an obituary notice of two columns' length, on the death of an infant, three months old: deeming it rather too long; and for which refusal the writer stopped his paper.

John Clay, esq. brother of Henry Clay, late secretary of state, died on board the steam-boat Rover, about twenty miles below Memphis, on the Mississippi, on the 10th ult.

The Downingtown (Pennsylvania) Independent Journal says, "It was proposed to Governor Wolf, that in order to conciliate publick favour, he should be careful not to appoint masons to office. 'Sir, (said the Governor) I would scorn myself, if I could descend to such means to court favour. I will not so much as know whether applicants are masons or not,—it will neither be a disqualification nor a recommendation. If the people differ from me, they will soon have an opportunity to express their sentiments, and I assure you (he added) it will not grieve me to return to private life.' Such language indicates a firm and honourable mind, which will descend to nothing improper, to obtain a fleeting and unsubstantial popularity."

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Dec. 23.

LANDING OF THE FATHERS. Yesterday, being the 200th anniversary of the landing of the fathers at Plymouth, was observed by the New-England Society of this city, with appropriate demonstrations of gratitude and joy. At 7 o'clock, P. M. joined by a numerous concourse of their fellow citizens, they assembled in the Brick Church, Beekman-street, to hear an oration from their friend and associate, Colonel S. L. Knapp, esq. The house was well filled,—not with your miscellaneous, nondescript geniuses, of every continent and nation, but with genuine, full blooded, and unquestionable Yankees. Fifty congregations more, of the same materials, might be rallied here on an emergency;—for though "there are Yankees every where," they are to be found in the greatest numbers where there is the best opportunity of accumulating "the needful."

The exercises of the evening were introduced with the anthem of "O praise God in his holiness," which was followed with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Spring. The following hymn, composed for the occasion, was then sung, in the tune of Old Hundred.

Wild was the day, the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New-England's strand,
When first, the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.
They little thought how pure a light
In time should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memory bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway.
Green are their bays, but greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed;
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
With reverence, when their names are breathed.
Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim Sires
This hallowed day, like us, shall keep.

The orator of the day then rose, and addressing the audience by the significant name of brethren, entertained them with an address of at least an hour in length, which was full of happy allusions and interesting facts relating to the history of New-England. He traced the origin of that bold adventure which has peopled all its states with intelligent, hardy, and virtuous citizens, to remote causes than the persecutions which constrained our pilgrim fathers to tempt the hazards of an unknown sea, and a howling wilderness. He thought this remarkable event, certainly one of the most remarkable in history, could be traced directly back to the enterprising spirit enkindled by the crusades, while the invention of printing and gunpowder, the translation of the Scriptures, and the Reformation, contributed greatly to hasten its fulfilment. He spoke of the character of the pilgrims, their principles, their perils, and their institutions. It was a memorable fact, that as early as the 17th year of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, a law was passed requiring every town with a population of fifty families, to establish a school for reading and writing, and every town of one hundred families, a grammar school. In 1683 a law was passed requiring every town of more than 300 families to support two grammar schools, and two schools for reading and writing. He traced the influence of such institutions, and such men, in shaping the destinies of the country,—paying, *en passant*, a very handsome compliment to the Dutch settlers, who first peopled New-York and its vicinity. Towards the close of his address he alluded with much force and effect to those modern "reformers," "who would destroy, if they could, the virtues and hopes of the world;" would pull down our churches, banish the clergy, abolish the institution of marriage, and all the endearing relations which result from it. In conclusion he spoke of the enterprise, intelligence, and virtue of the Yankees, their publick spirit—"born for others as well as themselves." The exercises were concluded by singing the following hymn (original).

With joy I heard them say,
When roving far abroad,
On this their landing day,
We'll praise the Pilgrims' God:
I knew the cry,
I'll join the song,
Thy courts we'll throng,
O thou Most High!
This day let all awake,
And sing the mighty deed,
Who first for Zion's sake,
O'er raging oceans fed.
Had not our God
Preserved that flock,
Safe on the rock,
They ne'er had trod.
At once their temples rose,
Our schools were founded then,
Nor could their mightiest foes
Withstand those valiant men;
But vain their skill,
And vain their sword,
Had not the Lord
Upheld them still.
Peace to that holy ground:
That consecrated spot!
The first our fathers found
Where tyrants troubled not.
We'll sound abroad,
Where'er we roam,
The Pilgrims' home,
The Pilgrim's God!

THEATRE. We have visited the theatre but once this week, and that was last evening. The house was crowded to excess. The entertainments were *The King and Deserter*, an old ballad about *George Barnwell*, by Mr. Page, and the farce of *Animal Magnetism*. The drama went off well, and was highly applauded. We have no time to speak particularly of the characters; we may say, however, that *The Deserter*, by Mr. Duffy, was admirably well done. The drama is an interesting one, and the scenery is new and beautiful. Page's attempt to sing was a failure. We did not stop to see the farce.

FINE OUTLET, &c.

JAMES DICKSON, Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker, No. 3 Beaver street, (formerly at No. 58 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches, with neatness, accuracy, and despatch, and warranted equal to any

sors, Razors, and Penknives, ground and finished on an improved plan and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere. Currier's Steele constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article. Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired. N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1829.

31f.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS, LATELY RECEIVED BY W. C. LITTLE.

The Family Library, vols. 1 and 2—being History of Napoleon Bonaparte, with engravings on Steel and Wood.
The Casquet, or Literary Gems, 4 vols.
Tales of All Nations.
Historical and Descriptive Anecdotes of Steam Engines, and of their Inventors and Improvers, by Robert Stuart, in 2 vols. with many hundred Engravings.
The Cabinet, or Selected Beauties of Literature, edited by John Aiken, 2 vols.
The London University Works and Lectures.
Bentham's Fragment on Government.
Anacharsis' Travels in Greece &c., 2 vols.
Gregory's Mathematics for Practical Men.
Guy's Pocket Cyclopaedia.
Constables' Miscellany.
Williams' Life of Matthew Henry.
Napoleon Anecdotes, 6 vols. 24mo.
Travels in South America.
The Poetical Works of Robt. Southey, Lord Byron, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Campbell, Rogers, H. K. White, Lamb, Thomas Moore and James Montgomery; all Galignani's Paris editions with fine Portraits.
Hone's Table Book, and Every Day Book.
The Waverly Novels Revised, Edinburgh Edition.
National Portrait Gallery.
Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious Personages of British History.
Jones's views in England, Scotland, Ireland and France.
Westall's Great Britain Illustrated.
Political and other Caricatures, &c.

SCHOOL & CLASSICAL BOOKS, PUBLISHED BY HILLIARD, GRAY & CO. BOSTON.

Most of the following Books are used in the principal Schools and Colleges in the different states of the Union: many of them have been highly recommended in the principal literary journals, and numerous recommendations have been received from instructors of the highest standing. Instructors and school committees who are not acquainted with these works, are invited to examine them; they are generally stereotyped, especially the elementary books, which ensure uniformity and accuracy in the different editions: Independent of their literary merits, the superior execution in respect to paper, printing and binding, will be found to be an additional recommendation. Liberal terms given to wholesale purchasers.

(Catalogue continued.)

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS, or the doctrine of Fluxions, intended as an introduction to the Physico-Mathematical Sciences, taken chiefly from the Mathematics of Bezout, and translated from the French for the use of the students of the University at Cambridge, New-England. 8vo.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON MECHANICS, comprehending the Doctrine of Equilibrium and Motion, as adapted to Solids and Fluids, chiefly compiled, and designed for the use of the students of the University at Cambridge, New-England. By Professor Farrar. 8vo.

ELEMENTS OF ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM AND ELECTRO-MAGNETISM, embracing the late discoveries and improvements, digested into the form of a treatise; being the second part of a course of natural philosophy, compiled for the use of the students of the University at Cambridge, New-England. By Professor Farrar. 8vo.

AN EXPERIMENTAL TREATISE ON OPTICS, comprehending the leading principles of the science, and an explanation of the more important and curious optical instruments and optical phenomena, being the third part of a course of natural philosophy; compiled for the use of the students of the University at Cambridge, New-England. By Professor Farrar. 8vo.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY, adapted to the present improved state of the science, being the fourth part of a course of natural philosophy, compiled for the use of the students of the University at Cambridge, New-England. By Professor Farrar. 8vo.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By E. G. Fischer, honorary member of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in one of the colleges of the same city, &c. &c. translated into French, with notes and additions, by M. Biot, of the Institute of France; and now translated from the French into English for the use of colleges and schools in the United States. Edited by Professor Farrar.

THE GREEK READER, by Frederick Jacobs, professor of the Gymnasium at Gotha, and editor of the *Anthologia*. From the last German edition, adapted to Buttman's Greek Grammar. Third Boston edition. 8vo.

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A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE—by Dr. Charles Follen, instructor of the German language, Harvard University. Cambridge. 12mo.

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Cheap stereotype edition of Virgil in the 12mo form.
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GOULD'S OVID, with English notes. *Excerpta ex scriptis Publii Ovidii Nasaeus*. Accedunt notulae Anglicae quaestiones. In usum scholae Bostoniensis. This selection embraces portions of the metamorphoses, epistles, and fasti. 12mo.
GOULD'S HORACE, with English notes. *Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera*; accedunt clavis metrica et notulae Anglicae, Juvenalis accommodata. Cura B. A. Gould.

(Catalogue to be continued next week.)

Ordered received for the above books, by W. C. LITTLE, Albany.

POETRY.

THE CARRIERS' ADDRESS
TO THE PATRONS
OF THE
AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD
AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

January 1, 1830.

How like the wind we hasten on
Into the vortex of lost years,
Where all our bright young hopes are gone
Like errant stars, to other spheres!
We look back to them, as we deemed
Their light would meet our eyes once more,
In all the joy with which they beamed
On the heart's yet unwasted store.

Then we look forward, with a bold
And restless gaze, upon the field
Of Hope—and there, perchance, the cold
Signet of Fate has left unsealed
Another year of joy, like this,
Refreshing to our tedious way
As waters in the wilderness—
As sunset to the weary day.

At Tisri's feast, the pious race
Of Israel, in their Holy Land,
Which God pronounced his dwelling place,
Made greetings with the heart and hand,
And crowned the joy with gifts and songs.
Long let the generous custom live!
To every bright one yet belongs
The heart to sing, or hand to give.

And, like them, let our joyous songs
And gifts of gratitude be paid,
In this glad hour, to which belongs
The example such high hands have made;
Yet if no joy-hath crowned the year,
No smile of plenty cheered thy lot,
Sing thou with me— withhold the cheer,
But never leave the song forgot.

Look back—look back—where, like young dreams,
The season brought its offspring forth,
Giving soft music to the streams,
And fervour to the breathing North!
Then call to mind the bending vine,
Yielding its gladness to thy taste—
And say, if all this year of thine
Has been a dark and dreary waste?

Have not the broad green fields been clothed
With plenty, as a robe of state?
Have not our doubting hearts been soothed
When Autumn bent beneath the weight
Of vintage,—and the sun looked down
With warmth indulgent on them all?
Who, then, can hesitate to own
Allegiance to this festival?

Nor are these all. Fortune hath sent—
Or, rather, Providence hath granted—
Rest to some minds, and the content
For which some aching bosoms panted.
Hymen has clipped the wings of Cupid,
And chained him to his sore distraught,
And given to many a dotting stupid
The wedded happiness he sought.

And Anti Masonry has blown
Its "tempest in a teapot," too;
But vainly does it shout and groan
Where Common Sense has aught to do.
Foiled in its speculations here,
It lifts its head in other fields,
Striving to live another year
On the scant food Corruption yields.

Peace to its ashes, when it dies!
No other spirit of its kind
Has e'er departed from our skies,

And left such mournful ones behind.
But bury it beneath the wave
Of some unfathomable, pent,
And dismal ocean—which may save
Its whiskers from embezzlement.

A year hath gone—a year hath come,
Over whose yet untrodden path
Vision is dark, and Fate is dumb;—
But let us doubt not that it hath
The same kind blessings yet in store
Which made us grateful in the past.
Thus Hope will prompt. Thus will her door
Be left inviting to the last.

Let joy come with it,—and forget
The bitterness which has gone by.
Fate has enough of anguish yet,
To bring, in its own time, the sigh.
Wisdom and happiness are caught
Ere they pass from us, or are lost;
And he who wins them wastes no thought
On all the grievings they have cost.

Friends of the Printer's boy! to you.
This homely lay is sung; and cold
Must be the heart which will eschew
The precedent it has of old.
The feast which brings the infant year—
The Tisri of all tribes that live,—
Why not reciprocate its cheer?
Ours is the song—'tis yours to give.

From the Democratic Spy.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming again—alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back—
He's a saucy old chap to white and black—
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree!

A witty old fellow this Winter is—
A mighty old fellow for glee!
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss—
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips—for this
Is the way for old fellows like he!

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade I wot—
He is wild in his humour, and free!
He'll whistle along, for "the want of his thought,"
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought—
A frolicsome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his guests along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning 'till night he will sing his song—
Now moaning, and short—now howling, and long,
His voice is loud—for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you see!
He will trip up our trottlers, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes—
He minds not the cries of his friends or his foes—
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away—
And marks all our doings, from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me! NASHUA BARD.

From "Travels in Chaldæa," &c. by Captain Robert Mignan.

ARAB SONGS.

The youth of the hero, though quenched in war,
Than eld of the craven is dearer far.

Chorus.

A fair made for the brave;
A deep brand for the slave,
Who can shun the death-strike,
For contemptible life.

Why pause ye, friends? Our daughters urge
On, though their song our dying dirge.

Chorus.

Our charge the spring torrent,
The wild rushing current;
Our blade the red lightning,
Our havoc o'er-bright'ning.

Nor spare thy noble blood,
Thou chieftain Arab free!
Thy boy but marks the flood,
That he may bleed like thee.

Chorus.

If war be thy feast,
If sloth be thy fast,
Then not thou the least,
Nor honoured the last.

Welcome the cry of the foeman to war!
My brand shall gleam o'er him his fatal star.

Chorus.

Whose the desert couch
Ne'er to foe may crouch,
Thick though as the sands
Charge the rival bands.

Strive nobly, martyr, and be free!
Heaven opes, and Houris strive for thee.

Chorus.

None shall wed the flying slave;
E'en dogs shall bay the dastard knave.

TO * * *

BY R. MONTGOMERY.

Oh, Lady! in my boyish hour,
Perchance thou see'st me gay as young,
The happy slave of Pleasure's power,
With rapture in my heart and tongue:

Yet think not thus I ever seem,
As though no grief did e'er annoy;—
There's darkness in the brightest dream,
And sorrow in the sweetest joy!

Alone amid the world I move,
With scarce a smile or tear for me,
And not a heart to share the love
Of unaffected sympathy:

Without it, what can realms bestow
Of all that mingling natures feel?—
It is to kindred mind we owe
The rapture Time delights to steal.

But may no cloudy shade intrude
Upon the sunshine of the lot,
And all that dims my gayest mood
In thy fresh feeling be forgot:

May Heaven attend thee! wheresoe'er
The winging years may waft thee on;
And nothing mar that blissful air
All eyes have loved to look upon!

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED.

The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his patent SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD. This article, yet but imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sackings. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire—to boarding house keepers—to the masters of vessels—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee, now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 182 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy.

New York, 1829.

CHESTER JOHNSON.

40 y 1

MONTGOMERY HOUSE,

NO. 338 BROADWAY NEW-YORK.

WILLIAM C. SLOAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above establishment, where he will be always happy to supply them with the best wines and liquors that can be had in the City. Ward, Military, Masonic and Religious meetings and Committees and Arbitrations can be handsomely accommodated. Dinner and Supper Parties furnished at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. Boarding and Lodging at the usual prices. W. C. S. hopes by prompt attention, and unremitting exertion to secure a share of public patronage. New-York, November, 1829.

ALBANY

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THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD.

AT NO. 3 BEAVER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1830.

NO. 50.

MASONICK RECORD.

From the Buffalo Journal.

POPULAR EXCITEMENTS.

NO. XII.

From the examination of various excitements, and their general operations, we are now called to observe the peculiar and individual force of another, as concentrated upon the fortunes of a single public benefactor—our lamented CLINTON. It is not for me to pen the biography of CLINTON—that task is reserved for more able hands, but a glance at his public life is enough to wring contrition from the blackest heart that participated in engendering the wrongs he suffered. Without pursuing the detail of these, I will advert to the part he bore in obtaining, for debtors, an exemption from the enormous costs which were formerly thrown upon them. When the jurisdiction of our justices of the peace extended only to debts of twenty-five dollars, it was CLINTON, who had ever the welfare of his fellow-men at heart, that dared to urge an extension of that jurisdiction to twice the sum mentioned. The justice of the measure was seen, the law was amended to meet the exigency, and a general relief of the labouring classes of community was the immediate consequence. Moved by a just feeling for the benefit thus conferred, the breasts of the people were just beginning to swell with gratitude to their benefactor, when the disappointed envy of a few most unworthy members of the Bar was brought violently into action, to counteract the feeling, and destroy, if possible, the praiseworthy character of the deed that had produced it. The enactment just mentioned, deprived the legal profession of much of its anticipated wealth; and while many of its members submitted with pleasure to the privation, which was so evidently necessary to the general prosperity, there were others who, for “public good,” called loudly in question both the right and the motive of the man who had offended. They appealed, with impassioned zeal, to the people—to that very populace whose benefit had been consulted, and whose relief had just been accomplished, for assistance to remove far from them the dangerous man they were desirous to reward. Assuming, exclusively, the character of public guardians, who laboured only for the destruction of wickedness, an audience was at length obtained. When this was accomplished, the principle of irritation which had been sown, brought actively into operation the unsuspecting indignation of the populace against their benefactor; and the hydra of faction, surmounting the storm, strove, but too successfully, by artful approaches and secret intrigue, to mount to power and trample upon worth. Astonished at their own success, the aspirants assiduously applied themselves to the completion of their work, ere the delusive cloud should pass from before the eyes of the populace. They succeeded: the public benefactor was proscribed and contemned. CLINTON, by the avowed guardians of public good, was thrust from the post of usefulness, in his native state. That state was subjected to the wild rage of phrensy and misrule, by the efforts of aspirants, and CLINTON was driven from her legislative halls, from the council board of her sages, and from all public participation in her confidence.

To this season of feverish excitement succeeded one of deliberate reflection. The passions, exhausted by exertion sunk quietly to repose, and reason once again mounted to her native ascendancy. The variegated notes of popular clamour were instantly changed, for expressions of the deepest contrition. The delusion that had been practised was broadly manifested, in all its features, and the people became once more true to themselves. The proscribed benefactor of his species was recalled from retirement, again invested with authority, and once more intrusted with the official guardianship of the state. From this post, in the full career of usefulness and in the entire enjoyment of the confidence of the virtuous and the good, he sank to his honoured grave. He is gone—but the few who, in revenge for the loss of a legal fee, had wasted half their lives, in exciting the honest populace against him, were too much awed by the recollections of his usefulness to manifest their joy at the event. It was reserved, exclusively, for one of the principal promoters of the present excitement, to express his satisfaction at the death of CLINTON; and this stands recorded a solitary

instance of the spirit of darkness disgorging its bitterness upon so hallowed a tomb. But let this history recall the fact that popular excitements may accomplish what right can never approve. Let it not be forgotten that CLINTON, though

“Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toiled after him in vain,”

was thrust down to momentary oblivion, by the aspirants who sought, in a moment of disorder, to draw the affections of the populace from the man, whose memory they now so much “delight to honour.”

REASON.

NO. XIII.

From the range originally prescribed to these numbers, it only remains for me now to close the series, by some general remarks upon the subject they were intended to embrace. They have grown to an extent far beyond the primitive design of the writer; but it was early discovered, after their commencement, that the fund of material was so abundant as to render an entire use of it impossible, while the selection of portions for the present purpose was rendered doubly difficult by the bulk of the whole. The variegated commotions of the long period of years between the early dawn of christianity, in the world, and the dates of English history, to which I have adverted; the devastating and ruinous excitements, engendered by the crusades during the three hundred years of their continuance, and the appalling scenes of blood, carnage and conflagration, produced by the French revolution, have all been necessarily neglected, as forming, separately, a ponderous history, that could not be abridged to the limits of essays like these.

In prosecuting my labours, I have not, knowingly, misstated a fact, or drawn a perverted conclusion. My object has been to serve the community of which I am a member, by historical illustrations of the dangerous and delusive tendency of popular excitements. It is remarked, by Dr. Johnson, that faction seldom leaves a man honest, however it may find him; and it is perhaps unnecessary to add, that the present excitement has furnished conclusive testimony, in support of such an opinion. The purely delicate mind would scarcely be able to frame a more frightful picture of its desolating effects, than has been manifested in the heat of the present commotion. The same actors who have so frequently in this excitement sported with human frailty, have not hesitated to invade the sanctity of private friendship, nor the still more hallowed endearments which unite the adorers of heaven around the altar of their God. Against such invasions, to war, is the holiest pursuit of philanthropy; and against such I have exerted my pen. If a prejudice of education, or a bias of judgement has been corrected by my labours, I shall feel that my reward is complete.

REASON.

From the Boston Bulletin.

ANTI-MASONRY.

“Adversity acquaints a man with strange bedfellows,” says Shakspeare, and curiosity acquaints a man with strange sights, say we. The last thing of the sort which has affected our visual organs and risible muscles, is the four or five scores of venerable Bettys and promising striplings who call themselves members of the anti-masonick convention. We perceive among them, men of sense, and men whose knowledge would not equal that of a certain long-eared animal—men who are undoubtedly honest, and others, of whom, as we cannot speak well, it is best to say nothing—men who are good old patriots in their dotage, and men who will thank us for not putting their motives in print. The whole assembly is about as wise, queer, and ridiculous, and convened for about as good a purpose, as would be one of a hundred old ladies to ascertain whether tea is not poisoned by being packed in casks lined with metal. Success to free inquiry! From the extensive preparations made for arranging rules and regulations and all that sort of affairs, we opine that the convention will not hatch in less than a week or two—though one speaker seemed to consider it non-sensical to appoint a committee to ascertain whether the disclosures concerning masonry are true—he thought it as clear as that the sun was above the horizon at noon-day. That gentleman’s faculty of discriminating between outcry and evidence, is by no means enviable.

When Mather Byles lived at the North End, he made frequent complaints to the Selectmen, of an impassable slough in the vicinity of his domicile, but without effect. One morning he saw one of that improvident body floundering and panting, up to his armpits in the mud. “Oho!” cried the reverend father, “I am glad to see you stirring in that matter.” Call anti-masonry the mud-hole, and the convention the municipal officer, and it may be addressed thus: “Mr. President, and Gentlemen—having undertaken to work, as you pretend, for the public good, you find yourselves in the midst of the worst nuisance that has ever disturbed the peace of our country. Do not make it worse, nor leave it as bad as you found it; but cover up the putrefaction, that the abomination thereof may not offend our nostrils, nor check our useful doings. After you have voted anti-masonry a great curse, as all honest men must, you have our leave to play the rogues in every department of public interest. You may debate upon politics, and spout nonsense as long as your brains will hold out in discharging that agreeable commodity; or as long as your purses will defray the expense of your disinterested labours.” This speech will doubtless have a powerful effect, and we shall soon expect to hear that anti-masonry is in as bad odour with the convention as it always has been among men of common sense and decency.

CELEBRATION.

(Communicated.)

On Monday evening, Dec. 28th, the brethren of Hudson Lodge celebrated the festival of St. John the Evangelist. At an early hour the members assembled, many of them accompanied by their ladies. A large number of respectable citizens attended the public exercises of the evening, and retired well persuaded that the calumnies and abuse heaped upon masonry are without foundation. The services were opened by a solemn and appropriate address to the throne of grace, by the Rev. Joshua Flagg, K. T. and C. of Greenwich Village Encampment, in Massachusetts; after which an excellent address was pronounced by Br. Richard Carrique. A few amateurs in sacred song enlivened the services with appropriate masonic anthems, and impressed into the audience that soft harmony of feeling which unites us in the bonds of charity and love.

The services being concluded, the brethren, their ladies, and a number of invited guests, partook of an excellent supper, prepared in the lodge room, and departed at an early hour, much gratified with the order, harmony and good fellowship which reigned throughout the evening.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

NEW-YORK.

Officers of Lafayette Encampment, No. 7, in Hudson, elected Nov. 6, 1829:

Sir Et. L. U. Lawrence, Grand Master; John Hunt, Generalissimo; A. L. Jourdan, Captain General; R. Carrique, Prelate; P. Van Deusen, Senior Warden; E. C. Thurston, Junior Warden; E. Gifford, Treasurer; C. Curtis, Recorder; John I. Tobey, Standard Bearer; Charles Gardner, Sword Bearer; E. Gifford, Warden.

Officers of Hudson Royal Arch Chapter, No. 6, in Hudson, elected Dec. 8, 1829:

M. E. Edward C. Thurston, High Priest; Stephen A. Coffin, King; Charles Gardner, Scribe; Hiram Page, Captain of the Host; Cyrus Curtis, P. S.; Stephen B. Jourdan, Royal Arch Captain; Campbell Busnel, Master of the 1st Vail; John Hunt, Master of the 2d Vail; John W. Edmonds, Master of the 3d Vail; L. U. Lawrence, Treasurer; Richard Carrique, Secretary; Solomon Shattuck, Sentinel.

Officers of Hudson Lodge, No. 15, in Hudson, elected Dec. 7, 1829:

Philip White, Master; Stephen A. Coffin, Senior Warden; Darius Peck, Junior Warden; Lionel U. Lawrence, Treasurer; Richard Carrique, Secretary; Stephen B. Jourdan, Senior Deacon; Isaac B. Gage, Junior Deacon; S. T. Rowley and G. Smith, Stewards; Solomon Shattuck, Tyler.

Immediately after the installation W. M. White delivered the following address:

Brethren—The respect you have shown, in clothing me

with the insignia of this lodge, I now gratefully acknowledge, and hope I may in some degree repay, by using my utmost endeavours faithfully to discharge the duties attached to the important station I am now required to fill. It is with peculiar satisfaction I can reflect on the prospect of success when I look to the West and to the South, and view those brethren you have selected to guard those important stations; not doubting but they will cheerfully yield me their aid, so that by our united energies we may be enabled to discharge the duties of our respective stations with honour to ourselves and to the general acceptance of the brethren who constitute our lodge: by strictly practising the lessons taught by the insignia of our respective offices, and constantly adhering to the precepts of that great light in masonry which points out the duty of all men, as well as masons, and conducts to the grand lodge above, where we hope brethren and sisters will all unite in the grand reconciliation that is far away.

In conclusion, my brethren, I would not forget to mention that much confidence is placed in your candour and charity, which will ever prompt you to cast the veil of forgetfulness over the imperfections of those who preside over the lodge. Thus may we live and act, and experience that comely order

"Which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy—
The soul's calm sunshine, in the heart-felt joy."

Officers of Temple Chapter, No. 5, in the city of Albany:—

Daniel P. Marshall, High Priest; Martin Gaylord, King; James Hunter, Scribe; John Orton Cole, Captain of Host; John Everson, Royal Arch Captain; Roland Adams, Principal Sojourner; Isaac Morey, 3d, John Peterson, 2d, Jacob Henry, 1st, Masters of Vails; Julius Church, Secretary; Wm. Voorhees, Treasurer; Cornelius Higgins, Tyler.

Officers of Mount Vernon Lodge, in the city of Albany: D. M'Glashan, Master; John Everson, Senior Warden; Josiah Winants, Junior Warden; Eli Perry, Secretary; Abraham Sickles, Treasurer; I. L. Welsh, Senior Deacon; Jacob Henry, Junior Deacon; Cornelius Higgins, Tyler.

MASSACHUSETTS.

At the annual meeting of *St. Matthew's Lodge*, holden in Andover, the following brethren were chosen officers for the year ensuing:

Peter Smith, Master; David Rice, Senior Warden; Jeremiah Hurd, Junior Warden; Caleb S. Prince, Treasurer; Martial Shearman, Secretary; Elijah Edson, Senior Deacon; Thos. B. Brown, Junior Deacon; Justus Gleason, Senior Steward; Jonathan Kimball, Junior Steward; Calvin C. Damon, Marshal.

ALABAMA.

At the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, commenced in Tuscaloosa on Monday the 8th December, 1829, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

M. W. Thomas B. Creagh, Grand Master; R. W. William J. Mason, Deputy Grand Master; William Leigh, Grand Senior Warden; Lawrence S. Bank, Grand Junior Warden; Rev. R. L. Kennon, Grand Chaplain; James Peon, Grand Lecturer; John G. Aiken, Grand Secretary; Richard B. Walthall, Grand Senior Deacon; Benjamin B. Fontaine, Grand Junior Deacon.

Appointments—John Brown, (red) George J. Medlock, Grand Marshals; Henry Sossaman, John K. Pierce, Grand Stewards.

At a meeting of Rising Virtue Lodge, in Tuscaloosa, held on the 7th December, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

J. G. Aiken, Worshipful Master; J. K. Pierce, Senior Warden; James Guild Treasurer; Wm. Wing, Secretary.

CHARACTER.

From the Commercial Advertiser of December 29.

JOHN M. MASON.

The death of the Rev. John M. Mason was announced yesterday from several of the pulpits. He expired yesterday morning, in the 60th year of his age. It is now several years since infirmity has confined this distinguished scholar and divine within the immediate circle of his own family. He has been thought of by the world as one whose example and reputation lived after him, and were likely to live while genius, eloquence, learning, powerful and commanding talent, and true piety are held in remembrance. It may be safely asserted, that since the days of Whitfield, no preacher of equal energy and popularity has declared the whole counsel of his Divine Master from an American pulpit. As an extemporaneous expounder of the scriptures, he was unrivalled. At the communion table he was unequalled by his brethren, as those

who have witnessed and felt the effect of his pathetic and glowing appeals to the participants will with one voice attest. He carried them with him from the garden of Gethsemane to the last supper and to the cross, awaking alternately feelings sublime and tender: the multitude was in tears, and the hardened and thoughtless wished themselves "like these Christians." No one who heard him speak in public, ever forgot his manner, which it was dangerous to imitate, and is impossible to describe. His memory, however, will not be preserved by the breath of tradition alone. He has left sermons, orations and controversial writings, stamped with the peculiar impress of his own mind, which may challenge comparison with any similar productions of the age; and in which are to be found passages of the highest and least attainable order of eloquence;—such as alone would make his name live in after ages, independent of the close reasoning, the sturdy development of truth, the ingenious illustration, and the overpowering appeals to the reason and the immortal hopes of man, which are to be found in these remains.

Dr. Mason was the son of the Rev. John Mason, formerly pastor of the Scottish Presbyterian church in Cedar-street. He succeeded his father in that pulpit, where his labours are too well known to all the old inhabitants of this city, to render it necessary for us to dwell upon them in this brief notice. The church in Murray-street was built for him, where he was followed by part of his old congregation; and where his usefulness and his fame increased for a number of years, attracting all denominations, and commanding admiration even from those who differed from him most widely in doctrinal points. He presided over a theological seminary, which it was his pride to support, not only by assiduous labours, but by great personal sacrifices. It was emphatically his own. Many of the most popular and excellent ministers in the Presbyterian and Dutch churches came from this seminary. Dr. M. had always taken a deep interest in the sound and classical education of youth. The grammar school which flourished for many years under Mr. John Borland and other able teachers, was established and supported by his efforts in conjunction with those of a few other scholars and divines, who saw the necessity of raising the standard of elementary discipline and instruction. It is no doubt owing in a considerable measure to their efforts, that good classical schools have since become numerous in the city. On the retirement of Dr. Johnson, of Connecticut, from the Presidency of Columbia College, a new arrangement was made by the Trustees; the late Rev. Dr. Harris being appointed President, with limited duties assigned to the office, and Dr. Mason being named Provost. In this capacity, he was in fact the efficient Executive of the College, while he regularly heard the recitations of the Senior Class in the critical classic authors. For six years, we believe, he discharged these duties with indefatigable zeal. But he had undertaken labours too great even for his own Herculean strength. This will be easily perceived, when it is considered that he preached two elaborate original discourses on every Sabbath which required much preliminary study; and was burdened with all the necessary cares of a clergyman, who has the welfare of his congregation deeply at heart; that he attended three long recitations in college weekly, when he always came prepared to illustrate the author with all the stores of criticism gathered by severe research—and in fact to lecture, with a richness of information, a variety of brilliant reference, and a thorough explanation of the subject, which few ex-cathedratic discourses furnish; that he had much to occupy his time in the government of the institution; and that he also regularly lectured at the Theological Seminary, the wants of which, and his persevering determination to sustain it, engrossed much of his attention and harassed his mind. His family was large, and his hospitality was always great. Under the pressure of so many important and unremitting engagements, it is surely not to be wondered at that his health gave way. That the vigour of the mind should not have been impaired by such constant tension for so great a length of time, is truly wonderful. But the animal machinery gave way; and never was repaired. After finding

it necessary to give up his different charges in succession, he accepted an invitation from the trustees of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, (Pennsylvania,) to preside over that institution, which had gone to decay from unfortunate circumstances. For some years he fulfilled this trust faithfully: but his health continued to decline. He has latterly resided in this city in the bosom of his family. His death was, we may suppose, looked upon as an approaching event; but we believe that the immediate illness which produced it was of short duration.

Those who heard Dr. M. thunder in the pulpit, or saw him merely in the discharge of official duty, may have inferred that his character was marked by austerity. Such was not the case, as his friends, his pupils, and all the subjects of his wise and self-sacrificing benevolence can attest. He was kind-hearted, conciliating and courteous; and won from all who knew him as much love as respect. When the gigantic edifice of his physical and mental strength gave way, many a tear was shed at beholding its ruins; and thousands will pay the tribute of sorrow now, when they hear that their benefactor has departed from the flesh.

LATE KING OF MADAGASCAR.

Antwerp papers received at the office of the Boston Daily Advertiser, furnish the following notice of RADAMA, late king of Madagascar, of whose intelligence, and exertions to improve the condition of his people, favourable mention has been made in the Journals of Europe and this country. *Boston Bulletin.*

Radama, whose death the Madagascans deplore, was of small stature and of an athletic form; his hair black and curled, his complexion copper, his eyes small, black, sparkling, and of a severe expression; his nose large and projecting; his mouth large and much ornamented. His gait was proud, his disposition impetuous and despotick; he loved war, which he always prosecuted at the head of his armies.

At the age of sixteen, Radama let it be foreseen what he was destined to be. Two of his brothers, having pretensions to the crown of Emirne, he caused them to be despatched. A few years after, he undertook to dethrone the powerful Queen of Bombetoch, and at 22 years of age, he was proclaimed King of Madagascar. He was victorious at all points where he directed his arms, and where he employed his troops disciplined in the European manner. He loved much to hear conversation upon great captains. One of his first questions on seeing an European, was to demand news of Napoleon, of his victories, &c. He loved all Frenchmen, whose language he had learned. He always called them "brave and faithful." Radama was ambitious. He aspired to unite upon his head all the crowns of Madagascar. Already he had subjugated many princes, and possessed an immense territory when death surprised him at 36 years of age.

At Emirne, in the midst of a plain thirty leagues long, where he had built a magnificent palace, there was a hill of about fifty feet in height. He said that it spoilt his prospect. One day when his favourites had directed the conversation to this subject, he suddenly gave an order to send eight thousand men to level this hill; and what is most extraordinary is, that it was done in four days. I learn from an English traveller who had brought him a pair of globes, that Radama, after a study of three hours, got acquainted with the form of the earth, and with the motions of the planets, and that he afterwards spoke of them with accuracy. He knew English; he loved luxury; he was always well dressed, and wore the French uniform.

Radama was born to regenerate his nation. He had civilized them as far as the short duration of his reign permitted. He had given some laws to his country. He had established custom houses in the maritime towns, and he would have created a military marine. He had already laid some foundation of a naval power. He had just traversed eight hundred leagues of country, and was about to renew the war against Bombetoch, when he fell ill. He refused all kinds of assistance, and died in a few days from the first attack of his disease.

We often pretend to fear what we really despise, and more often to despise what we really fear.

THE GATHERER.

FRAGMENTS OF AN ANTEDILUVIAN DIARY.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

*Reflections of Methuselah in his youth—in middle age—
And in Old Age.*

To day I am a hundred years old. How blissful are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through my veins as the river pours through the valley, rejoicing in its strength. Life lies before me like another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, and inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasure! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think of marrying; my kinswoman Zillah will by that time have emerged from girlhood; she already gives promise, I hear, of comeliness and discretion. Twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may see how she grows; meanwhile, I will build a city to receive her when she becomes my wife.

Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be! It seems but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or, climbing the dark cedars, nestled like a bird among the thick boughs—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in the prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the fight, and sit head of the council, beneath the very tree where, as an infant, my mother laid me to sleep. Jazed, my youngest horn, a lovely babe of thirty summers, is dead: but I have four goodly sons remaining. And my three daughters are fair as their mother, when I first met her in the Acacia grove, where now stands one of my city watch towers. They are the pride of the plain, no less for their acquirements than beauty. No damsel carries the pitcher from the fountain with the grace of Adah, none can dry the summer fruit like Azubah—and none can fashion a robe of skins with the skill of Milcah. When their cousin Mahaleel has seen another half century, he shall take the choice of the three.

My eight hundredth birth-day! And now I feel the approach of old age and infirmity. My beard is become white as the blossoms of the almond tree. I am constrained to use the staff when I journey; the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odorous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock; Milcah has gone to the dwelling of Mahaleel; my sons take my place at the council, and in the field; all is changed. The long future has become the short past. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honourable are sinking beneath the young and the vicious. The giants stalk through the length and breadth of the land, where once dwelt a quiet people; all is changed. The beasts of the field and the monsters of the deep growl and press on us with unwonted fury; traditions, visions, and threatenings are abroad. What fearful doom hangs over this fair world, I know not; it is enough that I am leaving it; yet another five or eight score years, and the tale will be complete. But have I, in very deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years! It is false, I am yet a boy. I have had a dream—a long, long, busy dream; of buying and selling; marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; feasting and warring; sorrowing and rejoicing; loving and hating; but it is false to call it a life. Go to—it has been a vision of the night; and now that I am awake, I will forget it. Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oaks beside the river! Was it not yesterday! "My father, dost thou sport! Those oaks cast a broad shadow when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms, and wore me chaplets of their leaves." Thou art right, my son; and I am old. Lead me to thy mother's tomb, and there leave me to meditate. What am I the better for my past length of being! Where will be its records when I am gone! They are venter—on all sides. Will those many towers fall! Will those golden plains become desolate! Will the children that call me father forget! The seers utter dark sayings upon their harps, when they sing of the future; they say our descendants shall be men of dwindled stature; that the years of their lives shall be contracted

to the span of our boyhood; but what is that future to me! I have listened to the tales of Paradise—nay, in the blue distance, I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubal, when he sat on the sea shore, and the sound of the waves mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men—I have seen an end of all perfection: what is the future to me!

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

From the fourth series of M. de Bourrienne's Memoirs.

Bonaparte was not inclined by nature to esteem mankind, the more intimately he knew them, the more heartily he despised them. This unfavourable opinion in the human heart, to which experience often gives birth, was in his case justified by some striking examples. His severity was the result of a maxim, which he frequently repeated:—"There are two levers that act most powerfully on mankind—interest and fear." Perhaps one of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes was a disbelief in the existence of friendship. How often have I heard him say—"Friendship is but an empty word;—I love nobody; no not even my brothers; Joseph perhaps a little; and yet if I love him, it is merely from habit,—because he is the eldest. Then, Duroc;—yes, I like him too;—but why! His disposition suits mine;—he is cold, harsh and unbending—he never weeps. To me the friendship of others is a matter of indifference;—I know that I have no real friends;—as long as I am what I am, I shall have no scarcity of seeming ones. Mark my words, Bourrienne,—leave women to weep and whine;—it is their business. I hate sensibility; man should be firm;—his heart should be firm; he that is otherwise, must meddle neither with war nor government."

Bonaparte cherished the most rooted aversion for the sanguinary leaders of the revolution, and particularly for regicides. I have frequently heard him say to Cambaceres, while he gently pinched his ear, as if to soften the bitterness of the jest by this playful and habitual familiarity,—"My poor Cambaceres! I fear I can do nothing for you; but if ever the Bourbons come back, your business is settled:—you will certainly be hanged!" A forced smile would on such occasions contract the ghastly features of Cambaceres, imparting to them and expression that it would be no less difficult than disagreeable to portray. This smile was generally the sole reply hazarded by the second consul, who, notwithstanding, once in my presence, answered with a movement of pettish anger—"Come, come; have done with your ill-timed jests."

Bonaparte was one day walking in the gardens of Malmaison with Madame de Clermont Tonnere (now Madame de Talarie) whose lively and shrewd remarks always afford him infinite pleasure. Suddenly interrupting her, he bluntly accosted her in the following manner;—"Madame de Clermont Tonnere, what is your opinion of me?" This unexpected address rendered the answer a matter of some delicacy as well as difficulty. "General," replied the lady, after a moment of hesitation—"I may compare you to a skillful architect, who does not allow his construction to be examined till entirely finished. Precisely so with you: you build behind a scaffolding, which you will dash to the ground when your work is done."

"Among other peculiarities, Buonaparte could never endure the sight of a coloured gown—particularly one of a dark shade. A fat woman was also one of his sovereign antipathies. He rarely invited to his fetes or dinners females in a state of pregnancy, to whose society he always evinced the most decided repugnance. Politeness to the fair sex was not habitual to his character: he was little calculated for the utterance of those soft nothings which custom has familiarised to the female ears. His compliments were often of the most uncouth description. At one time he would say to a lady—"Good God! how red your arms are!" To another—"What an abominable head-dress!" Or—"Who can have trussed up your hair in that manner!" Or—"How soiled your dress is! Do you never change it! I have seen you in that at least twenty times." Spite of this bluntness, he possessed every requisite for forming what in the language of the world is termed a man of amiable manners—with the exception of the will.

Amongst the private instructions given to me by Bonaparte, the reader will probably be struck with the following rather singular order:—"At night" said he "you will enter my bed-chamber as seldom as possible. Never awaken me when you have good news to announce. With good news there is no necessity to hurry. When, on the contrary, you are the depositary of evil tidings, rouse me instantly; for on such occasions there is no time to be lost." Bonaparte frequently found the beneficial results of this calculation, which, though differing from that generally adopted, was really just.

DIVORCES IN TURKEY.

According to the Turkish law, the husband alone is the arbiter of a separation—a *menas et toro*; and he can sever the connubial tie at his own good pleasure, provided always that he be of age and sound in intellect. The sentence of divorce is laconic enough, the Turk probably opining that, on such occasions, the less said the sooner mended, and either of the following formulæ suffices to erect the partition-wall between man and wife. "Thou art cast off;" or, "Carry thy fecundity far away from my presence;" or, "Go, count thy months;" or, "I cast thee away from me," with "thy lap, thy breast, thy head," or "thy countenance." But from the moment the doom has passed his lips, he himself forfeits all personal claim on his spouse; whilst the latter is compelled to isolate herself from all society throughout the succeeding three months, during which period such conjugal rights as affect the laws of inheritance and the husband's powers over the wife remain unimpaired. He is, however, entitled within this space to take her back again, even though she may prove contumacious, and to incarcerate her until she consent to live with him once more. During her confinement he is also at liberty to visit her at intervals, for the purpose of endeavouring to pave the way to a reconciliation: but his visits must be limited to the mere intercourse of the tongue—any endearment or familiarity whatever is rigidly excluded and prohibited; and were he to him if he be caught transgressing against the prescribed observances; a breach of them arms the wife with the right of employing even poison to send him into the other world. The dissolution of the marriage-vow is consummated upon the expiration of the three legal months; and if after that period the couple are inclined to resume their conjugal relations, the nuptial ceremony must be celebrated *de novo*. A similar course becomes requisite if a second divorcement should result in a second homage to the laws of attraction and cohesion; but after a tertian relapse, the husband cannot resume possession, excepting the wife have been married to another.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH—THE PIONY.

In the delightful days of spring, a blooming country girl, as is common enough, had carried a piony to church, as red as the rose on her cheeks. After smelling the sweet flower awhile, this flower of fair damsels closed the petals of her eyes, in common parlance, she fell fast asleep. A pretty girl looks pretty asleep; but to sleep in church—"Ay, there's the rub." Her father being a deacon, jogged her elbow. She waked for an instant, and applied the piony to her sweet nose; but it only increased her drowsiness—and, deacon's daughter as she was, she was soon again in the strong arms of Somnus—Ay, in the arms of Somnus before the whole congregation. She snored, too. How unseemingly! But she was unconscious of it. A wily wag of a snuff-taker, who sat by, opened his box, and wickedly scattered several pinches of the "titillating dust" among the petals of the piony. How could he be so ungallant! He did not stop here. He waked the sleeping beauty, whose first impulse was to apply the piony to her nose, which she did,

"ere well awaked;"

and oh, what a nasal percussion! She sneezed, and sneezed and sneezed again,

"And the high dome re-echoed to her nose."

The wag of the snuff-box was disconcerted at the mischief he had made, her father the deacon was appalled, and her lover forsook her for a whole month. Girls, never carry a piony to church.

[Constellation.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

THE RED MAN.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were encased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hand he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself. On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name. "Frank!" he said, "take my horse to the stable, rub him down thoroughly; and when he is cooled, step in and let me know." And taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village school-master—a thin pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification. But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh, that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise. "All red!" ejaculated the parson almost involuntarily. "As you say, the gentleman is all red!" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remarks, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do: he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence. "Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman. The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke. "Faith this is odd!" observed the host. "Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to make of the matter. After sitting for a few moments, the new comer requested the host to hand him a nightcap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he

put it on his head. Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating "Red again!" The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable. "All red," murmured the parson once more. "Yes, Dr. Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by tramping upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings came too late. "Now, landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, "may I trouble you to get me a pipe, and a can of your best Burton? But first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers." The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the whole company. It begun with the parson and was taken up by the schoolmaster, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the schoolmaster's the loudest of all. "I suppose, gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my red slippers?" "Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the schoolmaster. "And pray," demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, "did you never before see a pair of red slippers?" This question staggered the respondent; he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance. "But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand. "And you are all black," said the other, as he drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke; "The hat that covers your numskull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black, your small clothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word, Dr. Poundtext, you are"—"What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage. "Ay, what is he, sir?" rejoined the schoolmaster. "He is a blackcoat," said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue." This sentence was followed by a profound calm.

[The stranger goes to the stable; and the scene of his absence and return are very characteristic.]

The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the schoolmaster, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say any thing. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. * * * "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the inquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were beside themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson. "Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are—" "That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the Man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter. "Who are you, sir?" resumed he, in manifest perturbation; "what is your name?" "My name," replied the other, "is Reid." "And where, in heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson. "I was born on the borders of the Red Sea." Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth: that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe. After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then throwing his long cloak carelessly

over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head, and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod. His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed-room overhead, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. "Who was the Man in Red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him." The host protested "that he never beheld the stranger till that hour: it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and so help him God, it should be the last!" "Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the exciseman. "If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord; "for my part, I have no notion of coming into close quarters with the shank of his whip, or his great, red, sledgehammer fist." This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejectment said no more upon the subject. At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room. It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger and curiosity, ruled by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visitor who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. "Who could he be?" This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer. Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church had by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily; though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below notwithstanding, their numbers, felt a vague and indistinguishable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected on the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction.

While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing every thing around, as if he would break his manger to pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the

stable. "Ay, there he goes," continued he, "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the owner himself. Ods, if you saw his eyes: they are like—" "What are they like?" demanded the landlord. "Ay, what are they like?" exclaimed the rest, with equal impatience. "Ods, if they are like burning coals!" ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever. During the whole of this time the sound of walking over head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase, or diminution, or rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable: but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupefying sound continued, like clockwork, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass, with the impetuous loudness of the hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed, like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing, to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red man.

(The party argue themselves into the belief that he is indeed the enemy of mankind.)

"If more proof is wanting," resumed the parson after a pause, "only look to his dress. What Christian would think of traveling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell fire from which he is sprung." "Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the exciseman. "Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster. "Such a voice," added the landlord, "it is like the sound of a cracked chariot." "His feet are not cloven," observed the landlady. "No matter," exclaimed the landlord, "the devil when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours." "Better than some of them," quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband. Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of door the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down the socket. Of the one which remained, the unanuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopment of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened coterie, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom. At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause of some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stairs. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread grew nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlady gasped in an agony of terror; and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation, for the behoof of his soul. Dr. Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed in a trembling voice, to call out "Avant Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea." "I am going as fast as I can," said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole con-

clave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad brimmed, low crowned hat, top boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand and a portmantau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and, clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm. On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried of twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Dr. Poundtext, who is a civil magistrate as well as minister, and who instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester goal, to await his trial before the judges of the middle land circuit.

MISCELLANY.

ON CARD PLAYING.

Gaming is no passion, it is a disease; it cannot be called avarice, for the prodigal, of all others, delights in it;—it is not ambition, for the careless and the vile resort to it;—it is not love, for it predominates over all tender affections. Mrs. Barbauld.

Philosophically speaking, no object, perhaps, can be more ridiculous than to see four rationally minded creatures sit down at table, playing with red and black pieces of pasteboard, with all the anxiety, jealousy, care, invention, subtlety, craft, cunning, and deceit which the human mind is capable of exercising under the greatest excitation.

To see men capable of exercising the highest powers of their intellectual faculties on the most sublime and most important subjects, eagerly pursue that which yields no moral or intellectual satisfaction, is truly astonishing. To see them . . .

"Please'd again with toys which childhood please,"

is corroborative of the adage, that "men are only children of a larger growth."

The most refined nation becomes more apt to assume a license for vice, and that under the mask of politeness, in the following every criminal propensity to which the human heart is naturally prone. Refined vice being tolerated by general custom, spreads its contaminating influence through every rank of society. Greece and Rome are conspicuous examples of this fact: the primitive simplicity of the former was soon lost in the voluptuous manners of the Persians; and the stern virtue of the latter soon degenerated by the baleful influence of the luxurious manners of the nations tributary to the republic: the simple supper of water, herbs, and bread was gradually lost in the sumptuous entertainments of peacock's tongues, goodly Falnerian, and the balmy spices of the East.

It is an incontestible truth, that vice invariably advances as virtue recedes; and the ultimate consequences were, in the cases just alluded to, that mental and corporeal debility soon overwhelm these nations. A licentious lethargy enervated the queen of empires: "The Niobe of nations," as Byron poetically styles Rome, became the jest of the world, the sport of fortune, and the prey of barbarians. Carrying this historic truth down to our own times, it may be inquired if we are not to look for similar effects being produced by similar cases. We surely are, and it is lamentable to perceive the havoc that vice is making in society under the sheer passport of politeness or refinement in manners; and no propensity seems gaining more ground than that of gambling.

Many of your readers are not, perhaps, aware that one of the principal amusements of young men in this town, during the winter season, is cards; and that to organize and perpetuate this system of killing-time, small parties are formed in lodging-

houses, private families, &c. to meet three or four, or even five times a week. As business detains many of these unfortunate youths till nine or ten o'clock, it must necessarily be late—rather early, before they separate, and what is assumed as an amusement in the beginning of the season becomes an obstinate, irresistible, degrading propensity ere it terminates. He that loses to-night is the first to devote his time, to-morrow evening, to the sport of capricious fortune, that he may not only regain his own, but rob his neighbour of his money. I have just now in my "mind's eye" half a dozen youths whose propensity to gamble, I fear, is hourly gaining on their unstable minds. At present, it will suffice to give one example, which came under my own observation, of the fatal effects of gambling. Poor Frank—— was an amiable youth, of good education, genteel manners, and principles of the purest, strictest honour. Soon becoming acquainted with a set of young men of opposite character, he imperceptibly was led from one amusement to another, from one friend's whist-table to another's, till cards became his favourite pursuit. For some time his natural cheerfulness did not forsake him; but, at length, habit having acquired the force of a second nature, whole nights were devoted to cards, whole days from home: business was neglected, health impaired: the gay, familiar ease of the gentleman was entirely obscured in the fretful, peevish mind of the gambler. Diseased in his frame, enfeebled in his mind, impoverished in his means, in two short years poor Frank sunk into an early grave. I could easily, now, name a few others, who are rapidly following Frank's footsteps to the narrow bed.

Will it be inquired how young men could spend their winter evenings, if debarred the amusements of cards? Is it possible that a human being possessing a reasonable soul could interrogate thus? Are there no books? No literary or scientific conversation? Have you exhausted the expanded page of history, or fully discussed the situation, relation, and production of your own country? Are there no rational attractions in music, poetry, and philosophy? But, alas! I talk of subjects of taste. The perverse mind of the infatuated gambler is incapable of a lovely impression—of a refined emotion of soul; he has no relish for the graces of poetry, the beauty of painting, the melody of sound, or the sublime doctrines of philosophy. His mind is callous, vulgar, fretful, and insipid; intent on nothing save the "ruling passion." How contemptible in one's imagination a set of young sharpers become, gentlemen only in external appearance, having neither language, manners, nor knowledge sufficient for any society above the dice table.

Some few weeks ago I was spending an evening at a friend's house, when a few of these dashing "puppies of respectability" were present. Our host being a man of taste, introduced the exhibition of paintings at the Institution as the subject of conversation: on my remarking that the picture of Belinda at her toilet reflected great credit on the poet and the young artist, one of our young sparks inquired if that Belinda was not one of the Covent-garden performers! Another supposed Sir Thomas Lawrence was a physician! and a third, that Lalla Rookh was one of the Canary Isles! O tempora! O mores!

The following anecdote of the celebrated Locke is in point, respecting card players and their insipid conversations. One day three or four noblemen, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Halifax, and others, came into Lord Ashley's, where the philosopher then resided. After some compliments, cards were introduced, before scarcely any conversation had passed between them. Mr. Locke looked on for some time while they were at play, and then, taking his pocket book, began to write with great attention. At length one of them had the curiosity to ask him what he was writing. "My lord," said he, "I am endeavouring to profit, as far as I am able, in your company; for, having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good fortune, I thought I could not do better than write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what has been said this hour or two." Mr. Locke had no occasion to read much of what

he had written: those noble persons saw the ridicule, and endeavoured to improve by it, by instantly quitting their play, they entered into rational conversation; and spent the remainder of the evening in a manner suitable to their character.

Upon this plan I acted a few evenings ago; and, noting the conversation of a whist table, (for two of the parties were ladies) I procured the following incoherent dialogue:—"What's led—in politicks, ma'am!" "The Duke of Wellington is—the knave of clubs, sir; and as for Mr. Peel—deuce take his heart, he's ruffed my diamond." "Turkey, no doubt, will get the—ten of clubs I played; and as for Russia—she's taken my queen of spades." "What's trump?" "Poor Miss S. has lost her—diamond." "I cry a revoke." "A very fine day—I declare we lost the game."

That gambling is very destructive to the constitution, is evident. From watching late, it plucks the fair rose of health from the ruddy brow, and plants a pale, fretful care in the emaciated face and sunken eye. Every intemperance is its own sting, it enfeebles the body, besots the noble mind, and crases every vestige of virtue, glory and magnanimity, which once inhabited the breast. "Still it may be urged," says Mrs. Barbauld, "that gaming inspires ardent hope; but anxious hope of winning money, and agonizing fear of losing money, without the love of money, is a contrariety of sentiment that is produced by some latent defect in the brain, which neither plays nor sermons can ever remedy. Had Beverly, in the beginning of the tragedy of the *Gamester*, been seen with architects and masons around him, busy in laying the first stone of a castle, which was to be constructed with his intended winnings, the sight of this foundation, in every act, rising no higher in its structure, and his own snug house gradually falling down, in the mean time, for want of repairs, and, in the last scene, tumbling with pantomimick crash, so as to break his shallow pate, while all the bystanders had laughed and hoisted, this had been the surest moral for a gamester." Those who are not touched with the fate of Beverly may yet remember, that the murderous deed of Thurtle, when he imbrued his hands in a fellow mortal's blood, (poor Weare,) was the dire effects of the gaming table. Besides, this incurable, pernicious, and disgusting vice, leads its infatuated votary into a thousand other courses of immoral living. Drinking, smoking, swearing, and every licentious vice of the most consummate debauchee follow fast at the gambler's heels.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1830.

Subscribers to the Record who intend to discontinue their subscription at the expiration of the present volume, are requested to give us information thereof as soon as convenient. And those who are in arrears are desired to forward the amount of their bills (which may be ascertained by reference to our conditions) by mail. Notices of discontinuance should always be accompanied by the amounts due, and letters should always be post paid.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR of the most respectable inhabitants of Jefferson county, being masons, have addressed an appeal to their fellow citizens, on the subject of the anti-masonick excitement. We shall lay this document before our readers next week, and in the mean time would barely observe, that it is temperately and ably written, and that with "language of truth and soberness" it carries conviction of the purity and excellence of masonry, to the mind of every reader. The Watertown Freeman, in speaking of this appeal, says: "Among the signers, it will be seen, are some of our most prominent and worthy citizens, many of whom are eminent for their piety and exemplary course of life, but who are alike subject to the exterminating warfare which is attempted to be carried on against masons and masonry. This testimony we oppose to that of the seceders, and we think it will be no difficult matter to decide on which side the balance is. Here is no equivocation—no evasion; but every accusation is met and repelled, under the sanction of more than three hundred responsible names."

The legislature of this state met at the capitol in this city on Tuesday last. The Hon. William M. Oliver was elected president pro tempore of the senate, and the Hon. Eristus Root, of Delaware was elected speaker of the assembly. Francis Granger was the anti-masonick candidate for speaker; he received twenty-five votes in caucus, and thirty in the house. The former number may safely be considered the whole strength of anti-ism in the assembly; but granting it thirty votes, still the majority against it is sixty-eight. So pitiful a minority will scarcely be able to carry on its unholy warfare with any success. It may vent its spleen, and spit its venom at the advocates of justice and toleration, but its weakness forbids the supposition that it will be able to accomplish any of its unjust and dangerous measures.

The message of the acting governor is a long and able document. Those of our readers who are immediately interested in the affairs of the state have probably ere this perused it. The governor says, that "the state owes no debt except an account of the canals," and that the population of the state has "doubled within the last twenty years," and "quintupled since 1790." The expenses of the state considerably exceed the income, "and a heavy responsibility rests upon the present, and upon the immediately succeeding legislatures," inasmuch as they must provide measure for defraying the publick expenses. His excellency advocates the bank law of the last session, and thinks the New-York banks, the only ones now opposed to it, would comply with its provisions "provided a modification of the harsh features of the revised statutes can be obtained, and the local tax, now imposed directly on the banks, be withdrawn, or placed upon the stockholders." What benefit could result from taking the tax from the stock and placing it upon the stockholders, may be a question in some minds. The idea seems to be tinged with a little with Yankeeism. It might be more difficult to get hold of the stockholders than the stock.

The Massachusetts anti-masonick convention has proved to be just of a piece with every other convocation of anti-ism. It met in Boston last week, on Wednesday, and adjourned, we believe, on Monday of this week. All that we can learn respecting it from the journals of that city, is, that it was distinguished for the same hypocrisy and affectation of "patriotism" which were the prominent characteristics of its predecessors, and for the same impotent attempts to proscribe from the rights of citizenship all who differ from its members on the subject of masonry. The following sketch of its character and proceedings, which we copy from the Boston Bulletin, will give our readers a very good idea of its intelligence, its "patriotism," and its important doings. Another extract from the same paper relative to the same subject will be found in our masonick department: they should all have been published together had the following been received before our first side was put to press.

From the Boston Bulletin, of January 2.

GRAND CONVENTION. The doings of the Anti-Masonick aspirants after distinction, are important, of course, because certain females are to be seen gazing upon the brainless heads of the congregated worriers. On our way in, we met a man with a painful cast of countenance, attended by a set of petticoats surmounted by a mob all over paddy, elbowing their way through a crowd of empty chairs and gazing spectators, having picked up as much knowledge as would lead to a correct conclusion on the whole subject of Masonry. On their way out, the sage husband was thus addressed by his inquisitive spouse:

She Paddy. Och, honey, and will they hang him?
He Paddy. An' who do ye mane, my darlint?
She Paddy. An' who do I mane but Morghin, sure?
He Paddy. Hang him! and sure they'll do that same—Arrah, my darlint, and did you hear how they couldn't drowned him in Nihagary falls, an' so they'll hang him for sartin, the villian of all the world, they will.

After this, there was one intelligent gentleman and lady the less in Fanny Hall.

It is agreed that no newspapers shall be supported by anti-masons but such as open their columns to a free discussion; (meaning all on one side) but a certain venerable daddy moved to have religious papers excepted. He wanted,—as we guess, though we could not make head, tail, or paws to his speech—he wanted to have religion separated from such vile trash as anti-masonry, and, as his piety is undoubted, we approve the plan—we could as soon think of uniting religion with note shaving, as with the business of this convention.

It would be well worth the labour to preserve the speeches of this important body—but as the heads of the principle speakers have been destitute of wit, as well as of teeth, for many a year, it is impossible for our pen to give either form or substance to their utterance. A dozen or two of dentists ought to be employed to mend the callosities of these apophyses of wisdom.

There was one man who seemed to draw a long bow, attempted to prove, by a written speech, all set down in black and white, that masonry was the cause of all the opposition to popery since time was—that a plan to assassinate his holiness was formed in a lodge—that Cromwell and James the first were masons, and that a certain king of France was induced by masonry to call his mother bad names, which,

bad names he repeated, to the great annoyance of the females, strolling who looked so piteously mortified, that the younger and more glib members made several great outcries, as is sometimes done in these parts of abomination, called Theatre, when an offensive actor is to be removed from an inspired audience. After he was put down, the old ones found it no easy job to controvert the assertions of the gentleman, whose learning all came from the college library.

It being the special business of the convention to show that masonry has not lived from any time so old, as Cromwell or James the first, or the good old days of popery, it followed that the researches of their brother were not exactly in point. He acted the part of a junior counsel, who spoils his case in spite of the skill of his senior. He argued manfully, that masons will have power, and that made them commit murders—because the old Puritans, being masons, could not reign, they killed the king—and then they settled this country, because they would have their own government, in their own way—and after that they got up a revolution, because they wanted this country to be free; a most wicked act, almost as bad as not knowing the end of the capital Morgan's travels in the United States—a most mysterious affair and wicked. If any one has a spare owl, let him be sent to sit on the president's shoulder—an avowment of growing jackasses and mulekeys would not be amiss to stand about and fill up the vacant chairs.

From the Boston Bulletin, of January 4.

THE HATCHING COMPLETED. The old goose has done setting, and we suppose the egg is broken, but whether any thing better than an abortion will be found within the shell is for futurity to disclose. If there were any men of even tolerable common sense to be found among the odds and ends and parings and offals of humanity which were called to a solemn deliberation in aid of the wickedness and self-interest so notorious in the getters up of this anti-masonick excitement, they must have found it a hard task to keep their dunder-headed companions from blowing up the scheme, as they certainly did render their proceedings supremely ridiculous and disgusting.

If any honest men are among them, they deserve pity for having fallen into the hands of knaves and fools. Point to an active anti-mason, and we will show you one who, if honest, is stupid; or, if a rogue, has some object with which masonry is not connected.

If a detestable fellow has been expelled from a judicial bar and from a masonick lodge on account of his dishonest character and infamous conduct, he is well fitted to be a "seceder," and ought to share in the thanks of the convention for knowledge communicated.

If another can be found, who was mad, because a masonick neighbour exposed his honesty in watering his molasses, and such like patriotic acts, and undertook, in the thirst for great revenge, to destroy that neighbour's doves, by throwing to them poisoned food, which, by accident, was eaten by his own sheep, whereby many died, it will surely be confessed that he has cause to love masons and their institution, and ought to be honoured by the country for joining in the cry against them.

If another has a grand opportunity to sponge the publick, by laying bare the pretended secrets of the order, either by publishing a book, pamphlet, almanack, magazine, or newspaper, the sale whereof will fill his pockets, he surely has cause to raise the excitement as high as possible, and to perform a crusade at his own expense, in the glorious work of anti-masonry. And when such men meet together, it is wise and proper that they should call each other patriots, and pass reciprocal votes of thanks!

Nothing was more amusing, throughout the whole, than the distressed appearance of the president, when a vote was passed, thanking "seceders for the valuable information" by them communicated. He tried to play the tortoise by crawling into his surtouts, and finding that would not do, he made a dip, as we supposed, to get under the table, but his head and horns stuck fast on the edge, and he appeared to writhe, as it were, with a sense of degradation, shame, and remorse. What his internal tortures were, we know not, but he could not muster a face to put the question, and quitted the chair, leaving a notable connoisseur to ascertain the sense of the miserable remnant of non-brothers, whose pockets allowed them to hang on to the last.

After this the worthy president was to be thanked in person. He made a speech. He felt painfully the sense of his situation, so different here, among people whom he knew not, from what it would be when he got home, where he would be well known. Here the treatment to him was all kindness, and he should remember it with gratitude, when he arrived where the department of order would be pursued with contempt and detestation. Unhappy, miserable fellow! Oath broken and disorderly persons can expect no better.

The patriot to whom the following paragraphs relate, was president of that congress of charlatans, the Massachusetts anti convention. Honest men must necessarily be scarce when such men are numbered among the worthies of a country.

From the Bunker Hill Advertiser.

We notice that *Pliny Merrick*, esq. who has been ten years a member of the Masonick Fraternity, has just discovered that there is cause for the "apprehension that in times of political excitement the Fraternity may co-operate to the injury of publick interests, and carry their influence into courts of justice to the injury of individuals."

Now, the truth of all this matter is, as we most sincerely believe, Col. Merrick is an ambitious little sprig of the law. He has made many efforts to raise himself above the surrounding multitude, and has improved all occasions to flatter and beseech the "dear people," to believe him something greater than they. He has been a Crawfordman and gained a glorious paper at Taunton, at his own expense—went from there to Worcester, pretended much republicanism and got dubbed a reformer, his appointment as aid to the Governor—then became a Jackson man, and is now (or has been) connected with a Jackson press at Worcester. In short, he is one of those swarms which show how the wind blows, and has joined the outcry against Masonry that he may fill his sails with the wailing breeze and sail in the popular current to his ambitious goal.

We have no faith in such a man. We have no faith in any man who will unite with an institution for ten years, and then condemn himself by condemning that, of which he has been a member so long. Could he not have discovered his blunders when there was no excitement among the people? We have, to say the least, strong presumptive evidence that he does not renounce the institution simply or truly because he thinks it bad, but because a portion of the people (who know nothing about it) think it bad. He has known as much about it these ten years as he knows now, and we do not see how he can be so stupid as to renounce it—saying it is granted that a man who always speaks or writes in favour of a thing, and then departs from his propensity to a society to which he belongs—landed it as high and praised it elsewhere and to usefulness as much as any other person. Verily, there "is something rotten in the State of Denmark."

Here's another renunciation. If all the delegates to the Boston convention, who were appointed contrary to their

wishes, had declined, there would not have been a "corporal's guard" left.

From the Boston Bulletin, of January 2.

To the Editors of the Boston Bulletin:—Gentlemen—Having this morning, for the first time, seen my name in the "Free Press," as one of the delegates appointed by a meeting of anti-masons at Lexington, to attend a general convention at Boston on the 30th ult. I was, thank you to say, that the use of my name was without my knowledge or consent.

As I have no evidence that the masonic institution is chargeable with any violation of civil or christian duties, in our country; and as many of my most esteemed friends are of that order, I have not thought it my duty to do in promoting the excitement against it, which is already, in my opinion, too great.

JOSEPH LOCKE.
January 2, 1839.

— A literary experiment has been got up in this city under the title of *The Albanian*. The specimen number is entirely filled with original matter of a very respectable academical character. If sufficient encouragement be offered it is proposed to issue *The Albanian* once a fortnight for six months; the price for which term will be one dollar. The editors are not a very courteous set of fellows—not an editor in the city, we believe, has been presented with a copy.

— The editors of *The Parterre* have resolved not to "fiddle any longer for nothing," and have abdicated the editorial chair and imprecated a curse on their "right hand" if they ever again aspire to it. Experience is an excellent thing sometimes.

— The Buffalo Journal [the establishment of which was some weeks since destroyed by fire] has appeared again much enlarged.

— The Nantucket Inquirer, Catskill Recorder, Burlington Sentinel, and Johnstown Herald, have all been enlarged and much improved in appearance. The editor of the Enquirer proposes hereafter to devote a portion of his columns exclusively to the subject of education.

— The New-York Truth Teller has entered upon its sixth volume. We notice much improvement in its appearance, and recommend it to the Irish as a zealous friend to their interests, and a well conducted miscellaneous journal.

Game Game. "Dr A. L. Plough, Dentist, from Holland," who has been offering his services to plough up the gums of the public, in this city and elsewhere, is denounced in some of the papers as a quack. He had diverse recommendations and certificates, which, it is asserted, are forgeries. A respectable authority calls him an impostor—to his teeth.

Dr. Plough, a year or two since practised a similar game, pretty successfully, upon the Albanians; but his method of ploughing for the needful after a while ploughed open the eyes of the public, and the doctor found it necessary to wend east when the sun was in the west. The furrows he left behind him will not soon be effaced. We have a "printer's bill" against him of about five dollars.

— A melo-drama taken from Cooper's last novel, by a gentleman of this city, and entitled *Miantonimoh or the Wrept of Wish to Wish*, is in preparation at the Albany Theatre.

— The Theatre, Museum, and Kinckerbocker Hall were last evening brilliantly illuminated, in commemoration of the victory of New-Orleans. A military ball held at the Hall was well attended.

— The editor of the Boston *American Manufacturer* says he is "authorised to announce that a discovery has been made, by which ONE-FIFTH of the labour in setting up types and distributing them into the cases, is saved. The plan has been submitted to a practical test, and found to be completely successful. It has also received the approval of several printers in that city. Further particulars will be given as soon as the interests of the inventor will permit."

Reciprocal Forgetfulness. Captain R—n, of this port, who had been from home about a year and a half, wrote to inform his wife that he had arrived in London, and intended to be at Barton, where he wished her to meet him on a certain day, which he named. The lady was punctual to the appointment, and so was the captain. They met at the Waterside Hotel, but, strange to say, did not know each other. At length Mrs. R—n became restless and impatient, frequently going to a window and "peering out" in the direction of the London road. This the captain observed for some time in silence, but at last ventured to ask her if she were waiting for any person. "I expect my husband, Captain R—n, will be here, every instant," answered the lady. "Blame me!" exclaimed he, "why then you are my wife; but may I be fool-headed if I knew your colour?" The result of the discovery was a friendly kiss and mutual congratulations. [Hall-paper.]

Another Royal Poet. The Canton Register states that the emperor of China has written an ode on the capture and destruction of the fortress of Changkhur, where some rebels have for a long time resisted the authority of the government. This ode has been printed, and a copy of it sent to each of the princes and grand dignitaries of the empire, who have, as in duty bound, acknowledged the receipt of it in terms of becoming panegyric; and his Celestial Majesty has thought fit to print all their letters of acknowledgement in the Peking Gazette! The ode which has called forth this torrent of admiring criticism consists of twenty-four lines.

The National Intelligencer says the U. S. Senate have ratified two Treaties made during the last summer, at Prairie du Chien, with the Indian tribes of the Upper Mississippi, the Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes, &c. by General McNeill, Colonel Menard and Caleb Atwater, esq. Commissioners on the part of the Government, by which an extensive country, embracing the rich lead mine region, has been ceded to the United States.

Harvard University—1839. Whole number of students 413. Graduates 16. Candidates for the University 12. Theological Students 40. Theological students not members of the regular classes 2. Students attending Medical Lectures 83. Law Students 24. The Senior Class contains 49, the Junior 70, the Sophomore 74, Freshman 55, students not candidates for a degree 5, whole number of under graduates 252.

The Message of the President of the United States, forwarded by the Mail Express, which left Washington at 13 o'clock on Tuesday, Dec. 8th, arrived at Mobile (Alabama) at a quarter past nine o'clock on the Saturday following. This is more than double the speed with which the express news of the Treaty of Peace travelled in 1815, and argues great improvement in the ways of the country. [National Intelligencer.]

Natural Curiosity. The editor of the Rochester Gem states, from personal knowledge, that there are two corks in Cataragus county, which cross each other at right angles, and each holds its course!

When the surgeons of Tripoli take off a limb the stump is dipped into a bowl of hot pitch, which settles the bleeding without the trouble of tying up the arteries.

— A thing in the shape of a newspaper, which is published at Boston, and devoted to anti-masonic billingsgate, in the course of a puff to help along a bookseller of its own kidney, who has published garbled report of the trial of Mather, gives birth to the following veracious paragraph:

"In this trial, Royal Arch Masons, who still adhered to the order, testified in Court, that their oaths bound them to exonerate a brother from difficulty, whether he was right or wrong; and in consequence of these oaths, masons were not allowed to sit on the jury to try another mason."

Now, the poor fool who was guilty of indicting the above nonsense knew very well that he was lying when he did it. We published a fair and impartial report of all the evidence elicited on the trial of Mather, relating to the obligations of masonry; and we will bet a farthing against the anti-masonic scribbler's stock of brains (though the odds of the wager be fearfully against us,) that no unprejudiced and disinterested man of common sense, in the country, has come to the stupid and unwarrantable conclusion expressed in the paragraph we have quoted. This "right and wrong" business, which has been the text of more than half the slanders heaped upon the Masonick institution, was clearly proved and explained on the trial, by *renouncing masons*, to relate simply and wholly, to disputes in which no public interest is involved. The chief, if not the only object of the obligation (allowing that there is such a one, merely for argument's sake) is the preservation of the public peace. Isaac W. Averill, a seceder, swore that the meaning of the obligation was, that "if he should see a Royal Arch Mason engaged with any other person in the street or elsewhere, or in any quarrel against the peace of the state, that he should immediately go to him and get him away from that particular place, not inquiring whether he was right or wrong"; and Archibald L. Daniels swore that the obligation required of him "when he saw a Royal Arch Mason in a dispute or quarrel with another person, to endeavour to get him away by giving him a particular sign, whether he be right or wrong in that quarrel." It must be evident to every one that the design of this "terrible" and "murderous" obligation is nothing more nor less than, for the sake of peace, to give one mason a controlling influence over another, who is at the moment apparently without the pale of reason. No man can rationally or honestly put any other construction upon it, and he that can be guilty of putting forth such palpable lies as we have quoted from the Boston vehicle of "murder," "treason," prescription, and billingsgate rhetoric, must be either a reckless knave, or a fool beyond the possibility of redemption. But we have already

bestowed too much notice on so contemptible a source of misrepresentation, and by way of salvo present the reader with the following specimen of its profundity and knowledge of the "great men of the nation!"

"Few of the scholars and statesmen of New York can vie in talents and patriotism with Myron Holley; none surpass him. He is emphatically one of the great men of the nation!"

Myron should reward this sapient panegyrist from the "canal fund."

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Wanted, immediately, from twenty to fifty SLAVES, to remove and settle in the republic of Hayti, where they will be forthwith invested with the rights of freemen, and receive constant employment and liberal wages, in a healthy and pleasant section of the country.

The price of passage will be advanced, and every thing furnished of which they may stand in need, until they shall have time to prepare their houses and set in to work. None will be taken however, but such as reside in country places, and (those who are of sufficient age) accustomed to agricultural or mechanical labour.

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(Catalogue continued.)

GRAGIA'S NEW POCKET DICTIONARY of the Italian and English languages. With a compendious elementary Italian Grammar, from the last London edition. Stereotyped edition.

THE ITALIAN & ENGLISH PHRASE BOOK, or Key to Italian Conversation; containing the chief idioms of the Italian language. Improved from M. L'Abbe Bosaut.

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JUVENAL'S SATIRES, with English notes. An expurgated edition of the Satires of Juvenal, with copious English notes. Edited by F. P. Leverett, principal of the Boston Public Latin School. 12mo.

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(Catalogue to be continued next week.)

Orders received for the above books, by W. C. LITTLE, Albany.

POETRY.

From the Spanish of Louis Babylon.

A FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

BY MR. LOCKHART.

Hark, friends, it strikes: the year's last hour:
A solemn sound to hear:
Come, fill the cup and let us pour
Our blessings on the parting year.
The years that were, the dim, the grey,
Receive this night with choral hymn,
A sister shade as lost as they,
And soon to be as grey and dim.
Fill high: she brought us both of weal and wo,
And nearer lies the land to which we go.
On, on, in one unwearied round
Old Time pursues his way;
Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
Expects in peace her yellow prey:
The oak's broad leaf, the roses bloom,
Together fall, together lie:
And undistinguished in the tomb,
How'er they lived, are all that die.
Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,
To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.
How short the rapid months appear
Since round this board we met
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star hath now forever set!
Alas, as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, that now are damp and cold,
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.
Thank Heaven, no Seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.
Nay, droop not; being is not breath;
'Tis fate that friends must part,
But God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from nature's rule;
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;
And solemn, but not sad, this should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

TIME'S FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. HALE.

Old Time once held a festival
To bless the opening year,
The feast he spread was free to all;
From lowly hut, from lordly hall,
He bade his guests appear;
But for useful thrift he has long been famed—
So lest his revel might be blamed
For luxury and art,
The only requisite he named
Was to come with a happy heart.
Who gathered to that scene of mirth
With joy's benignant brow?
Time looked for none of the mighty of earth—
The potentates of lofty birth,
Before whom nations bow—
He knew that crowns had thorns of care—
But the smiling courtier—came he there?
Or fashion's brilliant throng?
The proud, the brave, the rich, the fair?
The lords of wit and song?
When Time had scanned the number o'er
That came to share his feast,
'Tis said, he declared that never more
Would he hold his court on the old-world's shore,
Or bid a titled guest—
So we opine they would not join,
Where the happy ones were sure to shine!—
And then his brightest days,
Full on Freedom's mighty shrine
Time turned their glorious rays.
And thus Columbia was ordained
The home of the happy-hearted;
Not here the soul in seeming chained—

Not here the smile by flattery feigned—
Not here is true-love marted—
But life's bright path is free to all,
Yet should Time hold a festival
To bless the coming year—
And only bid the happy call—
Who, think you, would appear?

From the Liverpool Albion.

A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.

BY T. HOOD.

Forget me not! It is the cry of clay
From infancy to age, from ripe to rotten;
For who, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey,"
Would be forgotten?
Hark! the poor infant, in the age of pap,
A little Laplander on nurse's lap,
Some strange neglectful gossiping old Trot,
Meanwhile on dull Oblivion's lap she lieth,
In her shrill Baby-Ionish language crieth—
What?
"Forget me not!"
The school-boy writes unto the self-same tune
The yearly letter, guiltless of a blot,
"We break up on the twenty-third of June;"
And then, with Comps from Doctor Polyglott,
"P. S. Forget me not!"
When last my elder brother sailed for Quito,
My chalky foot had in a hobble got—
Why did he plant his timber toe on my toe?
To stamp on memory's most tender spot
"Forget me not."
The dying nabob, on whose shrivelled skin
The Indian "Mulliga" has left its "tawny,"
Leaving life's pilgrimage so rough and thorny,
Bindeth his kin
Two tons of sculptured marble to allot,
A small "Forget me not."
The hardy sailor parting from his wives,
Sharing amongst them all that he has got,
Keep a fond eye upon their after-lives,
And says to seventeen—"If I am shot,
Forget me not."
A past, past tense
In fact is sought for all human kind,
And hence
One common Irish wish—to leave ourselves behind!
Why, all the mob of authors that now trouble
The world with cold-pressed volumes and with hot,
They all are seeking reputation's bubble—
Hopelessly hoping, like Sir Walter Scott,
To tie in Fame's own handkerchief a double
Forget-me-knot.

Forget me not—it is the common chorus,
Swell'd by all those behind us and before us;
Each fifth of each November
Calls out "Remember;"
And even a poor man of straw will try
To live by dint of powder and of plot.
In short, it is the cry of every Guy;
"Forget me not!"

Verses suggested by a conversation respecting the astonishing rate at which steam carriages are expected to go, and the consequent mark of refinement.

AN EXQUISITE OF THE YEAR 1929, AT BREAKFAST.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress those humming birds
I shot in Mexico;
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll be UN PEU TROP HAUT.

I'll try that wine, too, A LA ROSE,
Just brought from Ispahan;
How could those Goths of other times
Endure that vile Champagne?

The trip I took the other day
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellair,
Has spoiled my new balloon.

For, steering through the Milky Way,
He ran against a star,
And, turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

Such fellows ought to keep below,
And never venture there;
If he 's so clumsy, he should go
By no way but the Bear.
My steam is surely up by now,
Put the high pressure on;
Give me the "breath bag" for the way—
All right—hey—whizz—I'm gone.

From the London Keepsake, for 1830.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

Upon the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook:
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leaned upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.
Beside the cottage porch
A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which floated in the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him,
A prayer HE could not hear:
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.
He turned and left the spot,—
Oh! do not deem him weak;
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek:
Go, watch the foremost rank,
In danger's dark career;
Be sure the hand most potent there,
Has wiped away a tear.

ECONOMY AND LUXURY COMBINED.

The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his patent SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD. This article, yet but imperfectly known to the public, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping in a parlour fire—to boarding house keepers—to the masters of vessels—to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee, now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 13 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy. CHESTER JOHNSON.
New York, 1829. 40 y1

MONTGOMERY HOUSE,
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WILLIAM C. SLOAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above establishment, where he will be always happy to supply them with the best wines and liquors that can be had in the City. Ward, Military, Masonic and Religious meetings and Committees and Arbitrations can be handsomely accommodated. Dinner and Supper Parties furnished at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. Boarding and Lodging at the usual prices. W. C. S. hopes by prompt attention, and unremitting exertion to secure a share of public patronage. New-York, November, 1829.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1890.

NO. 51.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

BY THE MASONICK FRATERNITY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Jefferson county, and members of the masonick institution, believing that a portion of those styling themselves anti-masons are honest and sincere in their opinions, and that those opinions have been formed by the influence of false statements—deem it our duty to present the world with our testimony on the subject. Every good citizen must condemn in the strongest terms, the outrage committed against Morgan and the laws, and should use all lawful means to bring the offenders to justice. We should rejoice on all occasions, to see a proper spirit manifested, when the laws of our country are violated, or the liberty of our citizens endangered; but we cannot admit that popular excitement against any institution or public measure, is evidence that the institution is bad or the measure improper. That there are unworthy members of the masonick institution, we do not deny; but that the institution and all its virtuous members should be condemned for their misconduct, we think extremely unjust, and can never admit the principle that censures any society for the evil conduct of a few belonging to it; for in a society, small in its numbers, and the most pure that ever existed on earth, there was a *Judas*: and in every age since the christian era, there have been members of the christian church who have renounced their faith and solemn engagements. There have been ministers of the gospel who have become open and professed atheists; yet we trust no one can justly condemn religion on account of those apostacies. Having premised thus far, we will now speak of masonry as it has come to our knowledge, for there are no secrets relative to the principles of our institution—those principles have for a long time been published to the world. No atheist or irreligious libertine is ever knowingly admitted a member of the masonick institution—after admission, the holy scriptures are presented as a rule and guide to our faith and practice—love to God and to our fellow creatures—strict obedience to the laws of the country in which we live—universal benevolence and unbounded charity are inculcated. We are taught by symbols and otherwise, that truth is a divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue—that the All-Seeing Eye pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, and will reward us according to our works—that we should square our actions by the principles of morality and virtue—that we should walk uprightly in our several stations, and hold the scales of justice in equal poise—that we should limit our desires, and aspire to eminence by merit alone—that we should punctually observe our duty, and press forward in the path of virtue, ever having eternity in view—that we should avoid all dissimulation in conversation and action—that no eminence of station should make us forget that we all partake of the same nature, and share of the same hope, and that soon all distinction, but that of goodness, will cease—to regard the whole human species as one family, created by the same Almighty Parent, and that it is our duty to aid, support and protect all as their necessities require and our abilities allow—that we should distribute alms to the poor, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted—that we should be humble, prudent, temperate, industrious, and just to all men. Such are the precepts and duties enjoined upon masons, and we most solemnly declare that we have never taken any obligations or known of any being administered, or offered to be administered, nor have we known any doctrine inculcated contrary to the precepts above recited. We should hope that, with candid men, the foregoing declaration would be sufficient to satisfy them how gross and baseless are the false representations and calumnies against our order. But in order to satisfy even cavillers, and to meet every charge which is brought against us, in such a way as to leave no doubt on your minds with regard to the principles of masonry, we have judged that it would not be improper to notice some of the allegations more particularly. It is alleged, among other things, that we take upon ourselves obligations or oaths which bind us to assist a mason when in difficulty, right or wrong—to vote for a mason in preference to any other person, and what is still worse, to keep the secrets of a mason,

murder and treason not excepted. We should suppose that such charges against us were sufficiently absurd in themselves to carry with them their own refutation, and that every day's observation would tend to convince you of their falsity. Some of us are templars, many more of us are royal arch masons, and we say to you that we have taken no such obligations as those above mentioned, neither have we ever heard any such administered; there are none such in masonry, and we declare to you that the allegations against us in these respects, are entirely false. The only punishment against unworthy members, known in our institution, is suspension, or expulsion; none other is sanctioned by it, and the crime of abduction and murder is as much repugnant to, and at war with, every principle and usage of our order, as it is contrary to the express command of the decalogue and the positive enactments in our statute books. In politics and religion we differ, but we agree in the immutable principles of moral virtue, which we suppose to be the basis of the masonick edifice. The unexceptionable characters of many illustrious men, who in various ages and countries, have belonged to the masonick institution, confirm the truth of these solemn declarations. Many of us have lived among you for years. You have known us in all the social and business relations of life; and though we ask nothing from your sympathy, and claim nothing from the partialities of friendship, yet we do claim that you should in candour accord to us that degree of confidence and belief which honourable men are always entitled to, and which you would bestow upon our assertions in the ordinary transactions of life.

WATERTOWN.

Isaac Lee, Hart Massey, Perley Keyes, James Stone, Amasa Trowbridge, O. Hungerford, Adriel Ely, Isaac H. Bronson, I. B. Crowe, Alpheus S. Greene, G. W. Wells, D. Huntington, W. Woodward, H. K. Newcomb, Asher N. Corss, N. W. Kinniston, B. G. St. John, A. Newell, S. Marvin, Z. H. Adams, William Wood, A. Baker, Jr., S. Osgood, George C. Sherman, Wm. H. Shumway, Dennis Tuttle, James H. Meigs, Pezalla Gleason, William Boom, M. Gilbert, Alanson Tubbs, Jonathan Hunt, Otis Colwell, Hiram Hinman, J. Marvin, S. H. Gilbert, Joel Woodworth, Joseph B. Hinds, Samuel Sowers, Samuel McClure, Amos Fellows, F. W. White, N. F. Butler, P. C. Moulton, Elliot Makepeace, Benjamin C. Colby, John Sigmourney, John Mullin, Henry Livingston, Alvin Hunt, Joseph Mathew, Wesley Sage, B. Ranney, A. S. Bates, N. W. Streeter, N. Wiley, P. S. Johnson, Giles S. Prior, Sherman Hall, Seth Otis, F. Robinson, Milton Carpenter, A. Peck, James Farwell, Edwin Dodge, Henry Johnson, George Curtis, J. L. Huntington, Joseph W. Moffatt, Joseph Sheldon, Lebeus Austin, B. K. Gurnee, S. White, John Knap, Josiah W. Baker, Josiah Bealls, John C. Herrick, Ezekiah Field, Philip Field, Nathan Stetson, Jr., Mirich Brown.

ANTWERP.

David M'Allister, Samuel Randall, Titus King, Jr. Africa Gates, Thomas Wait, Luther Polly, Hiram Clark, Heman Wait, John Kingsbury, Elliot Lynde, Jonathan Gates, John C. Foster, Thomas L. Jackson, Chauncey Pierce, Abner Wood, William Skinner, Aaron Perkins, Ephraim Taylor, Lemuel Hubbard, George A. Hour, John I. Gilbert, Lucas Gillet, Hiram Polley, Ebenezer Bums, Enos Baisland, James White, Silas Ward, David Taylor, Asa Gates, David Younglove, Abraham Baxter, Abner Benton, Aaron Phelps, Thomas Wait, Jr. Calvin Blysp.

LYME.

John B. Esselstyn, R. T. Lee, M. D. Hay, John Borland, John W. Forsythe, Simon Howard, John Nash, Daniel Briggs, Samuel Forsythe, Zebulon Converse, Eliahu Judd, J. G. Stoen, Hyland Millen, James Homan, Galen Thayer, James Buckley, Wm. Estes, H. Almsworth, Calvin Wright, Truman Bledget, Avery Smith, James Canning, Joseph Cross, G. S. Sacket, R. F. Galze, Samuel Lockwood.

HOUNSFIELD.

Hiram Steele, John Clitz, Robert Huginin, George Tiebout, S. Carey, Henry Coater, Thomas S. Hall, H. H. Sherwood, John T. Hall, Samuel Lynn, Daniel Read, William Vaughn, A. Cummings, W. Hoffman, Owen Ramsden, S. G. J. De Camp, Wm. Burrell, Zeno Allen, Asahel Smith, Samuel Whitley, N. Bridge, C. Sawtell, Joseph Kimball.

CHAMPION.

Noadiah Hubbard, Solomon Hopkins, Levi Ellis, Ward Hubbard, John P. Johnson, Joel P. Rice, Alon Halcorn, Martin Ellis, Joel Beecher, Simeon Peck, Aaron Palmer, Leonard Powers, John Bentley, Asa Gates, Willard Jackson, Asa Eggleston, Ezek Lewis, Asa Harris, Asa Munn, Lyman Halcorn, John Friday, Ater Willmott, Habbey Dorwin, Russell K. Knowles.

RODMAN.

Robert Nickles, Henry Emerson, Abraham Burr, Benjamin Green, Almon Tibbits, Abel Parker, Benjamin Palmer, Josiah Goodrich, Herman Strong, Deane Wait, Daniel Stapin, J. E. Niles, John B. Goodenough, Peter Yendes, Levi Heath, Miles Ralph, Ambrose H. Dodge, Henry Ingalls, Henry Murray, Moses Haynes, Nathaniel Ginn.

RUTLAND.

Calch Johnson, Anson M'Lean, Henry Warren, Lathrop Way, Anson Smith, Rufus Howard, John Felt, Daniel Eames, Pierce Downer, Charles Morton, Benj. M. Dagblon, David Bisco, George White, Richmond Howland, William B. Boxewick, Curtis G. Brooks, Calvin

Chipman, Monson W. Cook, Orra C. Bloss, Isaac Babbit, Filhu Granger.

BROWNVILLE.

S. Reed, A. Strong, W. B. Mitchell, Levi Torrey, Derrick Gibbons, Roswell Earl, John W. Edwards, Elias Bennett, E. B. Lodd, William S. Ely, A. P. Pearson, Hoel Lawrence, William Knox, James Shields, Richard Buckminster, Jr., Joel Blood, William Hardy, Apollon Huntington, Otis Vaughn, Hiram Mills.

LERAY.

Jason Clark, J. Smith, John Brown, Lyman Root, H. H. Fall, Robert Adams, Ebenezer Leach, Heman Millard, Wm. Palmer, Parker Russell, D. Rogers, S. C. Kanady, Rouben Willmot.

ADAMS.

Edmund M. Eldridge, Artemas Bates, John Burch, Clark Allen, Alanson Russel, Joremiiah Griswold, Frederick Harter, Rodney Burt, Feury Keith, John M. Burt, Adonijah Wharton, Elias Seaman, Etakim Barney, E. Allen, D. Merrill, John C. Sill, B. Adams, O. Sylvester, J. Z. Beale, O. Parker, Mason Wood, Thomas J. Angel, Solomon Robins, Jr., Bensie Barney, Thomas S Wood, Samuel Cook.

WILNA.

Eli West, Thomas Baker, Samuel Mack, Benjamin Bentley, Alfred Freeman, Hyles Morrison, James P. Hodgins, Artemas Baker, Nathan Starks, Abram Ostrander John F. Colston, Nathan Lewis, Ewel Gilbert, Calvin Aublin.

ALEXANDRIA.

Azariah Walton, Archibald Fisher, Wm. Storm, Maiber Lewis, John D. Davidson, Benjamin Barnes, Nathan M. Flower, Anson Ranney, Abraham Morrow, Lindley D. Gibbs, James Shurtleff.

ORLEANS.

O. W. Cushman, J. W. M'Nitt, Jacob Jenkins, Gorman Andrews, W. C. George, Lee Lord, Chesterfield Person, Isaac Welch, A. Wood.

From the Watertown, (Jefferson co.) Freeman.

ANTI-MASONRY IN CHURCHES.

The Baptist society, more than any other, have experienced the discord and confusion incident to the evil genius of anti-masonry. Why this society of christians should be more wrought upon and excited by the question of anti-masonry, than other christian denominations, equally pious and intelligent as themselves, presents considerations which we are not disposed to examine. But the fact appears to be so, and several of their leading elders have pushed with great zeal this excitement into their respective congregations, and many of them have already discovered, that they have introduced along with it a spirit of contention and animosity little characteristic of brotherly love, or the feelings of christian charity.

Allowing the best intentions to the actors in these scenes, yet it is an error of judgment to suppose that the interest of religion, or the peace of churches, can be promoted by turning our houses of public worship into theatres for the display of political scavengers. Religion is too pure to be mixed with the considerations of parties, and no man, unless misled by the mistaken notions of conscience, can for a moment consent to have the communion of his church disturbed by such a profane and unnatural conjunction.

The Presbyterians, numerous, influential and intelligent, have wisely discountenanced the entrance of the discordant spirit of anti-masonry into their churches.

The Methodists, equally numerous and respectable, have taken the same prudent and cautious course—and what has been the consequence? While they have heard the howling of the storm around the purlieus of their temples, within all has been peace and quietness.

Anti-masons must therefore give up all hopes of combining a religious party in support of their political schemes.

From the Lancaster (Pennsylvania) Reporter.

ANTI-MASONRY.

Some people, sensible, well-meaning bipeds too, affect to sneer at this excitement. They, short-sighted mortals, persuade themselves into a belief that it is a silly, unmeaning and unnecessary excitement, and that it must necessarily, having (in their opinions) no solid grounds to stand upon and no wholesome food to nourish and keep it alive, decay and die away. They are much mistaken who think, reason, and talk thus. They have not investigated the causes of anti-masonry; nor discovered the hideous and destructive features of masonry. Why masons and masonry are the devil. Pandora's box held nothing but the purest blessings and best gifts of man compared to the secret designs and vices of masonry. Masonry is anti-republican, anti-christian, anti-social, and anti-everything. It is a secret, dark, mysterious, murderous combination of the worst men in the

world. It, in the eloquent language of the polite, learned, philosophical, brave and honourable Theophilus Parsons Fenn, is the fruitful mother of "Murder, Treason, Arson, Kidnapping and perjury." Who, then, would be a freemason? Washington, Franklin, and a host of others; the masons claim as brothers—no matter, they are all alike, and Washington and Franklin must have been traitors and traitors—or how could they have belonged to that most base institution. The masons not only murdered that pink of chivalry and honour, Captain Morgan, but they have for centuries, undiscovered until lately, 'tis true, been prowling over the country, dealing out death and destruction, treason and all other sorts of the worst kind of mischief and wickedness. The masons defaced, in their lodge room, through the Deputy Grand Master, governor Wolf, the state loan,—they burnt down nearly one half of the city of Cincinnati—they robbed the Frenchtown, Kimberton, and Reading (and almost the Harrisburg) mail,—they finally, last, though not least in their iniquitous course, killed poor Sam Patch, and raised the price of stone coal and hickory wood, to the great detriment of honest mechanics and many poor people. All this, and ten times more of evil has masonry done, and why then not put it down? To the genius, patriotism, and persevering virtue, &c. &c. of Theophilus Parsons Fenn, we are indebted for the discovery of the real character of masonry. What then should be his reward? We would suggest the propriety of congress granting him a million of dollars for his great and disinterested services, and his invaluable discovery, and when, great and illustrious man, in the course of human events, this country shall be called to lament his calamitous demise, that a monument, high as Jack's bean pole, solid as the rock of Gibraltar, and enduring as his virtues and his fame, be raised to perpetuate his glorious discovery.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

At a meeting of the *Grand Lodge of Massachusetts*, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Joseph Jenkins, of Boston, Grand Master.	
Elijah Morse, of Boston, Deputy Grand Master.	
Abraham A. Dame, of Boston, Senior Grand Warden.	
W. J. Whipple, of Cambridge, Junior Grand Warden.	
John J. Loring, of Boston, Grand Treasurer.	
Thomas Power, of Boston, Grand Secretary.	
Rev. Asa Eaton, D. D., of Boston, Cor. Grand Secretary.	
Jno. P. Bigelow, of Boston, Grand Marshal.	
Rev. James Sabine, of Boston,	Grand Chaplains.
Rev. Benjamin C. Cutler, of Quincy,	
Rev. Samuel Barrett, of Boston,	
Rev. Charles Train, of Framingham,	
Rev. S. Osgood, D. D., of Springfield,	Grand Stewards.
Rev. J. Morse, D. D. of Newburyport,	
Rev. Benj. Willard, of Northampton,	
Rev. Titus Strong, of Greenfield,	
Rev. Benj. Putnam, of Randolph,	Grand Pursuivants.
Rev. J. W. Eastman, of Reading,	
Elias Haskell, of Boston, Senior Grand Deacon.	
David Parker, of Boston, Junior Grand Deacon.	
Geo. G. Smith, of Boston,	
Eliab W. Metcalf, of Cambridge,	
Thomas W. Phillips, of Boston,	
Horatio M. Willis, of Boston,	
Thos. J. Goodwin, of Charleston, Grand Sword Bearer.	
Henry H. Barton, of Boston,	
Isaac Livermore, of Cambridge,	

THE REFLECTOR.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE MECHANICAL AGE.

Nowhere is the deep, almost exclusive, faith we have in Mechanism, more visible than in the Politics of this time. The Philosopher of this age is not a Socrates, a Plato, a Hooker, or a Taylor, who inculcates on men the necessity and infinite worth of moral goodness, the great truth that our happiness depends on the mind which is within us; but a Smith, a De Lolme, a Bentham, who chiefly inculcate the reverse of this—that our happiness depends entirely on external circumstances; nay, that the strength and dignity of the mind within us, is itself, the creature and consequence of those.

It is no longer the moral, religious, spiritual condition of the people that is our concern, but their physical, practical, economical condition, as regulated by public laws. Thus is the body-political more than ever worshipped and tended: but the soul-political less than ever. Love of country, in any high or generous sense, in any other than an almost animal sense, or mere habit, has little importance attached to it in such reforms, or in the opposition shown them. Men are to be guided on-

ly by their self-interests. Good government is good balancing of these; and, except a keen eye and appetite for self-interest, requires no virtue in any quarter. To both parties it is emphatically a machine: to the discontented, a "taxing machine;" to the contented, "a machine for securing property." Its duties and its faults are not those of a father, but an active parish constable.

To speak a little pedantically, there is a science of *Dynamics* in man's fortune and nature, as well as of *Mechanics*. There is a science that treats of, and practically addresses, the primary, unmodified forces and energies of man, the mysterious springs of Love, and Fear, and Wonder, of Enthusiasm, Poetry, Religion.

Now it is certain, that in former times the wise men, the enlightened lovers of their kind, who appeared generally as Moralists, Poets, or Priests, did, without neglecting the Mechanical province, deal chiefly with the Dynamical; applying themselves chiefly to regulate, increase, and purify the inward primary powers of man, and fancying that herein lay the main difficulty, and the best service they could undertake. But a wide difference is manifest in our age. For the wise men, who now appear as Political Philosophers, deal exclusively with the Mechanical province; and occupying themselves in counting up and estimating men's motives, strive by curious checking and balancing, and other adjustments of Profit and Loss, to guide them to their advantage: while unfortunately, those same "motives," are so innumerable, and so variable in every individual, that no really useful conclusion can ever be drawn from their enumeration.

Take the Christian Religion, which, under every theory of it, in the believing or the unbelieving mind, must ever be regarded as the crowning glory, or rather the life and soul, of our whole modern culture. How did Christianity arise and spread among men? Was it by institutions and establishments and well arranged systems of mechanism? Not so; on the contrary, under all past institutions for those ends, its divine spirit has invariably been found to decay. It was spread abroad by the "preaching of the word," and flew, like hallowed fire, from heart to heart, till all were purified and illuminated by it, and its heavenly light shone, as it still shines, and as sun or star will ever shine, through the whole dark destinies of man. Here again was no mechanism; man's highest attainment was accomplished Dynamically, not Mechanically. Nay, we will venture to say that no high attainment, not any far extending movement among men, was ever accomplished otherwise. The Reformation had an invisible and ideal aim: the result was indeed to be embodied in external things; but its spirit, its worth, was internal, invisible, infinite. Our English Revolution, too, originated in religion. Men did battle, even in those days, not for purse' sake, but for conscience' sake. Nay, in our own days, it is no way different. The French Revolution itself had something higher in it than cheap bread and a habeas corpus act. Here, too, was an idea; a dynamick, not a mechanic force. It was a struggle, though a blind and at last an insane one, for the divine nature of Right, of Freedom, of Country.

Thus does man in every age vindicate, consciously or unconsciously, his celestial birthright. When we can drain the ocean into our mill-ponds, and bottle up the force of gravity, to be sold by retail, in our gas-jars; then may we hope to comprehend the infinitudes of man's soul under formulas of Profit and Loss; and rule over this too, as over a patent engine, by checks, and valves, and balances.

Nay, even with regard to government itself, can it be necessary to remind any one that Freedom, without which indeed all spiritual life is impossible, depends on infinitely more complex influences than either the extension or the curtailment of the "democratick interest?" Who is there that "taking the high priori road," shall point out what these influences are; what deep, subtle, inextricably entangled influences they have been, and may be? For man is not the creature and product of Mechanism; but, in a far truer sense, its creator and producer; it is the noble People that make the noble Government; rather than conversely. On the whole, institutions are much; but they are not

all. The freest and highest spirits of the world have often been found under strange outward circumstances. The Spaniards of the sixteenth century were indisputably the noblest nation of Europe; yet they had the Inquisition and Phillip II. They have the same government at this day; and are the lowest nation. The Dutch, too, have retained their old constitution; but no Siege of Leyden, no William the Silent, not even an Egmont or De Witt, any longer appear among them. With ourselves, also, where much has changed, effect has no wise followed cause, as it should have done: two centuries ago, the Common's Speaker addressed Queen Elizabeth on bended knees, happy that the virago's foot did not even then smite him; yet the people were then governed, not by a Castlereagh, but by a Burleigh; they had their Shakspeare and Phillip Sidney, where we have our Sheridan, Knowles, and Beau Brummel.

The strong mechanical character, so visible in the spiritual pursuits and methods of this age, may be traced much farther, into the condition and prevailing disposition of our spiritual nature itself. Consider, for example, the general fashion of intellect in this era. Intellect, the power man has of knowing and believing, is now nearly synonymous with Logic, or the mere power of arranging and communicating. Its implement is not Meditation, but Argument. "Cause and effect" is almost the only category under which we look at, and work all Nature. Our first question with regard to any object is not, What is it? but, How is it? We are no longer instinctively driven to apprehend, and lay to heart, what is Good and Lovely, but rather to inquire, as onlookers, how it is produced, whence it comes, whither it goes! Our favourite philosophers have no love and no hatred; they stand among us not to do, or to create any thing, but as a sort of logick-mills to grind out the true causes and effects of all that is done and created. To the eye of a Smith, a Hume, or a Constant, all is well that works quietly. An order of Ignatius Loyola, a Presbyterianism of John Knox, a Wickliffe, or a Henry the Eighth, are simply so many mechanical phenomena, caused or causing.

THEOLOGY.

From the American Quarterly Review.

THE MOHAMEDAN RELIGION.

Every one knows, that Mohamedanism is now the religion of the Saracen countries. The Koran contains most of their doctrines; and the "Senna," a compilation of traditions, revered by the Sunnites or orthodox Moslems, contains the residue. Algazali, a celebrated doctor of Arabic theology, has summed up the religion of the Koran and Senna, in a creed first published in Europe by Dr. Pococke in his *Specimen Historiæ Arabum*—it is also prefixed to Dr. Ockley's History of the Saracens. It is divided into two parts, the first relating to the nature and attributes of the Supreme Being, the latter explaining the meaning involved in the sentence, "Mohammed is the Apostle of Allah." The description of the unity and power of the Creator, is nearly the same as that given in the Bible, and is, of course, unexceptionable. Our readers may form an opinion for themselves, of the second part we will give the substance. It announces several articles of faith not generally known as belonging to Mohamedanism.

Every true Moslem must believe, that Mohammed is the Apostle of Allah, sent to deliver his message to all rational beings less than angels; that he is superior to the other prophets, and that his principal companions are to be venerated next to himself, in the following order: first Abubeker, then Omar, Othman, and lastly, Ali. Mohammed is exalted far beyond his companions, so that no one must speak of the nature of Allah without adding that Mohammed is his apostle. In these words is implied, all else that the orthodox Moslem must believe, which may be reduced to the ensuing statement.

Immediately after death, every one is visited by two terrible angels, Munkir and Nakir, who reunite his soul with his body in order that he may sit upright in his grave and answer their questions as to the unity of Allah, and the mission of Mo-

hamed. After this angelick inquisition, the deceased rests until the day of judgement, when he is awakened by the trump of Israfil. The works of each are then to be weighed in a balance, with two scales attached to a beam, equal in extent to the heaven and the earth. One of the scales is the balance of light, the other that of darkness. Books, beautiful to the sight, in which are written the good works, are cast into the first, and the unsightly volumes of evil actions into the other; weights not larger than atoms are provided to throw into the ascending scale, so that the difference between the two may be ascertained with the most exquisite accuracy, and thus every one be rewarded or punished in exact proportion to his works. After the actions are estimated, the deceased are all brought to a test which separates the virtuous from the reprobate, for there is "a real way which is a body extended over the middle of Hell, sharper than a sword, and finer than a hair." Over this all must pass, and by the eternal decree of Allah, infidels slip into the abyss, but the faithful pass over in safety. Having passed this perilous road, the believer is led to the lake of Mohamud, which is formed from the water of the river Buthar, flowing into it through two canals. It is whiter than milk, and sweeter than honey. In imitation of a divine original, the false prophet promises his disciples that whoever drinks this water shall thirst no more forever. The lake is a month's journey in breadth. Around its borders are cups innumerable. From it the believer passes into a paradise of never ending sensuality.

Such is an outline of the regular religious belief of Islam. But there are besides manifold superstitions, some supported by the Koran, and others not at variance with it. They are worthy of a few moments' attention.

There is a remote region situated amongst the mountains of Kaaf, which surround the habitable world. It is of such immense extent, that three hundred years are required to travel from some parts of it to others; it is intersected with rocks, mountains, and oceans, and is named "Ginnistan." The inhabitants are beings whom the Arabs call "Ginn," but to whom we have given the Latin name Genii, which is similar in sound, and bears the same signification. The genii hold an intermediate rank between men and angels; they pass with inconceivable rapidity through space, and have power to assume any form. They are not immortal, though many of them cannot be destroyed, except by the omnipotence of Allah, or by the most tremendous magical charms. Others are of a subordinate nature and are employed by their sovereigns in laborious works. The genii are mostly collected into empires, each commanded by a sultan. Some live by themselves haunting ruins, and other lonely places. Formerly all were in a state of rebellion against Allah; but Soleyman, or Solomon, the son of David, converted many of their nations, and broke the strength of the others in numerous conflicts, so that all are now subjected to him. Of the rebels, the Afrits are the most powerful and the worst. The evil genii are the subjects of Degial, a giantick Afrit, with wings and claws. He is kept in chains on a rock, but is destined one day to break loose and devastate the world. These beings are not confined to the infernal dominions of Eblis, but with the others live amongst the Kaaf, where is the city of Abermann, the abode of the principle of evil.

Inferiour to the genii is a race of Peris, well known to all who admire the Asiatick elegance of Lalla Rookh. No more need be said of them than that they are the same as our Fairies. Gholes are a compound of wild beasts and demons in a human form: they are powerful and ferocious, devouring indiscriminately all whom they can overcome. They invade the grave, and feast upon the half putrid bodies; and when these are wanting, seize on unwary travellers and tear them to pieces. Sometimes they veil their disgusting propensities under the appearance of civilization, and mingle with the world; they even intermarry with mankind. Vampyres are well known to us as the bodies of the dead, impelled by a dreadful and irresistible necessity to preserve an accursed existence by sucking the life blood of others, who, in

their turn, are doomed after death to the same state of being.

That which is most appalling in the Saracen superstitions is, the earthly form and human attributes assigned to the evil genii and gholes. The Arab fears no indistinct and visionary being, whilst he hurries home through deserted places; for he knows that it is not more certain that Allah commissioned Mohamed to preach the true faith, than that the air and earth are alive with malignant demons, whose bodily power is sometimes permitted to extend even to the persons of believers. Unaccountable dread sometimes falls at night upon those who, in Christian countries, have every assurance of a superintending Providence; but how much more must this be overpowering to one who is unable to see a distant shadow through the twilight, and feel certain that it is not cast from the iron wing of some Afrit, abroad on the work of destruction. When the Arab mariners are driven by the storm amongst the rocks and sand bars through which they grope their way from port to port, shipwreck is not the worst they have to fear. To be swallowed in the ocean would be preferable to being cast by any chance on an island, such as Poelseton, where they would be received by the inhabitants, who are devils, howling night and day. The power of the evil genii may inflict something worse than death upon their victims. Instead of sending him out of their reach, which extends not beyond the grave, they may doom him to linger an enchanted existence in a brutal form, or in a state similar to that of the king of the Black Isles, mentioned in one of the Arabian tales, who was half changed into black marble, and was beaten every day by the tormenting enchantress who metamorphosed him. The superstitious terrors of the Saracen are probably less powerful than when the Arabian Nights were composed; for then the Turks were not so phlegmatick, nor the Persians so skeptical as now. But we are, notwithstanding, inclined to think that, especially in Turkey and Arabia, the marvels related in the Arabian Nights, do not fall far short of the belief of the people.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.

I was in Moscow in 1828, and attended the religious observance of the anniversary of the retreat of the French army from that city. The snow had fallen, and the prospect of a rigid winter was everywhere conspicuous; sledges had superseded the dreskas, and the whole view, comprising the Sparrow Hills, looked cheerless and uncomfortable. At ten o'clock in the morning, the inhabitants of the city assembled near the Holy Gate of the Kremlin; and here I awaited the procession, I may say, with considerable coolness. It was useless to pass the Gate; as every one so doing, to enter the Kremlin, must be uncovered. This act of veneration is traced by some as a commemoration of the miraculous delivery of the Kremlin from an invasion of the Tartars; others date the custom from the cessation of the last plague. The procession began about half-past ten: it consisted of all the clergy of Moscow, and certainly was accompanied by almost all the lower class of the inhabitants. The riches of the churches were exhibited, and the dresses or decorations of the more advanced divines, were the most splendid I ever beheld; the lower class, comprising the curates, &c. walked uncovered, their long, flowing hair, hanging over their shoulders; the banners of the churches, the crucifix, the soldiers, and the populace, making a sight novel and imposing. This is a grand holiday for the Russians; the saints have an extra quantity of candles presented, and the image over the gate, (whose miraculous power, when Bonaparte attempted to destroy the Kremlin, interposed in so signal a manner, that the glass which covered the saint was unbroken,) has more prostrations on that day than all the year put together. The women were all in their best attire, and some, in spite of the little eyes, and those far apart, looked attractive and pretty. The Tartar, the Persian, the French, German, English, and Russian nations, mingled in the ceremony, and accompanied the

procession round the walls of the Kremlin. It was a sight, mingled with the recollection of that famous retreat, that amply repaid the uneasy sensations of cold and fatigue.

All travellers have ridiculed the superstitions of the Russians, and not without reason.

A stranger, in passing through the Gostonio-Dwn, will be struck by the appearance of the numerous merchants, and shopkeepers of the same calling, close together. In this respect, Moscow resembles Constantinople in its bazaars; and whoever has visited these two cities will be struck by the resemblance. Thus the silversmiths are together; the shoe, or paint bazaar, quite separate; and to each trade, from the sharp-sighted money changer to the cheating vender of furs, a separate place is allotted. But of all thriving trades, god-making is one of the best. Shops, by hundreds, are filled with ready-made divinities; but in entering this shop, the Russian will select the one belonging to the master of the house, to which he makes his bow and his cross.

It requires some management to refrain from laughing at the absurd prostrations and crossings of all the fools of the town, at every daub at which a candle can be burnt. It is really difficult sometimes to pass the miraculous image before mentioned, over the gate of the Kremlin, without stumbling over some old, besotted, bigoted woman, who, in spite of dirt and droskas, knocks her head, with unremitted sanctity, for an hour against the pavement. Often have I seen a long-bearded hypocrite offering some foolish girl a relic to kiss; while the poor deluded creature imagined the pious offering of a few copecs would insure the safety of a lover or parent from the heretic Turk. Every droska-driver crosses himself when he passes one of these public gods; and the merchant, before he drives himself to cheat you, most piously makes the sign of the cross. But this species of adoration is, of course, better seen in church. Happy he who can get near an altar, or the carpet before it; this is sure salvation, and heads and tales make the most ridiculous motions. Old and young, men and women, greybeards and children, all *kotow* it to admiration. From these frequent prostrations, hasty travellers would conclude the Russian is sincere in his devotions. I know a young Englishman who had his pockets picked in the Casan Church in Petersburg, and the theft was committed by one who practised prostrations most earnestly. At the door of almost all Russian churches will be found a vender of candles, by which, to pious saints, they make concessions. The candle merchant invariably crosses himself during the whole of the ceremony, excepting when he pockets the money for these holy offerings. A Russian's prayers seem to consist in two words. "Gospodi Pomolui!"—"The Lord have mercy upon us!" and in the chapel at Galitzin's Hospital, near Moscow, this is sung with the most admirable effect. I do not remember in all my life to have heard voices that had such an effect upon me as in the above church. No music is allowed; and the singers are so well selected, that they generally sing in the four or five best notes of their voices, the base being deep indeed, and the higher notes sung by boys. Every traveller has remarked this in the Emperor's chapel at Petersburg; but the preference is given, by good judges, in favor of Galitzin's Hospital.

CAPSIZING A SAILOR.

As an honest seaman, who had just come into port, was taking a stroll in the country, he saw a bull dashing furiously along the road, directly towards him, and, according to the custom of the animal, when under full speed, with his tail straight out behind him. "Bull ahoy!" roared Jack, making a speaking trumpet of his hand, "ease off your spanker sheet, there, you lubberly son of a cow, or you'll be afool of me." The bull paid no attention to the warning of the sailor, and the next moment Jack was rolling in the dirt. "There, d—n your eyes!" said the enraged tar, gathering himself up, "I told you, you would run afool of me!"

[N. Y. Constitution.]

None know the full extent of present hate, but those who have achieved that which will engage the highest meed of future admiration. [Lanes.]

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Talemán.

THE GERMAN'S STORY.

AN HALLUCINATION OF THE MIND.

I was sitting one evening, just before twilight, with my back against the wall, in a recess of my withdrawing room, in which there was a large window. I leaned my arm on a table, and was meditating, with no continuous train of thought, but, certainly, without the least somnolency; as I am not subject to it in the afternoon, and had taken strong coffee after a light dinner. A strange sensation came over me, identifying the present moment with one which had been. "Just so I have felt—all this I have acted and suffered before." Thus I thought, or rather, of this I was conscious. It was not that I accurately recognized any particular combination of existing images or sensations, as the doubles of those I had perceived at a previous point of time: but the strange consciousness was entire and irresistible, and was accompanied with a peculiar physical effect, not unlike the incipient terror of those who are affected by the dread of supernatural appearances. As my dog looked up sleepily in my face, this singular hallucination grew more vivid. A lady, who was in the room, made some remark as she quitted it. I heard only as it seemed to me, a passing strain of music in the cadence of her sweet tones; and, as I looked upward, I felt that I knew all that was to follow.

But Beatrice stood before me, with her full yet floating and angelic form, her bright and laughing eyes, and her luxuriant hair, with its clusters carelessly yet classically confined in beautiful subordination; and she smiled as she was wont, when not to believe the language of her expression, would have been disbelief in the existence of angelic intelligences. So I looked at her. I could not love her more than I had done, or did; for love of her then occupied my soul, and was like the Hebrew tense, supposed to shadow forth the divine origin of that language—past, present and to come. The modifications of time had nothing to do with my feelings, to which Love, undivided, was the measure of duration as well as of space, matter, and sentence. Beatrice stood before me. "So," said she, "you are in a brown study again!"

"Our ideas will wander, dear Beatrice, at certain times, when we are not asleep, and cannot safely swear that we are awake. But now I am wide awake; and now I think of but one object."

"That is because you cannot help it. It is before you and compels you to talk to it."

"Sit down by me, and do not be so mischievous. Why, you are almost in bridal apparel!"

"I am practising for the day after to-morrow. Do you think you will be ashamed of me?"

We sat together in a recess, a window which admitted a prospect of the beautiful twilight scene; and the softened glory yet lingering in the west, mellowed but not yet all spiritual, as it irradiated her form and features, showed me the most delightful vision which prophet had ever seen, or poet pretended to behold. And it was no phantasm; for this exquisite image breathed and lived and panted responsively to the quick and full pulsation of my own heart: and as I looked down in her eyes, where the light of the soul illuminated each mysterious sun of expression, which shed its effulgence over the sweetly moulded world of her features, I seemed gazing into wells of unfathomable thought, and holiness and love. He who could have believed that truth did not lie at the bottom, would never have been healed at the pool of Bethesda. But what was I to believe? I only felt, strong as the consciousness of my own existence, that we loved. I saw my own miniature in each of those wondrous orbs; and did they not open into her heart?

"Beatrice!"—I murmured.

"Hierome!"—she whispered.

"Why, is not to-morrow, the day after to-morrow?"

"Because, my friend, the almanack-makers will not have it so. The day after to-morrow will come soon enough. (And she sighed.)

"But not too soon, Beatrice?"

"Oh no!—It is past seven o'clock, is it not?" (What a strange question!)

"I should think so; for the sun set some minutes ago."

"Well, Hierome, when the everlasting sun measures the days and nights, and the heart measures time by its own calendar, I wonder why they make almanacks, and watches. It seems to me as absurd as astrology. Did you ever believe in astrology?"

"Believe!—I believe nothing at this moment, but that I am, and you are;—and that I love you as my better existence. But, last night, I was gazing on the stars, and I will censure no one hereafter for having faith in their ordained connexion with the destinies of men—provided the proselyte is not honestly in love, and an accepted lover. If he cannot then defy augury, he ought to be discharged, by his mistress."

"I incline to the same opinion," said Beatrice. If he is frightened by looking at the quiet stars, a melon rind with a candle in it would be certain death to him."

"But you shall hear about my astronomical observations, nevertheless, dear Beatrice. I looked forth on the eternal, silent and mysterious heavens. Star after star, as it hung in the intensely blue abyss, arrested my glance, and then it wandered to another and yet another. More millions of those extinguished lamps were raying out their influence, than there have been individuals to be governed by them, among living men and the generations that have been on this planet, since the morning stars sang together. I looked upon the milky way; and explored, with untaught eyes, that star-studded pavement for the footsteps of Omnipotence. All was vague and undefined in the mirror that gave to my soul its images; or else my soul drank in only the lessons of Eternity and infinite Power, which the meanest peasant can read in that book of God. But presently my attention was fixed upon two pellucid and sparkling orbs, distinctly shining near each other. Their spheres were as uniformly brilliant as the focal radiant eye of the diamond; save that their lustre seemed more liquid, and that they appeared to oscillate in the ocean of immensity beyond our atmosphere, sprinkling or shooting forth portions of their own pure glory; and as they vibrated, they still seemed seeking to approach each other!"

"Did you hold your fingers between your eyes?" said Beatrice, "because—"

"Pshaw!" said I, rather angrily—"I know it is all folly; but I did not hold my finger between my eyes. And to what do you think I likened those two beautiful stars?"

"Perhaps to Aretine's two eyes."

"No!" said I, still more vexed, "If I had wished to see any body's two eyes in those stars, you might account for it. But I will tell you all my vision. I likened them unto ourselves; and in the very sanctuary of my heart I offered up to them my orisons, and adopted them as the controllers of our destiny. The filmy drapery which had floated round them, was withdrawn. In a certain space in heaven, they were alone; and therein they shone and radiated, and sometimes seemed almost to kiss each other. Whether it was a mere delusion of the sight or the imagination, or that some wandering meteor mocked me—it did seem that I saw a sphere of morbid aspect drop rapidly between those two goodly stars; and I was startled through the very marrow of my frame, with the rapidity of an electric shock, and with a cold sensation, which I felt through every pore. You need not laugh, Beatrice. The yellow star fell. Some one then spoke to me, about I know not what; but when I looked again, a silvery curtain had been drawn over that portion of the firmament; and through it I only saw, as I thought, the heaven-rejected and sickly hues of that strange, interloping light. Now this made me melancholy, until I fell asleep; and then in my dreams I saw this unholy orb, moving about, like an ignis fatuus in a churchyard. At last I thought I was in our own cathedral, and that you were with me; and that the priest stood in the chancel with an open book; and that then this accursed and persecuting globe came, and hung right over the altar, whirling

round and round its dull, tainted and abominable fires, till I grew sick!"

"I do not wonder at it."

"But, Beatrice, I must tell you almost every thing. Have compassion on my dreams; though they are made, like those of other men, of incondite stuff—the leavings of reason."

"Strange stuff they are," said Beatrice, "and not worth remembering. You may look into the fire, or into the water, or among the stars, until you can see what you please. And if you look upon the water or stars very long, you may see what does not please you. This was your case. I had much rather look at an honest wood-fire, or a grate full of good coals. There you may form Sacens, Knights, and whatever you like, and invest them with all the glorious poetry of obscurity; and then, like Circe, metamorphose them into what you will; and you do not feel dizzy or light-headed afterwards. But where do you think Frederick can be?"

Frederick was my friend, O Nemesis! and the cousin of my best beloved. I do not know why a convulsive shudder should have passed through my frame, when this simple question was addressed to me by Beatrice. He had dined with us, and was to return with her that evening to her father's house, a couple of leagues distant.

"I dare say he is merry enough, with the merrier party in the saloon."

"Do you know," said Beatrice, "I have thought it would be more delightful to give my father our intended present, now, than after—after—"

"After he has given you away, dear Beatrice. Do as you please about it."

"Oh! I will not thank you now," said she. And she kissed my cheek. To be sure, I would have given her every thing, save the fee-simple of my soul, if she had then asked for it. I held a bond for a very large amount, which had been given by her father to mine, as security for which nearly all the property of the debtor was pledged. A release, drawn up with all due formalities, had been prepared and executed; and we had agreed to present it to her father, on the day of our wedding. It was in an escritoire on the table beside me, and I drew it out and gave it to her. She placed the parchment in her bosom; and, pressing her hand upon it, said, "It is all yours, nevertheless."

"Ce qui est a toi est a moi."

"Ce qui est a moi est a nous. But there comes Frederick, at last," said Beatrice, gently withdrawing from me.

Another chill passed over me; and now it struck me more emphatically than before, that it was strange how the name of her best friend should have the effect of one of those charmed words, which being uttered will cause paralysis, fever, and other sudden diseases, in certain men, or the animals which are their property. I looked casually forward, in vacancy of thought, and my glance fell on a large mirror of singular perfection, which, in the waning light, seemed to reflect objects with more distinctness than that in which the original images were directly presented to the eye. The picture of Frederick passed over it; and its polished surface became immediately overlaid with a rusty incrustation, through which, smoking with pestilential lustre, I thought I saw the dingy yellow star of my vision. Ashamed of such weakness, I have expressed my vexation in spoken words.

"I am getting to be a mere old woman. Frederick, I hope you have committed no deadly sin! They say that a true mirror is spoiled, when it has reflected the image of a contaminated person; and just now, I thought that the large looking glass was clouded when you passed it. And so it is still, if I see well."

"You do; and the glass looks as if the servants had been keeping holiday," said Frederick, who stood looking earnestly at me. It afterwards occurred to me that his colour changed, and that a tremour passed over him.

"He is getting so superstitious," said Beatrice, "that I am almost afraid of him. I almost believe that he keeps company with ghosts, and that some of his friends may come to see me, without knocking."

"MARRIAGE will lay them," said Frederick.

"I hope so!" said Beatrice.

"I know it will," said I. But, while I said it, I felt as if two separate processes of thought were going on in my brain, with inadequate machinery; and I wondered how I did know that I knew it!

"The coach is waiting," said Frederick: "it is later than I had supposed; and I shall take the liberty of doing now what I shall never have the right to do again; of parting you two."

"I must go then," said Beatrice, gliding her hand into mine, while a quick look of singular intelligence passed between her and her cousin.

"No! by the God that made and redeemed me!" I exclaimed, starting forward furiously—"not this time! All this has been once before; and, oh! there was a horrible sequel of shameless fraud and perjury and infamy—and of idiocy, credulity, and forgiveness! But not again! Every syllable of all this I have heard before. Every sensation I have felt before. Every image, even to the twirling of that wretch's half-gnawed glove, I have seen before! But whether the eternal river of time has rolled backward, or I have slept and dreamed through a long interval of pain and joy, or nature is to stand still while this drama is played over again, for my indemnity and your confusion—now, miserable swindlers, you shall not go! Traitor, I spit upon you! Liar and coward, take this token of my friendship!"

And I aimed a blow at the vanishing shadow, as my own wife, my dear Aretine, entered with a candle, which she had left the room to seek. She could not have been absent two minutes; and I had not stirred from my position.

THE CENSOR.

From the Journal of Health.

BEWARE OF STRONG WATERS.

We all declaim loudly against drunkenness, and yet how few of us are exempt from the charge of intemperance in the use of strong waters. Pity is mingled with our contempt for the sot and the wine bibber—we are sensibly alive to the evils which they bring upon themselves, their families, and friends, in their own lost health and credit—begged children and heart-broken wives. But we do not watch with the same scrutinizing eye those habits of indulgence in daily potations, by which the nerves and senses are irregularly excited—digestion impaired—the mind rendered either moody and sad, or capricious, and indiscreetly gay. "My son," methinks we hear a father gravely say, whilst taking his glass of wine bitters in the morning; "My son! I will no longer allow of such doings as those of last night—such boisterous mirth and drunken revelry shall not be repeated again under my roof." The admonition is acknowledged by the son in the sober imitation of his parent, and smacking his lips after the bitters or the julep has been swallowed, he promises amendment. How the pledge is redeemed we may easily conceive, as we would of a promise given by a man, bent on suicide, to abstain from taking arsenic, who the next hour swallows laudanum. "Poor fellow! he is burnt out at last!" exclaims an inflated porter drinker—adverting to an old acquaintance recently dead from the excessive use of distilled spirits, and not aware that his own bluff visage, blue skin, and wheezing cough announce a lingering disease, if not an untimely end. And yet he would not get tipsy for the world—he has too great a regard for his credit in the money market. Nobody, it is true, ever saw him drunk; but every member of his household knows full well that, however active and bustling he is in the morning, and until the hour of dinner, he will be found by evening passably boozy; that is, with a certain muddiness of thought and thickness of speech—happy effects of his innocent malt liquors and the company-bearing pipe.

Mr. — carries conviction to the minds of all his hearers, by his powerful arguments and pathetic appeals against the evils of intemperance, so unhappily fostered by distilleries at home, and importations of liquor from abroad. Does no friend at table observe that the speaker has borrowed most of his inspiration from the Madeira, which he has been drinking for the last two hours?

A physician cautions his hypochondriacal patient against the use of strong drinks, except a little brandy and water at dinner. Now this strong water to-day must be a little stronger to-morrow, else the patient finds it insipid; and by the rule of increase he soon becomes a regular tippler; but then, he has the consolation of knowing that he proceeded in the matter by advice. Some invalids having been at first persuaded, and eventually satisfied themselves, that they must constantly take physick, determine on as agreeable a mixture as possible. They select one kind of root, as a bitter, to give them strength; another to correct heartburn—a third to obviate flatulence; and then mix them all up in a bottle of brandy, or whiskey, or gin. The raw liquor they abominate; and they know that it would aggravate their malady: indeed, they prudently determined to drink nothing but water. The tincture, for so the contents of the bottle is called, is merely taken medically, before breakfast and dinner, in order to improve their appetite and help digestion. The effect of this practice is soon discovered in the extreme difficulty of such persons, under better advice, leaving off their medicine, and returning once more to simple nature, whose distillation, as seen in the waters of rivers and springs, is the only drink for the purposes of true invigoration and permanent cheerfulness.

In all our exertions to promote the cause of temperance, we continually invoke the assistance of the fairer portion of creation. The temperament of females, their natural cheerfulness and animated piety, all render them independent of the excitement produced by the intoxicating draught—even did the usages of society allow them in this particular the same right of choosing as the lords of creation. But we fear that, in a spirit of sociability, and deference in these latter, they yield more than always becomes them, or is consistent with that discreet reserve and subdued cheerfulness, which is at once their highest charm, and surest protection. If they take a glass of champagne, at a formal dinner, it is, of course, merely that they may afterwards laugh, with a friend, at the light-headedness which it leaves behind it; if porter be used by them daily for a certain period, it is because as invalids, or mothers, they are counselled (not always by physicians) to drink it—even though it gives rise to drowsiness and a deep flush on the cheek, in place of the roseate or love's proper hue. But in the evening circle, they yield a more dangerous compliance with men's love of drink, when they allow the sweet luscious cordial to be handed to them, whilst the stronger nerves of the others are stimulated by wine. They do but sip, it is true; but renewed solicitations from their very kind friends induce them, however loath, to sip again; and then, to keep some fopling in countenance or good humour, they must sip once more, until, as in all other cases where the line of propriety is infringed, they find they have gone too far, and are sufferers for their complaisance. Does habit after a while reconcile them to the practice? or do they finally acquire a relish for these dangerous sweets? We dare not, of our own knowledge, reply affirmatively to either of these questions; but we are not without fears of their having some foundation in fact. We may perchance be interrupted here by some fashionable reader exclaiming, where can the man have obtained materials for this sketch?—surely never in the first circles. But with the most respectful deference to our critic, we beg leave to say that we write for society at large, not for this or that circle, or individual interest.

But the largest class of strong waters still remains unnoticed, viz. the infusion of Imperial, and Hyson, and Gunpowder; or the decoction of the Arabian berry, as, by a periphrase, coffee is sometimes called. It is not for us to censure harmless enjoyments, or sternly reprobate the pleasures of the tea-table, when the drinks above mentioned circulate, giving to their votaries renewed animation and conversational powers. But, as guardians of health, we are bound to warn the feeble, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the hypochondriacal, the gouty, whose hearts beat as though they would burst from their bases on the slightest noise or unexpected remark, the fretful and capricious in temper, the delicate student, or man of letters,—that strong

tea or coffee are injurious, and cannot be tolerated by them with any regard to their bodily comfort and mental tranquility. Let the trembling hypochondriac, in a state of premature old age, quote Johnson as he will, in favour of tea; or the irascible dyspeptic adduce Voltaire in proof of the good effects of coffee; we have had too many examples of the pernicious operation of beverages on the delicate frame of an invalid, and of the constitutionally infirm, to be swayed by the occasional escape of a few celebrated literati. But even these are not in point. Who, (we speak in reference purely to corporeal sensation,) would be willing to follow the example of Johnson in his copious potations of tea; and then endure, like him, the direst fantasies of a mind perpetually struggling against the darkest and most painful melancholy; or would desire to spend life in a continued fever, a walking skeleton, the "witty, profligate, and thin,"—like Voltaire,—even for the supreme bliss of sipping coffee through a long series of years.

CHARACTER.

COLONEL M'LANE.

This venerable and distinguished soldier of the revolution, after having reached the patriarchal age of eighty-three, closed his earthly pilgrimage at Wilmington, Delaware, a short time since.

Colonel M'Lane was distinguished for daring personal courage, and for his unremitted activity as a partisan officer. He was long attached to Lee's famous legion of horse, which, throughout the war, was the terror of the British. An instance of his personal prowess, related to us by himself, we may be permitted to give.

While the British occupied Philadelphia colonel M'Lane was constantly scouring the adjacent country, particularly the upper part of Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery counties—seizing every opportunity to cut off the scouting parties of the enemy, to intercept their supplies of provisions, and to take advantage of every opening which offered for striking a sudden blow. In this capacity, he rendered many important services to the army, and caused great alarm to the British; and though they frequently attempted to surprise and take him, yet such was his constant watchfulness, that none of their attempts succeeded. Having concerted with captain Craig (now living, we believe, near Belvidere, N. J.) the plan of an attack upon a small detachment of the enemy, they agreed to rendezvous at a house near Shoemaker town, eight miles from Philadelphia, on the Willow Grove turnpike. Colonel M'Lane, having ordered his little band of troopers to follow at some distance, commanded two of them to precede the main body, but also to keep in his rear; and if they discovered an enemy to ride up to his side and inform him of it without speaking aloud. While leisurely approaching the place of rendezvous, in this order, in the early gray of the morning, the two men directly in his rear, forgetting their orders, suddenly called out, "Colonel, the British!" faced about, and putting spurs to their horses, were soon out of sight. The colonel, looking around, discovered that he was in the centre of a powerful ambuscade, into which the enemy had silently allowed him to pass, without his observing them. They lined both sides of the road, and had been stationed there to pick up any straggling party of the Americans that might chance to pass. Immediately on finding they were discovered, a file of soldiers rose from the side of the highway, and fired at the colonel, but without effect—and as he put spurs to his horse, and mounted the road side into the woods, the other part of the detachment also fired. The colonel miraculously escaped: but a shot striking his horse upon the flank, he dashed through the woods, and in a few minutes reached a parallel road upon the opposite side of the forest. Being familiar with the country, he feared to turn to the left, as that course led to the city, and he might be intercepted by another ambuscade. Turning, therefore, to the right, his frightened horse carried him swiftly beyond the reach of those who fired upon him. All at once, however, on emerging from a piece of woods, he observed several British troopers stationed near the road, and side

directly in sight ahead, a farm house, around which he observed a whole troop of the enemy's cavalry drawn up. He dashed by the troopers near him, without being molested, they believing he was on his way to the main body to surrender himself. The farm house was situated at the intersection of two roads, presenting but few avenues by which he could escape. Nothing daunted by the formidable array before him, he galloped up to the cross roads; on reaching which he spurred his active horse, turned suddenly to the right, and was soon fairly out of the reach of their pistols, though as he turned, he heard them call loudly, surrender or die. A dozen were instantly in pursuit; but, in a short time, they all gave up the chase, except two. Colonel M'Lane's horse, scared by the first wound he had ever received, and being a chosen animal, kept ahead for several miles, while his two pursuers followed with unwearied eagerness.

The pursuit at length waxed so hot that, as the colonel's horse stepped out of a small brook which crossed the road, his pursuers entered at the opposite margin. In ascending a little hill the horses of the three were greatly exhausted, so much that neither could be urged faster than a walk. Occasionally, as one of the troopers pursued on a little in advance of his companion, the colonel slackened his pace, anxious to be attacked by one of the two—but no sooner was his willingness discovered, than the other fell back to his station. They at length approached so near that a conversation took place between them: the troopers calling out—"Surrender, you damned rebel, or we'll cut you to pieces." Suddenly, one of them rode up on the right side of the colonel, and without drawing his sword, laid hold of his collar. The latter, to use his own words "had pistols which he knew he could depend upon." Drawing one from the holster, he placed it to the heart of his antagonist, fired, and tumbled him dead on the ground. Instantly the other came up on his left, with sword drawn, and also seized him by the collar of his coat. A fierce and deadly struggle here ensued; in the course of which colonel M'Lane was desperately wounded in the back of his left hand, cutting asunder the veins and tendons of that member. Seizing a favourable opportunity, he drew his other pistol, and with a steadiness of purpose which appeared even in his recital of the incident, placed it directly between the eyes of his adversary, pulled the trigger, and scattered his brains on every side of the road. Fearing that others were in pursuit, he abandoned his horse in the highway; and apprehensive, from his extreme weakness, that he might die from loss of blood, he crawled into an adjacent mill pond, entirely naked, and at length succeeded in stopping the profuse flow of blood, occasioned by his wound. We have seen a painting of this desperate encounter, very accurately representing the contest. It used to be common in our auction rooms, but of late years has become scarce. It should be revived, painted on a large scale, and be hung up in the house of every man who venerates the memory of the departed patriots of this country.

THE GATHERER.

THE YOUNG SWISS AND PLUTARCH.

An honest Swiss, of the Pays de Vaud, having determined to send his son to Paris, made a present of a fine Plutarch, with large margins and handsomely bound, at the time of their parting. The father earnestly recommended to his son to read the lives of the great men of antiquity. "Make this book (said he) your principle study: begin your morning exercises with reflections on the conduct of the illustrious men whose history it contains; you will thus learn to imitate them. I assure you my son, it will be greatly to your advantage to continue this reading regularly."

The young man readily promised to read his Plutarch which his father delivered to him, but the first thing he did was to lock it up in his trunk.

Two months soon passed away in Paris. The young man wrote to his father, that notwithstanding his economy, he wanted money. "Read Plutarch was the old man's answer. The son wrote a second time, assuring him that he had read Plu-

tarch from the beginning to the end. "No my son," replied the father, "you have not read it." In another letter he desired him to remember the voluntary poverty of Aristides; imitate Scipio as much as you can. "I assure you my son, you will find every thing you want in Plutarch. Read him, and you will soon find how to live well, and to live happy."

At the end of six months, the father came to Paris, and met the young man in his lodgings. "O father! how happy am I to see you. You are come very opportunely; I am in debt to every body, and daily beset with creditors."

"Have you read through Plutarch?"

"O yes; I have read him from beginning to end, and have made reflections as I went along, according to your desire."

"Let us see young man; show me the book."

The son, somewhat disconcerted, brought the volume out of the bottom of the trunk.

"You surely scarcely have touched it (said the father); it appears as new as it was when I gave it to you; it has lost nothing of its original lustre in your hands."

The young man observed he had taken great care of it, and it was not fair to conclude that he had not read it regularly, because he had been fortunate enough to preserve it in the best condition.

"We shall soon see what is the real state of the case," said the father; "I wrote a note on the life of Aristides. He is my hero; and the note ought to have been very useful to you, it was made opposite to that remarkable trait where he promotes his own ostracism (a rigorous measure sometimes necessary in a republic,) by writing his name on the shell of an oyster which a peasant who did not know him, presented to him."

I have always admired the sacrifice made by the just man who opposed himself so earnestly to public dissipation and extravagance." Plutarch was opened at the story of the shell, and the note appeared in the margin. The commentary was of a very singular kind; it was a bill, payable to the bearer, for two hundred louis d'ors, written on the margin, and signed by the old gentleman.

In this manner he had proposed to reward his son for reading the lives of the great men of antiquity. The father cut it off, and put it in his pocket, saying, "I am very sorry that you have not taken notice of the glossary I thought necessary to the text; I did not think it would have been so much despised."

RECEPTION OF AMBASSADORS IN TURKEY.

The insolence and contempt with which this haughty nation has been permitted to treat foreigners are strongly marked in the mode of reception by the Sultan at the public audience given to an Ambassador.—This is well described by Madden in his travels, though we suspect, as usual, a little caricatured:

Nothing can exceed the ambition of the people of the embassy to attend the Ambassador, in their laced coats, at his audience with the Sultan; and nothing can equal the absurdity of that ceremony except its humiliation. The French have the priority in all public audiences. The Ambassador proceeds with his credentials to the Porte, passes through a large square thronged with soldiers, then through a garden where it is arranged the soldiers should, at that time, receive their pay, to astonish the infidels with the vastness of the Sultan's bounty. He next enters the divan, where a principal officer sits in great state on a splendid sofa, with a cadileker on either side. Some cause here undergoes a mock trial, to prove to the unbelievers that his imperial highness is just, as well as generous; a number of money-bags, containing paras (the fourth of farthings) are pompously displayed at the payment of the troops, to show the glorious the inexhaustible wealth of the grand Seigneur. The officer in waiting now writes a letter to the Sultan, stating that a *giaour*, an ambassador, comes to throw himself at his highness's feet, and to this the Sultan graciously replies. "Feed and clothe the infidel, and let him come." The infidel is accordingly fed, gets a good dinner, and during it, the Sultan is peeping through a lattice at his guest, where his person is hardly visible. The infidel is next clothed with a caftan, as are also a portion of his followers, who proceed to the audience-chamber, where the arms of the Ambassador

are laid hold of by two assistants, and thus pinioned, he is led before the Sultan, and his body as much bowed as the force of the officers holding him admits of. The Sultan sits on a bed-shaped throne ornamented with black velvet and precious stones; his dress nothing peculiar to his station, but the diamond aigette and feather in his turban, and the diamond girdle around his loins. The Ambassador having bowed, remains covered, and makes his speech in French; the drogoman translates it; and then the principal officer of the sultan replies, and this reply again given in French to the Ambassador. During the ceremony, the Sultan hardly deigns to look at the Ambassador, or even to notice him on retiring. The infidels are then forced out of the presence, with their faces to the throne. At the outer gate a richly caparisoned horse is presented to the Ambassador: and the trappings which are principally of silver, are some time after, sold to an Armenian, who sells them again to the Porte for a future present. I saw the French ambassador's present thus disposed of. Such is the degradation which we suffer our Ambassadors to undergo, being stripped of their swords before they are admitted to the presence of the haughty Sultan.

From the Encyclopedia Americana, Vol. 2.

BEER.

We have evidence of the use of this liquor for more than 2000 years. The Grecian poet and satirist Archilochus, who lived about 700 B. C., and the Grecian tragedians *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, who lived more than 400 B. C., call it *wine of barley*. *Diodorus* of Sicily, who lived about the time of *Julius Cæsar*, about 50 B. C., mentions beer in his *History* (lib. i. chap. 20). *Pliny* also, about the middle of the first century after Christ, speaks of this beverage in several places of his *Natural History*. He says that it is prepared in different ways, and that there is a species more intoxicating than wine. He says, further, that, in Spain, it is called *celsa* and *cerias*; but, in Gaul and in other provinces of the Roman empire, *cerevisia*; that it was in general among the ancient Germans, who also called it *cerevisia* (from *Ceres*, the goddess of grain, and *vis*, power). The Egyptians, as the first promoters of agriculture, are said to have invented beer, and to have prepared a kind, in later times, at *Pelusium*, which was called by the name of that city, and was much celebrated. Beer was afterwards unknown in Egypt, until the French army introduced it anew, since which it is said that beer is still brewed there. We are ignorant how far the beer of the ancients resembled the modern article. The word *beer* may most naturally be derived from *bibere*, to drink.

ASKING A SMALL FAVOUR.

A few days since, as one of the Eastern steam-boats was about leaving the wharf, a passenger was asked to take charge of a letter to a friend in Boston. He did so, very readily, and others having the like favours to ask, applied to him in their turn. In a very accommodating manner, he accepted the additional charge, and soon had his pockets filled with letters. Others, emboldened by the readiness with which he undertook these little errands, applied to him to take charge of larger and more weighty articles—such as packages of wedding cake, patterns of the newest fashions, and such like matters, which, with the greatest good nature in the world, were also taken charge of by the accommodating passenger. "Wont you be kind enough," said a gentleman, "just to put this shawl in your pocket, and leave it at Mrs. Such-a-one's in Providence?" "Shall I trouble you," said another, "to take charge of this pine apple and hand it to my wife? I promised to send her one, and I wish you would be particular to deliver it into her own hands. I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but—" He was now interrupted by a wag, who, seeing the disposition to impose upon good nature, bawled out, "Mister, I regret exceedingly to trouble you, but if your pockets are not full, you would oblige me very much by taking charge of a barrel of flour."

[N. Y. Constellation.

THE BARBER AND SAILOR.

A sailor went into a barber's shop, to have his beard taken off. The barber happened to have but

one razor, and that for want of proper intimacy with the hone and strap, was rather dull.

The sailor took his seat, and the barber began to execute his office, and at every scrape, (which gave the sailor extreme pain,) he would cry, Do I shave easy, sir? Do I shave easy, sir? The sailor bore the scratching with a good deal of patience for some time; however, the barber taking him by the nose, and after several scrapes which made Jack think skin and all was gone by the board, continuing to repeat the question, Do I shave easy, sir? Jack gravely replied, "Honest friend, to answer your question, you must inform me what you are about; if you call it skinning, it is tolerable easy; but if you call it shaving it is devilish hard."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1830.

Subscribers to the Record who intend to discontinue their subscription at the expiration of the present volume, are requested to give us information thereof as soon as convenient. And those who are in arrears are desired to forward the amount of their bills (which may be ascertained by reference to our conditions) by mail. Notices of discontinuance should always be accompanied by the amounts due, and letters should invariably be post paid.

The principal argument urged against masonry is, that in the present "enlightened age" it is a useless institution. The most conspicuous seceders concur in acquitting the fraternity of guilt: some of them, indeed, to ingratiate themselves with the popular ferment, affect to believe that the masonic obligations may be interpreted by the ignorant and the vicious so as to countenance crime, but they pronounce the suspicions cast upon the institution by its noisy and dishonest opponents, to be at variance with the meaning attached by themselves to its ceremonies, and contrary to the experience of their lives. Those who have read Mr. Colden's or Mr. Sumner's Letter, or the reanunciation of Mr. Bradley, or of the twelve Seneca Masons, or of any one else who at the time of seceding was not hardened against the influence of justice, can bear testimony to the truth of what we have here said; for it is their common acknowledgment that masonry has been of benefit to the world—that in their experience they have found it to be a benevolent and moral institution, which fulfils its professions with more than ordinary honesty and exactness—and that a just interpretation of, and compliance with, its injunctions, can never be productive of evil, but may, on the contrary, be the source of essential benefits.

A great deal is said of the refinement of the present age—the "enlightened" state of the human mind. But are men more benevolent, philanthropic, or moral than they were in times past? Do they obey the calls of distress with greater alacrity? Are they more willing to "do as they would be done by?" or do they walk more uprightly? No—men are as prone to evil and hard-heartedness as they ever were, and they need as much encouragement to do good as they ever did. What consistency, then, is there in the assertion that the masonic institution is useless? If men are no more charitable and no more moral now than they were at its birth or organization, does not the same necessity for it exist? Masonry, instead of being persecuted as a useless remnant of antiquity, should be supported by all who wish well to their species, as a tried instrument of good. If benevolent works be worthless, then is masonry useless, but not without. The heartless speculators of the present generation may affect wisdom, and cry out against the workers of good in private; but who is there with a heart to feel for another's woe, who can contemplate even the "present happy and enlightened age," and rashly destroy every means which our fathers have left us, of enlisting the sympathies of the able in behalf of the needy and the oppressed?

ANTI-MASONICK NEWSPAPERS. These articles are ever and anon dropping into "the receptacle of things lost upon earth;" and there is reason to hope that the present year will relieve this state at least from a large portion of these nuisances which now afflict it. This is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The people have been hard driven

and hard ridden long enough to profit by the experience, and a relief from these machinations of iniquity will be esteemed a blessing of the first magnitude.

The National Observer, in this city, was found to be a losing concern and relinquished by B. D. Packard & Co. at the close of the first year of their proprietorship, last week. The paper has dwindled from a semi-weekly to a weekly and will go on for a month or two under the auspices of nobody knows whom. Solomon will continue to edit it, and we observe that he advertises proposals to publish a religious volume of 500 pages, written by himself—mere moonshine, to gull fools with.

The anti-masonic paper published at Kingston, Ulster county, has finished its earthly course, and departed to the more congenial regions of the infernal world. And there are sundry other oracles winding up their affairs to "do likewise." We wish them a speedy journey and an everlasting stay.

Iceland. There are about 50,000 inhabitants. They had some time ago a newspaper, but were unable to support it. They have a Bible Society, which has lately published a new translation of the New Testament, which is adopted in the place of a bad translation published by the British and Foreign Bible Society some years ago.

The Finances of South Carolina are found to be in so prosperous a condition that the Comptroller recommends a reduction of the state taxes 20 to 30 per cent.

The "Foreign Review" says if the U. States ever obtain Cuba, the separation of the Union will follow within ten years.

Morton's comedy of "The Dramatist" has been translated into Spanish, by Don Telesforo de Trueba, and played fifty nights at Madrid.

The empire of Russia takes precedence of every other nation in Europe, as regards its extent and population. The numbers of the motley race by which it is tenanted amounted, at the close of 1828, to 62,502,000 souls, of whom the following is a classification by distinct nations:

1. Slavonians	54,000,000	7 grades.
2. Finlanders	3,000,000	11
3. Tartars	2,500,000	10
4. Caucasians	1,010,000	6
5. Germans	260,000	9
6. Mongolians	200,000	3
7. Esquimaux	60,000	7
8. Samojeds	70,000	14
9. Manners	65,000	3
10. Indians	25,000	3
11. Kamtschadales	12,000	3
12. Unknown origin	1,000,000	14

62,502,000 of 53 various grades or races of human beings.

In respect of religious creeds professed by this part-coloured multitude, it falls under the subsequent heads, according to an estimate made two years ago:

Greeks	45,300,000	Jamaicans	210,000
Catholics	6,000,000	Reformed Church	84,000
Mahometans	3,300,000	Armenians	70,000
Lutherans	2,600,000	Herrnhausers	10,000
Shamanees	700,000	Mennonites	6,000
Jews	600,000	Philanese	3,000

The population of Russia in Europe, independently of her Polish possessions (which in 1827 contained 3,650,456 souls), amounted in that year to 44,003,000, which is double that of Great Britain. Relatively to the other states of Europe, it is extremely thin of inhabitants, and stands inferior even to Norway and Sweden in density of population.

In financial respects, the following present general results for the year 1827:—

Revenue (Poland inclusive)	1,135,330,322 equal to 17,501,000.
Expenditure	1,135,484,000 equal to 16,935,000.
National Debt	1,300,000,000 equal to 37,500,000.

The military force consists—in infantry, of 23,800 guards and 294,000 of the line; in cavalry, of 63,300; of 24,000 irregulars; 300 pieces attached to the horse, and 720 pieces attached to the foot artillery, forming a total of 47,000. This is the amount of the regular establishment; but, in time of war, like the present, it is greatly augmented by levies under the imperial ukase. The Polish army consists of 50,000.

The Russian navy, at the beginning of 1828, comprised 50 ships of the line, 35 frigates, and above 160 other large vessels, besides floating batteries, gunboats, galleys, &c.—the whole manned by somewhat more than 50,000 sailors. This establishment has of late been considerably increased.

The whole empire does not present above 1640 cities and towns, 1210 strong places, and 237,400 villages and hamlets. Among the first mentioned are Petersburg, 235,000; Moscow, 200,000; Warsaw, 126,443; Kiev, 60,000; Bender, 25,000; Odessa, 40,000; Riga, 47,000; Tula, 35,000; Kaluga, 25,000; Kazan, 50,000; Astrachan, 35,000; and Irkutsk, 30,000.

The conclusion of Mr. Little's catalogue of School and Classical Books will be found on our last page.

DIED,

In this city, last evening between 7 and 8 o'clock, Mr. JOHN DICKSON, in the 39th year of his age.

The friends and acquaintances of the deceased, and those of Mr. James Dickson, are requested to attend the funeral from No. 88 North Market street, to-morrow afternoon.

ALBANY

BRUNE, TRUEN, & SAND-BOX FACTORY.

NORRIS TABBELL, No. 428 South Market-street, opposite the Connecticut Coffee-Road, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles, at low prices. Those who wish to purchase, will please to call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Albany, March 4, 1830.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

AMERICAN SPECTATOR,

And Washington City Chronicle.

The publishers of the WASHINGTON CITY CHRONICLE, having entered into an arrangement with the proprietors of the COLUMBIAN REGISTER, by which the two papers have been united, and believing that a partial modification of the original plan of their Journal will have a tendency to protect its usefulness, and place it on a more permanent basis, and having made the necessary provisions for this object, will henceforth issue their paper under the title of the "American Spectator, and Washington City Chronicle."

The leading objects of this paper will be, to furnish, in a condensed form, the great Benevolent Enterprises of the age, and to advocate their cause by every argument and motive which we may be able to wield; to note the advances of Truth, and to aid in its conflict with Error; to record the fresh accessions of Literature, and to awaken a recollection of its buried stores; to report the acquisitions of Science, and welcome their application to the Mechanick Arts; to sketch the Political Features of the Times, and give an outline of the movements of this City of Power.

In the duties of benevolence and self-sacrifice, we shall not be captious or censorious—we shall steadily appeal to the unchanging obligations of man to his Maker and to his fellow beings. In Literature, we pledge ourselves to the maxims of no school, but we shall ever linger longest at the shrine where genius has consecrated its quenchless energies to the high interest of humanity. In Science, we shall kindle most where we discover the brightest lustres of utility. In Religion, we shall not be exclusive or sectarian: we shall welcome every thing good, in whatever denomination of christians it may prevail; and shall with equal impartiality expose every thing evil, wherever it may be found—a man's conduct shall stamp his character and creed—the true shall be known by its fruits.

In Politics, we shall not be partisan, although we do not pledge ourselves to withhold a free expression of our opinions of the qualifications and conduct of those in power, or of those who may be candidates for these responsible stations. We hold it to be a duty in every man to keep a scrutinizing vigilance on those to whom our sacred rights and privileges are entrusted, and to remonstrate, in the language of unyielding piety and patriotism, when these trusts are profaned, or forgotten in the absorbing pursuit of self-aggrandizement.

That a paper so commanding in its objects, so liberal in its spirit, issuing from the capital of our country, if conducted with fidelity and energy, will be sustained by the publick, we cannot entertain a doubt. We would not solicit patronage from considerations of mere charity to ourselves, we intend to render every man a *quid pro quo*, and expect that our paper will stand by its merits, or fall by its worthlessness.

We shall ever be grateful for all pertinent communications to our columns—while, with a becoming spirit of self-reliance, we shall smile our own rock, and if the streams are not copious, we trust they will at least be pure.

Terms—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, in advance; or three dollars, to be paid within three months after subscribing. For six months, one dollar and fifty cents—For three months, one dollar, in advance.

Any person who will obtain five responsible subscribers will be entitled to an additional copy, or its equivalent in money.

Subscribers at a distance, who are not known to the publishers or agents, will in all cases be expected to pay in advance.

All letters addressed to the publishers must be post paid, otherwise they will not be attended to.

Advertisements published at the usual rates.

NEW BOOKS,

LATELY RECEIVED BY W. C. LITTLE.

The American Almanack, for 1830.
Encyclopedia Americana, vol. 3.
Library of Useful Knowledge, Nos. 6, 61.
Farmer's Series No. 1, of Library Useful Knowledge.
Loudon's Encyclopedia of Plants.
Mecanique Celeste, translated by Nathaniel Bowditch, L. L. D., &c.

Vol. 1.
Aids to Reflection by E. T. Cokeridge.
Lafayette in America, translated from the French.
Dr. Gregory's Mathematics of Practical Men.
Life of Arthur Lee, by Richard Henry Lee.
A Year in Spain, by a young American.
Memoir of the Life, Character and Writings of Dr. John Mason Good, by his friend Dr. Gregory, with Portrait.
Memoir of Thomas Adde Emmet.
The Cabinet, being Biography and Portraits of members of the present National Government.
The Annals of America, by Abiel Holmes.

THE AMERICAN ALMANACK,

AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE YEAR 1830.

CONTENTS.

Part 1st. Calendar and Natural Phenomena, for the year.
Part 2d. Information connected with the Calendar.
Part 3d. Miscellaneous Directions, Hints and Remarks.
Part 4th. Statistical and General Information, respecting Foreign Countries.
Part 5th. Statistical and other intelligence respecting the United States.

Edited by Professor John Farrar, Jared Sparks and Robert Treat Paine, Esq.

p. p. 308, Published in Boston, and sold by W. C. Little, Albany.

BOONONY AND LUXURY COARDED.

The subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the publick to his patent **SOFA AND SETTEE BEDSTEAD.** This article, yet but imperfectly known to the publick, is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty and finish of the ornamental parlor Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are concealed and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the settee. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlor fire—in boarding house keepers—to the masters of vessels—to the owners of sequestered rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable.

N. B. The Patentee, now, for the first time, offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, No. 183 Grand street, an assortment of the article, where he will be pleased to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy. CHESTER JOHNSON. New York, 1829.

POETRY.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

'T WAS BUT A BUBBLE.

'Twas but a bubble,—yet 'twas bright,
And gaily danced along the stream
Of Life's wild torrent, in the light
Of sunbeams sparkling,—like a dream
Of Heaven's bliss, for loveliness,—
For fleetness, like a passing thought;
And ever of such hopes as this,
The tissue of my life is wrought.
For I have dreamed of pleasure, when
The sun of young existence smiled
Upon my wayward path: and then
Her promised sweets my heart beguiled.
But when I came those sweets to sip,
They turned to gall, upon my lip.
And I have dreamed of Friendship too;
For, Friendship, I had thought was made
To be man's solace in the shade,
And glad him in the light,—and so
I madly thought to find a friend,
Whose soul, with mine, might sweetly blend
And, as two placid streams unite,
And roll their waters in one bright
And tranquil current to the sea,
So might our happy spirits be
Borne onward to Eternity.
But he betrayed me,—and, with pain,
I woke—to sleep and dream again.
And then I dreamed of Love,—and all
The clustered visions of the past
Seemed airy nothings, to that last
Bright dream. It threw a magical
Enchantment on existence,—cast
A glory on my path, so bright,
I seemed to breathe, and feel its light.
But, now, the blissful dream is o'er,
And I have waked,—to dream no more.
Beyond each distant glimmering star,
That twinkles in the arch above,
There is a world of truth and love,
Which earth's vile passions never mar.
O could I snatch the eagle's plumes,
And soar to that bright world, away,
Which God's own holy light illumines,
With glories of eternal day.
How gladly every lingering tie,
That binds me down to Earth, I'd sever,
And leave, for that blest home, on high,
This hollow-hearted world, forever.

DE LISLE.

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done! how hard a thing to say,
When sickness ushers in death's dreary knell;
When eyes that lately sparkled bright and gay,
Wander around with dimly conscious ray,
To some familiar face to bid farewell!
Thy will be done! the faltering lips deny
A passage to the tones as yet unheard;
The sob convulsed, the raised and swimming eye,
Seem as appealing to their God on high
For power to breathe their yet imperfect word.
Orphan! who watcheth by the silent tomb
Where those who gave thee life all coldly sleep;
Or thou who bittest in thy desolate home,
Calling to those beloved who cannot come,
And, thinking o'er thy loneliness, dost weep!
Widow! who musest over by-gone years
Of life, and love, and happiness, with him
Who shared thy joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Who now art left to shed unnoticed tears,
Till thy fit cheek is wan, and eyes grow dim!
Husband! who drest of thy gentle wife,
And still in fancy see'st her rosy smile
Brightening a world of bitterness and strife;
Who from the lonely future of thy life
Turnest, in dreaminess, to weep the while!
Mother! whose prayers could not avail to save
Him whom thou lovedst most, thy blue-eyed boy!
Who with a bitter agony dost rave
To the wild winds that fan his early grave,
And dashest from thy lip the cup of joy!
And thou! not widowed, yet bereaved one,
Who, buried in thy tearless, mute despair,
Roamest a desert world alone—alone,
To seek him out who from thine eyes is gone,
Scarce able to believe he is not there!

Mourners! who linger in a world of woe!
Each bowing 'neath his separate load of grief—
Turn from the silent tomb—and, kneeling low
Before that throne at which the angels bow,
Invoke a God of mercy for relief!

Pray that ye too may journey, when ye die,
To that far world where blessed souls are gone;
And, through the sob of agony,
Raise, with a voice resigned, the humble cry,
"Father—Creator—Lord! thy will be done!"

From the Connecticut Mirror.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

On! on! thou eagle pinioned bark,
Haste on thy watery way!
Thou'lt meet the tempest wild and dark
For many a weary day,
For many a day, and many a night,
Thou'lt plough the billow deep,
Or o'er the crested waves, in light
Majestic beauty sweep
Spread, spread abroad thy glorious wings,
And court each wandering breeze,
That aye, to meet thy wooing, springs,
Thou daughter of the seas!
They come! they come! the weakening gales,
Their eager kiss I feel,
Lo! with their full tide swell thy sails,
And flies thy sparkling keel!
Onward! thou gallant ship! nor fear
The raving tempest's wrath—
Outbrave it all, and boldly steer
Right on thy homeward path!
I long to hear the Ocean's foam
Dash on my native strand;
I long to breathe the gales that come
From my own father's land!
I long to roam the verdant hills,
To climb the rock-built mountains;
I long to chase the sportive rills,
The bubbles from the fountains;
For still, though years upon my brow
A manlier shade have hung,
My heart's warm currents briskly flow,
And still my soul is young.
I long, oh! how I long to see
The elm o' shadow'd cot;
Of all this clouded world to me
The only sunny spot.
My home! how sweet the sound! my home!
Scene of my Eden hours—
Where Love, and Joy, and Pleasure bloom!
Life's bright perennial flowers.

From the Boston Statesman.

THE POET AND DEATH.

AN APOLOGUE.

POET.

Linger, oh! linger yet, a little while,
Angel of Death, and let me follow on
The bearded monarch of all ages gone,
To steal from him the shadow of a smile,
Such as my childhood gave away to him;
I cannot brook the grave, where all is dim;
Let me live on awhile!

DEATH.

Live on! and lo! where, on Apollo's car,
Time rides triumphant!—hold this prism high,
And catch the melting beauty of the sky,
Or feast upon the glory of a star.
Take from the golden charioter his lyre,
And let thy rapid fingers move along
With the full flood of song;
Thou hast met thy heart's desire.
But mark not ere the blazing steeds of day
Have run their course again, thy heart shall pray
To slumber in the grave;—the painted fly
That basks upon the dew-distilling flower,
Outlives thee in the one eternal eye!
Live on thy little hour,
And when thy beacon sickens with its woe,
Ask me, in vain! thou shalt not find repose.

THE DOCTORS.

BY T. HOOD.

Be honour which to kings was given
To doctors also paid:—
We're the king's subjects while we live,
The doctors' when we're dead.
Though when in health and thoughtless mood,
We treat them oft with scoffing;
Yet they, returning ill with good,
Relieve us from our coughing. [coffin]

At times they kill us, to be sure,
In cases rather tickle—
But when they've killed—they still can cure
Their patients—in a pickle.

And when at last we needs must die,
The doctors cannot save
From death—they still most kindly try
To match us from the grave.

SCHOOL & CLASSICAL BOOKS,

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Albany, Feb. 14, 1839.

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THIS PAPER

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NO. 52.

MASONICK RECORD.

ADDRESS,

Delivered to a Church Conference, in Monson, Massachusetts, April 15, 1829.

BY THE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

My Brethren—I suppose, from what I have said to individuals, there is an expectation in the minds of some that I shall on this occasion, make a statement of my views and feelings in relation to masonry! Indeed, a wish has been expressed by some of you, and by others, whose opinion I respect, that I should, in a publick manner, make such a statement. And perhaps justice to myself and to you requires that I should do it; since erroneous reports have gone abroad as to the course I have taken, and since so much has been said and such strong feelings excited in this matter. If I hesitate at all, it is from the fear, that the spirit which has been awakened and raged, is not sufficiently calm to permit any thing which I shall say, to have its proper weight. But my brethren, I am happy to believe, that your convictions will not lead you to conclude, that after having laboured for your good so long, I can now, designedly say any thing which will tend to do you an injury.

We are all aware that the state of feeling among us is most unhappy; and we do perhaps, when we stop to reflect, grieve in view of it, and tremble, too, for the consequences, unless some change for the better shall speedily take place. I am willing to do any thing that I can consistently with what I deem to be duty, to satisfy the minds of my brethren, who are disturbed on the subject of masonry, so far as it relates to myself; and more than this you will not ask. I do not intend to criminate or censure any one, in the remarks which I shall make. Whatever may have been said or done by any of my brethren or myself, under the excitement of feeling, which may be considered improper and wrong, I am persuaded we shall mutually be disposed to acknowledge, and forgive, and forget.

That some, who are not masons, should have honest prejudices against the masonick institution, and conscientious scruples as to its tendency, I fully believe; and that good and candid men, who read the anti-masonick publications of the day, and receive the testimony and statements they give against the order, as universally true, should be excited to opposition, is not at all to be wondered at. And I certainly wish to treat with tenderness and deference the feelings of my brethren who are in this condition. I do not suppose, nor would I intimate, that they are excited on the subject without what they honestly think to be sufficient reason. No doubt, were I in their situation, with the same honest prejudices, and receiving the same impressions from the publications of the enemies of masonry, I should feel as they do. To treat their feelings, therefore, with lightness, as, in their apprehension, unfounded, is far from my heart. And if at any time I have seemed to do it, when on expressing my views I was constrained to differ from them, I do sincerely regret it. That I could not at once feel as they do, and that I cannot imbibe the same spirit which they have, from the anti-masonick publications of the day, many of which I have read, they must not think strange. On this subject, confessedly on their part, not to be ranked among immoralities and damnable heresies, we may differ in opinion, and still not "judge one another and set at nought one another."

You will allow me to have, some personal knowledge of masonry. And I cannot have been so long a time with you, the object of your observation and remark in a great variety of situations, and yet now be obliged to appeal to witnesses, or to use arguments to resist any objection, that I am not deserving, equally with others, the confidence of my brethren; or that I do not speak and act on the matter in question, the genuine convictions of my own mind. On things which relate to this subject, that are beyond my knowledge I have no other means of forming an opinion than you have. And we have a mutual right to express our opinion, when formed, if it does not injure our neighbour. You will allow, too, that I am capable of judging in relation to the nature and tendency of the genuine principles of ma-

sonry, so far as they have come under my own observation: and I am sure, from what you know of the course of my preaching and labours among you, that you would not suppose I could, knowingly, call evil good, and good evil.

That freemasonry is a human institution, i. e. that its organization, as to the arrangement of its principles and the invention of its forms, originated in the wisdom of man, is what I have always supposed. But its principles, so far as they are founded in the nature of things, must have existed. Thus the principles of human knowledge, of order, and beauty, of virtue, justice, truth and charity,—the truths involved in the being and government of God, and the things revealed, respecting his attributes, and respecting the character and end of man, and respecting the duties which we owe to God, ourselves, and our fellow creatures, have ever existed. These are things incorporated and urged in the principles of masonry, so far as I know them. And can I say that they are wicked, and of dangerous tendency? To my knowledge there is no instruction given in masonry, which is inconsistent with those principles, and which does not inculcate them, and often in a most solemn manner. As to its forms and obligations, as I know them and have ever understood them, and as I suppose my brethren know them and understand them, I have never thought them at variance with its principles, or unsuitable for a good man to take upon himself. And I have never seen any thing in the work and doings of a lodge, which was immoral and wicked, which intermeddled with political affairs, or infringed at all upon the laws of our country, and which tended to weaken moral obligation, and to prevent the good citizen from doing his duty without partiality. On the contrary, I have seen benefits of no small value to individuals and society from the institution.*

If injustice and oppression or other iniquities have been practiced in connexion with masonry, or if individual masons have been guilty of crimes, there is nothing in the principles, or instructions, or obligations, or forms of the order, so far as I know and understand them, which requires or justifies these things. Is it credible that the lodge should be under obligation to discipline and expel its members for open immoralities, and yet demand and conceal the perpetration of the highest crimes! On the contrary, its principles require uprightness of conduct before God and man; and explicitly and directly teach, that the bible is the only guide of our faith and practice. They teach charity, temperance, chastity, and to be good and true, urging the whole by a regard to death and a future state. All this, so far as I know and understand these principles, is essential to their nature. Now I will appeal to you, my brethren, whether I can denounce these things as evil and wicked, and tending to destroy civil liberty and religion?

That there may be masons who are unprincipled and wicked, I readily concede. And there may be lodges composed of such men. Where this is the case, the principles and object of the institution will be misunderstood, or perverted, or disregarded. Evils may be committed under the cover of secrecy, and wicked designs accomplished and injustice practiced, under the pretended sanctions of the masonick connexion. For wicked men will act wickedly in every situation; and they will pay no regard to the good principles which they may profess to receive, whenever they can with safety. But I have never personally known any such things in connexion with the lodge. And considering the different religious and political sentiments, and the different callings and interests of those who compose the lodges, it seems to me next to impossible that they should ever be able to unite, were it proposed, in any combination against church or state. Indeed, any proposition of this kind would violate established rules, and be treated with merited censure. But, my brethren, it is not my wish to enter into a laboured defence of masonry, but barely to tell you how I understand it, and that is in my estimation, innocent, as to its principles,

* In the lodge in this place (and I never sat in any other), I have seen the members improving, in the use of a small but well selected library, and in listening to frequent addresses on moral and religious subjects. I have seen the annual contribution, for some years, of from twenty to thirty dollars, presented to the cause of foreign missions; and the liberal donation repeatedly given to the indigent and worthy brother. And I have led and joined in the prayer, in the name of Christ, at the opening and closing of the lodge.

of the charges of depravity which have been alleged against it. I do not suppose that the institution cannot be perverted to wicked and immoral purposes; nor do I suppose that it is necessary to the existence and happiness of society, or to the good character, usefulness and salvation of individuals, more than other institutions which might be named. But its principles that forbid it to contribute any thing to these important ends, and even stand in the way of them, as its enemies allege, I have not been able to learn from anything which I know of their nature. From my knowledge and views of the order, I consider it, therefore, lawful for me to be a mason, and to meet with the lodge; and that I have the right and the privilege to do so.

The motives, my brethren, which influenced me to become a mason, I thought at the time, and still think, were right. When I first devoted myself to the ministry, it was with the hope that I might be the humble instrument of doing good to my fellow men. And with whatever society I have mingled, and with whatever people I have associated, this has been my leading aim. Like the apostle, and in the same sense, I have "become all things to all men, if by any means I might save some." A lodge existed in this place, and after examination, I judged it right for me to enter it; and it was with the hope, that I might do good in that connexion. That any would be offended with this step, I did not even suspect. It is not for me to say, but others say, that the effect has been beneficial in no small degree. With regard to myself, I make no pretensions; "for I am less than least of all," who minister at the altar. I have come far short of what it was in my heart to do for the cause of righteousness, but I have thought were the institution under the sole controul of those who were filled with the love of Christ, that it would be a powerful instrument in promoting his cause; and that good might still result from my continuing to attend the meetings of the lodge. But, my brethren, I am, from the heart, disposed to respect your conscientious scruples on this point, and regret that I should be, in this matter, the occasion of grief to any of you, as christians. And I trust you will have the same regard to my feelings, and would equally regret to be the occasion of grief to me. To show you, my brethren, that I am sincere in my regard to the feelings of those of you who profess to be grieved, I have said, and now say again, that I will as your pastor relinquish attending the lodge, in present circumstances, and so long as the same or similar circumstances may seem to me to render it expedient and my duty. By present circumstances, I mean the conscientious scruples and feelings which you have, and the excitement prevails, on the subject of masonry. So long as I deem it my duty, on this account, not to attend upon the lodge, I shall, of course, have nothing more to do with masonry than you or others have, viz: the right of expressing my opinion with regard to it, whenever I think proper. In this, I go upon the principle which the apostle recommends, in what I conceive to be similar circumstances, and hope I shall ever be willing to do so, namely, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." He does not say that meat was evil in itself, and that eating it was evil to him, but for the sake of his brethren, who were offended at his liberty in this indifferent matter, he would deny himself the privilege of eating any more flesh.

But, my brethren, if I concede to you a right and a privilege, which I consider I have liberty to enjoy, I hope you will not think that I infringe on your liberty, if I merely ask you to reflect, whether, if I am grieved with your meat, you ought not to say, that you "will eat no flesh," so long as this is the case? I must tell you in a spirit of love, (for I do hope that I am actuated by nothing else in this affair,) that I have been grieved, with what has appeared to me to be a feeling of censoriousness and uncharitableness, an alienation of feeling towards me, for no other cause, professedly, than because I was a mason. If I am mistaken in this, or if I have exhibited a similar spirit at any time, I do very much regret it. Now if there have been wrong feelings on your part or on mine, it has been owing to the anti-ma-

* It doubtless has been perverted in many instances; it certainly will be perverted, if all good men forsake it, or are driven out of it. In such a case, evil might be prevented, should the institution come to exist.

sonick publications of the day, as the primary exciting cause. Were they candid and fair in their statements; did they represent the thing as it is, with all its attending circumstances, and not labour to wake up prejudices and inflame passions, no excitement would be occasioned. But as it is, I grieved and other brethren are grieved that circulate and read them. If you do not mean to make masonry a point of absolute separation, a mark of division, a matter which unfits for church fellowship, an offence for excommunication, then it is morally impossible that christian love and harmony should be found in this church, while you continue to seek after, and read, and be influenced by these inflammatory papers, many of which I have read. If you wish for peace and harmony, standing together as we now do in a church, which rests, we trust, upon a foundation which God hath laid, I do think you should relinquish your right to read, and circulate, and urge upon others, those publications which have been the cause of all the disturbance and wrong feelings that may have existed among us of late. But with regard to this, you must be guided by your own sense of duty, only taking care that you "let your light so shine before men that they, beholding your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven."

Believing, brethren, that you are conscientious in your objections to masonry, and to me, because I am a mason, you do doubtless feel equally grieved with your other brethren who are masons; for if I am wrong in this matter they are under the same condemnation; if I have incurred censure they have incurred the same; if I ought to be dealt with, they ought also to be dealt with. But I presume, dear brethren, you are not willing to say, that we, as masons, some for five and ten, and some for fifteen and twenty-five years and upwards, have been engaged in promoting the cause of vice, or that we have now risen up against the cause of righteousness and truth.* I presume, too, that will not say you have been the authors of that excitement among us on the subject of masonry, and that the evil consequences of it must be laid to our charge. This would be evidently too uncharitable to be entertained by that love which "thinketh no evil." The excitement will be ascribed to its proper cause, the influence of the anti-masonick publications of the day. The spirit which these avowen is most evidently not a spirit of piety; but one with which piety has no fellowship. It is at war with christian feeling, and with the work of God. However useful these publications may be to others, they certainly promise no good to us. I cannot think they will aid us at all, in promoting our own salvation or that of others. If masonry is a wicked thing, the revival of God's work; the success of the gospel, the prevalence of true godliness will put it down. Let us then unite our efforts to promote the cause of Christ, the triumphs of the cross over the hearts of men; and show, by our earnest prayers, our holy example, our godly conversation, our zeal for the truth, our christian liberality, that we have the benevolence of Christ, and are truly engaged in removing whatever hinders the advancement of his kingdom of righteousness. These are the weapons which we are authorised to use. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God."

"Brethren, the time is short." The space of a hand's breadth, only, have we, to lay up treasures in heaven, to secure the salvation of our families, and to promote the glory and interests of the church. And shall this be wasted, or improved in disputing about things which I verily believe we shall find not profit?

Brethren, you very much mistake my feelings if you suppose that in those sermons and addresses of mine, which some found fault with, as personal, I had any more special reference to them than to others.† That what I said was truth, you do not question; and I verily thought it was truth suited to us all, at this time of confessed stupidity, declension and wickedness. As to my preaching, I hope to be enabled always to commend the word to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

But, my brethren, if you judge it will be for your peace and harmony, and for the interest of the cause of Christ in this place, that I should leave you, I am ready and willing to go. But in this case you would wish to do justice by me; and to have me go honourably and peaceably. You would not destroy my character and standing as a minister; nor will you suppose that it is necessary to make difficulty, to stir up contention, in order to accomplish the object of my dismission. If, as a church, you should advise me to ask for this, I should, doubtless, be disposed to comply. Then a council would be called, my case would be tried at the proper tribunal, and the matter soon decided.

But if I continue with you, I wish to continue in peace, and with the confidence and affection of my brethren, whom I have ever loved, and ever should love, although they may

* There are seventeen resident members of the church who are masons, and in point of christian character, standing, benevolence and usefulness in the church, and in point of respectability, and of exerting a good influence in society, and of the ability and disposition to discharge the duty of worthy citizens, they must be regarded as not inferior to their brethren who are not masons.

† It was supposed by some of the brethren that the sermons alluded to were designed as personal reproaches to them, for the anti-masonick views and feelings which they had manifested. It was suggested, too, that I was partial to masons in my attachments and visits. This will explain some remarks in this part of the address.

be (only for a moment, I trust) alienated from me. I am not sensible, my brethren, that my affection for you is partial, unless it be so to love those most who exhibit most of the image of Christ.

Finally, my brethren, let us render to each other due benevolence, respect and kindness. Let our strife be in the christian race, and not concerning things which are unprofitable and vain. "Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race set before us, pressing toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus; for we must all appear before the judgement seat of Christ."

THE REVIEW.

From the London Times, of November 27, 1829.

UNANIMITY OF JURORS ON CRIMINAL TRIALS.

On the question of the necessity of unanimity in juries in criminal trials, which has been so prominently brought before the public by the late proceedings at Cork, there has been sent us a very clever and ingenious pamphlet, published some years, entitled "*Observations on the English Jury Laws in Criminal Cases, with respect to the distinction between Unanimous Verdicts and Verdicts by a Majority*," from which we shall make no apology for making some extracts. It is well known that different rules prevail in the different countries in which jury trials exist, as to the requisite of their verdict. In Scotland, where the jury consists of 15, a bare majority of opinions is sufficient to decide their verdict. In France, where 12 compose a jury, two-thirds of the members, or eight, must concur in opinion to render valid a verdict of guilty. In England, it is superfluous to mention that unanimity is requisite in all cases of condemnation. Each of these systems is defended by its respective partisans, and its own separate grounds, and we shall not stop to discuss their merits. But unanimity being required in England, it behoves us to see, either that unanimity is obtained, or that, if their is doubt, the defendant should have the benefit of that doubt. The necessity of this rule is forcibly stated in the following passage:—

"It is the same case with an English jury:—Suppose the jury enclosed, and consequently excluded from all further information on the question of the murder. Three of this jury shall, we assume, be persuaded of the prisoner's innocence, and nine of his guilt. Were this in Scotland, or in France, the majority would be sufficient to condemn, and the number of that majority would be declared in court; but in England it is very different;—The jury are not here 12 separate men; they are one body, whose collected opinion is to be declared by their foreman. There are, then, doubtless in the mind of that body; and the prisoner has a right, a legal right to have those doubts of his guilt interpreted in his favour. If the three who think him innocent were to agree to a verdict of guilty, they would be perjured. They would become the executioners of an innocent man; for to them he would be innocent. It is otherwise with the nine. They think him guilty; but their opinion is not the opinion of the whole body. They are only the alternately preponderating weights in the scale of a single mind. It is not so much in one scale, and nothing, (or what we count as nothing,) in the other. The weights on either end of the beam are, in our argument, assumed to be of the same quality. They differ in amount but neither of them are worthless. Each scale is attended to. The balance vibrates—there is doubt. If the lighter scale be fixed to the beam, it is a jury of nine. If the proportion of the two, with regard to the quality alone, be considered, we divide truth into parcels that oppose one another;—we have the decision by majority.

"Were this a case of mere probabilities, resolvable by the doctrine of chances—were it a life-insurance that might be calculated from the tables of Dr. Price and Mr. Morgan, we might then say, (supposing the jurors to be equally wise,) that it was nine to three against the person accused; and we might reasonably conclude that, if their were a multitude of similar cases, in each of which there were recorded a verdict of guilty, out of every 12, so convicted, there would be three innocent men, who would suffer the sentence of the law,

This is the unvarnished tale of what, it is to be feared, often happens in countries where the juries decide by majority; but there must be something very different, whatever that something may be, in the verdicts of our juries; for decision by majority is not the law of England. A Scotch jury literally says. 'There are eight of us who think that the prisoner is guilty, and seven who believe him to be innocent;' and the man is hanged upon this comparison of probabilities; but such a verdict would not be recorded in an English court; or, if it were, it would be an equivalent to not guilty."

We can only find room for the following passage:—"There is often an unconquerable belief of the guilt of the accused, although the evidence be extremely defective. In such a case a Scotch jury return a verdict of not proven. The English jury have no such salvo for their consciences. They either say guilty or not guilty. But can their feelings or conviction be the same, under these circumstances, as when the evidence is clear and uncontradicted? The verdict is in the same language, but is not dictated by the same mind; and therefore the words guilty and not guilty, refer to nothing that is precisely determined with regard to criminality: they are the fiat of the jury:—'Let him be condemned,' or 'Let him be acquitted:—'Let him die,' or, 'Let him live!' It by no means follows, from a verdict of acquittal, that the jury have been convinced of his innocence. It were well for him if he could, but he is not bound to produce evidence to a negative, so as to demonstrate the purity of his conduct. It is the accuser, not the accused, who has pledged himself to proof; and if the charge be not proved to the satisfaction of the whole of the jury, the foreman, speaking in their name, is obliged, if he would not perjure himself, to say not guilty. This is no declaration of his innocence, for that the jury can seldom know, that they were not empanelled to try it. It merely announces that they are not unanimous in their belief of his having committed the crime imputed to him; and therefore they are unanimous in the opinion that, as a body, they should not be justified in delivering him over into the hands of the executioner. A perfect conviction of his innocence cannot possibly be required at their hands, otherwise our boasted trial by jury would be the most horrid tribunal on earth."

"Viewing the subject in this light, and it is truly astonishing that it should ever have been seen in any other, the jury of the law of this country is peculiarly entitled to the epithet humane. No narrow majority of bigotry or ignorance can wrest from an Englishman his liberty or his life. In the days of Alfred, Cadwaine was hanged for sentencing a man to death without the assent of all the 12 jurors; and the Founders of the English law have, with excellent forecast, contrived, that no man should be called to answer to the King for any capital crime, unless upon the preparatory accusation of 12 or more of his fellow-subjects, the Grand Jury; and that the truth of every accusation, whether preferred in the shape of an indictment, information or appeal, should afterwards be affirmed by the unanimous suffrage of 12 of his equals and neighbours, indifferently chosen and superior to all suspicion!† It is respecting the truth (not the falsehood) of the accusation that they are required to be unanimous."

"The unanimity of juries, thus understood, would save much of the time that is wasted, by their retiring, for hours, to dispute with one another on the criminality of the accused. The difference of opinion would immediately produce an unanimous verdict, that they did not, with one voice, find him guilty; or in other words, that he was not guilty; and to endeavour to disturb the opinions that are expressed in his favour would be to cater for the executioners."

"This acute little pamphlet, bearing the signature of 'ANTIDRACO,' is, we have reason to believe, the production of Mr. Booth, the author of an Analytical and Etymological Dictionary of the English language, the two first parts only of which has been published, because the work has not met with that encouragement which its great merits would have led us to expect for it."

* Cayce's History of England.

† Blackstone's Commentaries.

THE GATHERER.

From the Philadelphia National Gazette.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

A distinguished seaman of Copenhagen has addressed a letter containing very curious historical information, to a gentleman in this city. He is engaged in the compilation of a work on the voyage of the discovery of North America, undertaken by inhabitants of the North of Europe before the time of Columbus. He has in his hands genuine ancient documents, the examination of which, leads to curious and surprising results, well worthy in themselves of fixing the attention of the philosopher and historian. They furnish various and unquestionable evidence, not only that the coast of North America was discovered soon after the discovery of Greenland, towards the close of the tenth century, by northern explorers, a part of whom remained there, and that it was again visited in the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, but also that Christianity was introduced among the aborigines. In the names of the northern American places, traces of the Scandinavian descent of the early settlers are found. The documents mentioned above, supply materials for a Map of the northern coast of America, which will be annexed to the digest commentary to be prepared by the writer of the letter.

The northern adventurers had their principal station at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence; and Gaspe Bay was a prominent rendezvous; but it is affirmed to be clear from the records that they were acquainted with the coast much farther south, even as far down as the Carolinas. It was in the year 985, that America was first discovered by *Baiske Herjulfson*, but he did not land. In the year 1000, or perhaps earlier, the coast was visited by *Leif*, a son of *Erick the Red*, who first colonized Greenland. Of all the northern navigators who succeeded in the same way, *Thougfinn Carbefene* is the one from whom the most circumstantial reports have been transmitted. From his son *Snorre*, who was born in America, and left it with his parents when he was three years old, descended in the 2d generation, three of Iceland's first and most celebrated bishops, *Thorlac*, *Biom* and *Brand*, and in the 9th generation, Judge *Hank*, so justly celebrated in the literary history of Iceland, by whom a number of *Sogas* were composed. He lived in the 12th, and in the beginning of the 13th century. Part of his works in his own hand writing are now in the possession of the Danish savant. We have thus communicated the substance of this gentleman's letter, and are inclined to believe with him, that he will be able to throw fresh light on what he calls the antiquities of North America, by means of his erudite researches. He is anxious to know whether interest will be taken in the enterprise in the United States. Certainly the subject is fitted to excite the minds of our literati, but it can not be deemed new to them. Washington Irving notices the legends of the Shandinavian voyagers in his life of Columbus, and particularly some passages of the appendix. We must add, however, that he was not apprised of the nature and extent of the Danish testimony.

SAM PATCH.

The following eulogy of this celebrated jumper is said to be from the pen of Robert Walsh, Esq. of Philadelphia.

To what end serve the mighty tomes of history, from the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, to the *Life* of Napoleon by Sir Walter Scott, but to show the course of vaulting ambition, to point to the powers which have heralded the outgoings of him who was dedicated to fame, and to mark the *hic jacet* when he is gathered to his kindred dust. If a proper reflection is made upon the useless, and perhaps wicked course of those who claim notoriety by extraordinary eccentricities, the great moral end is answered, let the deed be what it may.

When the leader of the French armies gained the pinnacle of the Alps, and stood upon their snow-clad points, gazing down upon kingdoms that seemed almost to invite his way, he must have felt an elevation of soul, a gush of high enjoyment, that the view of a conquered army could scarcely equal—the distant valleys dotted with cities and

habitations, and around him men whose hearts he commanded, the "all hail" of victory within his grasp, it was a sensation to which few in this life may hope to attain. Yet even these he shared in part with the thousands around him whose fealty he held by allowing participation in his glory.

And what was Sam Patch's sensation when he had ascended the bustling and dizzy height of Niagara, as the stream passed beneath him with deafening clamor, and threw wide around its spray, that danced in the sunbeams like childhood's hopes; when he looked far down upon the sea of upturned visages that were marked with painful anxiety for his descent.

He knew that he stood alone—the single point of expectancy, the observed of all observers—None shared in his honors, for none dared participate in his danger—and if a thought passed his mind in the wild triumph over public curiosity, of the benefits that might result from his perilous career, doubtless his heart whispered that pre-eminence was worth the risk, and that his sacrifices were from his own fold, while thousands had achieved a name of greatness by offering the flocks of others, or acquired a fame for goodness by serving upon their own board a destitute neighbour's solitary lamb which lay in his bosom, and was to him as a child.

Sam had marked the course of those who in olden times burst upon the admiration of the world; and he saw their honors won with crime. The reckless Persian fattened with the bones and blood of millions the soil of Greece—the hero of Thermopylae, and him of Marathon and of Leuctra, consecrated their stories with blood; the Ephesian aspired to immortality by the demolition of the sacred fane. Greece, Rome, Carthage, and the moderns, have seen their heroes only conspicuous as they stood upon the heaps of their sacrificed kind.—These things had Sam seen, and he sought an avenue to distinction where he alone should sustain the risk, as he should acquire the honor—He fell indeed, but it was from a glorious height, and it is immortality itself even to fail in such a vast design.

Go then, say to the Sacristan of the Temple of Fame, clear the Niche, and place the pedestal for Patch, and let the priest who ministers in his immortality make it the panegyric of Sam, that his ambition was satisfied without bloodshed—and his patriotism was pure, for he fell in his country's FALLS.

A MEXICAN LADY.

A young married lady, who, as the newspapers are wont sometimes to say, was in that state in which "ladies wish to be who love their lords," finding herself excessively oppressed with the heat of the weather, although she had thrown the windows and doors open to cool the room, and had likewise poured water over herself to refresh her body, adopted the following expedient, as she herself assured me one day when I paid her a visit. I must give the history in her own words: "I made (said she) a large hole in the floor, by first removing the bricks. Into this hole I poured a sufficient quantity of water to knead up a large portion of earth; which I did first with a stick, and afterwards with my hands, till the mass was as thick as paste. I then undressed myself entirely, and entered the hole, in which I sat down, and besmeared every part of my body; and as I found myself very comfortable and refreshed, I lay down and rolled myself in the mud." It is necessary here to remark, that this lady, although scarcely 20 years of age, is so fat, as to be nearly as broad as she is long. She added, "When my husband returned from business to dinner, will you believe it, that, with my large figure, and my being completely covered with mud, he imagined that he beheld a monster rise as it were, out of the bowels of the earth; and he stood some moments looking in amazement, unable to imagine what sort of animal had got into his house; and although I spoke to him, scarcely could he believe that the voice proceeded from his wife, but from 'a new species of quadruped not known in this country.'" The lady, who is wife to one of the elders of the State Congress, told me the story with so great a degree of pleasure, as kept her in constant laughter: she even insisted upon showing me the bath, which she still kept open as a refuge from the hot

weather. I praised her good taste, and told her I thought she ought to have a monument erected to commemorate the invention of so great a luxury! [*Hardy's Mexico.*]

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT FORTIFICATION.

M. Bourrienne, in his recently published *Memoirs*, contradicts the fable, so gratuitously invented, of Napoleon's secluding and fortifying himself in his garden when at school. The following, according to our author, is the true version of the origin of this story:—In the winter of 1783–4, so memorable for the quantity of snow which blocked up the roads, and accumulated on the roofs and courts of houses, and over the face of the whole country in short, to six, seven, and eight feet in height, Napoleon felt particularly annoyed; no more gardens, no more of the happy seclusions which he so much affected. In his hours of recreation he was forced to mix himself with the crowd of his comrades, and, like them, to walk up and down an immense room. In his desire to shake off this monotonous inactivity, Napoleon was able to set all the school in motion, by showing his comrades that they could find a much better amusement than their eternal walking to and fro, if they would procure shovels, and open passages through the snow in the principal court-yard, erect horn-works, excavate trenches, raise parapets, cavaliers, &c. "When the work is finished, we may," said he, "divide ourselves into platoons, and form a kind of siege; and, as inventor of the new amusement, I will undertake to direct the attacks." The proposal was received with joy; it was executed, and this sham war in miniature was continued for fifteen days. It was put an end to at length; for, some gravel or small stones having got mixed in the snowballs, it happened that several of the boys, both besiegers and besieged, were seriously hurt. I remember that I was one who suffered mostly from this species of shot.

The New-York Truth Teller gives the following, "bit" from somebody's journal, published in the London Sailor's Magazine. We republish it for the amusement of our readers.

A CURIOUS SAILOR ANECDOTE.

Friday 13th.—An old sailor, who is well known in the North as a beggar, called at a minister's, door in Arbroath. The servant who answered the door, on seeing the well-known customer, said, "You can't get any thing to-day." "I'm not seeking any thing," replied the old boy; "I, the minister within?" "I believe he is," said the girl. "Would you tell him that I would like to speak with him?" The minister, on being informed, that some person wanted to see him at the door, came out, and asked what was wanted. "Well, Sir, I find that I am getting older every day, and my old age does not come of itself; I am beginning to think now about another world, and I have just come to get some instruction from you, Sir, about it." The minister brought him into the kitchen, and asked what profession he had followed in his younger years. "O why, I have been on board a man-of-war the most of my life." "Can you pray any?" "O no, Sir, I have just come to get instructions from you." "Can't you say the Lord's Prayer?" "No, Sir, but I'll follow you, if you please." "Well, say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven,'"—"Our Father, who art in heaven—but, by the bye, is he all our father?" "Yes," replied the minister, "he is all our father." "Well, then, you are my brother, if he be all our father, and you have a good shirt on your back, (holding the minister by the wrist of his shirt), and I have none, and if God be all our father, and you my brother, you should give me one of your shirts." The minister left him in the kitchen, drawing inferences from the prayer, and sent the servant girl with a shirt, after a very serious remonstrance with him.

VERY POLITE.

A lady of Cambridge, Mass. that ancient seat of literature, commending the manners of a gentleman of her acquaintance, said, "he is a paragon of politeness." "Parallelogram, madam, you mean," said a wag sitting next to her, "Ah yes, parallelogram I should have said," replied the lady. [*N. Y. Constellation.*]

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From Flint's Western Monthly Review for January.

COL. PLUG.

A northerner resident in the West sometimes feels his pride wounded, as he finds so few of the first famous "residents" to have been born north of the Hudson. I take pleasure in having it in my power, to redeem one memorable exception from oblivion. Traits of the horse, alligator and snapping turtle are not exclusively western instincts, as I will make appear.

Col. Fluger was born in the county of Rockingham, in New Hampshire, and in a town, where they still call a kitchen a *scullery*. He had a slight at cards, and a knowing instinct in relation to watches and horses, almost from his babyhood. The boy, who wanted to be unburdened of his coppers, had only to play "hustle," or "pitch-penny" with him. He was supposed to have a reverend dread of mortal hurts, but could "lick" any boy of his size at fourteen. Being a youth of broad red cheeks, muscle and impudence, and withal, abundantly stored with small talk, from eighteen to twenty-one he was a decided favourite with the fair, and had had various love affairs, being reputed remarkably slippery in regard to the grace of perseverance. At twenty-four he had mounted epaulettes, was a militia colonel, had a portentous red nose, and was in bad odour with all honest people. Soon afterwards, he went under lock and key for want of some one who would bail him for twenty dollars. The colonel, on his release, in a huff of unrequited patriotism, discovered, that the people had no taste of merit; and incontinently in his wrath abandoned his country, setting his face towards the western woods, which had just begun to be a subject of discussion.

Little is remembered of him on the upper waters of the Ohio; though it appears, that he attempted to "lick" the contractor, who built a flat boat for him at Pittsburgh, because he insisted upon paying the man in rum, and other yankee notions, among which was a promissory slip of paper. Col. Fluger was soon made out to be remarkably "cute" even to a fault; and the people of that sharp dealing town were not unwilling to wash their hands of one, to whom it was both more agreeable, and more familiar, to bite, than be bitten.

Flat boats had begun to descend the Ohio to New Orleans in considerable numbers. But from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, was, for the most part, a vast, unpeopled wilderness. At Fort Massac, and thence to the Mississippi, on the north shore of the river, harboured a gang of those detestable villains, whose exploits were of such terrible notoriety in the early history of the navigation of this beautiful river. Numerous Kentucky broad-horns, generally with whiskey and provisions, and sometimes with cutlery and piece goods, were seen floating down the forests. They were manned by an unique people, tall, athletic, reckless, addicted to strange curses, and little afraid of thunder. Withal they loved a reasonable dram, were fond of playing cards, and were easily parted from their money. These honest fellows were the fowls, that the rogues of Massac and Cash delighted to pluck. They would entice the broad horns to land, and play cards with the crew, and cheat them under the cotton wood shade. They would pilot their boats into a difficult place, or give them such directions from the shore, as would be sure to run them on a snag. Failing that, they would creep, like weasels, into the boats by night, while they were tied up to the willows, and bore a hole, or dig out the caulking in the bottom. When the crew found their boat sinking, these benevolent Cash boys were busily at hand, with their periogues and crafts, to save the floating barrels and boxes. Rightly they named it "plunder" in Kentucky parlance; for they rowed the saved goods up the Cash, and in the deep swamps next day no trace of them was to be seen. If one or two of the crew chanced to straggle away in pursuit of their lost cargo, they scrupled not to knock them in the head, shoot, or dirk them, and give them a nameless grave in the morasses. A volume of narratives of these boat-wrecking scoundrels might be

collected. Nor will you ever float by Fort Massac, the House of Nature, or the mouth of Cash, with an old residenter for a companion, without hearing hair-bristling stories of the knavery, cruelty and murders of the villains of Cash.

Col. Fluger floated to these wretches by the attraction of like to like. The faded scarlet and the tarnished yellow of his epaulettes, his red nose, his "cuteness," his strange curses, his utter recklessness stood him instead of initiatory "grips." He was one of them forthwith, in honour and trust; and in a month he was the Napoleon of the desperadoes of Cash. His slang-curses were ultra Kentuckian on a ground of yankee; and he had, says my informant, more of this, "than you could shake a stick at." The fund of his real fighting courage was questionable; but he was improving in that line; and for cunning and cruelty was an incarnate devil. Finding that in that commonwealth, titles were not only not in demand, but matter of envy, he doffed his. To fall in with the laconick and forcible stile of his troop, who came over all appellatives by the shortest, he cut down his family name to Plug. Being, says my informant, of a delicate ear, and rich in Booktionary lore, he undoubtedly thus condensed the name of its euphonick compactness. For night and secret work Plug had a fleet of Bucksnatchers with chosen crews, to row up and down the river. Not a warehouse between Louisville and Cash had a lock, for which this gang had not a model key. The enormous bunch of black and rusty keys, shown at Dorfeuille's Museum, as having been found in the Ohio, near the House of Nature, undoubtedly belonged to the banditti of Col. Plug. We have no doubt, that they will hereafter be viewed with suitable reverence, as an antique relic of no mean mystery and importance.

Plug had his episode of love and marriage on this wise. A periogue load of French and Spanish traders were descending from St. Louis to New Madrid, where they resided. They landed on the point, nearly opposite the mouth of Cash, whether for hunting or divertimento, or for what object does not appear. Plug, like his prototype, was roaming up and down, to and fro at the head of his gang. They came upon the camp-fire of the traders, as they had dined, drank their whiskey, and were taking their pipes, and reclining in the shade in paradisaical reverie. These meek citizens cared as little to see Plug, as him of the deep sulphur domicile. They cleared out in their periogue in a twinkling. A damsel of their number had wandered away some distance to gather pawpaws. The party intercepted, and made her prisoner. They found her a giantess in size, of varnished copper complexion, and evidently bearing the blood of at least three races mixed in her veins. But, though deserted by her friends, she neither wept, made verses, or betrayed fear, or surprise, not she. A real cosmopolite,

Her march was o'er the fallen logs,
Her house the forest shag.

Her dialect was as fair a compound as Plug's, though not very intelligible to him, being composed, in nearly equal proportions, of south of Europe, Negro and Indian. But love has its own language. She and the Colonel saw, loved, and mutually conquered. The subordinates might envy; but who would contest the claims of Plug to the fair one? The sex and the relation of the quarteron to her husband were designated by the same tact, which cut down Fluger to Plug. She was thereafter known by the name Pluggy.

Five miles up the Cash, on the verge of a vast swamp, surrounded by deep cane brakes, and inextricable tangle, was the log bower of the Arcadians. Some millions of unemployed musketoes kept garrison in the swamp. Bears, wolves and panthers were no strangers there; and moccasin snakes renewed their vernal skins at their leisure. But the inmates, as the Kentucky orator said, "in this sublime state of retracy among the abrogines" had their skins generally too full of the happyfying water of life, to feel, other than an agreeable tickle, the nozzling of the proboscis of musketoe; and had moccasin bitten them, it is a question, if the serpent had not been poisoned, instead of the bitten. Many a load of whiskey and flour, and many a box of piece goods had disappeared in this swamp, through which ran the Cash; and if fame

be not egregiously a liar, many a boatman's body was disposed of, unconfined, and in a nameless sepulchre; and here, no doubt, were deposited the avails of Dorfeuille's bunch of keys. Here bandit scenes transpired, which only needed Schiller's painting, to have been as famous, as those of Venice, or Germany. In a few months Pluggy's renown rivalled that of her husband. Her height, fierceness and rough chin, and a kind of long moss at the corners of her upper lip, not unlike mustachios, often raised bantering questioning among the banditti, in their cups, when the leader was absent, if he had not really taken a man, instead of a lady, to the partnership of his abode. In fact, it had become a joke among them to affirm that Pluggy was a man in the dress of a squaw. In due time a little wailer Plug raised a lusty cry in the woods, being, that the poor thing had not taken a musketoe dose, and its skin had not yet acquired the habit of being bitten. Dr. Mitchell and others had not yet raised nice physiological distinctions; and this little one, in the rough cast reasonings of the gang, was deemed proof conclusive in regard to the sex.

Their only domestick broil of publick notoriety occurred some years afterwards. An intercourse, not altogether platonick, was suspected to be in progress between Pluggy and the second in command. The courage of the commander had waxed, by this time, to the sticking point. He called the lieutenant, known by the *Sobriquet* "Nine-eyes" to the field, or rather swamp of honour. "Dern your soul," said he, "do you think this sort of candlestick-ammer (meaning, perhaps, clandestine amour) will pass?" "If you do, by gosh, I will put it to you, or you shall to me." They measured their ground, like two heroes, and there was no mistake in the affair, which was settled by rifles. Each carried in his flesh a round piece of lead, as a keep sake of the courage and close shooting of the other. Each became cool and even affectionate, admitting honourable satisfaction. "You are grit," said he of Rockingham to Nine-eyes. The other swore "that his captain had departed, like a real Kentuck." A little curly headed Plug attended, as a kind of bottle holder. He was directed to place a bottle of whiskey mid way between them. Each limped, *pari passu*, to the tune, one, two, three, &c. to the bottle. Over it they drank, embraced, and attested each other's honour. They must lie by in dry dock awhile; but they comforted each other, that they were *too well up to these things to be fazed by a little cold lead*. It was understood, too, that Nine-eyes had been platonick and Pluggy immaculate; and the historian averreth, that he is of undoubting opinion, that no duel hath been more reciprocally creditable to the parties from that time to this. How many boats they robbed, how many murders committed, or abetted, it were bootless to think of compressing into our limits. The country had begun to settle. An officer, named a Sheriff, began to perambulate the country armed to the teeth, and bearing the sword not in vain. Boats, that stopped near Cash were manned, and armed for resistance. Plug discerning the signs of the times, drew in his horns, mended the exterior of his manners, and saw the necessity of achieving by craft, what he had formerly carried, *coup de main*. The greatest success of the gang was in the line of gambling; and their main resource in piloting boats into dangerous places, and in general, acting the part of boat-wreckers and moon-cursers. An occasional boat, feebly manned, sometimes fell into their power in a dark and stormy night. It went up the Cash; and in the morning neither plank, nor vestige nor crew was to be found.

Ajax, Achilles and Napoleon had their reverses, and so had Plug. A Kentucky boat had experienced some indignity, and was prepared for revenge, the next autumn. Five or six persons, well armed, landed above, and kept in sight of the boat, as they descended the woods in flank with it. Their hands rowed the boat ashore at the mouth of Cash, where Plug and four associates were waiting, like spiders in ambush for flies. It was a sultry September afternoon, and the weather betokened an evening of storm and thunder. They were courteously invited to land; and were piloted up the Cash for the security of a harbour from the tempest. The three Kentuckians affected simpli-

city, and proposed a game of cards under the cotton shade. They were scarcely seated, and their money brought forth, before Plug whistled the signal of onset. But he reckoned this time without his host. The concealed reserve sprang to the aid of their friends, and the contest was soon decided. Three of Plug's company were thrown into the river, and at least one was drowned. All evaporated from their captain, as June clouds vanish before the sun. Poor Col. Plug resisted to no purpose. They stripped him to his birth-day suit, and thonged him so, that his arms, per force, embraced a sapling of the size of his body; and, for the rest, they fixed him as immovably, as he had been in the stocks. As his epidermis was toughish, and parchment-like, they faithfully laid on the cowhide to mollify the leather of his back, to facilitate the operations of the musketoes. These little musicians, by a spirit of concert, the secret of which is best known to themselves, issued forth, to the number of at least half a million, each emulous of reposing on some part of his flesh, and tasting his lymphaticks. Not an arable spot of his body, of the size of a musketoe, but bore one; and the industrious little leeches often carried double, and even triple, in the contest for precedence in experimenting his composition. As soon as one sped away with his sack sufficiently red, and distended, a hundred waited for his place. Plug chewed the cud of fancies altogether bitter, and wished himself lapping cream in his native scullery. He *derned*, and grunted, but could not move a muscle sufficiently to interrupt a single blood letter in his operations. They heeded his curses and writhings as little as a sleeping parishoner in hay time does the fiery "fifteenth" denunciation of his parson.

Poor Pluggy in her lone bower knew, by the failure of the return party, that there was reason to snuff bad omens some where in the gale. She set forth to seek her beloved; one of the young Plugs in breeches and another in petticoats following her steps. She trailed the party; and in half an hour came upon the vanquished one, running the christian race, steadfast and immovable. He embraced the tree, as in the most vehement affection, with his face towards it, and his naked body was one surface of musketoes. She soon decyphered his position. But instead of incontinently cutting him loose, she clasped her hands theatrically, crying out, "Yasu Chree! O mio carissimo sposo, what for, like one dem fool, you hug de tree, and let the marengoes suck up all your sweet-brud!" If Plug cursed her unadvisedly, let it be urged in extenuation, that his spirit was stirred in him, and any thing rather than complacent. Be that determined as it may, he cursed her most unconubially, and bade her "not to let on" any of her jaw, until she had cut him loose.

Plug begat him sons and daughters, and was in a fair way to have defrauded the gallows, and to die peaceably in his bower. But he was caught, eventually in a trap of his own springing. A boat had landed not far above Cash; and the crew were in the woods to shoot turkeys. A Mississippi squall was coming on. To equalize the danger, Plug was in the vacant boat, digging out the caulking at the bottom. While he was yet in the act, and the crew were running from the woods to get on board, the gale struck the boat from the shore, broke the fast, and drove it into the stream, with only Plug on board. The waves from above, lashed to fury, and the leak from below filled the boat, and it sunk. Plug had disengaged a barrel of whiskey, and took to this favourite resource, to enable him to gain the shore. But it rolled him off on one side, and then on the other. Plug drank water instead of whiskey, which he would have preferred. His sins came up in terrible array, and his heart beat quick and pantingly. In short, he found a watery grave. Thus fell the last of the boat wreckers.

MISCELLANY.

MUSTACHIOS.

Although the present is an age when every one writes about every thing, no one has yet had the boldness to take upon himself the task of inditing on the history and the merits of mustachios:—a

fearful blank in literature! and one that certainly ought to be filled up without further loss of time.

There can be no doubt that the origin of mustachios is of the very remotest antiquity; nay, that it dates from the days of Adam himself, who, being necessarily without the means of shaving, was naturally in the predicament of wearing mustachios,—“will he, nill he,” as Shakspeare hath it,—whether he would or no. What a glaring error then is it, into which many renowned artists have fallen, in painting Adam without them.

The Greeks and Romans decidedly patronized them. Our name for them is even derived from the Greek. The Romans used to wear either real or false ones; so Ovid tells us that a certain person—

“Procedit densissimus crinibus emptis,
Proque suis alios effudit. ore suos.”

The Romans were not satisfied merely with wearing common vulgar Roman hair in their wigs and false mustachios, but imported that material from Germany: so, at least, Ovid tells us in some lines beginning,

“Nunc tibi captivos mittit Germania crines,” &c.

This wish to obtain German hair, proceeded from their partiality for that colour, which is by the French called *blond dore*, or *Roi de Rome*. This colour was, in fact, so much in fashion at that period, that the Emperour Verus sprinkled distilled gold on his hair, whiskers, and mustachios. What a sublime effect upon the influence of the sun's bright rays! My authority for this is Julius Capitolinus; and Elius Lampridius says the same of the Emperour Commodus—

“Capillo semper facato, et auri ramentis illuminato.”

Hear this, all ye possessors of red hair! What a Roman Emperour took such pains to obtain, you will scarcely for the future feel any wish to change.

Wearing false mustachios is dangerous in some countries, since it subjects the wearer to excommunication; that is, unless the act passed to that effect, by the Council of Constantinople, in 692, and afterwards in 1593, confirmed by the provincial Council of Tours, be repealed.

In our own country, the origin of mustachios is very remote; for Cæsar, in the work he published *de Bel. Gal.* tells us, that, in his time, the Britons shaved the whole of their bodies, except the head and upper lip. Milton also confirms this, saying, “the English then using to let grow, on their upper lip, large mustachios, as did anciently the Britons.”

Charlemagne discouraged beards, but excessively patronized large and bushy mustachios, which, in fact, were one of the great distinguishing marks of his soldiers. Beards re-appeared, but being fulminated against by Pope George VII., again gave way to mustachios.

As ignorant people might be too prone to treat the present subject with unbecoming levity, I will present them with an example which, in a few words, will tend to prove the high importance of my theme in a clearer and more expeditious manner, than I could by distributing my own opinions over numberless reams of paper. The primary cause of one of the wars between England and France was this:—Louis VII., King of France, had, in obedience to the vehement representations of Pierre Lombard, Bishop of Paris, shaved off his beard and mustachios. Eleanor, his wife, did not approve of this change, and earnestly begged him to re-establish them; finding, however, all her entreaties unavailing, she gave herself, together with Poitou and Guyenne, to Henry, Duke of Normandy, who soon after ascended the throne of England. I make no comments: the anecdote speaks volumes.

During the reign of Henry VIII. of England, and Francis I. of France, mustachios were in great splendour and favour. During the reigns of Elizabeth and Henry IV., they were worn sticking straight out, and stiffened with wax. About the time of Charles II. and Louis XIV. they were scarcely perceptible, but were, nevertheless, dignified by the appellation of *a la royale*.

Mustachios, undoubtedly, received a great illustration during the sixteenth century. The Spaniards borrowed money on them; the French swore by them—*par ma moustache!* and many other common expressions showed the estimation they were held in.

With the Spaniards, mustachios were considered as the characteristic marks of a firm, intrepid, and courageous man: when talking of one of that sort, they say he is *hombre di bigoti*: a man of mustachios.

“I have the greatest esteem,” says an English writer of the sixteenth century, “for a young man who is particular and anxious to have a handsome pair of mustachios, and who looks upon his time as well spent, which he employs in arranging and touching them up. The more he looks at them, the more his soul prepares itself for manly and heroic actions.” And this certainly is the case; for what soldier is there who, before a charge, assault, or other daring enterprise, does not carry his hand to his mustachios, if he has any.

“Lorsque la guerre en repos nous arracine,
Je vois toujours nos braves veterans,
Passant la main sur leurs vieilles moustaches.”

Mustachios were, however, considered by Granger as a sign of the degradation of the times. He says, “the beard degenerated to mustachios during the reigns of Charles I. and II., and disappeared entirely under James I.; as if its destruction was connected with the fall of the House of Stuart.”

For a long period mustachios were not worn by our countrymen. About twenty years back they became the distinguishing mark of Hussars, when that corps was introduced in our army. The Lancers afterwards, on their being organized, wore them; and lastly, the Life Guards, at their earnest and repeated solicitations, were permitted to adopt them.

Mustachios, undoubtedly, give a very fine expression to the countenance; and the wearer of them is admirably described in the following lines of Moore:—

“A fine fallow, sublime, sort of Weller-faced man,
With mustachios that give (what we read of so oft),
The dear Corsair's expression, half savage, half soft,
As hyenas in love may be fancied to look, of
A something between Abelard and old Brother.”

Women, there can be no doubt, whatever they may say to the contrary, highly delight in mustachios; and I have myself seen so many instances of the reverse of what Green says in his poem of “The Spleen,” that I am quite convinced no one of the fair sex will ever be *dans le cas* of

“Preferring sense from the lip that's bare
To nonsense throned in whiskered hair.”

The poor man, when he wrote these lines, must undoubtedly have been labouring under the venomous effects of jealousy, or disappointed love:—cut out, most probably, in some tender amour, by a gay mustachio'd hussar.

Mustachios form a good thermometer by which to judge of a man's temper and passions. Courtiers, in a mustachio'd sovereign's presence, might easily regulate their conduct by the agitation or tranquillity of his Majesty's hirsute fringe.

“Then curled his very beard with ire,”

is a line of “The Giaour,” and to which Lord Byron has added a note, saying, that the curling of mustachios is a phenomenon not uncommon with angry Mussulman; and to exemplify this, he states, that, in 1809, the Capudan Pacha's mustachios, at a diplomatic audience, were no less lively than a tiger-cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans: the portentous mustachios twisted: they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change colour, but at last condescended to subside; which probably saved more heads than they contained hairs.

From the Washington City Chronicle.

DUELLING.

Two young men, as we are informed, left one of our publick hotels a few mornings since, armed and equipped *alamode*, to settle a quarrel in the *honourable way*. Having reached the spot designated, and adjusted the fearful preliminaries with as much composure as possible, the word was given, and shots exchanged; but their hands were so *tremulously untrue* to the purpose, that no injury was done. The spasmodick affections which shook the frame soon passed off, and perfect tranquillity would have been restored but for a lingering apprehension that the ball might have passed *imperceptibly* through some part of the body; indeed so strong was this conviction with one of the parties, says our informant, that the most careful examina-

tion with difficulty prevailed to allay his agitations.

Never were cowardice and death brought in closer contact than in a duel. Yet those who settle their contests in this manner will doubtless hold up the pretence of courage. But were there nothing in the affair to excite notice but considerations connected with courage, it would pass by in silent contempt. This noise about courage is a thing got up by the parties concerned; they cry courage, exchange, usually, very harmless shots; a few bravadoes look on, and a few fools applaud: but the community at large, if they know any thing about it, care nothing about it. To be sure, here and there an emotion of pity may be awakened, and here and there the gravity of a muscle disturbed; but so far from considering this affair as a test of courage, we smile at his simplicity who suggests such an idea. Every class of men in the community has too much sense not to understand this trick of mock valor. The farce has been played too often to excite curiosity or surprise. Every scene in the play is familiar as the features of a family cur. The actors play for their own sport, and whether they are *behind or before* the curtain, is a matter of no consequence.

The men who appeal to mortal weapons in settling their disputes are not generally of that consequence in the world which their blustering vanity leads them to suppose. They no doubt expect by one of these meetings of honor, to fix upon themselves the attention and sympathies of the whole nation. But so far from this, the affair not unfrequently passes without even a dignified animadversion. Here and there a sneer may be cast upon it; but men at large will be pursuing their usual occupations with minds as totally engrossed as though nothing had occurred of greater consequence than a scuffle in the street, or a cock-fight in the barn-yard. To be sure, here and there a newspaper editor, to furnish occasion for a ludicrous remark of his own, or for the sake of exciting a little wonder in the nursery, may tell the farcical tale in his columns. But while he does it he is laughing in his sleeve, as he thinks of the ominous look and solemn tone with which the beldame will rehearse it to her astonished brood.

We cannot conceive of a more direct step from courage to cowardice, from dignity to disgrace, than for one of our public functionaries to descend from the high duties of his station to engage in one of these contemptible affairs. In doing it he virtually acknowledges that he is the crouching, trembling slave of a custom which every man of sense abhors, and he brings himself down to a level with the pugnacious street-brawler, the only difference is that one fights with his fists, and the other with pistols. Nor does the disgrace and misery stop here; he is placing before the youth of his country an example which overthrows every principle of self-respect and moral rectitude—an example which cannot fail to spread infamy and ruin in its course. We hope, for the honor and morality of the nation, a man will never again be allowed to return from one of those shameful conflicts to a station of dignity and trust—a station which he has forfeited by a breach of confidence, and disgraced by an unprovoked exhibition of weakness and depravity.

From the New-England Galaxy and Boston Mercury.

THE ASCUTNEY.

It was a fine day in August, when accompanied by two young friends, I left the beautiful and flourishing village of Windsor, Vt. and set out to ascend the Ascutney. Such excursions were new to us, and we had not well calculated our time of starting, or the manner in which we should go.

We had already driven a distance of twenty miles, and it was now near noon; we therefore dined at a substantial farm house near the foot of the mountain; not scrupling to sit down with the rustick inhabitants, and doing ample credit to their plain, but wholesome fare, by devouring voraciously the brown bread, potatoes and pork, set before us, and washing down the whole with copious libations of clear and excellent cider. We thus thoughtlessly loaded our stomachs with a burthen of solid food, which, on leaving our horses at the

farm, and starting on our upward journey, we found it extremely inconvenient to carry. We set out too in haste, eager to attain the summit of the mountain and look down on the world below. But we had scarce conquered half the steep and winding ascent, when we had reason to apply to our own undertaking the eloquent apostrophe of Beattie,

"Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb!"—

not indeed the "steep where fame's proud temple shines afar," but a mountain unknown to the muses, and unconsecrated in song, but which, if it had raised its craggy brow on the little peninsula of ancient Greece, would have been the scene of many a poetick transformation, mythological fable—or romantick fiction. We became indeed excessively fatigued, and were glad that a spring of pure and cold water, bubbling up from beneath an old gnarled root, afforded the means for quenching the thirst, which the heat of the day, added to our fatigue, had occasioned—and, at the same time, an excuse for resting from the toil of ascent.

At length, however, after scaling huge precipices, and dragging our wearied limbs up cliffs which reared their rough and bare sides at an angle of 45 degrees to the horizon—we arrived *ad summum montem*—saw ourselves on a proud elevation, the grand view from which richly repaid the labour of ascent. Beneath us, apparently at our very feet, though really three miles off, was the handsome village of Windsor, with the stern and lofty walls of its gloomy prison, with its cheerful spires, and neat dwellings, and busy streets. On the same side rolled the majestic Connecticut, visible for a long distance, though sometimes hidden by intervening forests, and sometimes winding out of sight to double some bold promontory, or feel its way round a hill that refused to give way to the mighty current of its waters, and said to the genius of the stream, "Seek some other channel, for here I stand immovable, an everlasting hill. Foam not, chafe not thyself against my perennial base, for my solid foundations are not to be moved even by the rush of thy mighty current." To the north was Hanover, N. H. with its handsome square, its then decayed, though, I believe, since rebuilt college buildings, and its classic associations. To the south east was Claremont, N. H. with its little Catholic church, the only one in that part of the country, its octagonal brick meeting-house, its water works, and its rich, cheerful looking farm houses. To the west were the Green mountains, dim and azure coloured by distance, their summits fading into the sky, and scarcely distinguishable from the clouds, with which they mingled. This lofty range skirted the whole western horizon, stretching along from north to south, till its irregular ridge of blue summits melted away from the sight, and was lost in the fields of ether. Around us, on every side, were hills, farms, villages, rivulets and roads—these last drawn, as on a map, dwindled away to the breadth of a thread, and winding a zigzag course, though forest and field, now mounting the hill top, now hidden from view in the valley, now escaping from behind a beetting rock, and now following the course of a glittering stream, which appeared like a serpentine line of silver wire, stretched from house to house in this land of hills.

We had dwelt with delighted eyes on the varied features of this wide landscape, now commenting on the wild form of some distant hill, and now following the double belt of rich intervals which bordered the prince of New England's rivers, and regardless of the approach of the sun to the western horizon, had amused ourselves with rolling huge stones down the perpendicular cliffs of the mountain, and watching them as they rebounded from rock to rock, crushing the dwarf birches in their path, tearing up the slight covering of earth wherever they struck, gathering velocity and momentum as they whirled downward, startling the squirrel, the pigeon and the owl in their course, and finally rumbling away beyond our sight or hearing, to lodge at a vast distance, in some nook at the base of the mountain. We amused ourselves too with building air castles—(and what fitter place!)—with imagining the delights of a summer's residence at this dizzy height, with a choice selection of books, and two or three friends. Here

we might certainly give loose to airy contemplations, and elevate our bodies, if not our minds, above the sordid and grovelling world. Bred with these idle occupations, and interested in these wild day dreams, we had not noticed the gathering blackness of the western sky, which on turning in that direction, we found to threaten an immediate, and to us, a terrible tempest. We were not like the philosophers on the Andes, so high as to be above the region of storms, and able to watch the lightnings playing beneath our feet; on the contrary, we knew that we must be enveloped in clouds, and exposed to the terrific fury of the thunder storm. Shelter there was none. There had indeed been a rude but of loose stones, on the very summit, but some mischievous rascal had torn away and destroyed its roof. Here then we were; like kings too elevated for human sympathy or relief, though painfully exposed to human misery. Our only resource was to set out immediately on our downward course. But though we have the authority of the prince of Latin poets for believing descent easy, and ascent hard, we found our descending journey not destitute of labour, nor free from difficulty. A thick impenetrable darkness had gathered over the mountain, and had placed us unwillingly, in one respect, in the same situation as Aeneas when he visited the court of Dido, in *nebulæ septi*, we groped our way. With the hardy and buoyant spirit of youth, however, we cared little for difficulties, and rather exulted in danger, as calling forth that romantick heroism so often cherished in the breasts of high spirited intellectual young men. We could not, however, suppress an exclamation of horror, when, after descending for some time, arm in arm, and only for variety, flattening our noses against a tree, which it was too dark to see—tumbling over a stone in our path, and plunging to our middle in a pool of the mountain, we saw ourselves by means of a flash of lightning, on the very brink of a precipice, nearly perpendicular, whose height could not be less than thirty feet. One our number threw himself back at full length on the rock, another returned thanks aloud to that providence, which had thus saved us from immediate destruction, and for myself, I could only lean over the edge of the rock, and with each successive flash of lightning, which had now become almost incessant, steal another glance of horror at the terrific abyss below.

But this was not fated to be the end of our perplexities. We soon found that we had wandered from our path, and all our endeavours to regain it were unsuccessful. Bewildered, dazzled and blinded by the sudden changes from light to darkness, and from darkness to a light painfully intense, we felt our way at every step with much more than the anxious care of the blind, holding on by small trees, and dwarf shrubs, tearing our clothes and skin on the sharp spines of the high blackberry, knocking in pieces our summer shoes on the rocky and uneven surface of the mountain, our limbs ready to fail with fatigue, and our imagination inflamed with terror. At length, however, drenched to the skin, and heartily cursing all rambles for pleasure, we reached the bottom, though on a different side from that by which we ascended, and as the rain had now ceased, easily found our way to a house, where we procured fire to dry our drenched clothing, supper and lodging. Thus terminated the alpine travels of a WAYWARD MAN.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1830.

Subscribers to the Record who intend to discontinue their subscription at the expiration of the present volume, are requested to give us information thereof immediately. And those who are in arrears are desired to forward the amount of their bills (which may be ascertained by reference to our conditions) by mail. Notices of discontinuance should always be accompanied by the amounts due, and letters should invariably be post paid.

The present number of the Record closes the third volume. We have not a great deal to say on the subject, though custom does in a manner not only sanction, but render a little egotism necessary. On the past we can reflect,

if not with perfect, at least with a tolerable degree of satisfaction, if a gradual and regular increase of our subscription list be any evidence that we have rendered the *guid pro quo*. We are conscious that we have not done all that we desired to do—and how few are there who can say they have! The most sober calculators will some times be disappointed in their expectations, and we claim no exemption from the fallibility of humanity. It has been our aim to make the Record both useful and interesting to our readers; and the smallness of the number of those who have discontinued their subscription, and the greatness of the number who have added their names to our list, inspires us with the confidence that our errors have generously been regarded as little more than "dust in the balance." Our other avocations have been such through the year as to prevent that close attention to our editorial duties which, at the commencement, we hoped we should be able to bestow upon them. Our selections have, however, always been made with care, and we trust they have not been inferior in interest or utility to those of any other publication of the kind. We have been to much expense to procure foreign periodicals, and in extracting from them we have been governed, not by the shallow pedantry of one sect, nor the effeminate squeamishness of another, but by the healthy and correct tastes, and the wants, of the great mass of the people.

Of the future we can speak with confidence. We shall commence our fourth volume on Saturday next, in an entire new dress, and we intend that hereafter the Record shall be as fair a specimen of typography as any similar publication. By enlarging our pages a little, the type we intend to use will enable us to give our readers a page and a half more reading matter than heretofore—and consequently as much as other quarto publications, and the masonry into the bargain. Our number of foreign periodicals shall be increased, and our selections shall be made carefully. As to ourselves, though we might promise considerable, on as good a foundation as many others do, we shall only say that more of our attention shall be devoted to our editorial duties—and that those who subscribe for the Record shall receive their money's worth.

Our price will be as heretofore, to city subscribers three dollars; to those out of the city, two dollars and fifty cents in advance; or three dollars if not paid in advance. We prefer advance payments.

We copy the following article from the Argus of this morning. We have not seen the circular to which it alludes, but have no doubt that the "sublime horror" with which the antis contemplate every appearance of secrecy is placed in bold relief by it. The very sensitive regard professed by the patriots mentioned, for the "liberties of the country," will hereafter be considered quite disinterested, and it will be one of the vilest species of infidelity to entertain a doubt of the purity of their motives, or of their honourable adherence to fair and open dealing. With what a profound consciousness of spotless integrity can the immaculate seven contemplate their own hue and cry of "Beware of Secret Societies."

"The secret proceedings of the Anti-Masons.—We have before us the copy of a circular, signed by Albert H. Tracy, Calvin P. Bailey, Ezra Sheldon, Jr., William H. Maynard, David Russell and John I. Ostrander, five of whom are members of the legislature. The design of the circular is to induce the recipients to attend the antimasonic convention, to be held in this city some time in the coming month; and for this purpose copies have been liberally, but very secretly, circulated through the country.

"It may appear somewhat singular—if inconsistency was an unusual thing from that source—that a party, (for a political party it now avows itself to be) which affects such a horror of secret societies, of midnight meetings, and all that, should have been occupied, nearly every night since the commencement of the session, in secret convales, in secret contrivances to effect their political and personal purposes, and in secret arrangements for the organization of their party. It is true, report says, that these dark and secret gatherings are not always entirely harmonious. That already a rival spirit of ambition—even in the ranks of this pure and disinterested party—has reared its crest—and that two Richmonds dispute for mastery.

"That attempts will be made, through the means of these clandestine circulars, to gull now and then a republican into the schemes of the projectors, there is no doubt. But the

political character of the committee on this occasion, all save one perhaps, being unchanged federalists—and the committees on all occasions—will be a sufficient index to the political character of a contrivance, which, under the guise of anti-masonry, and by the concealment of former delinquencies, seek to elevate those who have fallen, politically, whenever they have been clearly understood."

SUNDAY MAILS. The petitions to congress, praying for the stoppage of Sunday mails, &c. have created a great sensation throughout the country. Our exchange papers from every quarter bring us accounts of meetings that have been held on the subject, and the addresses and resolutions adopted display great ability as well as a sufficient degree of jealousy, on the score of religious freedom. Our own views accord with those of the more liberal party, and it would afford us pleasure to publish some of the addresses and resolutions that have been adopted, did our limits permit it. The following article on this subject, which we take from a late National Intelligencer, merits the attention of the reader.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

Gentlemen:—I will not inquire whether the God Omnipotent, who had only to will and it were done, worked with hands and required rest on the seventh day; it is enough to know that mankind has ordained that on Sunday industry shall be exempt from labour. Denn Swift shrewdly observed, that Sunday ought to be called Sindy, in cities and towns, because men exempted from labour and debarr'd from innocent amusements, resort to tipping houses; and there form associations which terminate in robbery, house breaking and murder; and this the Chaplain of Newgate confirmed, by proving that all criminals brought to the gallows began their career on that holy day. In Roman Catholic countries there are fewer crimes than in Protestant countries, because there is less restraint.

Petitioners to stop the mails on Sunday ought to consider whether men, not usefully employed, would spend their time so well as the carrier of the mail do. Each carrier, moreover, is only occupied a few hours. If he remained idle, or were forced to church, would he do better? All restraints, reluctantly obeyed, are proved to be productive of ill, with furtiveness and crime. The clergy will have crowded churches by heart affecting sermons. When a government of freemen ventures to make coercive laws for religion, I must apprehend that the clergy will become obnoxious to the people. *Principia obsta* is a wise maxim. Let Congress beware how it commences to establish laws which must be partial, and therefore unjust.

Sunday is the day ordained by Constantine, not that fixed in Moses's history. It is not kept by Jews, &c. Were I to expatiate upon injuries to the community by stopping the mail every seventh day, the philanthropist would be appalled. Are hacks to be employed to carry on passengers, hurrying perhaps to a sick parent, wife, or child? Are all carriages and horses to be stopped, or is this only a beginning of church influence? Surely bigotry cannot be excited to clamour for this, and to feel hostility towards objectors. Is Congress to set a bad precedent? May not State Governments be hereafter applied to prohibit even walking, except to church? When the number of mails shall be counted, and the days lost shall be reckoned fifty-two times in the year, the statesman will weigh the injury against the imagined benefit, and must negative the application.

If we the People have given to our Representatives power to act in religious matters, they may hereafter stop stages, steamboats, packets, and all vehicles moving on land or water. Already alarm is excited, and more enmity than good will. Pope has written a charming eulogium of letters, which

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And wuft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Shall the United States be the first to set the example petitioned for?
Yours, AMICUS.

The following paragraph, which we copy from the Troy Budget of yesterday, relates one of the most blood-thirsty and beastly specimens of anti-masonry that we recollect to have seen. It is a fact that cannot be denied, and of which this extract affords another appalling proof, that anti-masonry is nothing else than a war waged by the brutal and fiendish passions of the wicked, against the better and kindlier feelings of humanity. But such affairs as the one related below should not astonish us so long as those who are half devils and half mad men are the acknowledged organs and "pioneers" of the excitement.

"Anti-Masonic.—We have seldom been more shocked at the horrible exclamations of intemperate zeal, bigotry and hatred, than we were at the relation of certain expressions, which recently fell from a disciple of Sou'wicks, Granger & Co. in Sandlake, in this county. Speaking of masons, he said they were the vilest and most dangerous people in the community, and ought not to be suffered to live. 'If I could have said he the brains of a lot of them mixed with their heart's blood, and cooked, it would be the sweetest meal that I ever eat; I desire no better food.' This, with many similar expressions, were made several times and repeated. We have the words from those who heard him."

At a meeting of the subscribers of the Albany Atheneum, at the Atheneum Hall, Jan. 30, 1836—James Kane was called to the chair, and John W. Cushman appointed secretary.

R. V. de Witt, chairman of a committee of the Albany Library, made a report of the present situation of the Atheneum, and stated that the term of subscription would expire on the first day of February next. He urged the continuance of the institution, as well because of its great utility to the city in a commercial as a literary point of view, &c. De Witt Bloodgood followed, making an appeal to the stockholders, in favour of the continuing the Atheneum, and the necessity of encouraging a literary spirit in a city distinguished for its wealth and enterprise. He glanced at the state of similar institutions in England and our own coun-

try, and alluded to the advantages which attach to the pursuit of letter and the cultivation of the arts. Then, on motion of Mr. Bloodgood, it was resolved that it is expedient that the Atheneum be continued.

On motion of Gideon Hawley, after a discussion by C. R. Webster, M. H. Webster, G. Hawley, and Dr. Beck, as the best plan of its continuance, it was resolved, that a committee be appointed to devise ways and means for that purpose.

Charles B. Webster, Charles B. Webb, Edwin Crowell, Walter Clark, Oliver Steel, Alonzo Crittenton, John F. Bacon, Samuel Pruyn, Joseph Henry, Richard M. Meigs, David Wood, Alexander Martin, and James Edwards, were appointed that committee.

Thereupon resolved, that the committee report as soon as practicable and be empowered to call a meeting at such time and place as they shall think fit.

Resolved, that the papers of the city be requested to publish these proceedings. JAMES KANE, Ck. W.

JOHN W. CUSHMAN, Sec'y.

The annual meeting of the New York State Temperance Society, was held in the Assembly Chamber on the 19th instant, agreeable to public notice.

The President, Hon. CHANCELLOR WALWORTH, took the chair, and after calling the meeting to order, the Rev. Mr. GREEN, of Albany, addressed the throne of Grace. The President then delivered his annual address.

The minutes of the last meeting being read and approved, the Rev. Mr. AXTEL, Agent of the society, in behalf of himself and the executive committee, delivered a verbal report, accompanied with interesting statements of their operations.

On motion of Mr. MATHER, of the Senate, seconded by Mr. SMITH, of Madison, the following resolution was offered and adopted:—

Resolved, that the report of the executive committee be accepted, and that it be published under their direction.

Both of the above gentleman addressed the meeting in an impressive and eloquent manner.

On motion of S. M. HOPKINS, esq. of Albany, seconded by Mr. MATHER, of the Senate.

Resolved, that the present officers of the Society be re-elected.

Mr. ANNANIAS PLATT, resigned his office as member of the executive committee. Whereupon it was

Resolved, that JOHN T. NORTON, esq. of Albany, be chosen in his place.

On motion of E. C. DELAVAN, esq.

Resolved, that this meeting adjourn, to meet in this place on the third Tuesday of January next.

Extract from the minutes.
Wm. C. MILLER, Res. Sec'y.

From the New-York Journal of Commerce.

COLOMBIA AND MEXICO. It is rumoured here, (and we mention it only as a rumour,) that a plan has been formed by England, France and Spain, for the pacification of Mexico and Colombia, by establishing a royal form of government in the two countries, and sustaining its permanence. The expedition of His Highness Prince William of Wittenburg, who arrived some time since at New Orleans, with the alleged intention of crossing the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean for scientific purposes, is suspected to have a connexion with this plan. It has been announced in some of the European papers, that several thousand stand of arms have been procured in Holland for the invasion of Mexico, and that Don Miguel has agreed to furnish 5000 or 4000 troops as a part of the expedition, in consideration of his being acknowledged by Spain the rightful king of Portugal. It has been pretended, also, that there was a secret understanding between Bolivar and some of the European Courts, which would end in his coronation as King of Colombia.

We confess that many parts of this story seem to us extremely improbable. That Spain contemplates a new expedition for the reconquest of Mexico, is not impossible, nor very improbable; and that Don Miguel should offer to assist in the undertaking, is, considering his character, not among the seven wonders. It may be true, or it may not. But that France, and especially England, will dirty their fingers in the business, is more than we are prepared to believe.

To the Editors of the New Orleans Advertiser.

Having seen in several of the papers of this city, accounts of the arrival at New Orleans of His Highness Prince Paul William of Wirtemberg, and of his intention to cross the Rocky Mountains, and proceed to the Pacific Ocean, for scientific purposes, permit me, through the medium of your columns, to propose to His Highness the following queries, viz:—

Did the journey made by your Highness, from Bordeaux to Madrid about a year since, relate to matters of science?

Did your Highness then find, that travelling by rail enabled you to make more advantageously your scientific observations?

Were the frequent audiences, had between your Highness in His Most Catholic Majesty, connected with the promotion of the sciences?

After having taken, and paid your passage, at Bordeaux, for Vera Cruz direct, was you induced to stop at St. Domingo, to extend the sphere of your scientific research?

Did the strict incognito residence, observed by your highness, in New Orleans, originate in scientific motives?

Were your frequent conferences and daily visits to the celebrated general BARRAGAN, who distinguished himself so much recently in Mexico, of a scientific character?

Is there any thing scientific involved in the circumstance of your Highness's having permitted any action to be made of your arrival at New Orleans until some time after you landed in that city, and until the fate of the ridiculous and Quixotic Spanish expedition against Mexico was fully and finally decided?

Is it true, that, although your Highness was born near a Throne, you are a Philosopher journeying for the sole object of increasing scientific knowledge?

Should this last question be answered in the affirmative? How is it that the Governments of three Great Powers, have offered to your Highness, the command in-chief of an army, for the pacification of the New Republics?

Is this perchance a scientific army?

Do the Eulogies frequently made by your Highness on General Bolivar, and his recent measures, come within the scope of your scientific views?

Does your Highness know the present place of residence in Mexico, of those who, after having made an exhibition of their talents and energy in the Chamber of Peers, have left their country on scientific journeys?

If your Highness is ignorant of these matters, cast a glance towards Padilla! There a severe blow was given to Scientific Travellers, which will long be remembered by successive generations. There the world saw what a people like the Mexicans, who have sworn to be free, can and dare do. They will never suffer themselves to become the patrimony of any person or power.

Thus much, Scientific Prince, for the present. On some future occasion, should it be thought necessary, some other questions may be offered for your Highness's solution, which yet remain with

LOVELL.

POETRY.

PILGRIM ANNIVERSARY.

The following Original Song was sung at the celebration, by the New-England Society of Charleston, S. C. of the 200th anniversary of the landing of our Forefathers.

TUNE—Yankee Doodle:

The honest sons of Pilgrim sires,
Where'er their lot is cast, sirs,
Will ne'er forget their childhood's fires,
Nor blush to see the past, sirs.

We ask no nobler pedigree,
Than that which history owns, sirs,
The sons of men who would be free,
In spite of Europe's thrones, sirs.
Old Plymouth's frowning rock bound coast,
For years some twenty scores, sirs,
Has been our chief ancestral boast,
And will forever more, sirs.

For there, when all was desolate,
Save hearts that beat so free, sirs,
Our fathers formed their little State,
And planted freedom's tree, sirs;
That tree whose leaves are healing now,
Nations in sorrow sunk, sirs;
But who would all their virtues know,
Must seek them at the trunk, sirs.

Forever live in memory's trust,
New-England's parent stock, sirs,
Forever sacred be their dust,
Who first trod Plymouth's rock, sirs.

They who, unshrinking met distress,
Amid the desert snows, sirs;
And made a cheerless wilderness
To blossom as the rose, sirs!

And learning there, and piety,
On firm foundations laid, sirs,
And Europe's wave of tyranny,
By pilgrim valour staid, sirs.

Their errors now we will not name,
Though soon the task was done, sirs;
They ne'er can dim their honest fame,
Mere spots upon the sun, sirs.

Let him who doubts their wisdom go,
And view the States they founded;
No matter whether friend, or foe,
We guess he'll be astounded.

Our bretheren of the sunny South,
Our foibles may joke, sirs;
But frankly they will own this truth,
We never wore a yoke, sirs.

And when they laugh at Yankee trade,
We hold retort no sin, sirs;
If we have *Wooden Nutmegs* made,
We made their *Cottin Gin*, sirs.

In learning, arts, or arms, we yield
Our Yankee's fame to none, sirs;
For in the Senate, or the Field,
We ne'er lacked tongue or bone, sirs.

Go, search our country's history,
For soldier, tar, or sage, sirs;
New-England's children you may see
Almost on every page, sirs;

Our spangled banner on the main,
Her sons have made respected;
And if by foes assailed again,
Again 'twill be protected.

Perish the son of Yankee seed,
Who would that banner mar, sirs;
And perish all who would not bleed,
Beneath the *stripe* and *star*, sirs.

Our fathers, North and South, combined,
And bled in 'seventy-six, sirs,
And each invading foe shall find,
Their blood again will mix, sirs.

In best of families, we know,
Some little strife may rise, sirs;
But who in ours dare strike a blow,
By heaven! the traitor dies, sirs.

Then be our chain of union bright,
The only chain we wear, sirs;
Save that whose golden links unite
And binds us to the Fair, sirs.

THE SONG OF THE CHARIB.

Father, whither art thou gone?
To the mountain's topmost stone?
In the darkness of the mine
Does thy prisoned spirit pine?
Dost thou still thy quiver fling
By the forest's shadowy spring?

Do the rushing buffalo
Hear the clanging of the bow?
Dost thou haunt thy gory ground
Where the shaft thy bosom found—
Where thy sons beheld thee die
With a Charib warrior's eye—
Where thy sons had blood for blood,
Raven's food for raven's food,
Scalp for scalp, and bone for bone,
Till our high revenge was done?

Spirit! whither art thou gone?
To the regions of the noon;
To the valleys of the rose;
To the fountains of repose;
Where the silence sweet is stirred,
But by murmurs of the bird,—
But by echoes of the deep,
Heaving in its golden sleep,—
But by twilight melodies,
Falling from the dewy skies?

Spirit! whither art thou gone?
To the mystick northern zone;
Where the Night's lone majesty
Sits enthroned on earth and sky;
Where, upon th' eternal snow,
Twice ten thousand splendours glow,
Rushing from the height of heaven;
Now, like armies battle-riven,
When the purple streams are fed,
With the freightage of the dead;
When the fight has showered the plain,
With a broad and gory rain;
When, upon the mountain's side,
Stands the remnant of their pride,
With the shattered bow and plume,
Like the spectres of a tomb?

Or the fiery element
Is in sudden beauty blent,
As at some enchanter's call,
Till ascends a glorious hall,
Lit with richer hues than stream
From the sunset's amber gleam;
When upon the dazzled sight
Rush the dwellers of the light,
Stately, silent, splendid, cold,
Seeming council high to hold
On some great celestial war;
While the central polar star,
High above the central camp,
Hangs its pale, eclipsing lamp,
Till the thronging pomps are past,
Swifter than the tempest's blast;
And o'er the earth and sky afar
Burns the undiminished star.

Spirit! whither art thou gone?
Is the thunder cloud thy throne?
List we not thy voice of fear
When the whirlwind rushes near?
Is it thou that bid'st us shake,
When the tempest rides the lake;
When the lightning's blinding glare
Lays the ancient mountains bare!
Are not thine the cries that roll
Terror on the Charib's soul?
Now we see thee in the cloud;
Now thy voice is thunder loud;
Now thou'rt in the lightning's fire;
Comest thou for us, king and sire?

From the New York Atlas.

"THERE GO THE SHIPS."

White robed wanderers of the deep,
Whither speeds your trackless way?—
Towards some islet's rocky steep,
Crowded mart, or swelling bay?—
Polar ice, or tropic clime
Where long brooding mystery slept?—
Region whence oblivious Time
Hath the mouldering empire swept?

Bearest thou in thy wind swept car
Wealth, to purchase wealth again?—
Or the elements of war
Thundering o'er the turbid main?—
Hidest thou in thy troubled breast
Hearts with manly vigour warm?—
Courage with his lofty crest,
Venturous beauty's fragile form?—

Heedest thou on thy rapid course
All the dangers of the wave,
Stretching reefs, or breakers hoarse,
Wrecks that strew the watery grave?
Chambers where the mighty sleep,
Powerless as the infant dead,
While the unfathomable deep
O'er them binds its curtain dread?

Gleaming pearls their pillow light,
Coral, bossed with ruby gem,
Builds their mausoleum bright:
What is ocean's wealth to them!
Shouldst thou, when the tempest's wrath
Mingles cloud with surging sea,
Tread that same sepulchral path,
What were all earth's gold to thee?—

Prayer's soft breath thy sails can fill,
Guide thee prosperous on thy way,
Though perchance the pilot's skill
Yield to peril and dismay,—
Though the needle's baffled care
Point not to its destined pole,
Still the God who heareth prayer
Rules the sea, and saves the soul.

Hartford, Ct.

H,

THE BURIAL OF A SAILOR.

They lowered him down from the red cartel,
With her flags at half mast flying,
And the minute gun was the only knell
For him, in his coffin lying.

There was no hue of a funeral pall,
Or funeral bier to cloud him,
The lift of his naval flag was all
Above his breast to shroud him.

The waves tell a hero's course is done,
In a sad hymn faintly crying,
As solemnly to the minute-gun
The oars are quick replying.

Behold him there—as the awful sea,
With its burden dark is heaving,
As Heaven's pure light o'er the sleeper free,
Is a golden glory weaving.

Behold him there—as the measured dip,
And the ocean hears him on,
As solemn all as a mother's lip
On the cheek of her dying son.

They lift him up from the rocking barge,
With a nation's banner round him;
He raised no eye at the deep discharge,
On the stars and stripes that bound him.

But death had stilled that sailor look,
While to the grave they bore him,
As when the smile of his glory shook
His colours proudly o'er him.

And there they laid him—above his grave,
With a prayer's deep felt devotion,
They discharged their guns, and tried to wave
Farewell to the son of the ocean.

And so they left him—and they hurried,
With their eyes turned back, and weeping,
And they tried to think though he was buried,
That he was only sleeping.

MONTGOMERY HOUSE,

NO. 338 BROADWAY NEW-YORK.

WILLIAM C. SLOAN, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above establishment, where he will be always happy to supply them with the best *wines and liquors* that can be had in the City. Ward, Military, Masonick and Religious meetings and Committees and Arbitrations can be handsomely accommodated. Dinner and Supper Parties furnished at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. Boarding and Lodging at the usual prices. W. C. S. hopes by prompt attention, and unremitting exertion to secure a share of public patronage. New-York, November, 1839.

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JAMES DICKSON, *Cutler and Surgical Instrument Maker*, No. 3 Beaver street, (formerly at No. 38 North Market street) Albany, manufactures and repairs all kinds of instruments in the above branches with neatness, accuracy, and despatch, and warranted equal to any article imported, or manufactured in the United States. *Shavers, Razors, and Penknives*, ground and finished on an improved plan and warranted to excel any other in use in this city or elsewhere. *Cutlery's Steel* constantly on hand, and warranted a superior article. Blades inserted in knife-handles in the most approved style, and most reasonable terms. Locks repaired. N. B. Country orders punctually attended to.

Albany, Feb. 14, 1839.

J. F.

ALBANY

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